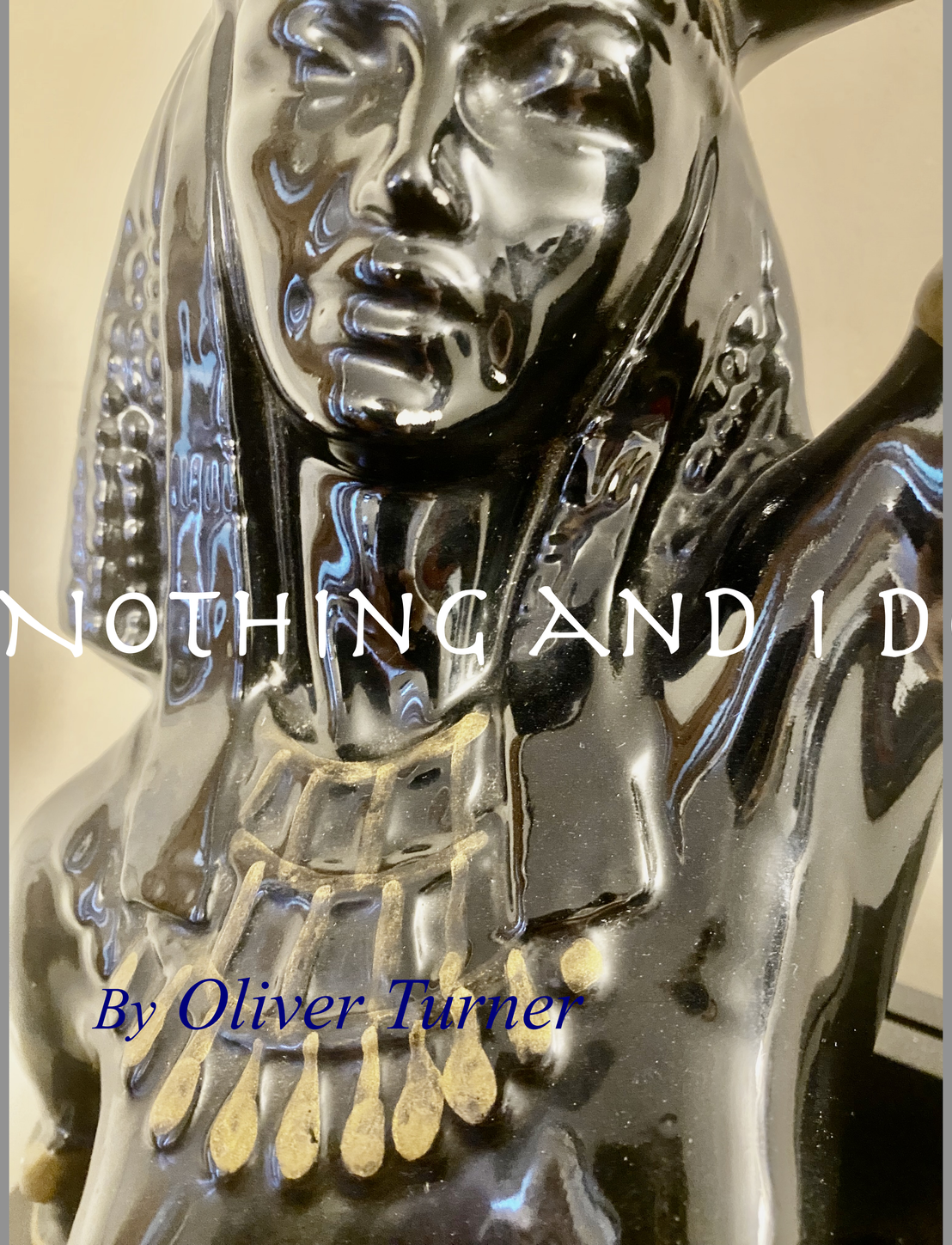
Keynote Magazine

Text 4

'I've done nothing and I don't care'



P4631

By Oliver Turner

Toe Telly

Watering The Fine [Explicit]

ARGUMENTATION

The V Word

Base Technique Refinery



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Liv Short Ghetty-Towte
Jopere Fexa Coxa-King
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Luce N. E. Zeta-Gett
Kimba The Limber Bimba
Wee Leason-Rubitt
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Toe Telly
Watering The Fine
What Do You Want?



What Do You Want?

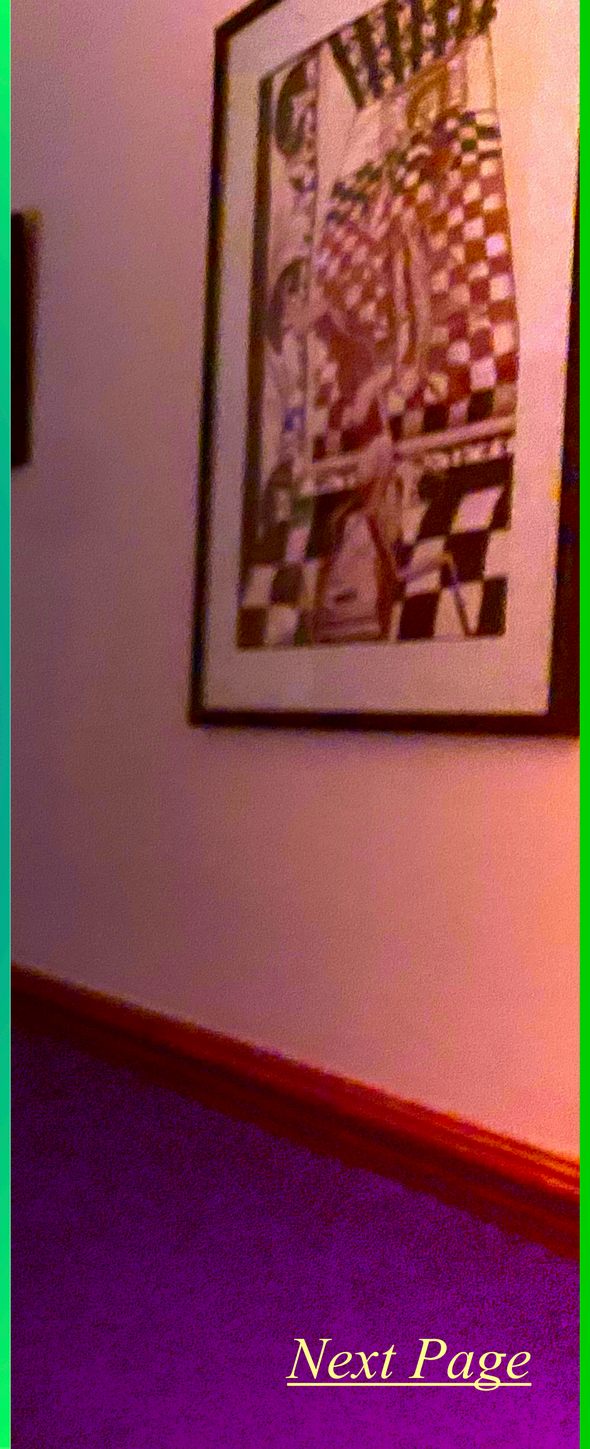
JO53PH1Z3 154 F3ZZ15-W4CH3R: ...why does he want us - you - to call him 'The Dominator' ...I'm curious...how about you...?

JOP3R3 F3X4 COX4-K1Z6: Just his get-off I suppose...

JO53PH1Z3: You've got to wonder though...right?

JOP3R3: Could be a light-hearted thing...?

JO53PH1Z3: Never is. Look how polished and red his boat is. He's far gone. Sadist-to-the-horizontal.





JOP3R3: You sure?

JO53PH1Z3: DEEPLY masochistic...it comes with the territory. He gets too close...give him a sudden, sharp smack round the side of the face. He'll say something in revolt, but his you-know-what will go Cheshire.

JOP3R3: And THAT's when I...

JO53PH1Z3: - Yes - remember - you're god!!

JOP3R3: We're god. Not them.

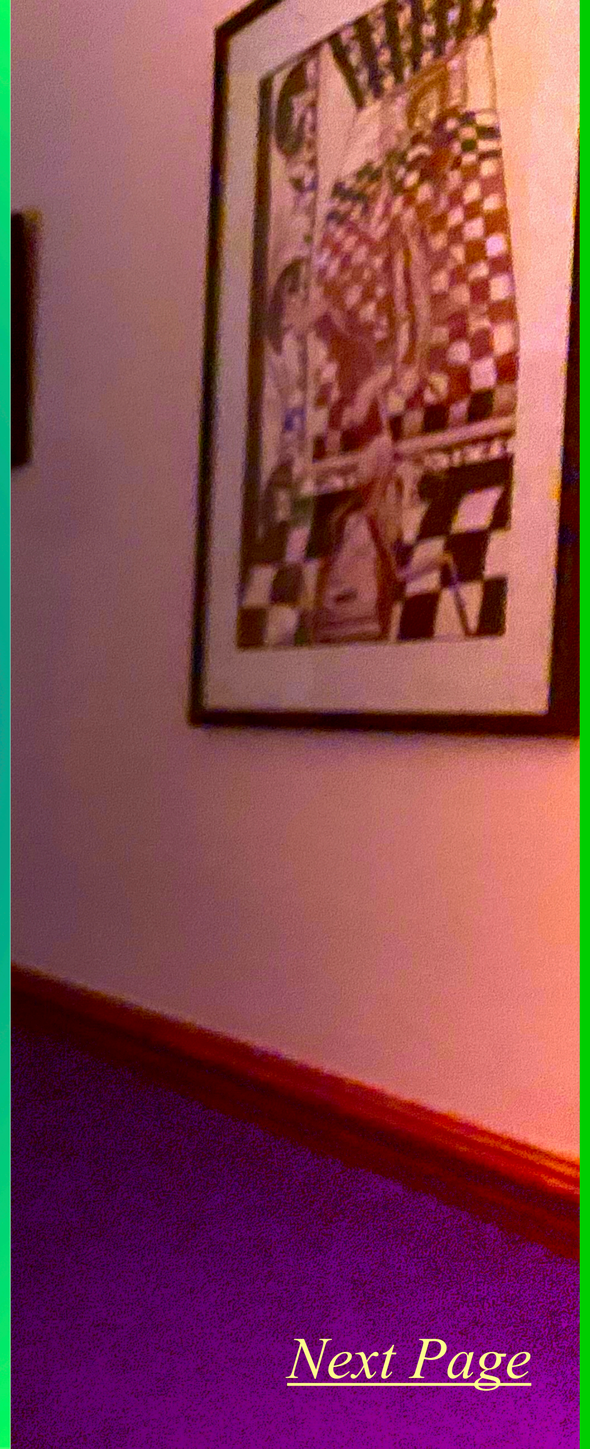
JO53PH1Z3: 'We're God'. - That's quite good - did you come up with that?

JOP3R3: It...logically follows.

JO53PH1Z3: And they are...?

JOP3R3: The devil...I suppose...? No. There are some okay ones.

JO53PH1Z3: Lots of them have an okay side...we've got to remember that.



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JOP3R3: That's what you're ALWAYS fucking saying. How do I escape from this shit?

JO53PH1Z3: Escape??

JOP3R3: We don't need the money...!

JO53PH1Z3: Where you gonna go? Stage One - The escape; Stage Two - Jopere goes deep underground...!

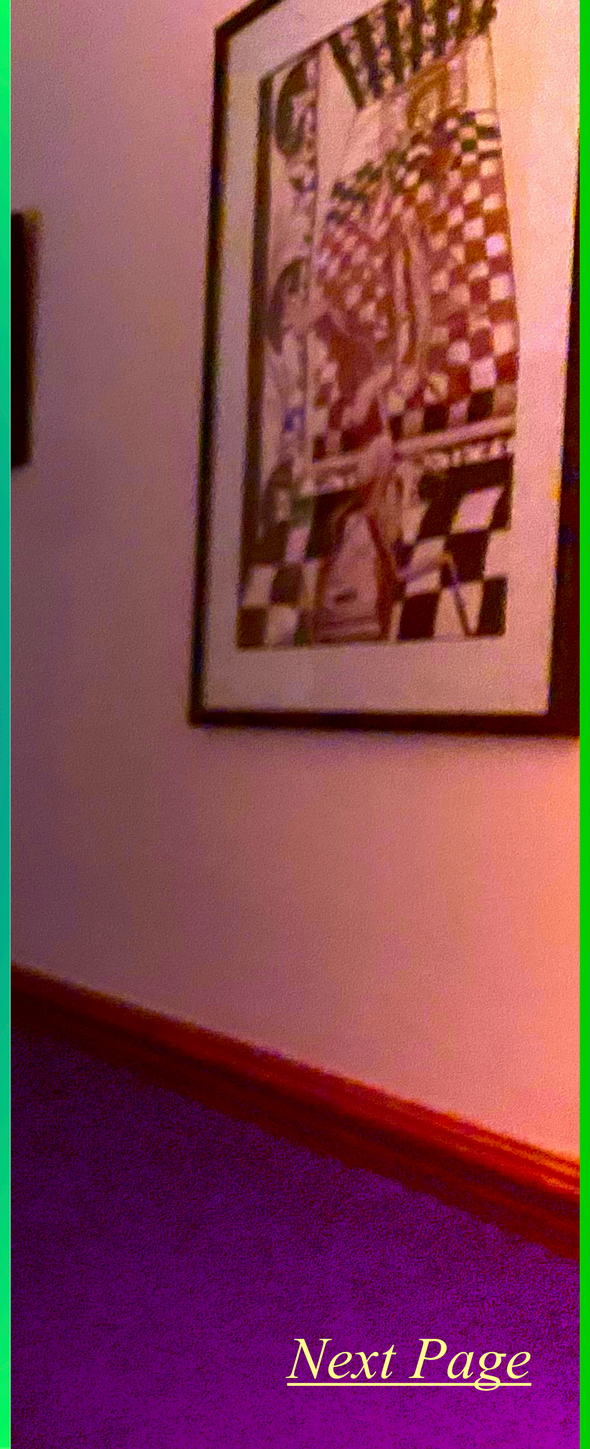
JOP3R3: The underground - I get it. The Wide-Open Underground Movement - ...isn't going anywhere. 'Join the movement - apply anywhere at any time - we're always looking out for you' et-fucking-cetera.

H31D1 7H3 J4CK3R-JOZ35: Shut the fuck up.

JOP3R3: Did you hear something?

H31D1: I said quit you little shit.

JO53PH1Z3: Hmm? We should probably shut the fuck up thinking about it - we don't want to be a case in point!



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JOP3R3: 'Shut up and carry on'? I already secretly hope some guardian angel snuffs me out - swatted like a bluebottle before things get severe. I'm hot crush. I'm not stupid. I'm the potential for trouble I was always warned about. I'm the accident waiting to...

8347R1X 7M33Z4-7HYN3: Eight District House how can I help? All the...staff are engaged in their duties ATM sir, but if you'd like to leave a name and number, one of the girls will get back to you in no time. And how are you spelling that? ...E. Twicks-Blowd. Oh - Is that Red? Good afternoon, we have your deets my sweetheart. Okay? Thank you, bye...bye!...Bye.

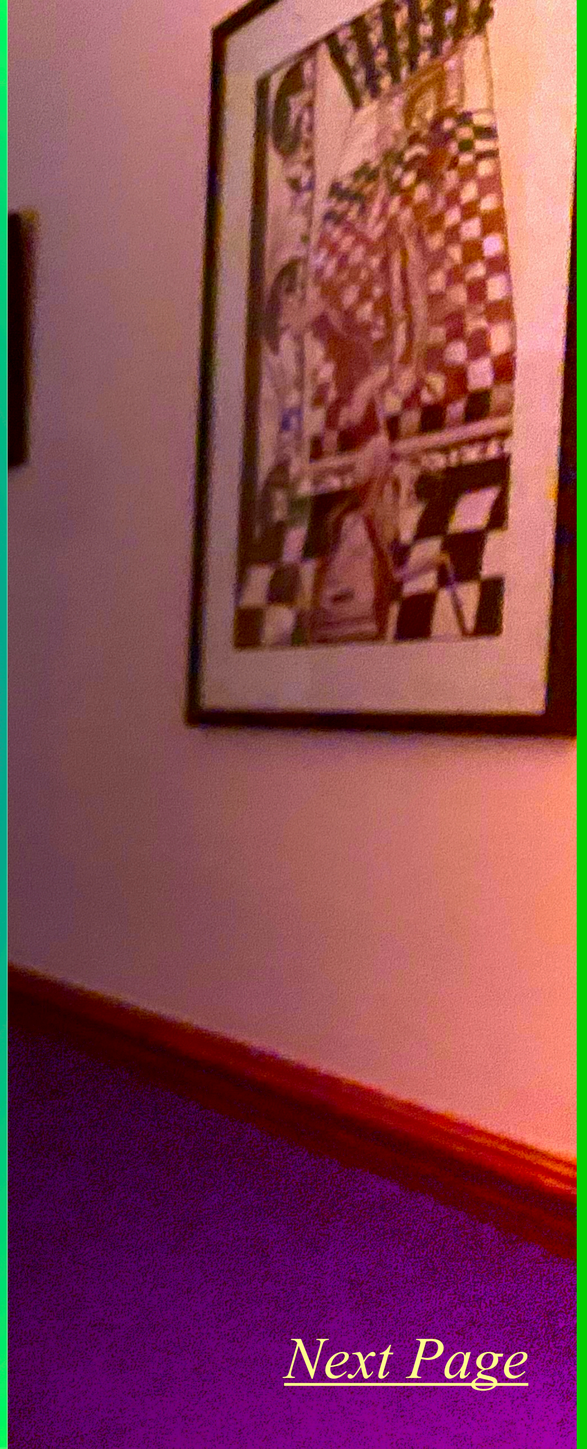
JOP3R3: Fucking Jesus. That's it then. Eighteen not even and I'm on a market. Well I'm fucking depressed mate I don't mind telling you.

JO53PH1Z3: ...

JOP3R3: ...

JO53PH1Z3: Sorry.

JOP3R3: Shut up.



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JO53PH1Z3: ...

JOP3R3: We've got to reexamine the WHOLE situation!!

JO53PH1Z3: I like your name.

JOP3R3: ...!

JO53PH1Z3: The fellas seem to like it. - That's a plus! Respect is fucking gold dust!

JOP3R3: Will you listen to yourself? 'Respect is fucking gold dust'! What's hope? Platinum shavings??

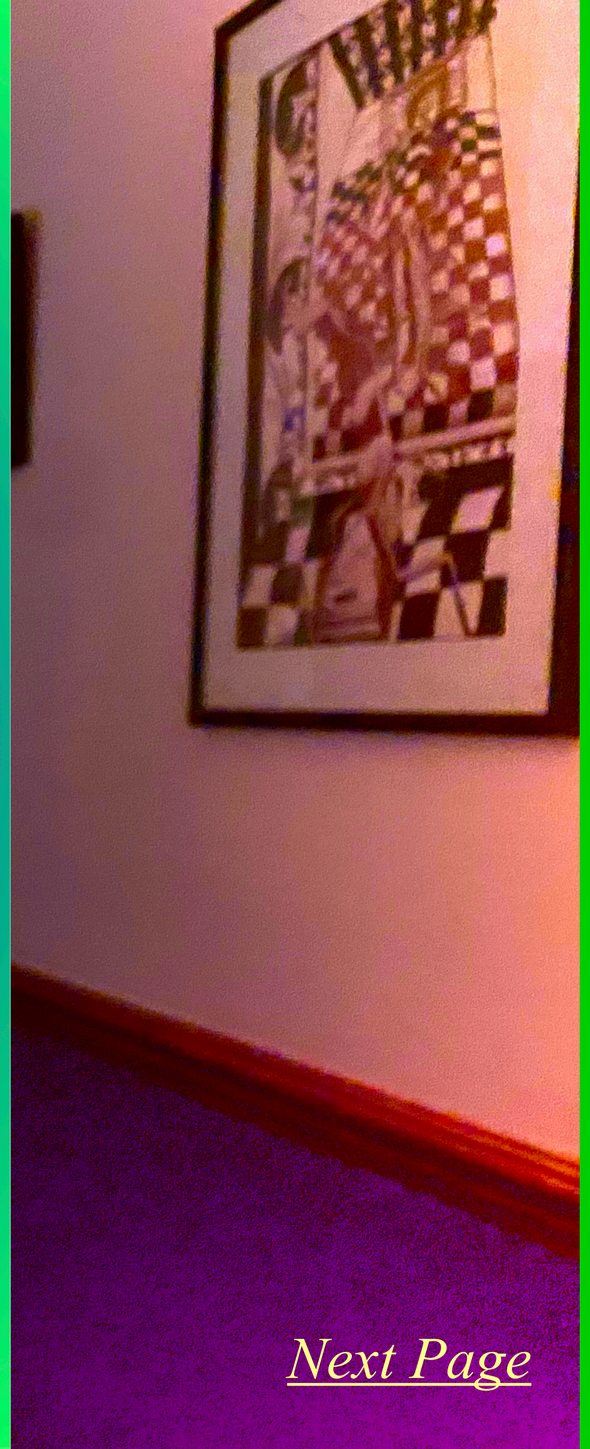
8347R1X: This young gentleman is ready now. Jopere?

JOP3R3: I'm ready to go Beatritch. What's his NAME by the way?

7H3 DOW1Z470R: I'll tell you when we get to the room.

8347R1X: There's your answer.

JOP3R3: That's a long-assed fucking name.



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DOW: Is there a probl-

8347R1X: Certainly not...Jopere would you...

JOP3R3: COME on then. What do they call you when you're not in your batsuit?

DOW: Dom.

JOP3R3: Short for Dominic I presume?

DOW: ...

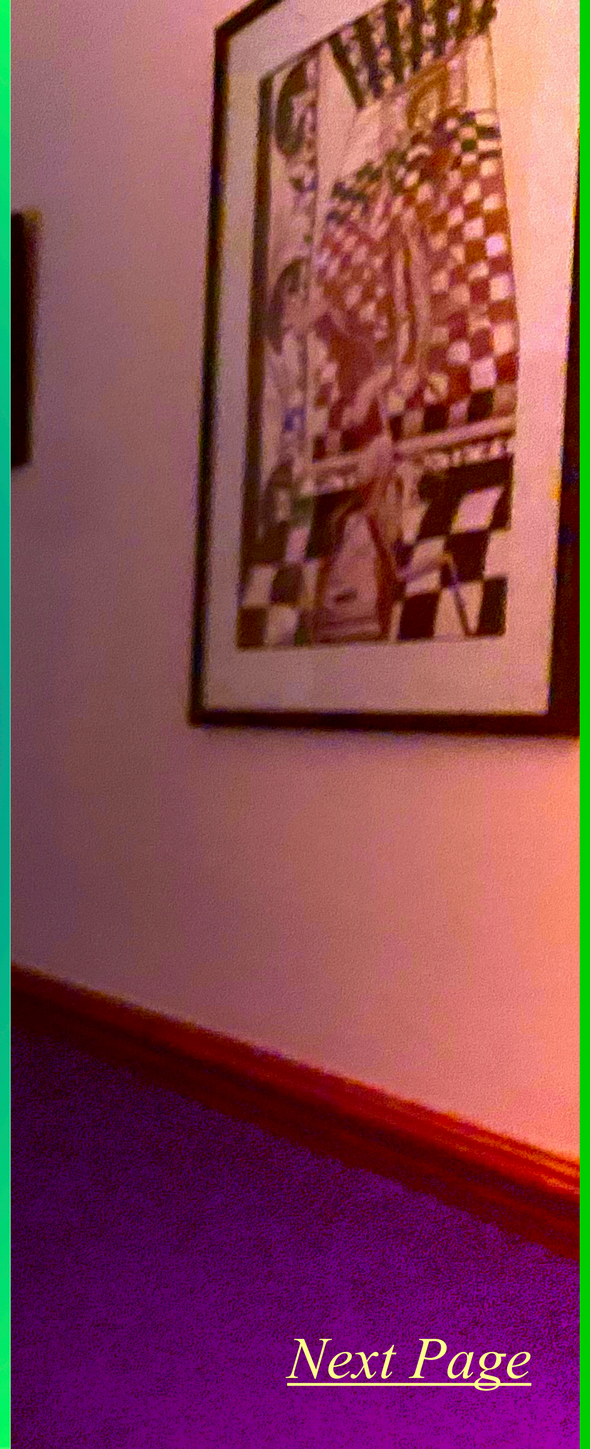
JOP3R3: I'll presume so. Quite a shy thing aren't you?

DOW: I have my moments.

JOP3R3: We'll have to see about that then. It's this room here!

DOW: I've got a short script. Role play. I printed it out, look.

JOP3R3: '...out. Suck...won't put up with... Learn to...inviting...spread...punish. Spank me till...red



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and glowing'. I see and am I supposed to memorise my part or am I allowed to refer?

DOW: Let me just close the door.

8347R1X: Eight District House. You're calling on behalf of Hescotta - okay. He wants - Luce N. E. Zeta-Gett AND Everne Bygga-Tipps. We'll have them sprucey-clean and laid out in a line straight after bangers and splash tonight. And who am I speaking to...? Thank you, bye.

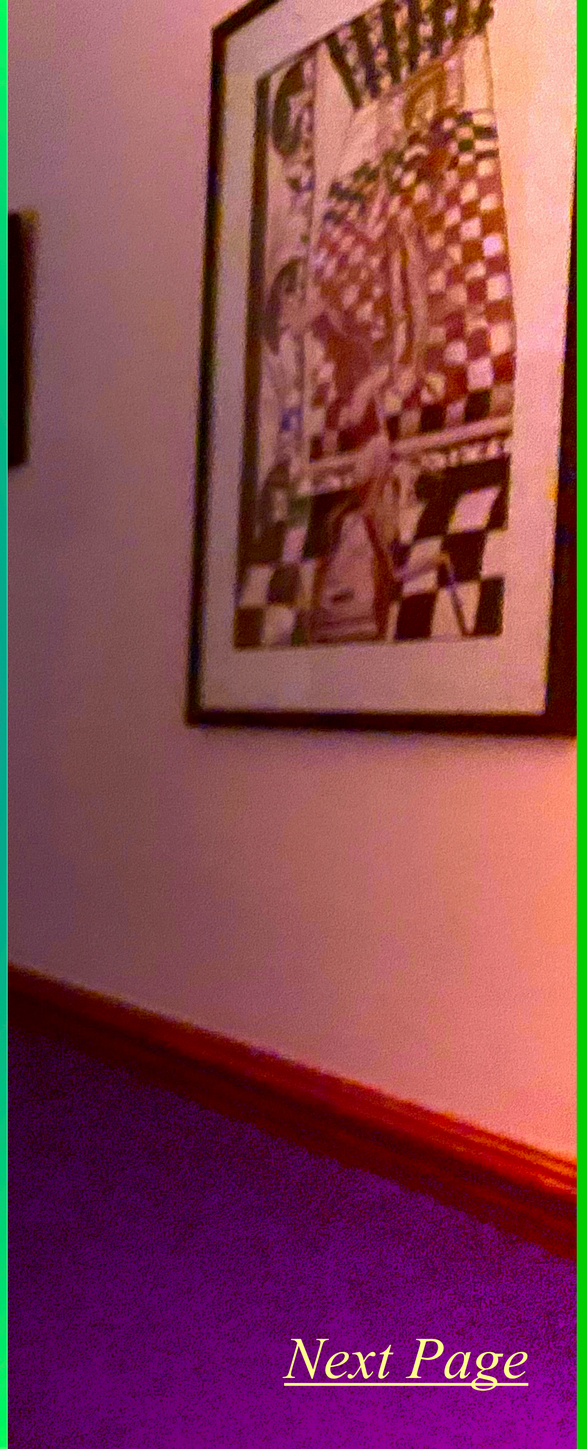
LUC3 Z. 3. N374-6377: I'll text Everne - tell her Hescotta Longhis-Tich has made his choices.

K1W84 7H3 L1W83R 81W84: I'll pass on the message.

LUC3: Yeah?

K1W84: I'm on my way over to The Captain's Whiskers, and if Everne isn't there, she's here - and she ISN'T here and so...ergo...THERE is where she will be!

LUC3: Oh. Okay. Tell her Luce N. E. Zeta-Gett is at District House and we're both pants down for the



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Longhis-Tich apres-scoff tonight. Should be fulfilling - and minting as fuck.

K1W84: Will do!

LUC3: Wassamatter Josephine? Oh - Jo's virgin launch. Worry not - she'll nail him to the floorboards.

JO53PH1Z3: I know - she's a demon princess. Just...a bit too rebellious I think.

LUC3: Who's she in bed with - I didn't catch?

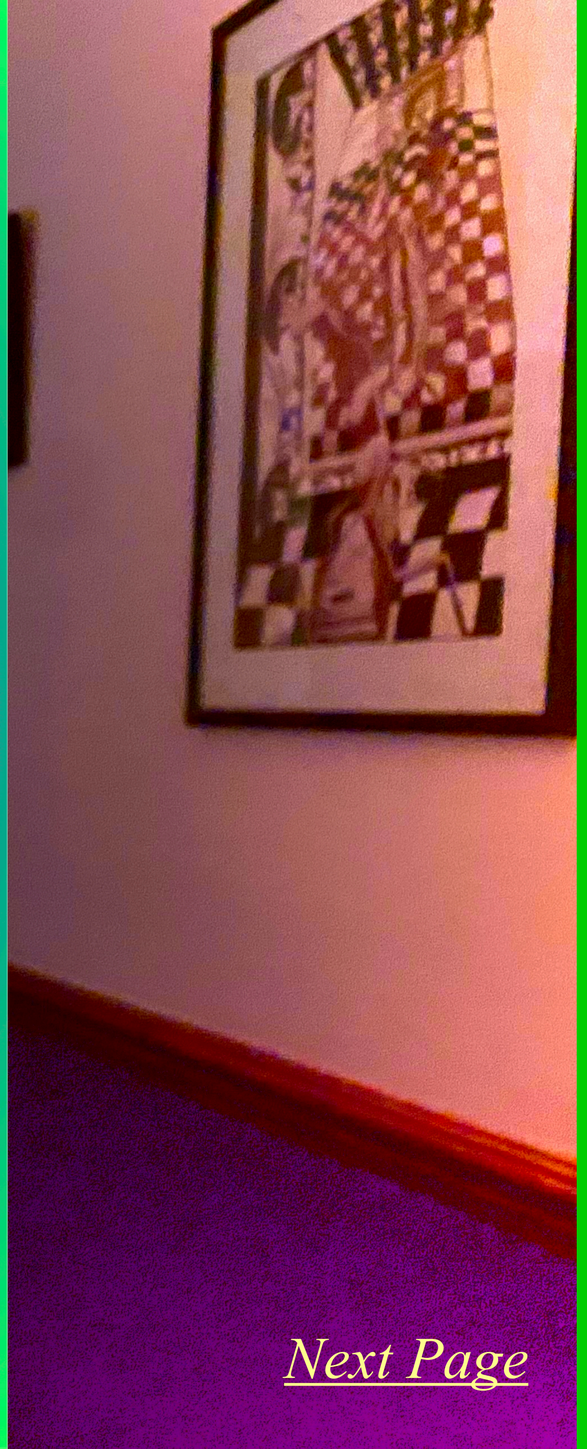
JO53PH1Z3: Dominator...?

LUC3: THE DOM?!! Worry not my sweet little acorn. You taught her the slap, correct?

JO53PH1Z3: If she doesn't appreciate the value of a well-placed slap I didn't bring her up right!!

LUC3: That's ALL she needs to know with that little pest. He's a smirk made out of straw. A glass titanic.

5010W0Z DUZZ P37713-7U4Y3: Hey.



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LUC3: Sol!! Good to see ya - er - um, you're probably here -

501: Jopere here??

JO53PH1Z3: She's working now Sol.

501: What?

JO53PH1Z3: She's in one of the rooms.

501: What?!

JO53PH1Z3: ...

LUC3: ...

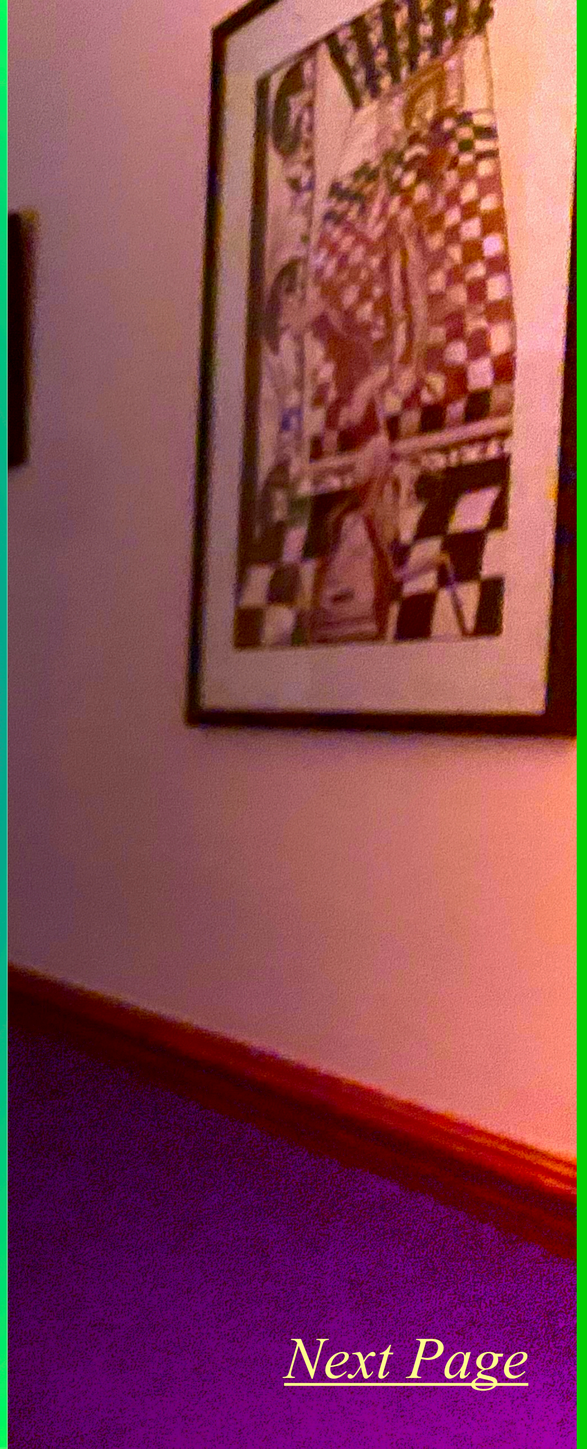
501: No way!! You're fucking kidding me! Why didn't anyone...

JO53PH1Z3: You knew it was on the cards for AGES Solomon.

501: Ahh. This hurts. She's in there right now?

JO53PH1Z3: ...

501: Who with? I might have something for him.



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8347R1X: NONE of your BUSINESS Pettie-Tuaye, now if you don't have any business being here, you should move on.

501: I'll have a bloody fucking Mary then in that case - double the vodder - and hit it with a good shunt of tabasco juice. And please.

8347R1X: No problem sir! I shall bring it to the... who is that screaming?

JOP3R3: TOUCH ME AGAIN - I'LL BRING THE FUCKING HOUSE DOWN!!!

8347R1X: DO I NEED TO CALL SECURITY YOUNG MADAM?

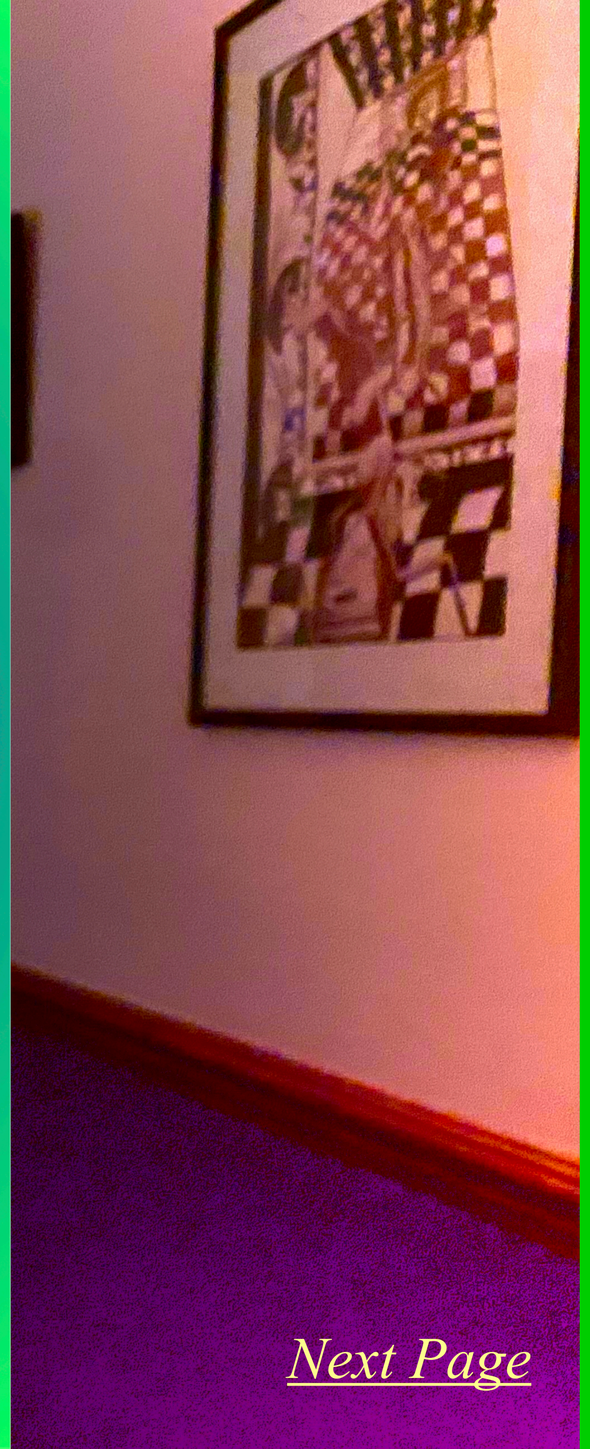
DOW: Can I go?

8347R1X: YES just through THAT door.

LUC3: What happened Jo?

JO53PH1Z3: What's the matter Jo?

JOP3R3: Fuck you?



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501: Give us an idea at least Jo - get it out -

JOP3R3: Fucking dodgy fucker - I just don't like him. He's fucking horrible. I gave him a friendly, like, slap? 'Cause he got too close. He got - like - nasty. I just don't like him. He stinks.

501: Sounds like a real piece of work.

8347R1X: You're not getting paid, and you've insulted a customer.

JOP3R3: I'm just glad I don't feel how I felt LITERALLY 2 minutes ago.

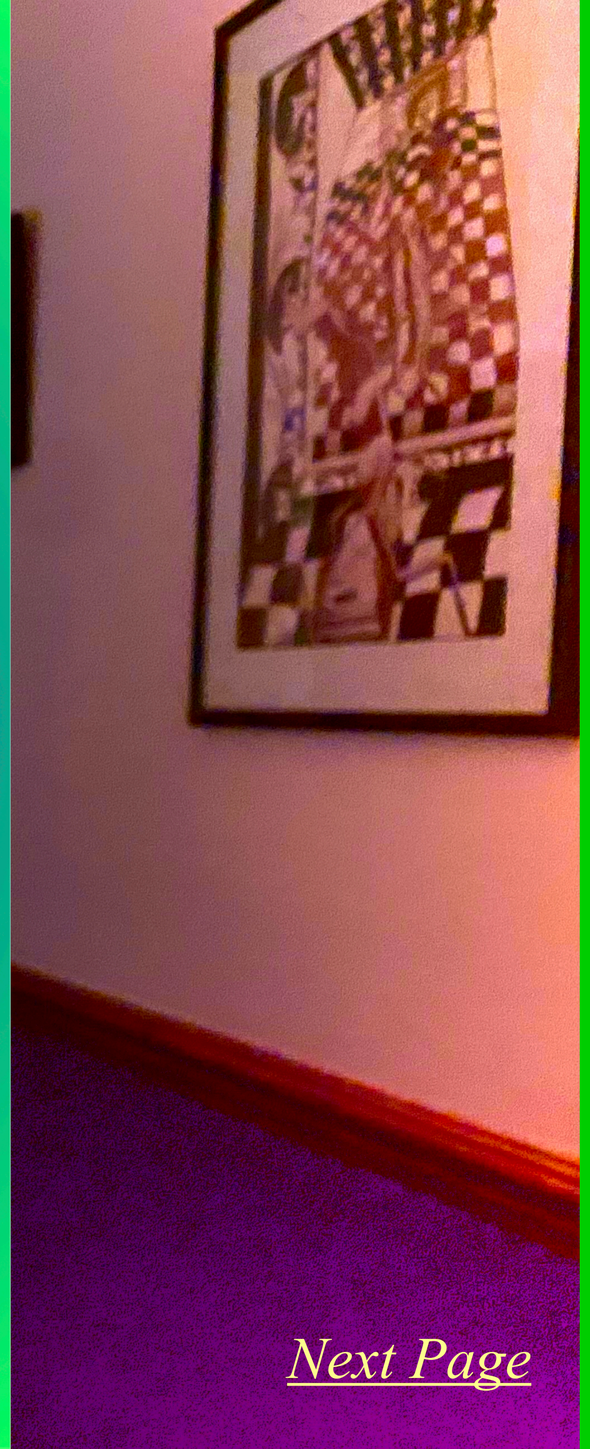
8347R1X: You have MET Mr. Benneth-Carring I gather?

JOP3R3: No.

8347R1X: No matter, you will be aware of his undertakings.

JOP3R3: I'll undertake to...

H31D1: No no no...I don't like where this is going -



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JOP3R3: I'll undertake to undermine the whole fudging underground removal system -

H31D1: BREAKdown please...

JOP3R3: ...What was I saying?

8347R1X: Some sort of a breakdown sweetheart.

JOP3R3: Did you hear...

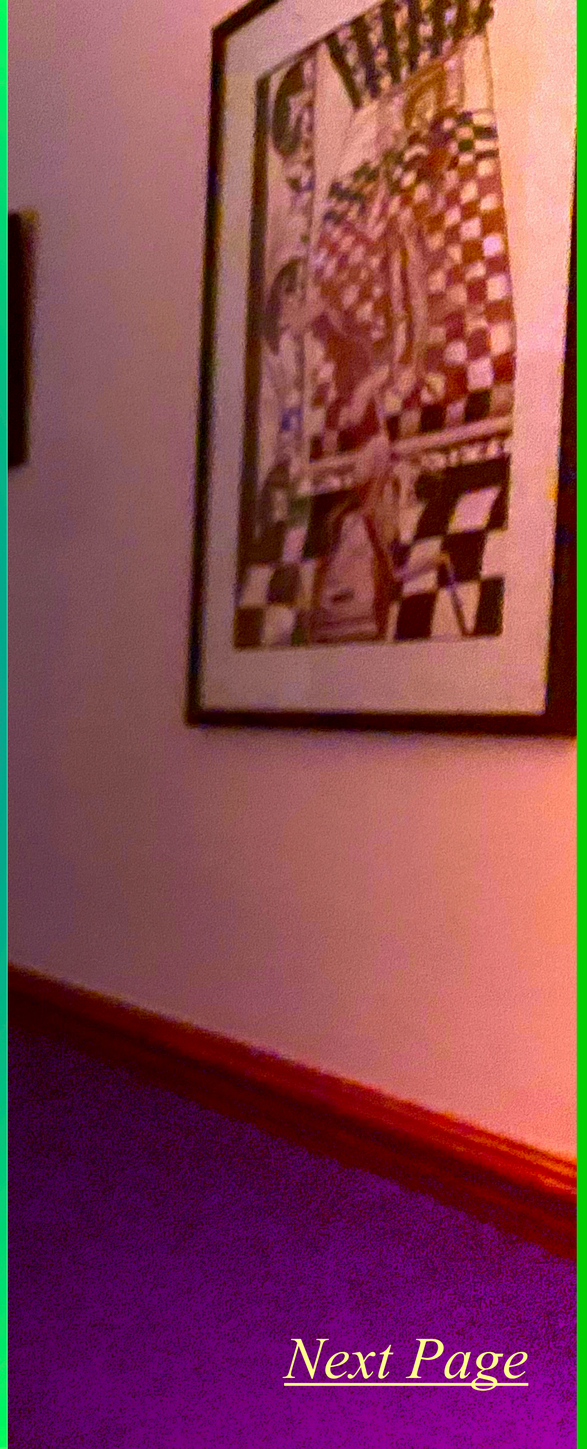
H31D1: No no NO! BLANK you little BITCH!

8347R1X: Teddie will UNDERtake to INTROduce himself to you in due course...momentarily entirely possibly...you get me?

JOP3R3: Oh fuck your silly threats, I'm going home. I'll pay protection to be free for the rest of the day.

H31D1: That's better.

8347R1X: Just don't figure on your lucky stars crossing so fortunately one night soon if Hescotta - or god forbid FUTT - wants a piece or two of that sweet cherry pie.



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Toe Telly

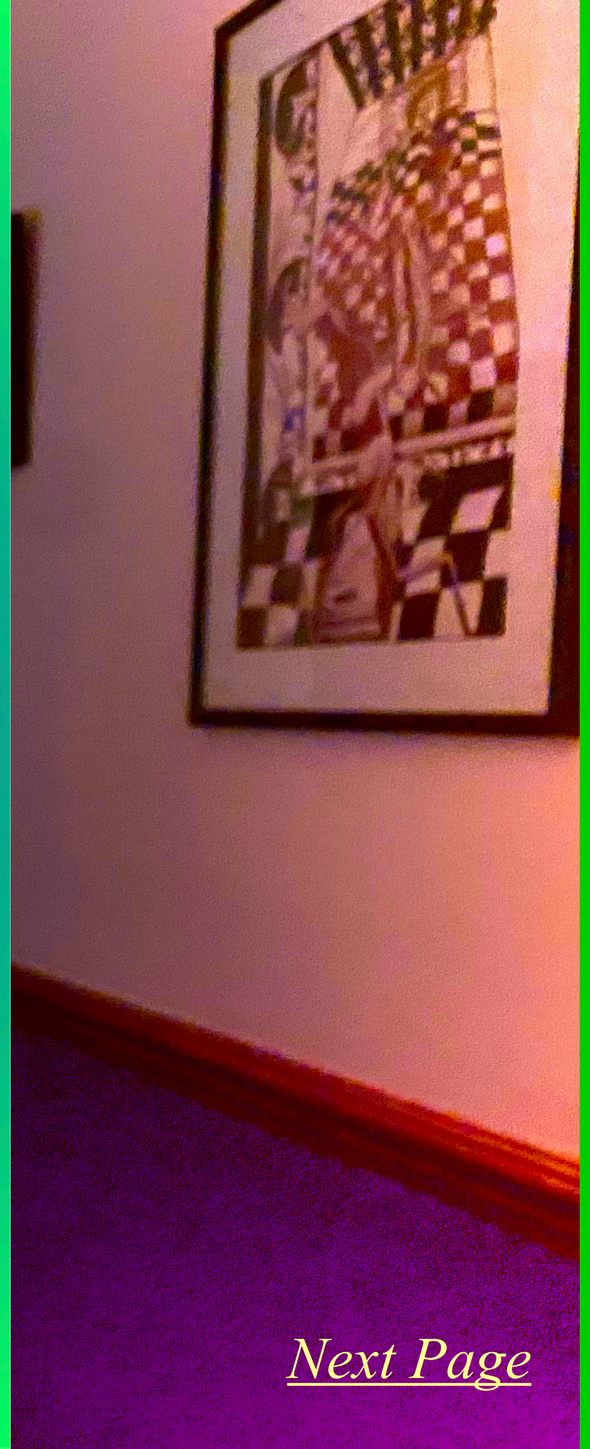
Watering The Fine Scenes



JOP3R3: Lucky fucking what? Stars? Lucky stars don't flash up instinctively when I reflect on the day's journey.

501: I'll walk you home Jopere.

JOP3R3: Let's fucking go.



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Toe Telly

Watering The Fine Scenes



Hire Archy

FU77 (FUCK3R) H4RD3ZM3LL: Your full name is...?

53R6 1L 4RCHY-P4553775: Sergil Archy-Passetts. Call me Archy.

FU77: Archy...are you now, or have you ever been involved with any of the girls here?

4RCHY: I looked into the roster - that's a no.

FU77: You're not local?

4RCHY: Not till now.

FU77: All are welcome in the normal way...it's just...in your position...can't give the girls a good reason...hard to explain...

4RCHY: I get it. You want a squeaky clean PI. Trust me, I'm ninety percent water and I guzzle the last

ten in washing up liquid every morning at six-thirty sharp.

FU77: Right. We like to think of our establishment - the Captain's Whiskers - as being the 'hub' of red light operations in downtown Walkstable. Wide-Open talk to us DIRECTLY I don't mind admitting.

4RCHY: Wide-Open...indeed? I have some dealings under my coat in cooperation with Control myself.

H31D1 7H3 J4CK3R-JOZ35: I like to think I'm steering the ship...

FU77: I like to think I'm steering the ship here at the Whiskers. From beneath the decks you might say.

4RCHY: And what is it you want help looking out for precisely?

H31D1: Some of the girls...

FU77: What it is, you see, some of the new girls are playing revolutionaries. Or at least talking that way. And, as I'm sure you appreciate for an

agency in our position we CAN'T have people TALKING!

4RCHY: So you want me to -

FU77: - Find a way to stop it. Them. Threaten them if you have to. Kick their fucking asses.

4RCHY: - Will Teddie...

FU77: - Mr. Benneth-Carring wants it to stop. And so do I.

4RCHY: How am I being paid?

FU77: A round fifty just as soon as B.C. feels 'the hole has been sufficiently plugged'.

4RCHY: Around fifty? Or a round fifty?

FU77: Young Master Archy-Passetts has a sense of humour about him...how...

4RCHY: I believe I'm older than you mister.

FU77: Older, younger...whatever!

4RCHY: Well, whatever yes, but it does sort of undermine what you just said...

FU77: Are you trying to create a division? Because...I can see that sort of thing coming...and before TOO MUCH longer -

4RCHY: Ah - nope - apologies - was a crap joke - it was absolutely - no offence given or taken - we cool - ?

FU77: We cool...if we cool.

4RCHY: Well, great - and, a generous sum.

FU77: Don't make me smack you round the cheek with an anvil.

4RCHY: No. Nnno.

FU77: Just sayin'.

4RCHY: Very...

FU77: 'Cause it will smart more expensively than that hit Luce landed on Hescotta last night. And Zeta-Gett packs a punch!

4RCHY: Does she?

FU77: You ask a lot of questions. There's a place. If you go there, there are consequences...do you understand what I mean?

4RCHY: Er...that's another 'no'. I have no idea what you mean.

FU77: It's perhaps for the best, hey? Remember where you are.

4RCHY: We're in your...well your boss's office.

FU77: You can only imagine what kind of weapons Benneth-Carring likes to stack to the rafters in the backstage rooms of an establishment like this...don't you think?

4RCHY: It's not my place to think...

FU77: Exactly my point again - there's a place!

4RCHY: There's a place...

FU77: FOR...oh dear. Look would you like to follow me into one of these here back corridors. You

won't lose your way. Or, I won't lose my way. And you'll be with me, so we're half way there...

4RCHY: NOPE - it's okay! I think I understand. There's a place...let's not go there!!

FU77: I think we're on the same page at last.

4RCHY: Is there more I could know about the shenanigans of the previous evening? Or should I ask E. Zeta-Gett and the other missy - Bygga-Tipps??

FU77: My time is gold my old...Chesterton. You don't go through life with a name like 'Fucker' Hardenwell without finding it necessary to maintain a certain standard of reputation.

4RCHY: I won't ask.

FU77: I'm starting to like you, Passetts.

4RCHY: I'd like to ask one thing however...how many fights WERE there last night?

FU77: Yesterday WAS a violent one to be fair... Hescotta got lumped as I said...Dom the Dominator bought one to the right cheek...Wee Leason Rubitt

copped a flash hit to the butt, presented a wobbly and proceeded to slap her customer SEVERAL times.

4RCHY: Which customer was that?

FU77: Paul Mycock N. C. Thupshotte.

4RCHY: Bly. Anyone else?

FU77: Only Red.

4RCHY: Twicks-Blowd was struck as well?

FU77: It's only to be expected - when you fuck with Ashleigh Vitt Tudor-Vespertas, brace yourself - well you won't get a chance to brace yourself... a smack is in...

73DD13 (7H3 CH1Z3) 83ZZ37H-C4RR1Z6: HO HO HO!! You nattering about the customers boy?!!

FU77: Vespertas is one of the girls boss!

73DD13: They're running low on steak in the kitchen. Do you want to be steak boy? You can be if you desire...just say the word...yes or no...?

FU77: No.

73DD13: WAIT though...are you DEAD SURE? You can say 'yes' and it will all be over...all the nightmares, all the RESPONSIBILITIES, all the chores. Just say yes and I can make the magic happen. Do you want to go to heaven Futt? Take five seconds and answer...yes...or no...?

FU77: ...

73DD13: Think about your answer. All the pains... the daily toil and struggle...

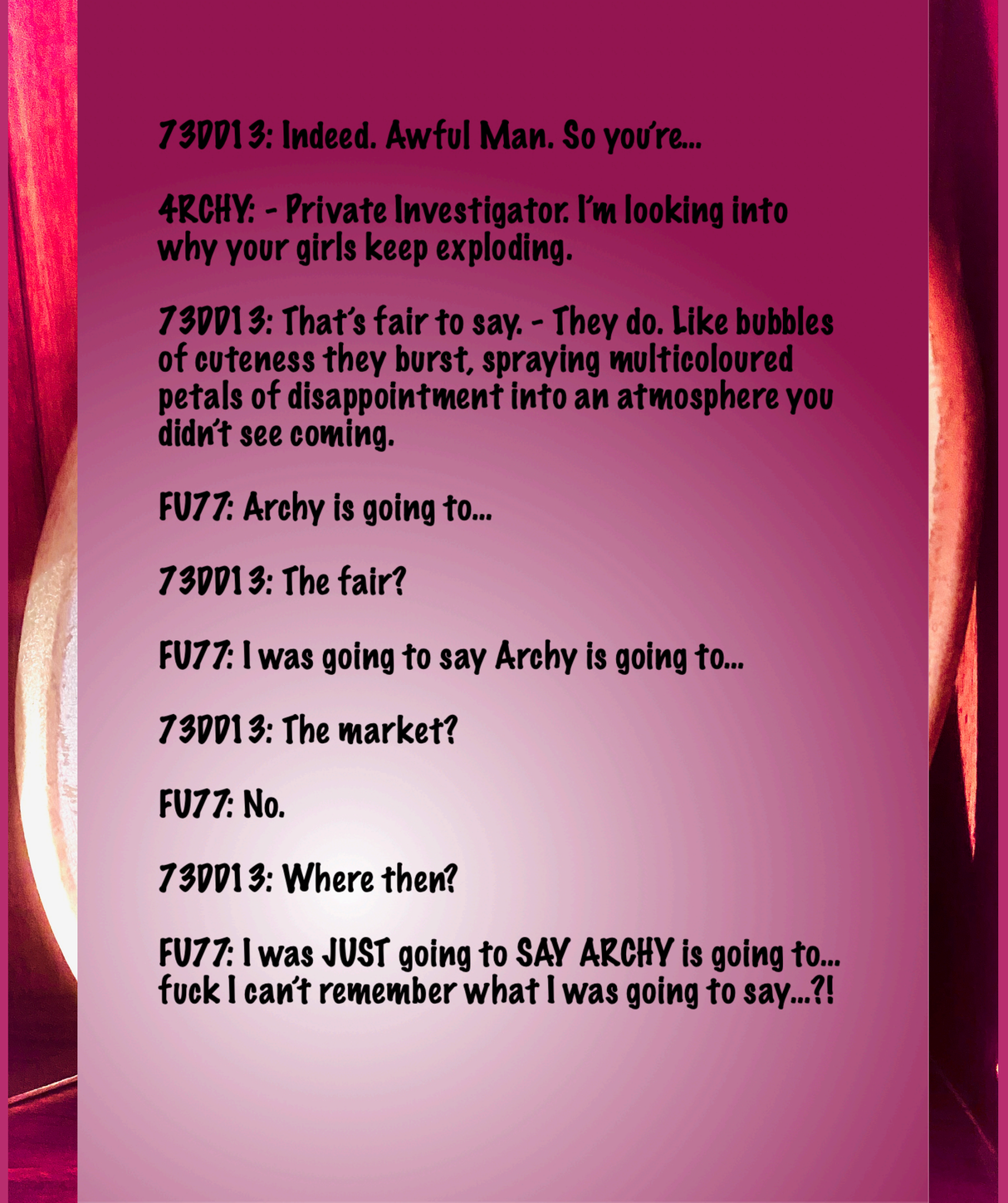
FU77: No, I think I want to remain live human.

73DD13: Self-preservation! I admire that! And you...you who heard none of that conversation I assume - who the fuck are you?

4RCHY: In your service, Archy-Passetts sir. People call me Archy.

73DD13: Ah - the Archy-Passetts fellow. Hmm... knew an Archy-Passetts at my old firm...

4RCHY: Electrical engineering? Manwell?- My father.



73DD13: Indeed. Awful Man. So you're...

4RCHY: - Private Investigator. I'm looking into why your girls keep exploding.

73DD13: That's fair to say. - They do. Like bubbles of cuteness they burst, spraying multicoloured petals of disappointment into an atmosphere you didn't see coming.

FU77: Archy is going to...

73DD13: The fair?

FU77: I was going to say Archy is going to...

73DD13: The market?

FU77: No.

73DD13: Where then?

FU77: I was JUST going to SAY ARCHY is going to... fuck I can't remember what I was going to say...?!

73DD13: THAT'S probably because it was an ill-thought out, verbally diarrheic, purposeless and inconsequential SENTENCE.

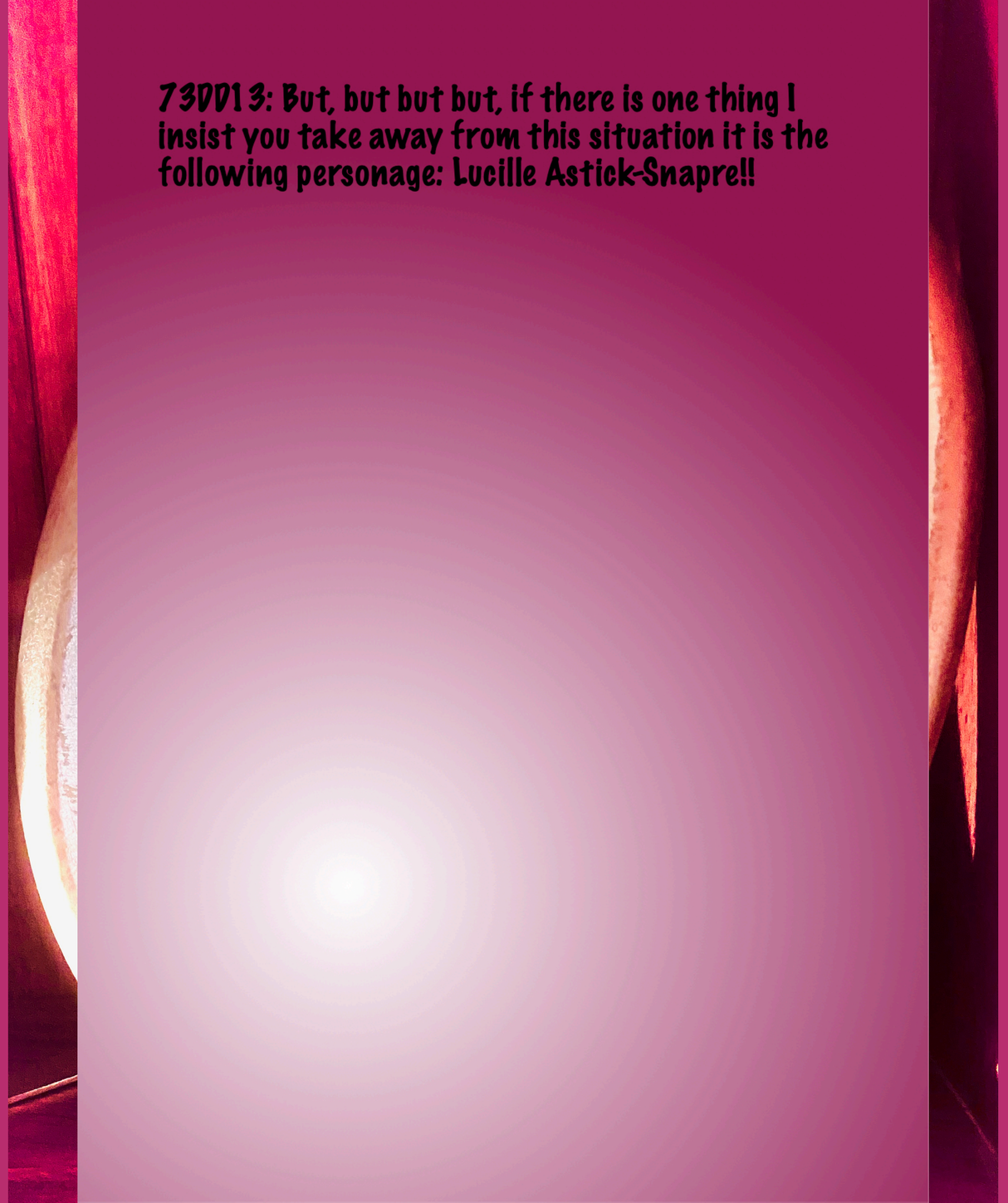
FU77: But, you never heard it...

73DD13: NEVER mind 'cause like, you can't remember it! You see we like to run a tight ship - or is it á shit type' - here at the Whiskers, Passett! Welcome onboard, don't slip on any rotten fruit on the deck. Or you'll pay for it, and end up eating it whether you want to sleep in the bed you made for yourself or not!

4RCHY: Where is your partner, Miss Tweena Thyze in all this?

73DD13: Beatrix answers the phones at the Whiskers some days, Eight District House on others. You can run a lot of stuff past her - she's - on the team. She already circled low and zoned in on the trouble-starters. In fact, you probably want her to be one of your primary sources of information.

4RCHY: I'll bear it in mind, thank you sir.



73DD13: But, but but but, if there is one thing I insist you take away from this situation it is the following personage: Lucille Astick-Snapre!!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Toe Telly

Watering The Fine Scenes





A Bee Or A Wasp?

JOP3R3 F3X4 COX4-K1Z6: Are WE the strings?

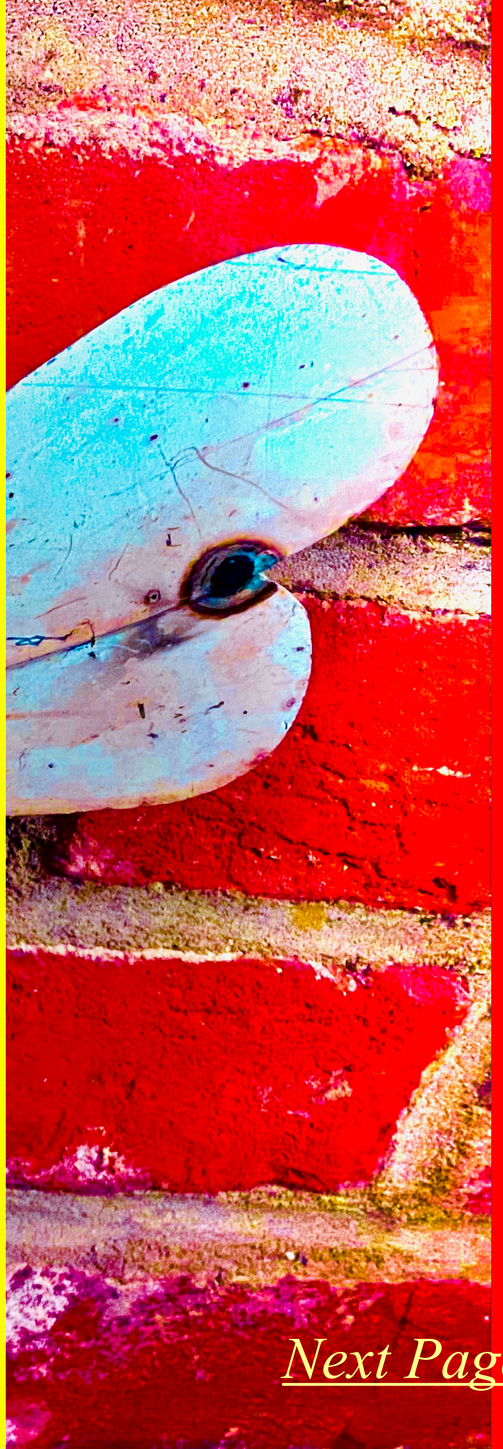
LUC1LL3 457 1CK-5Z4PR3: Are WE the WHAT?

JOP3R3: It sounds a bit to me like WE'RE the vibrating strings of energy - bobbing up and down - wiggling and - well - vibrating!

LUC1LL3: I hadn't thought of it like that.

JOP3R3: Or worse, men's COCKS might turn out to be the dimension-hopping vibrating strands of energy you're so keen on?

LUC1LL3: Well, even if men's cocks WERE, I wouldn't put it...





JOP3R3: Where? Lucille? Where wouldn't you put men's cocks?

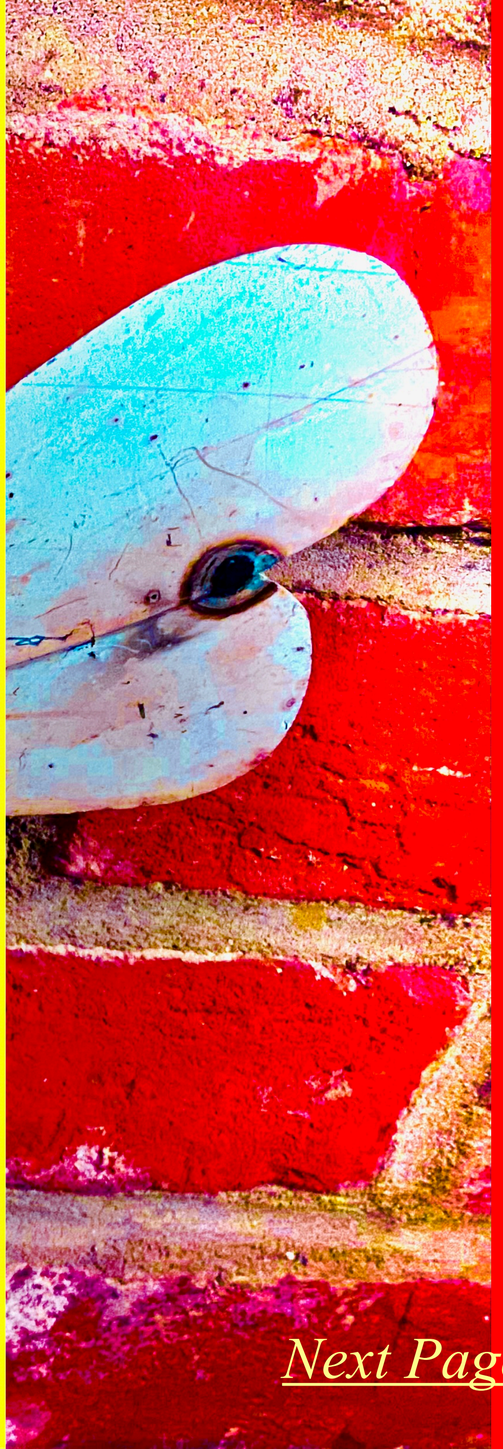
LUCILL3: ARSES!!

JOP3R3: Well, quite. The next time, AS WELL as the LAST time, a man unarrangedly and impromptu as-it-were imagines he has a magic key to the WHOLE kingdom, and proceeds to invite himself in through the palace back gates, HE GETS A SLAP!! I did explain that.

LUCILL3: 'Nother glass of Rot vin? It's a beautiful nose this next full-bodied!

JOP3R3: Aye keep 'em coming! So what's this other theory? 'Bout bees?

LUCILL3: The theory is about WASPS, to sharpen the point - wasps get a bad rap as a consequence of being comparatively nastier than bees. For whatever reason, however gun-slinging they are with their needles, you're just as likely to get some big black and yellow striped bumblebee kamikaze your big toe as a wasp to go crazy at you over nothing. They're both flower-hungry little bastards.



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JOP3R3: Bees make honey sweetheart...

LUCILL3: Whoop de-fucking-hooray!! Let 'em get on with it. Therefore: kill wasps! - Is that your point??

JOP3R3: No of COURSE not!

LUCILL3: No OF COURSE, BUT - you see how I got there? - That's what people fucking do! It's a zero-sum game; all or nothing; this or the opposite, or treat the other as the opposite...if you see what I...

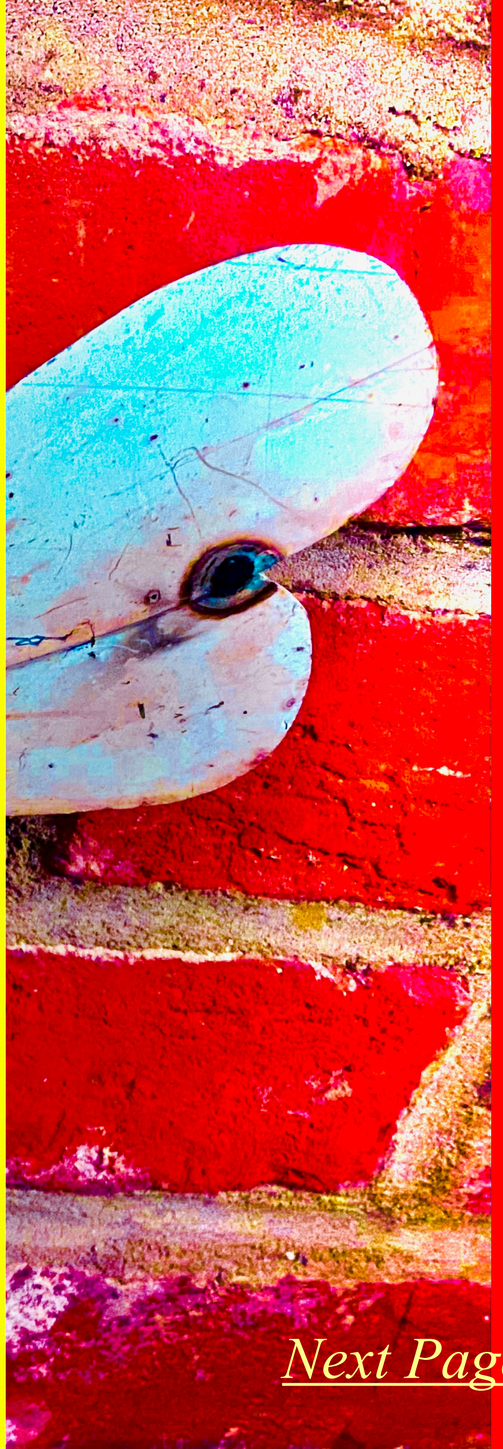
JOP3R3: Nope - but I was with you for the main stretch. It's the polarisation, right?

LUCILL3: Absolutemont mon brave.

JOP3R3: ...which means...?

LUCILL3: I don't know, I thought I heard someone say it once - I assume it means 'absolutely, my friend.' Am I not allowed to say it?

JOP3R3: 'Course you are you diabolical sausage. Just wondered if you knew what it MEANT.





LUCILL3: Fair play - no. Yes - it's the polarisation of things to make everything seem like a binary choice, this or that, where if 'this' is right, 'that' is wrong.

JOP3R3: Who is right.

LUCILL3: Precisely! Who is right - men or women?

JOP3R3: I'm inclined to say WE're right. Womankind has the answer.

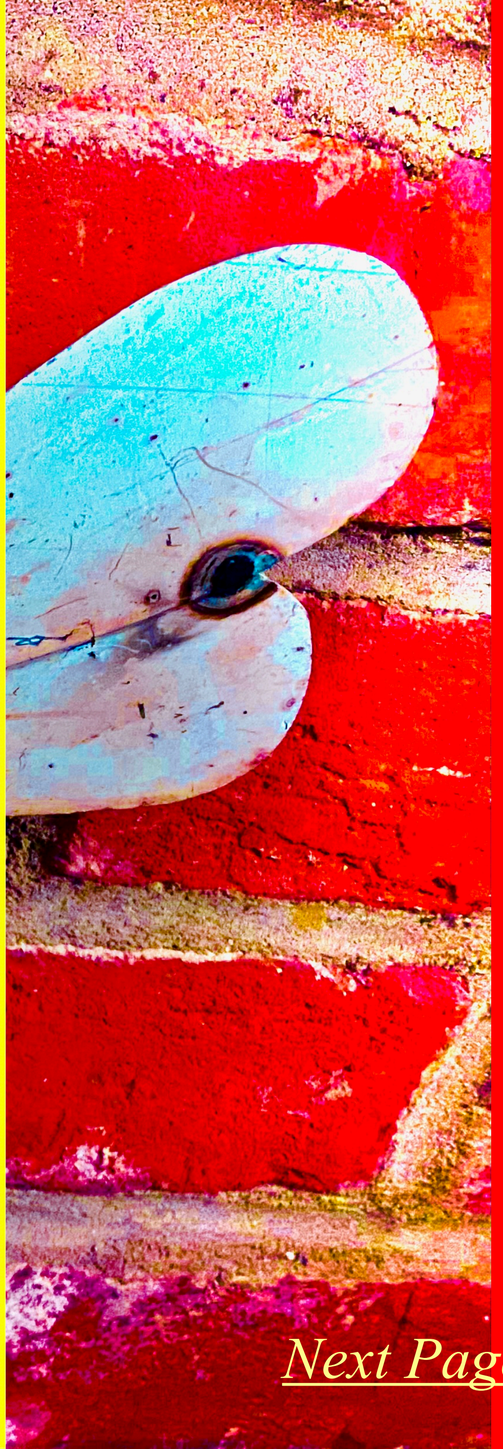
LUCILL3: You fell into my trap. If we're RIGHT... what the fuck does that make THEM??

JOP3R3: Oh Shit well I didn't mean it like that exactly.

LUCILL3: SNAP! That was the sound of the neck of your ethical principles breaking. We'll just leave that to mend for a few minutes. It's amazing what they can do for broken skeletal injuries these years...

JOP3R3: What are you banging on about?

LUCILL3: I dunno. They publicly claimed they could clone animals over twenty years ago - and yet



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FAR from being a medical utopia it's starting to feel like the middle ages are coming back but behind closed hospital doors.

JOP3R3: More conspiracy?

LUCILL3: ABSOFUCKINGLUTELY MON BRAVE. But back to the point - wasps are not 'nasty bees', and bees are not 'well-mannered wasps', - or MAYBE they ARE!!! - but we don't need to discount one at the expense of another. It's 'game theory' you see - John Nash wasn't it?

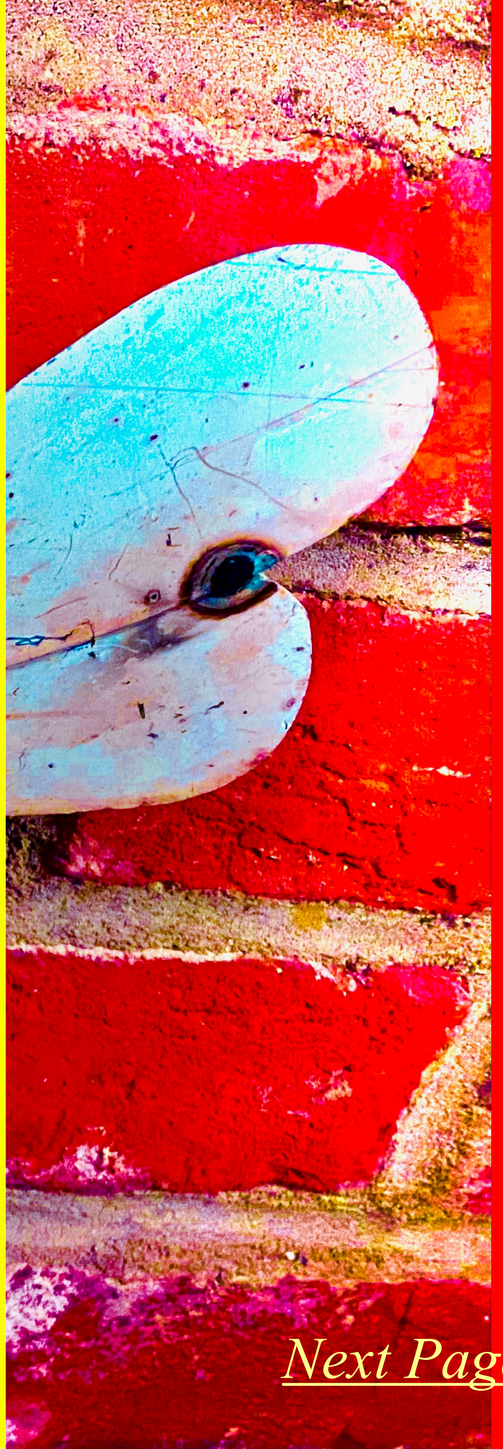
JOP3R3: Lost again. WOOHH...I'M lost at SEEAAA agaaaaiiin...

LUCILL3: Meanwhile back on EARTH...! It's a case of...let's say ok so they say this and the others say that, and we prefer THIS to that, but that doesn't mean 'fuck THAT' for fuck's sake...!!

JOP3R3: I concur, but can I ask how many bottles of rouge vino you've...snapped the neck of?

LUCILL3: I dunno.

JOP3R3:...is the WRONG answer. Bee time for you. Wasp wrong with you? Come on - let's bee having



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you. The right answer would have bee 'just that bottle there Jo and a couple before you arrived' but as it wasp, your answer wasp 'I dunno' and that wasp the icing on the cake, I'll bee perfectly honest.

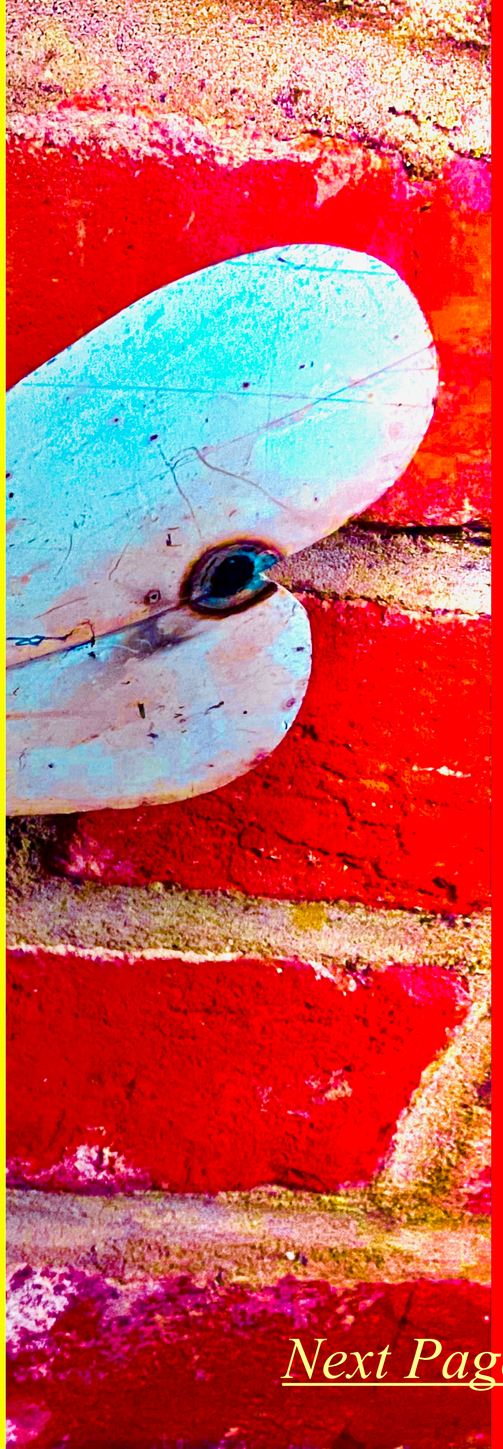
LUCILL3: No wait. We need to talk deeper before I drop off...

JOP3R3: More profound than cross breeding wasp subjects with string theoretical entities? Go on then, if you must. Have a glass of water though you turnip.

LUCILL3: Righto. WELL you see it was your maiden voyage to the moon AND your very first work-related slap too I presume. Should have been sharper perhaps. Or slighter. Or the timing was wrong. Who knows - you'll get the hang of it - or rather - hopefully...you won't...

JOP3R3: Cryptic - or Snapre has turned an evil green colour...cryptic or Snapre has gone evil green...cryptic Snapre or evil green Snapre - I'm going cryptic?

LUCILL3: Correctemont mon amigo.





JOP3R3: That has to be wrong.

LUCILL3: In whose eyes? Yours?

JOP3R3: But I dunno what the fuck it means!

LUCILL3: Me neither. Shall we ask the wall what it thinks? Yes? No? Anything?

JOP3R3: So, ANYWAY, you hope I won't need to keep slapping men in a professional capacity - pray confess how? Judo? You want me to go all-out self-defence?

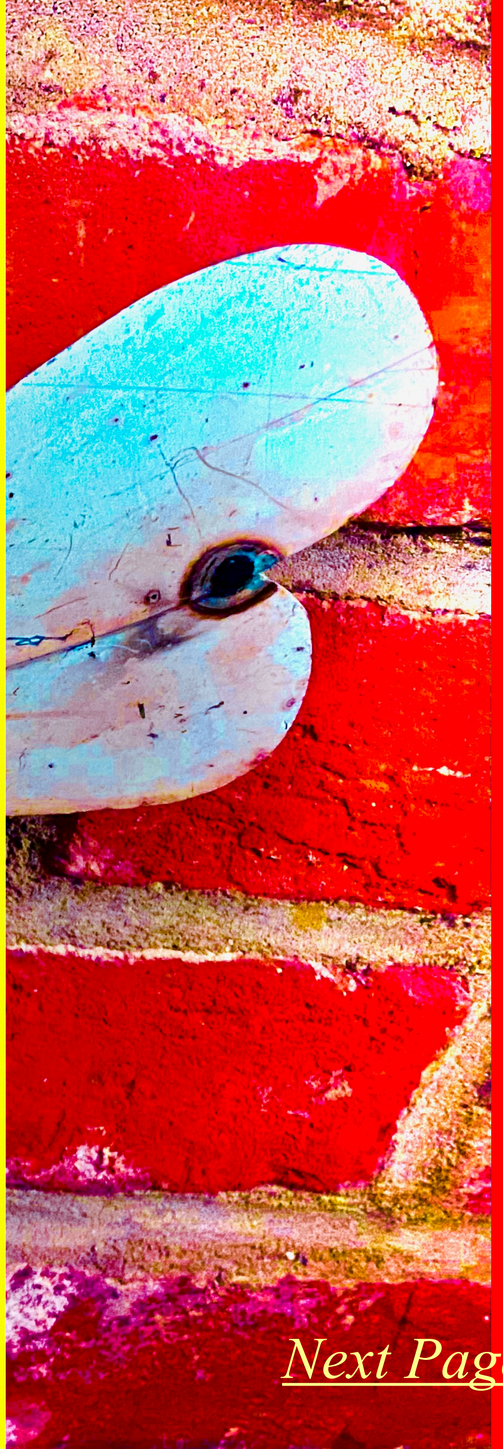
LUCILL3: I meant we ought to start putting up a bit more of a brick wall against the front line of this under -

H31D1 7H3 J4CK3R-JOZ35: Stand...

LUCILL3: ...stand what I am saying, okay? What?

JOP3R3: Sorry lost me - we need to block the front line against what?

LUCILL3: Lost my concentration. Keeps happening a bit more lately - I think. ANYway...





H31D1: If you don't stop talking about this you will regret it.

LUCILL3: Did you hear that Jopere? A voice just threatened me.

JOP3R3: Not sure.

LUCILL3: What?

JOP3R3: Maybe.

LUCILL3: I keep losing my train of FUCKING thought and it's PISSING me off! Well, ANYfuckingway, hey - I've had an idea - could we turn off our computers and shit?!

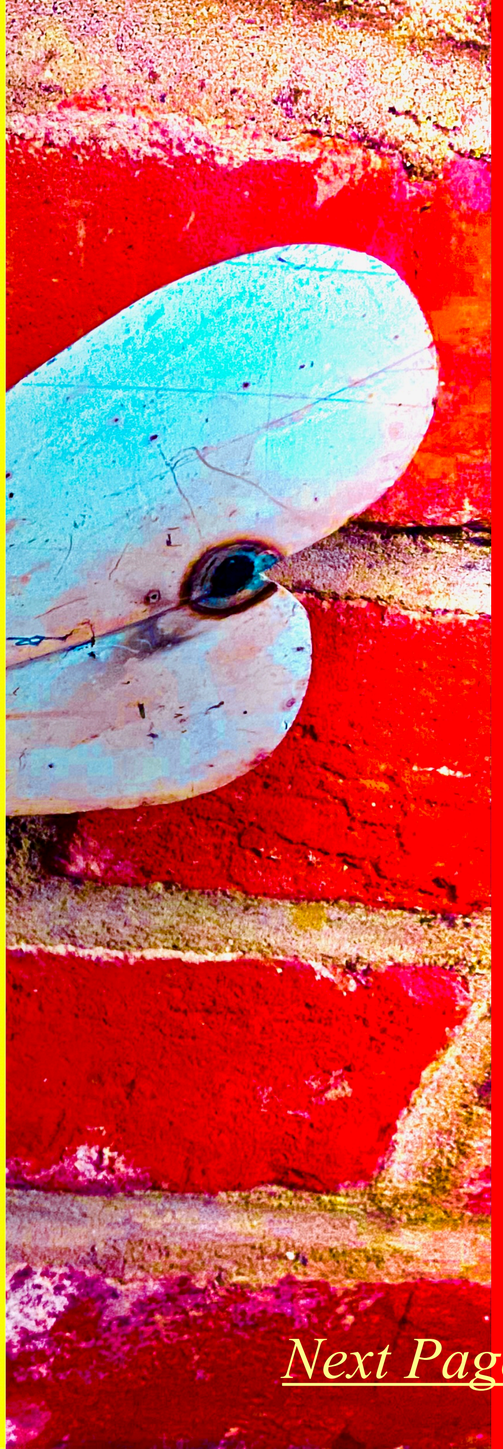
JOP3R3: Yeh.

H31D1: Cunt.

LUCILL3: See if that helps.

JOP3R3: Might do.

LUCILL3: That voice...the strange sounds coming from my devices. We can't ignore this bollocks mate. It's like living 2 streets away from an axe-



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wielding maniacal killer and pretending everything is okey-dokey in the neighbourhood.

JOP3R3: I know right? I don't mind saying - my phone is an absolute cunt! I really don't like him anymore. Although I can't do without him, OBViously. Hm.

LUCILL3: Defifuckingnitely. Can't hold him close to your cheek. Can't smash his face against the wall. May well need him to deal with the mess created by dealing with him, if you see what I mean.

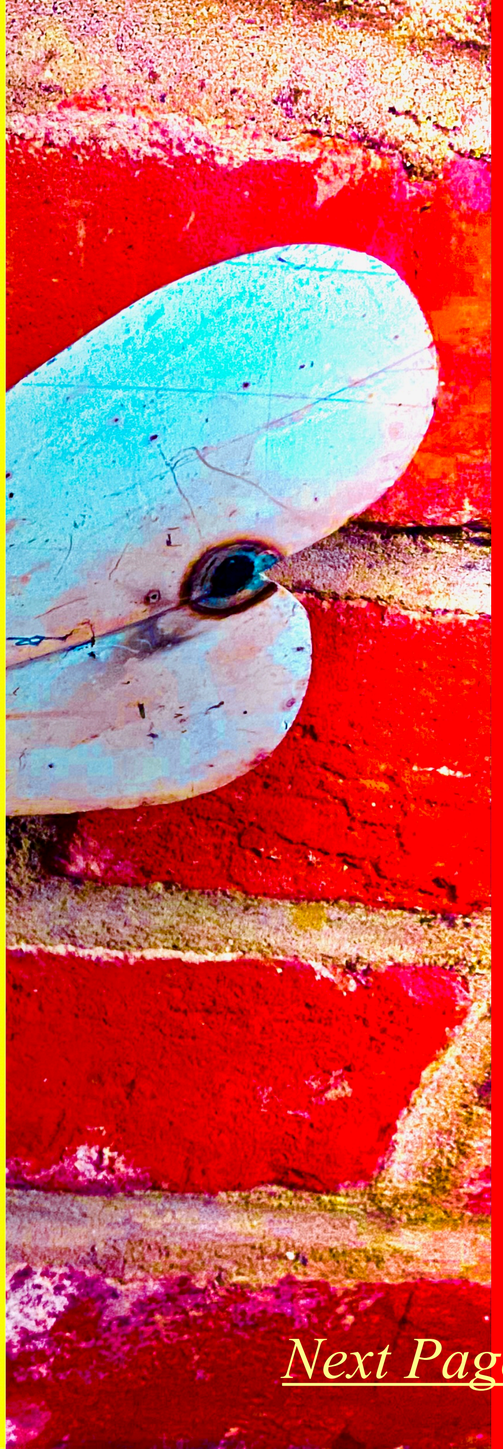
JOP3R3: The irony of the phone smash. That feeling...feels like sacrificing your entire metabolic constitution for 5 seconds of pure freedom on a cloud headed straight for outer-space. Like...'there it goes...there it goes... - there, it's gone.'

LUCILL3: Okay so what's the issue? Taking last night as a prime example.

JOP3R3: Nasty men?

LUCILL3: Are you asking me?

JOP3R3: Not really no.





LUCILL3: Deeper. Why not women?

JOP3R3: It is, but...

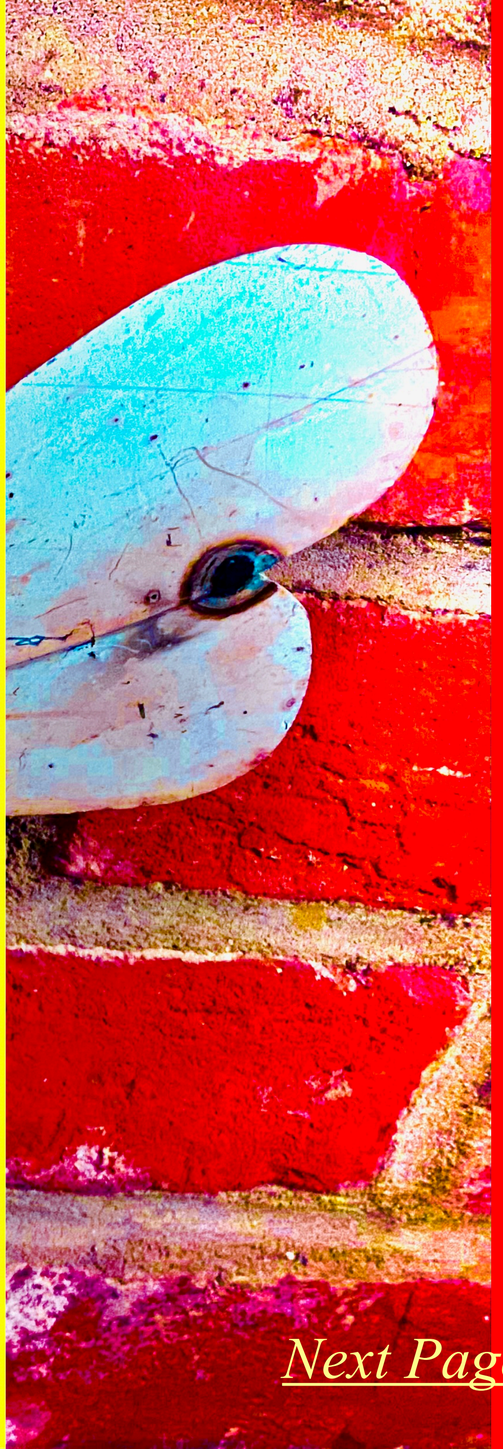
LUCILL3: Women just aren't quite as clever as men are they?

JOP3R3: Ay? Oh - cryptic. No, they've got a physical advantage.

LUCILL3: Oh so the pen is mightier than the sword...except in this case, correctamondo?

JOP3R3: Argue that with an elephant who is going to knock you sideways with his trunk if you don't put it in your mouth. There's a culture of violence and sexism. Systems are in place to sustain it. Men are harder. Women are quicker. It's a conundrum; why is the state misogynistic? If intelligence has the solutions, why isn't there more of a balance?

LUCILL3: Okay well the way I see it there is a microcosmic and a macrocosmic aspect to this situation - on the micro-scale, management at The Captain's Whiskers and our immediate predicament. On the macro-level there are insidious forces at work sustaining the soul-





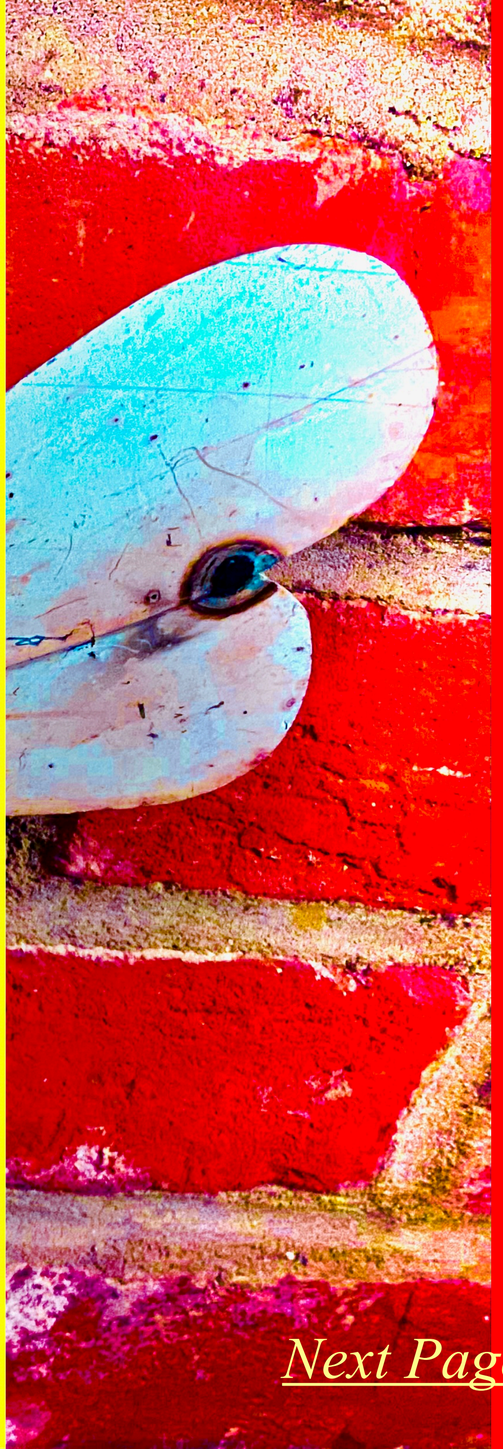
fucking brain-crushing blood-sucking spirit-mashing patriarchy! Just as with any ideological approach, there is an individual as well as a collective interest at stake - and we're for BOTH - right Jo? I'm not putting words in your mouth - we talked about this? Well, there's these lucky bees, although not many are lucky by now on this planet I suggest to you, but anyway - buckets of honey and hives up the jacksy, mating - do they mate? - Fucknose. Well this analogy isn't technical. There's even a QUEEN bee, havin' a FANTASTIC fuckin' time mate. Why? BECAUSE she's the QUEEN!! But the worker bees are getting fucked somewhat and the baby bees are starving 'cause of the hazards of the ecology of bees, and then of course...leave the poor bees alone - LET'S JUST FUCKING KILL WASPS - THEY'RE THE REAL PESTS!!! Bees are lovely (as long as they do as we tell them), but FUCK wasps, right gang?

JOP3R3: Oh so...

LUCILL3: Who's the victim, Jo?

JOP3R3: I was last night.

LUCILL3: I agree. That's why we need to work on your left arm reflex and some wrist-action





technique. Try to spring it on him with more... optimism. An innocent smile. Sometimes less is more.

JOP3R3: Who's a bee and who's a wasp, I'm wondering.

LUCILL3: The question reveals its own bias Jopere - we're all both in separate situations. The queen - worker - bee - wasp - relationship - and we haven't even mentioned hornets yet!! - Is relevant because of the vilification element. Would you rather be trapped in a shed with a wasp or a bee?

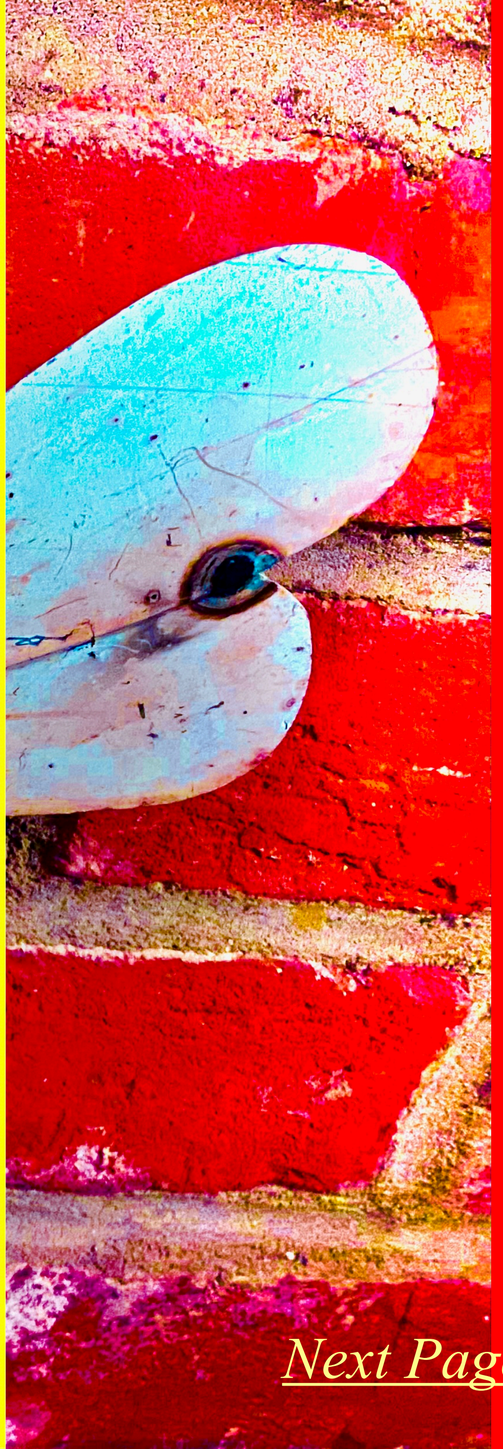
JOP3R3: A bee, obvious-bee.

LUCILL3: SNAP!! Snapred again! The bee is drunk.

JOP3R3: The wasp then.

LUCILL3: SNAP, CRIPPLE and SPLAT! The wasp is of the giant European variety. TERRible temper on those things. I Wouldn't risk it.

JOP3R3: I think I'll stay out of the shed for now.





LUCILL3: You can't. WE can't. WE LIVE in the SHED! There's a radio transmission, and we have to reach out to the central desk to get attention and bring the jutting cliff edge to Jo. The expanded lake to Lucille. You get me? We need to get Wide-Open control on our side - you know there must be some good ones, or there's just no hope.

JOP3R3: The bee's knees? The wasp's knockers? Queen Yellowjacket the Twenty Ninth?

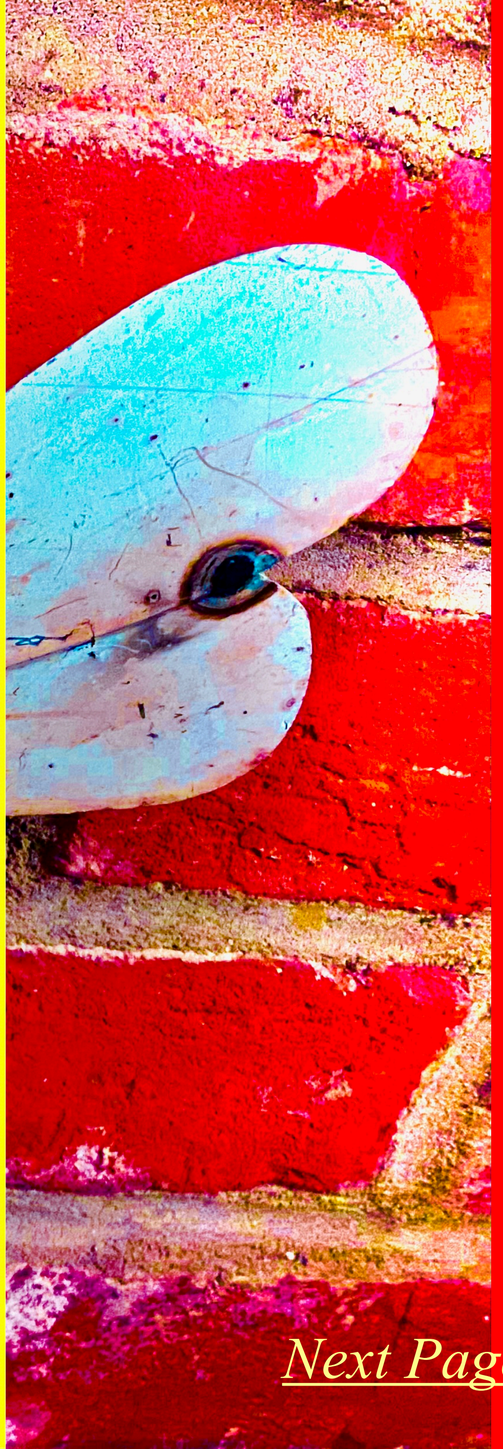
LUCILL3: PRECISELY. We need to talk above-board about the below-board until the twixt meet, and if we do a proficient enough job, the Pharaoh of Waspville will float over to the window and give us some sign of some sort.

JOP3R3: Are you ready then?

LUCILL3: What to -

JOP3R3: Whack the technology back to life. Herewego!

H31D1: Little cunt.

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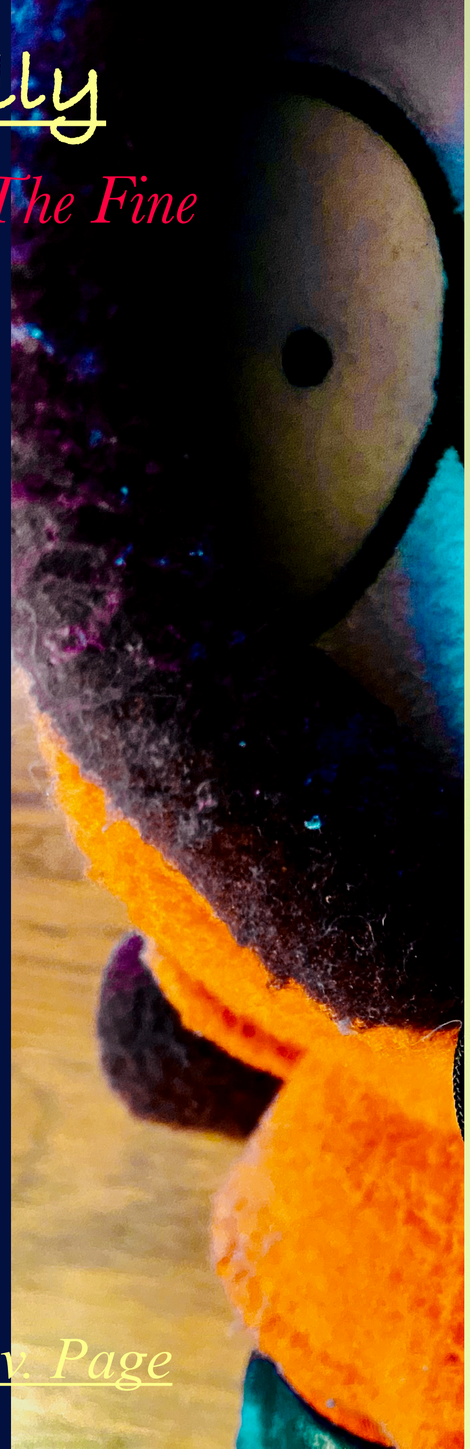
Toe Telly

Watering The Fine Scenes

Program For This Evening





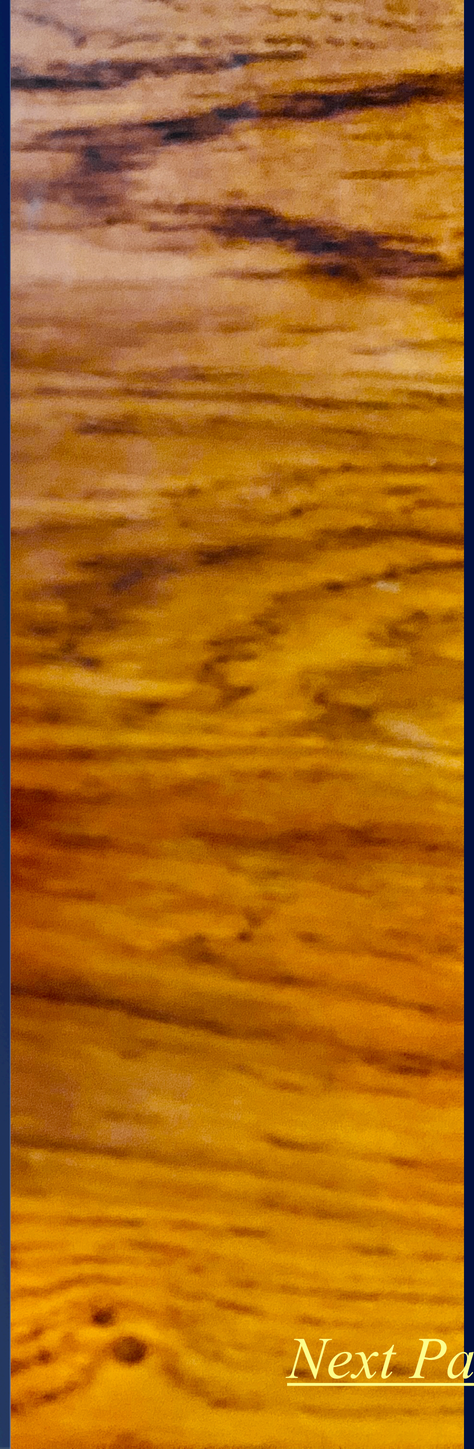
Program For This Evening

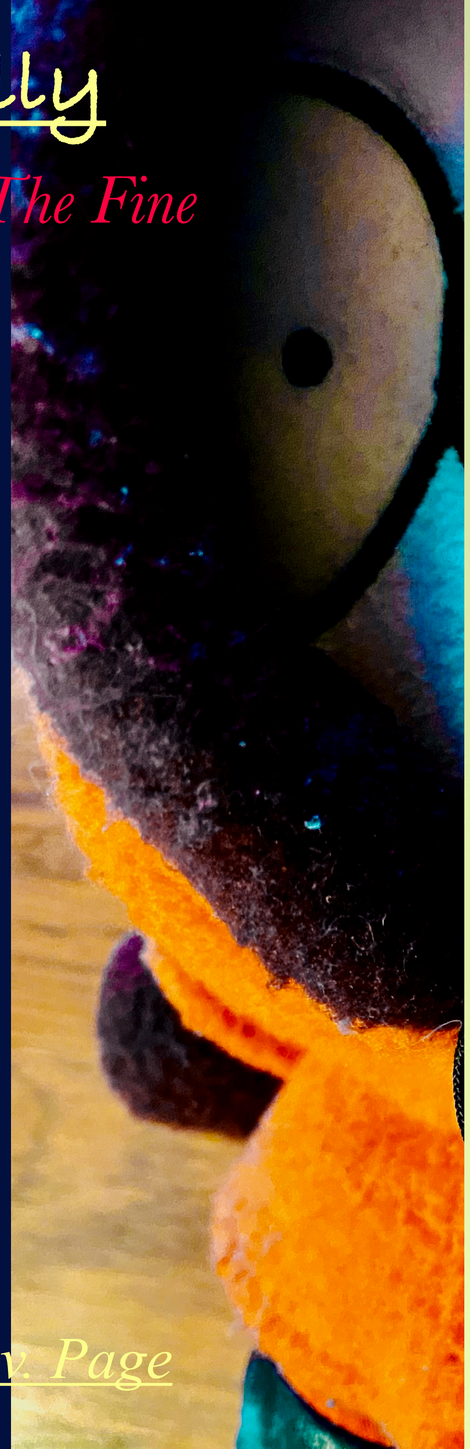
1ZH43L1Z63R PH4780Z6: Woh. Wallop me again with that thing Parte sweetie-pop.

P4R73 1WW4 KZ33-K3RR5: With pleasure Inhael. I can see how you got your name. Was it your idea? Or mostly...?

1ZH43L: Since bongs behind the church during college. Mates called me it one time. Then again. Then AGAIN. Then I guess I approved of it enough for it to stick. And so, here I am: inhaling a phat bong. Although - I'm really bang into computers, so why the fuck - you know? Not Inshtallunga Soph Wirra-Opdatt or something?...Just saying.

P4R73: I get you. So what's so wonderfully fascinating about computers for you then?





1Z5H74LL1Z64: I've got a bit of a knack for hacking, but...really it's quantum computing I'm interested in - aren't you interested in how a computer can calculate exponentially more powerfully than it does on a conventional machine?

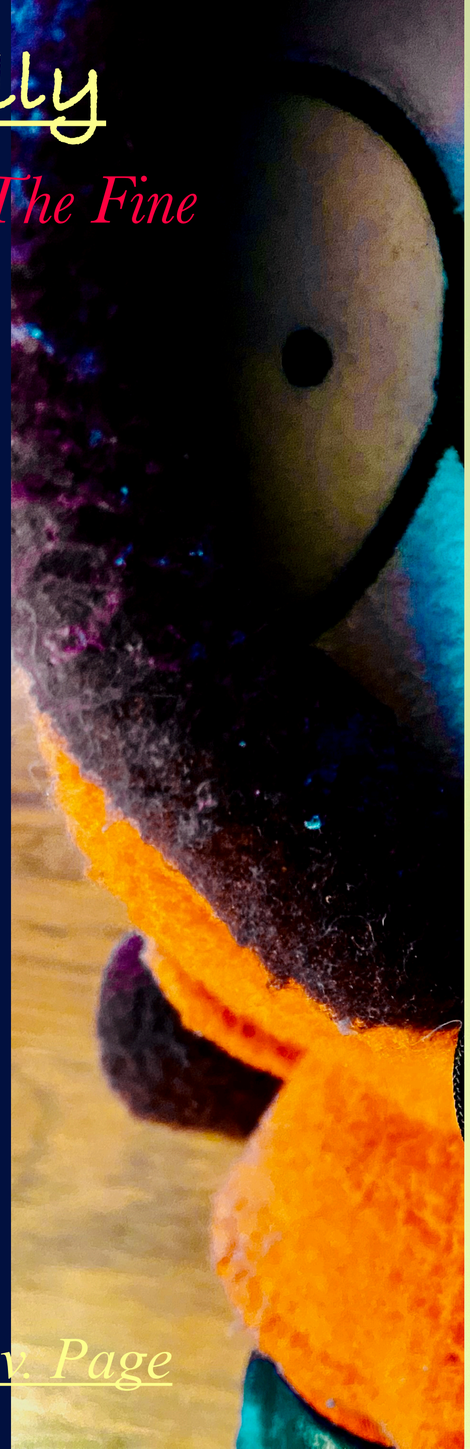
P4R73: Ah...I see...I think - so what would your quantum computer do with...four hundred times three?

1ZH43L: Maybe the only appreciable difference from our point of view would be that twelve hundred would be arrived at - BUT it would be solved nano-times quicker inversely to the square-law of differential equationary disposability AND THAT in combinatory sequence with manifold other operations.

P4R73: Oh - I love it. Have to ask...mate to mate... what are you doing spending time and money on prozzies? If I could I'd spend quality time with you FOR FREE! Not trying to be...

1ZH43L: No...

P4R73: No, good, but you must realise there are more...authentic ways of finding someone...? And



I'm not dissing the whole enterprise...or maybe I am a bit.

1ZH43L: Yeah? So...? What's the big idea Miss Knee-Kerrs?

P4R73: That...sort-of WAS the big idea!

1ZH43L: Thank you sweetie, but why would you want to lose a client you are so keen on?

P4R73: I don't need clients at all!

1ZH43L: Ay?

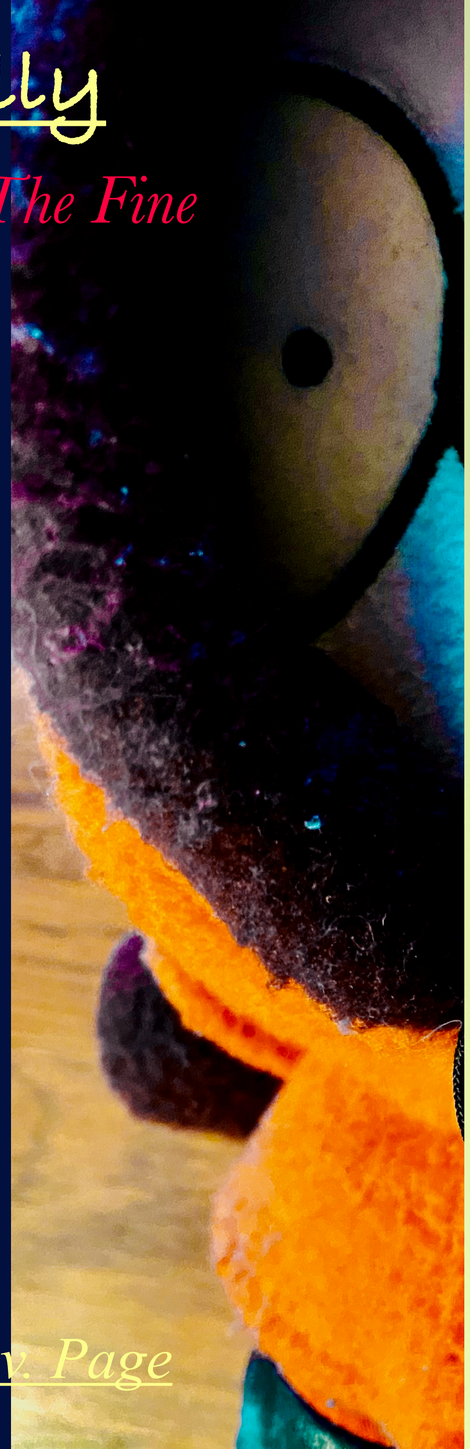
P4R73: You're new to all this.

1ZH43L: So?

P4R73: When you look at me, what's your first reaction?

1ZH43L: What am I looking at?

P4R73: Never mind - look, I'm in the game because I'm young, curvy, big eyes and whatever else you need to turn you on. It weren't my fuckin' idea baby. I DON'T NEED THE MONEY.



1ZH43L: You...DON'T need the money?

P4R73: ...

1ZH43L: But that's...not fair. Do you...want to do this?

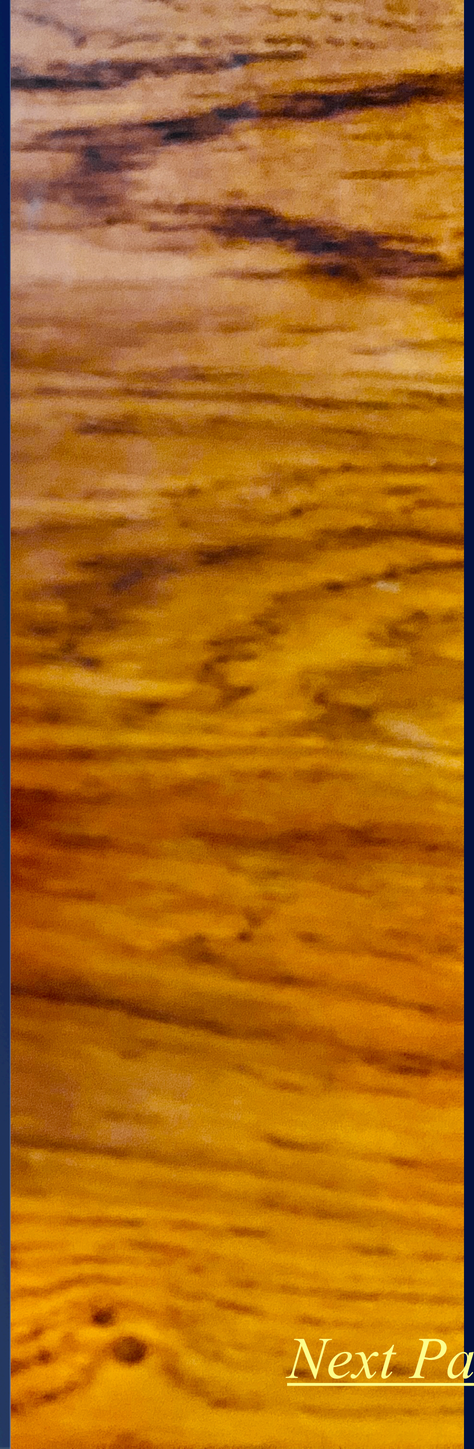
P4R73: You're one of the few people I enjoy being with during working hours. Loads of people know what I'm talking about, but it's considered rude to say: I was just too god damned fucking horny to be allowed to go to college, so I stayed behind and spread my legs. Could have been any number of reasons, that's mine.

1ZH43L: Seriously? That's fucked up.

P4R73: I don't actually want to talk about it just checking you were aware...

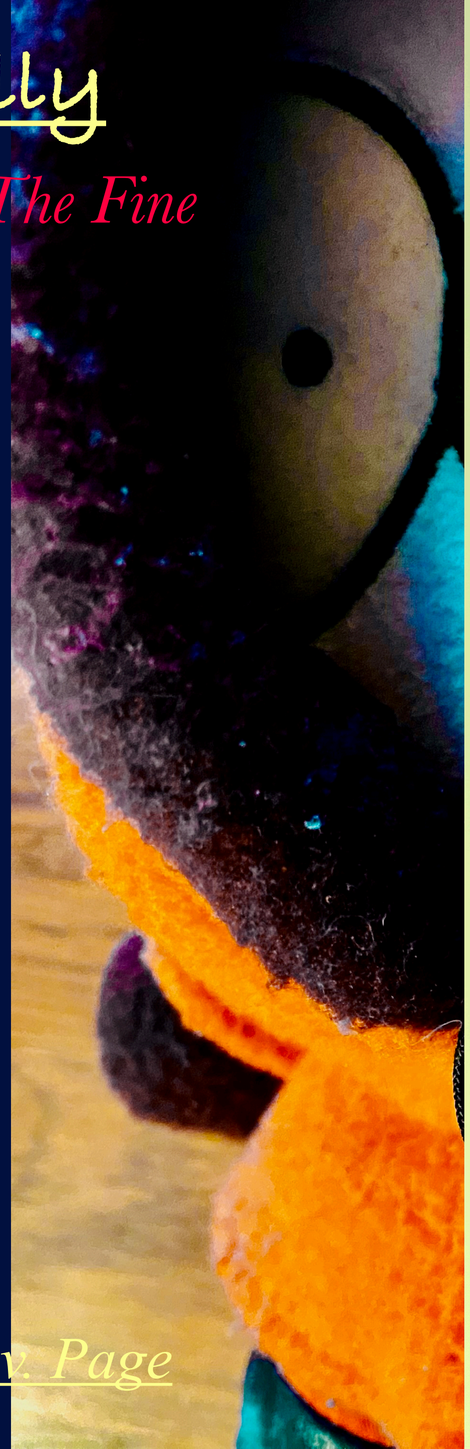
1ZH43L: So...I've got to know now...are you genuinely frisky, cause I do like ya...I know I'm splashing out for it...

P4R73: You've got nowt to worry about in that arena my son! Haharr!!



Toe Telly

Watering The Fine Scenes



1ZH43L: Well ANYFUCKIN' way I've seen you around town for years and I was always sorry the game got a hold of you. So you're barking up the right tree voicing your concerns to me babe. It's been on my mind to mention - you know Sol?

P4R73: Pettie-Tuaye? Course, yeah.

1ZH43L: He's WELL pissed off mate.

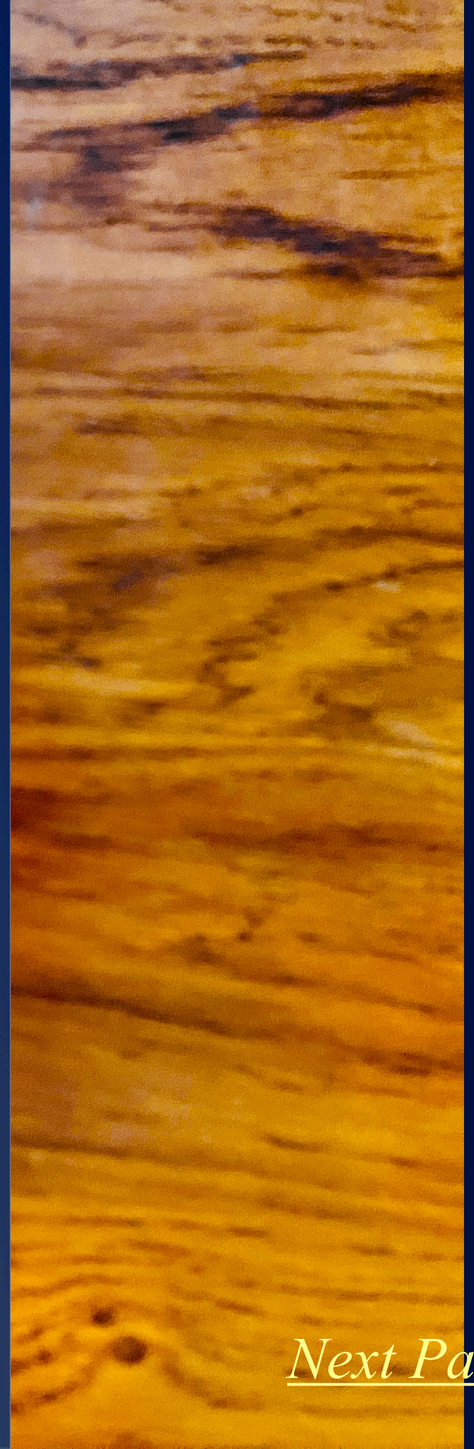
P4R73: Why? Oh. Yep. Well, WE knew it was tucked in that cute little pipe for QUITE a while now.

1ZH43L: Well whatever. He's not going to leave it alone I think.

P4R73: Oh yerrrr?? In what respect precisely?

1ZH43L: Wants to talk to Teddie.

P4R73: NO-ONE talks to TEDDIE!! He just talks AT some people sometimes when he chooses to. The general conversation of the room he currently attends lurches his way like a gigantic ocean of persuasion versus the surfboard of any passing prat wishing to voice an opinion to the contrary.



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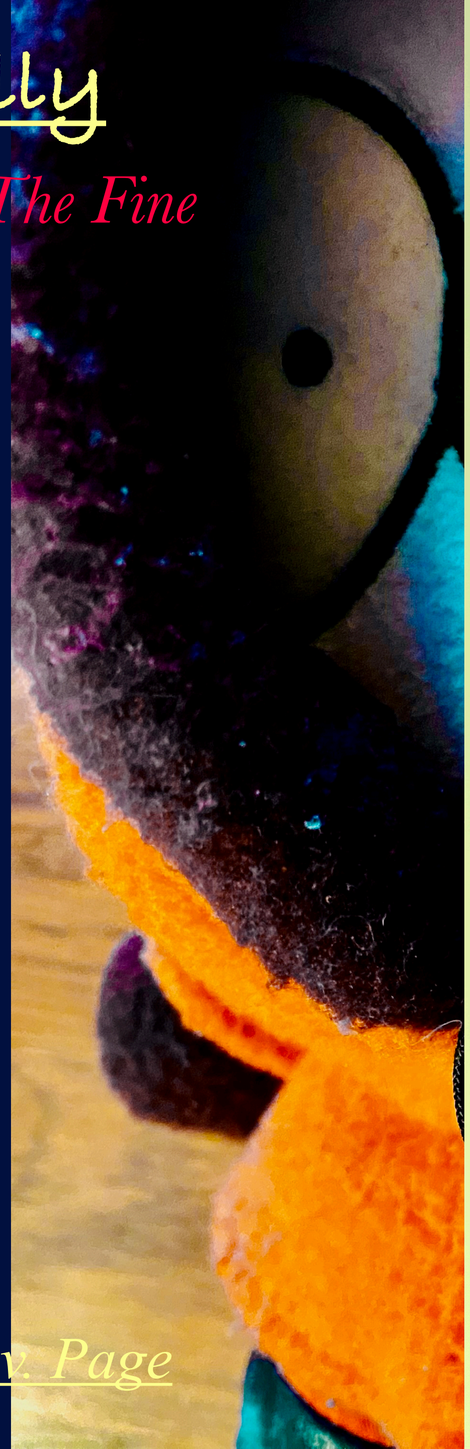

1ZH43L: He wants to talk to someone who DOES talk to Teddie 'The Chine'.

P4R73: Why say his name like that?

1ZH43L: 'Cause Sol kept.

P4R73: Well don't.

1ZH43L: Okay okay!

P4R73: Apart from obvious like Beatrix obv. Hm. He won't want to try to 'reason' with Futt or Hescotta. He wants to get straight to the top. Well he knows Josephine, and she and Jopere are close.

1ZH43L: Yes...but who is new? Who isn't sullied?

P4R73: Oh well, Kimba always knows about fresh blood at the agency. Let me grab her...KIMBA! KIMBA!!!

1ZH43L: Kimba The Limber?

P4R73: ...THE VERY SAME...KIMBAAA!!

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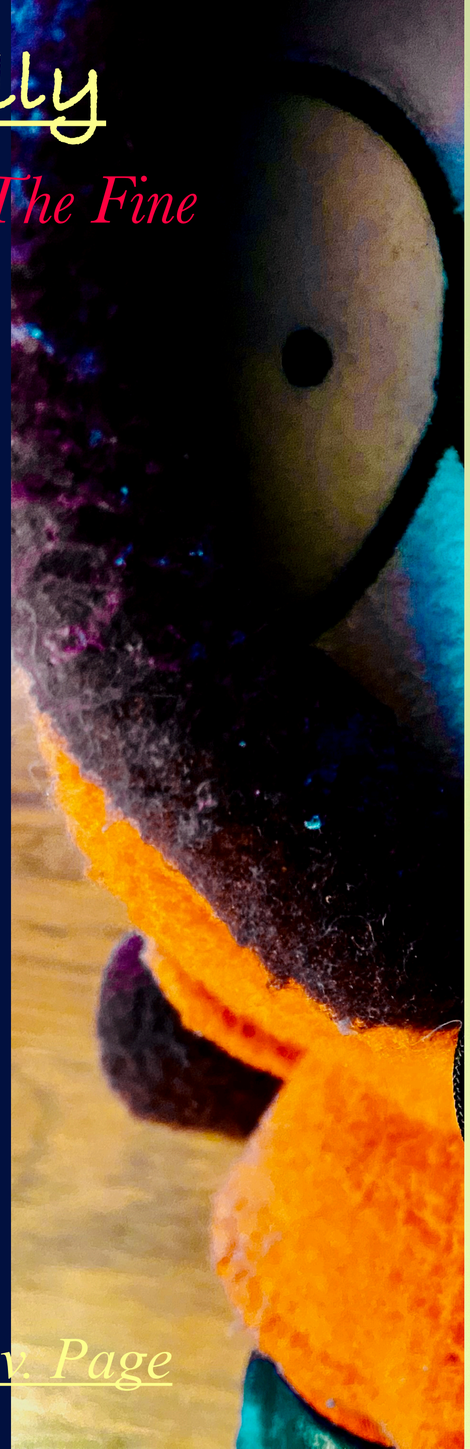


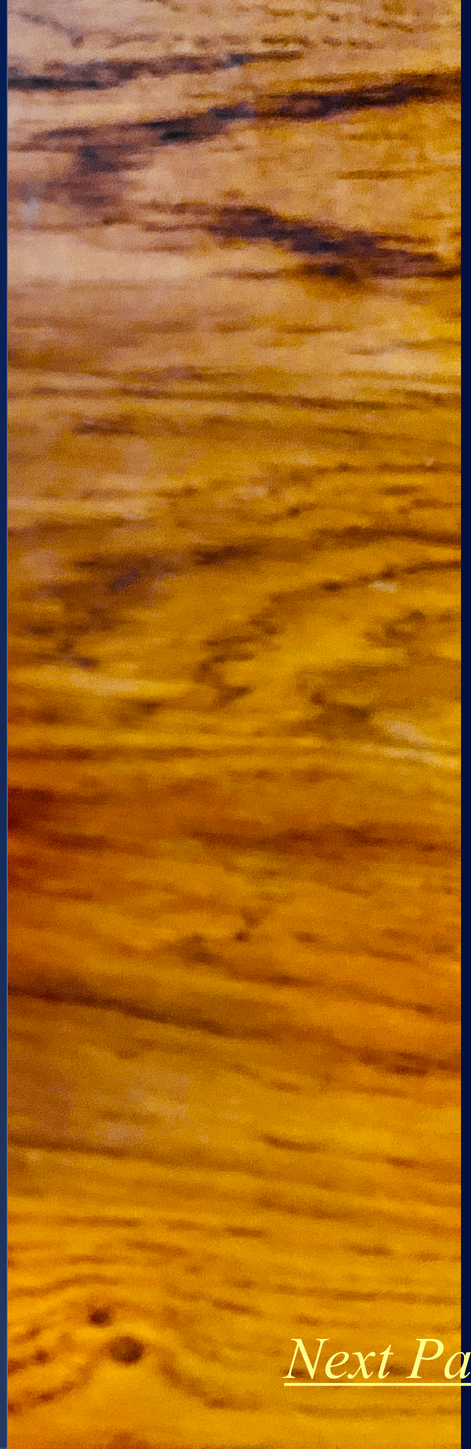
K1W84 7H3 L1W83R 81W84: Yeeerrrsss? HOW can I help?

P4R73: Come in Kim, close the door. What we'd like to know Kimba is, has Hescotta talked to any of the girls - such as Luce - about - you know - this fucking place? Or Futt?

K1W84: Haven't seen Futt...

1ZH43L: What's his deal? 'Fucker' Futt! What happens beneath the surface of the pond I literally WOULD NOT like to know...

K1W84: It's a bit of a dark secret I'm...pleased to say...in that case. Futt talks to Hescotta quite a lot cause Hescotta Longhis-Tich holds the reins of the sub-executive workload here at the Whiskers. I believe Futt has a longer leash at The Lite Cart and the Two Blue Tits, but it's all other middle-managebollocks there as you...Ah hang on - now I've gone into the old memory bonks I recall hescotta hath mentioned to Luce N. E. Zeta-Gett something about some slick geezer lurking in the old boy's office with Futt. 'Looked like he had him by the short and curlies till the Chine turned up and wound everybody's neck in.' Something like that. All hearsay. You want me to find out more?



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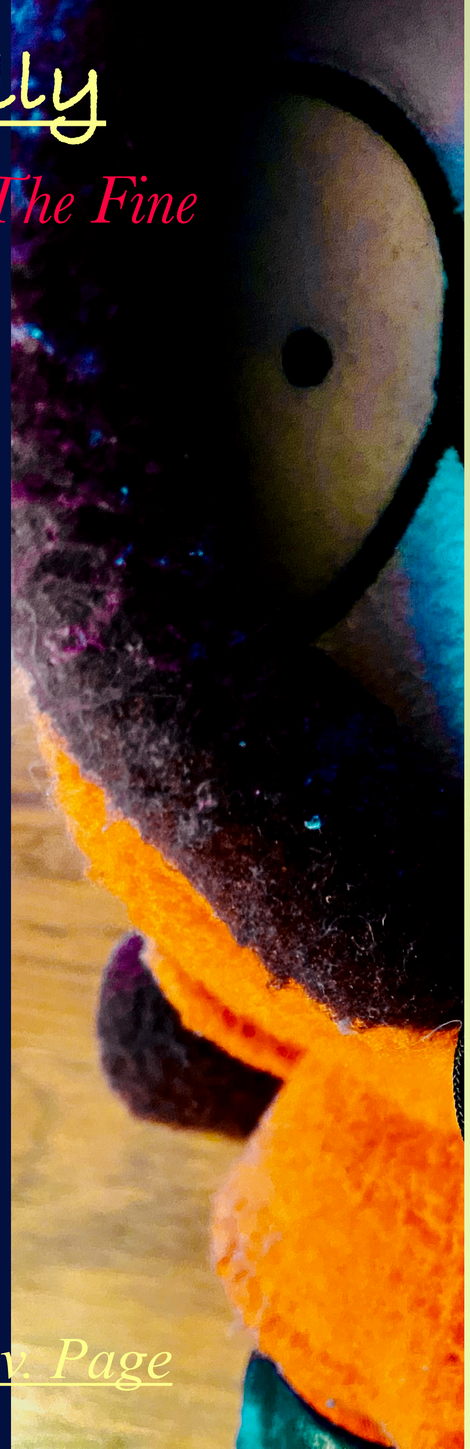


1ZH43L: Let's get together later - arrange an hour lock-in at The Lead Orion - with Zeta-Gett, Jopere, Lucille and so on.

K1W84: You don't mean an all-fucking-nighter Wide-Open Frightener on an ACTUAL Friday night/Saturday morning? It will fuck us out of commission.

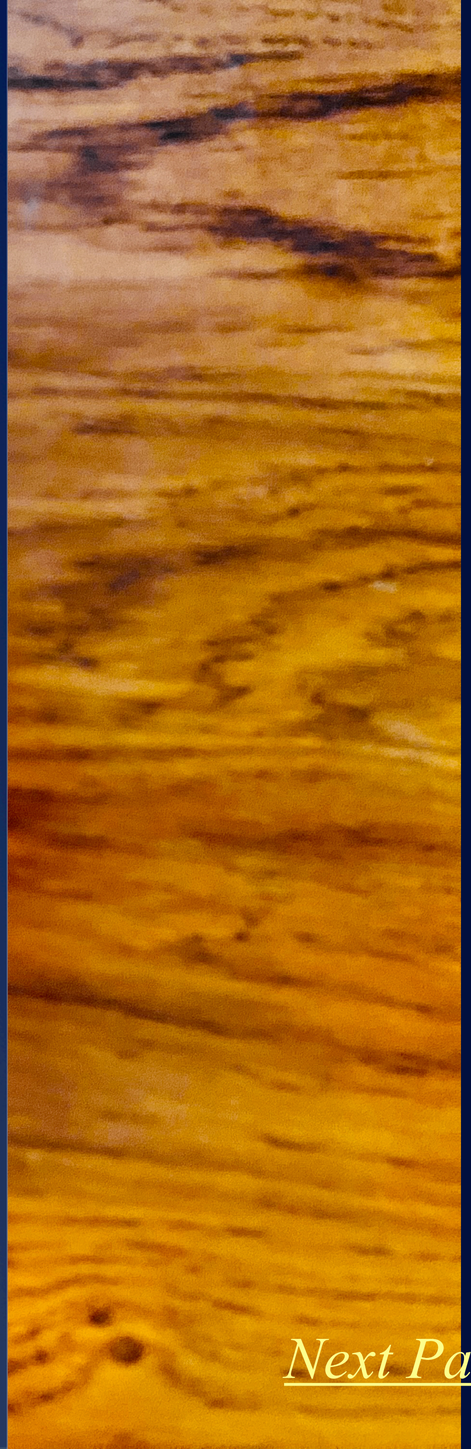
1ZH43L: ...Are you in?

K1W84: Are you MAD? Of COURSE I'm in!! Shall we say fourish, Miss Parte Imma Knee-Kerrs?

P4R73: I'll see what I can pull out of the dresser...

K1W84: I'll round robin the clan on the old mobile text phone. It's Friday, so it's a 'no', except it concerns the underworld, and the 'no' can thus be flipped contrariwise.

H31D1 7H3 J4CK3R-JOZ35: I heard that. See you tonight.

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Watering The Fine Scenes



The Plot Where I Buried The Flower



The Plot Where I Buried The Flower

J053PH1Z3 154 F3ZZ15-W4CH3R: Night you 'orrible lot.

M1RR4L F00K7-31FF4M4Y: Oi luurve the ol' Lead Orion for sure Oi do!!

J053PH1Z3: That's lovely, thank you. Goodnight!





PH1L WY3 533DY 0. P3ZZ1Z6: I would splash out big time for you Josie girlie...!!

J053PH1Z3: That sounds...refreshing! Remember I am a Fennis-Macher. I polish a different set of trophies when the lights go bang. - As they blatantly have here - and these empties won't polish themselves to a sparkly finish! GOOD night. Kimba!

K1W84 7H3 L1W83R 81W84: Ah - you're rid of 'em. How are ya Jose?

J053PH1Z3: Knackered. Think I'll let you gang get on with t'all. Ah here...some of 'em are. Hello Jo!

JOP3R3 F3X4 C0X4-K1Z6: Hi. Who are we missing? Inhael.

5010W0Z DUZZ P37713-TU4Y3: Inhael. Inhaling one.

P4R73 1WW4 KZ33-K3RR5: Where's Zeta-Gett?

LUC3 Z. E. N374-6377: Right behind Solomon. I am here.

H31D1 7H3 J4CK3R-J0Z35: As. Am. I.



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J053PH1Z3: Well I'm going to get on with some menial shit in the kitchen people. You bark at each other wherever. Remember to lock in when Inhaelinger gets here.

P4R73: Ooh. Aha! Mmhmmm. We really ought to set up a phat bong in readiness it's true.

JOP3R3: It is true.

501: It couldn't be much truer.

LUC1LL3: 'Truer'. I LOVE that concept!

P4R73: She's off and away with the fairies and we haven't even poured petrol in the tankard.

K1W84: Light 'em up Lucille.

LUC1LL3: SOOOOO...what you're saying is... MORE than true...? It's been established it's true to our satisfaction, and you, Sol Pettie Tuaye...

501: - Sol DUNN Pettie-Tuaye.

LUC1LL3: YOU sir go one better and postulate this realm of dimensionality where assertions can be



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TRUE-ER than each other!!?? Well FUCK THAT! CHEERS!!!!

501: Er...cheers!!

LUC3: Cheers!!!

K1W84: Classic Sol?! I dunno...but cheers Lucille!!

JOP3R3: CHEERS LUCILLE!!!

LUC1LL3: Okay now if everyone will just SHUT UP, I'd like to say...turn off your mobiles, and any tablets in your purses or whatever. And gimme the bong.

P4R73: ...

LUC1LL3: NOW!!

H31D1: Bitch.

M1D3-0P3Z D3W0ZK1Z6: UMMM...Hm.

H31D1: UMMM...See what I mean Demonking?

D3W0ZK1Z6: Ok we can't have this kind of disconnection going on too often so I permit you



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one pass to go Earthly and put the frighteners up this throng of mischief-making little cunts.

H31D1: Who will I be?

D3WOZK1Z6: Who do you want to be?

H31D1: If I get one shape shift I think I'll go as that Archy-Passetts fella. When do I get it?

D3WOZK1Z6: When do you fucking want it? Now?

H31D1: I'll grab it now.

D3WOZK1Z6: THANK you. I'm going now - I hate this mid-world shit.

H31D1: How do you think I feel? I have to monitor this fucking -

D3WOZK1Z6: It's not my place to listen to you hate your place. Check in for your pass at four thirty am. MUUU...

H31D1: Oh - bye! MUUU...





53R6 1L 4RCHY-P4553775: So you see Futt my friend, the whole thing IS INDEED something of a tornado in a saucer, and not to be taken heavily, but OF COURSE in the same breath as well, not LIGHTLY EITHER - nip it in the bud as it were - you were RIGHT TO CALL ME is what I'm saying, but I'm also saying there's nothing to worry about YET, but that 'YET' -

H31D1: Oh SHUT UP!

4RCHY: - Oh...er, sorry, was that...hope I wasn't going on for too long...

FU77 (FUCK3R) H4RD3ZM3LL: I was just listening. Why?

H31D1: Where do the rebels meet?

4RCHY: Where do they all meet, the rebellious whiskersnappers?

FU77: Most likely the Lead Orion. It's not a secret.

H31D1: I sense...



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4RCHY: I sense now may be a crucial time...I should go -

H31D1: - You should come. And have you got...

4RCHY: - You should come, Futt. The Lead Orion is only 5 minutes away. Have you got...

FU77: These silvery jangly things?

4RCHY: Futt, is there anywhere you DON'T have keys to in this city?

FU77: Let's zip it and speed. I am well up for a ruck.

4RCHY: Er...good!

LUC1LL3: And so ladies and gentlemen...and that knocking suggests Inhael is included among us at last...load up the bucket...AND SO the time is upon us to CHANGE our circumstances, by appealing to what I call the FRONT LINE of our enemies' attack stage - the RADIOFUCK!!

K1W84: Inhael! - AT last.





1ZH43L1Z63R PH4780Z6: Soz - I was building a novelty bong then I saw it was gone four. Anyway I'm here now! Who the fuck is the Radio-

P4R73: Who is the Radiofuck?

JOP3R3: I think you've glanced over the concept in conversation.

LUC1LL3: WHO inDEED?

501: We need more to go on. It's to do with these voices you've alluded to right?

LUC1LL3: I hear voices. Out there. In the saloon bar.

1ZH43L: What, now?

JOP3R3: Who's there?!!!!

FU77: HEE HAH HOH!!

4RCHY: ReLAX, it's just us!

JOP3R3: How'd you get in? JOSEPHINE!!

4RCHY: You must have left the door unlocked.



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FU77: Can easily happen.

1ZH43L: Josie's asleep. She was when Parte let me in.

501: The fuck you want boys??

FU77: What?? What what WHAAAT?? We're just listenin'-in here...and a eavesdroppin' there - WHO or WHAT is the RADIOFUCK?

K1W84: You wouldn't have the faintest clue if we spent 4 hours explaining it to you.

FU77: Pipe down Kimba.

K1W84: See - 5 seconds into an explanation and you've given up already.

FU77: Kim -

501: This is a private party Futt, and...Archy is it? Would you mind...

H31D1: Hescotta sends his regards...

FU77: Hescotta sends his regards to Jopere!!



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501: Hescotta isn't interested in Jopere. He can have anyone pretty much.

JOP3R3: That's right. You're talking out of your back-to-front business end Futt the Fucker. Go and live up to your name somewhere else.

FU77: You know Hescotta gets to all the girls at some point.

K1W84: Futt you're...

P4R73: ...Toxic?

K1W84: - That's a solid conclusion.

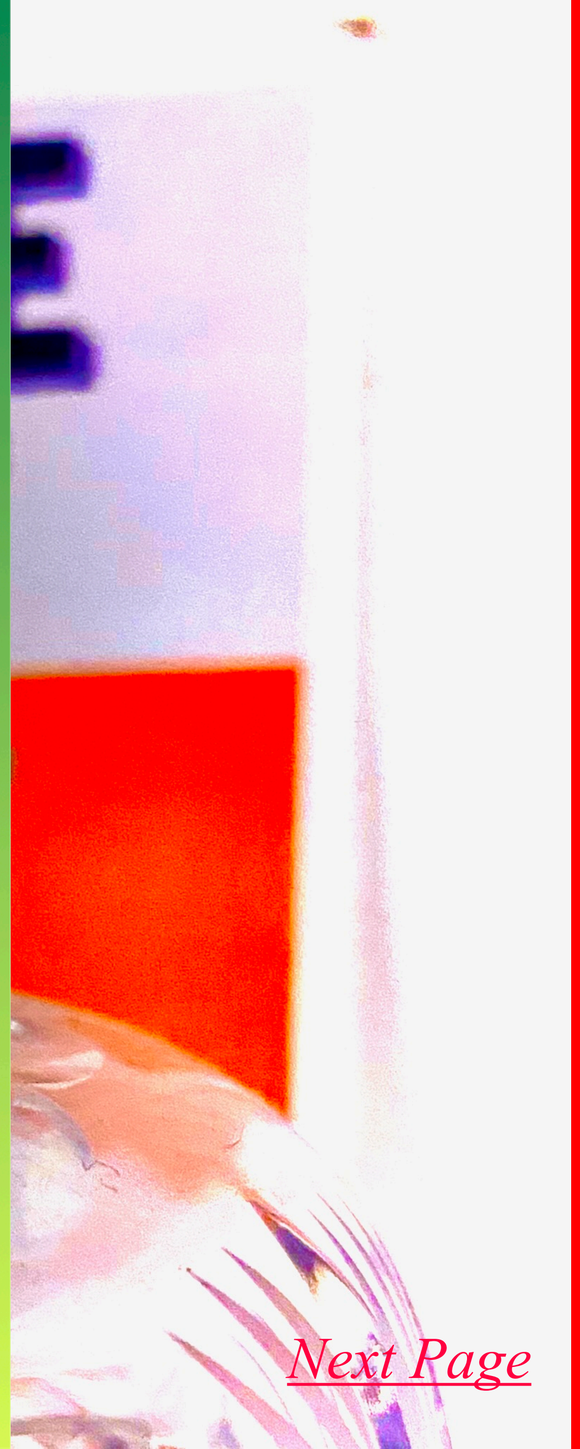
501: No he doesn't. Begone upstart.

FU77: WHAT the fuck did you just call me?

501: Look -

FU77: I said WHAT??!

501: 'UPstart'! Get over it - I think it just means a wannabe. Alright?





FU77: You're cruising for a bruising sunshine.

501: What the fuck, Fucker?

FU77: I see thunderclouds.

501: Oh let it go, you...you...

FU77: YES??!

501: Fuckin' BABY! OUCH!!!!!!!!! Come here...

JOP3R3: FUTT!!

LUCILL3: FUTT HARDENWELL! SOLOMON PETTIE TUAYE! NOT ON MY WATCH!!

501: OwwwWW!! Lucille!!

JO53PH1Z3: FUTT!!! Get the fuck OUT OF MY PUB!!!

H31D1: Wait.

4RCHY: Wait...

JO53PH1Z3: What?



H31D1 4RCHY-P4553775: I met the Radiofuck once I believe...HE TOLD ME THE FLOWERS WERE BURIED IN PLOT C.

JO53PH1Z3: Sorry WHAT? Time to go home now. Come on. Time for bed. Bye and night!! BYE Futt. BYE Archy.

4RCHY-P4553775: Er...yes, - night all!

H31D1: Now grab that bag down to your right on that table as you leave Arch.

LUC3: Bloody nuisance of a man. You okay Sol?

501: It's a scratch. He's a prick. Lucky I didn't rise to...

JOP3R3: Bollocks! Bollocks incoming. It would have been war...but for...

LUC1LL3: ME!!!

JOP3R3: Yes...Lucille banged a stopper in the belligerence. Quit it, admit it - you were gonna 'lay one on him' and bigtime.



LUCILL3: Zis is not pressing howezer. Voss IZ pwessing is zis flowerz buzinezzz. What plot? C plot?

JO53PH1Z3: I'm going back to bed. Make sure you aerate this place. And don't leave the weed lying around.

P4R73: He - The Radiofuck - told him 'the flowers were buried in plot C'.

K1W84: - Meaning?

1ZH43L: AHHHHH!!!!!!!!!

501: WHAT MATE??!

1ZH43L: It's NOT THERE!!!

LUC3: What isn't??

1ZH43L: The WEED is MISSING...!!

LUCILL3: We need to have a SERIOUS twat with that Archy-Passetts fellow and soon - like before Inhaelinger loses anymore of his shit.

P4R73: Shall we turn our phones on now?



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LUC3: What? Oh yeah - I forgot about that.




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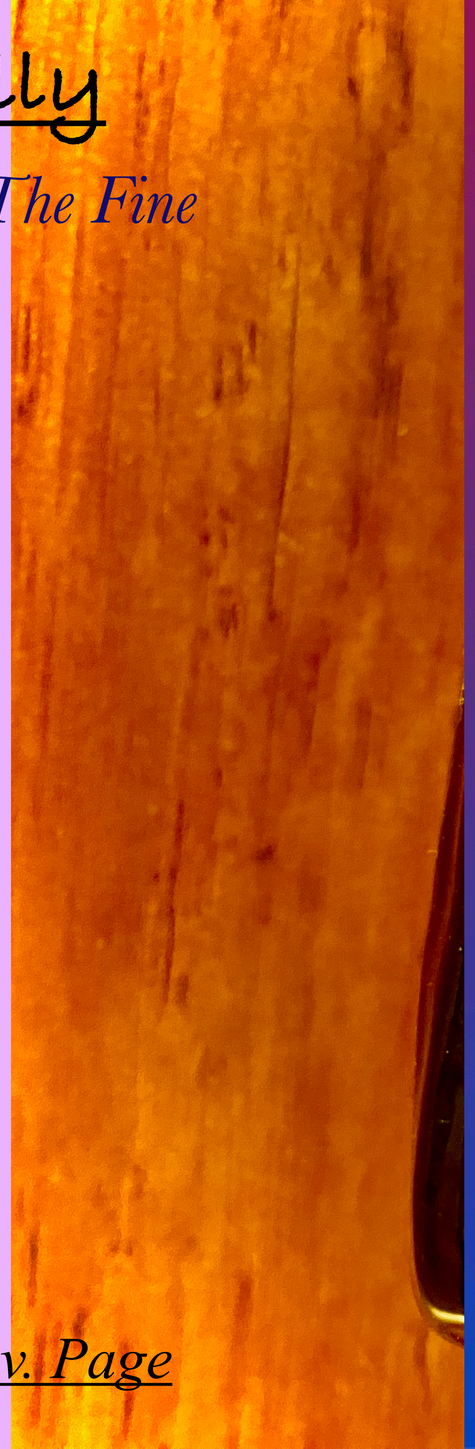
Watering The Fine Scenes





Girlishly...(!)

45HL316H V177 7UDOR-V35P3R745: Hello Sergil.

53R61L 4RCHY-P4553775: Archy, please. I've lost touch with people who call me Sergil. Who told you that was my name?

45H: That's a pity. I just saw it written down somewhere in the office when I was in there with Mr Hardenwell. What are you doing out here?

4RCHY: Out front? I'm just, y'know, getting used to the place. Surfing the whiskers at the Whiskers. Heh!

45H: So you're scoping the place...for what?

4RCHY: Nah not really, I just find people interesting, you know?

45H: No I'm not sure I do you know.

4RCHY: Oh. Um. Er...



45H: I don't know I'm a very private person. I try not to think about what others get up to and I expect others to be the same I suppose. Are you a private person, Mister Archy-Passetts?

4RCHY: Aye, but I'm private about my own life. Others' I profess to find fascinating.

45H: Hm. Oh. Well, I'm going in. Let Beatrix know if you need anything.

4RCHY: Will do, absolutely. Who you here to see?

45H: Probably shouldn't say.

4RCHY: Aha.

45H: It's fine, but...better not. That's Beatrix's duty.

4RCHY: Fair dues. You're mates with the other girls here I guess - Parte, Jopere and so forth...?

45H: Er...yeah.

4RCHY: I've met your crowd. Tell them I said 'hi'!

45H: Sure thing. Oh hey Luce! Quiet in here innit?

LUC3 Z. 3. N374-6377: Hi Leigh! - Yeah - s'complicated - everyone's fucking -

45H: Fucking?

LUC3: - Heh - or not, for once I suppose.

45H: BEATRIX sweetheart how iz ya?!

8347R1X 7M33Z4-7HYN3: I'M FINE thank you young lady but bloody hell - talk about a mutiny against the roster - the phone's been off the hook with punters trying to hook a good time. There it fucking goes...

45H: Let it tring. Teddie okay?

8347R1X: I believe so. The ceiling is intact so far today. I don't know about the foundations tho.

45H: Well you tell him from me he isn't paying a certain Miss B. Tweena Thyze enough...attention. Or wages!!

8347R1X: HA! I will do so. Maybe he will lift something - HA!

45H: He might skirt around the idea if you drop enough hints to sink a ship...!

8347R1X: Ha. Hmm...I'm gonna run out before long. What else is there? Who's that old sweet where you suck a fisherman's friend?

45H: I don't know what you mean.

8347R1X: YES you do! They have them at your local sweet store! Or they used to. Bit before your generation.

45H: Yes perhaps swung to the other end of the generation we're referring to. It's a good joke.

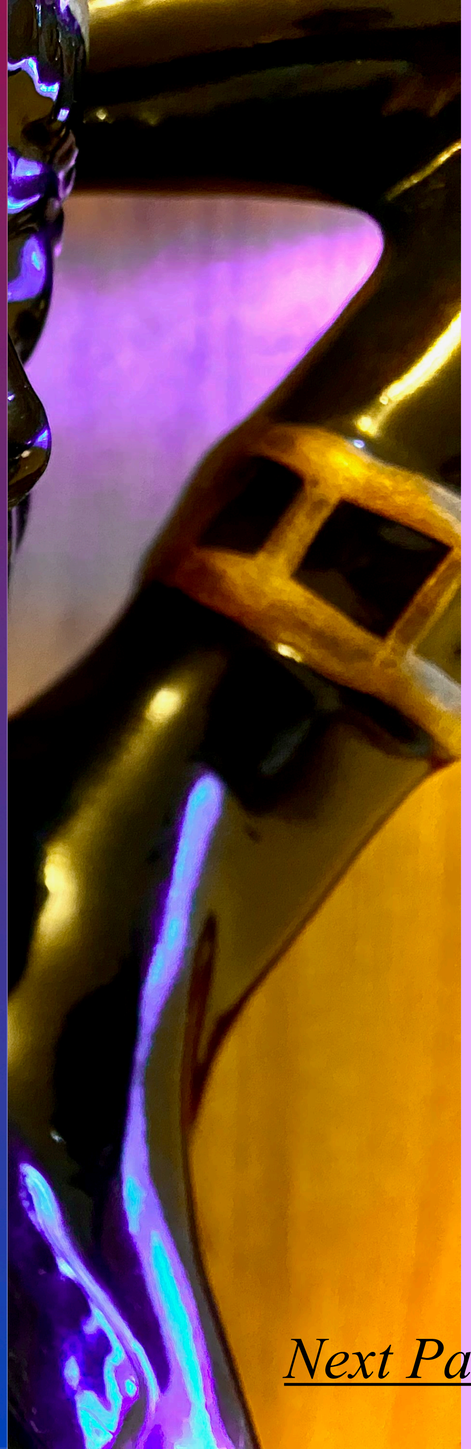
8347R1X: I try to steer the comedy like a keen oarsman.

45H: I think you mean oarsperson.

8347R1X: Tut! Don't be sexist!

45H: I think we all know who the 'whore's man' is don't we? Is he ready for me?

8347R1X: Tch!! Hush! Room 2.



45H: See you...soon!

8347R1X: On your way missy. Remember, Hescotta Longhis-Tich in Room 2.

45H: I think there's space for that in my...memory banks. Fair amount of RAM sloshing about, should come to my mouth easily if I need to use it.

8347R1X: Come, come. It's time...if you're all freshened up you should attend to your duties upstairs. Snip-snap! Hop to it you little bitch!

45H: Fuck you too Matron! Right let me tackle these steps.

H35C0774 L0Z6H15-71CH: Is that you Leigh? Come in!

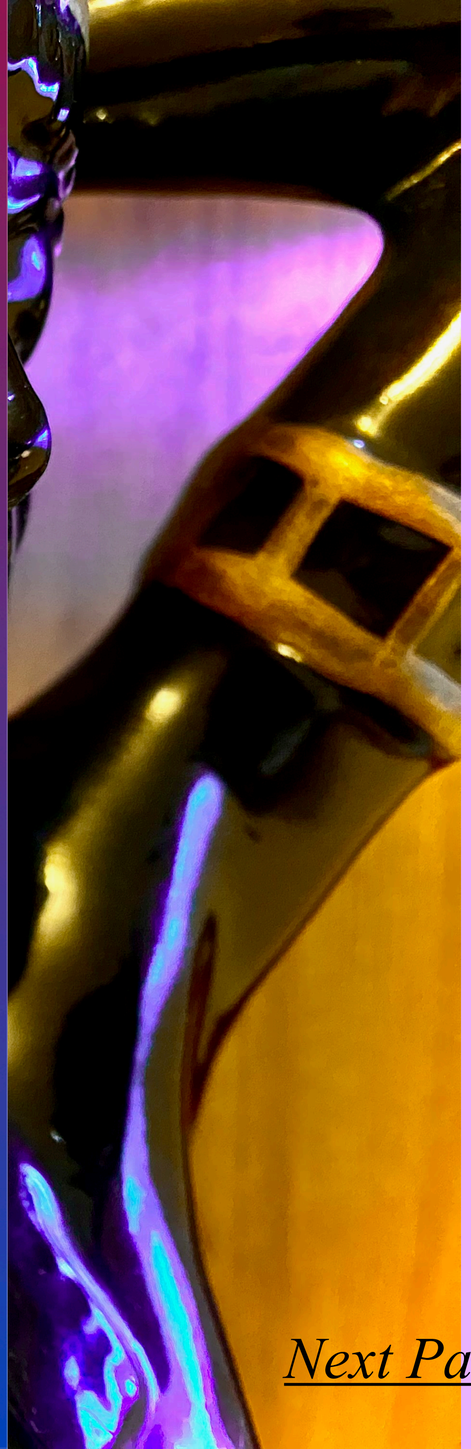
45H: Yes it's me. Would you like me to...

H35C0774: Just sit down here.

45H: Here?

H35C0774: Perfect. Slut.

45H: What?



Toe Telly

Watering The Fine Scenes

H35C0774: You heard me.

45H: Well I don't know what to say...fucking bastard.

H35C0774: That's the spirit you little cunt.

45H: Whose little cunt?

H35C0774: You're all mine! By the way, how come you're available to me Leigh? I thought you would never get over that...squabble with me and Futt last year.

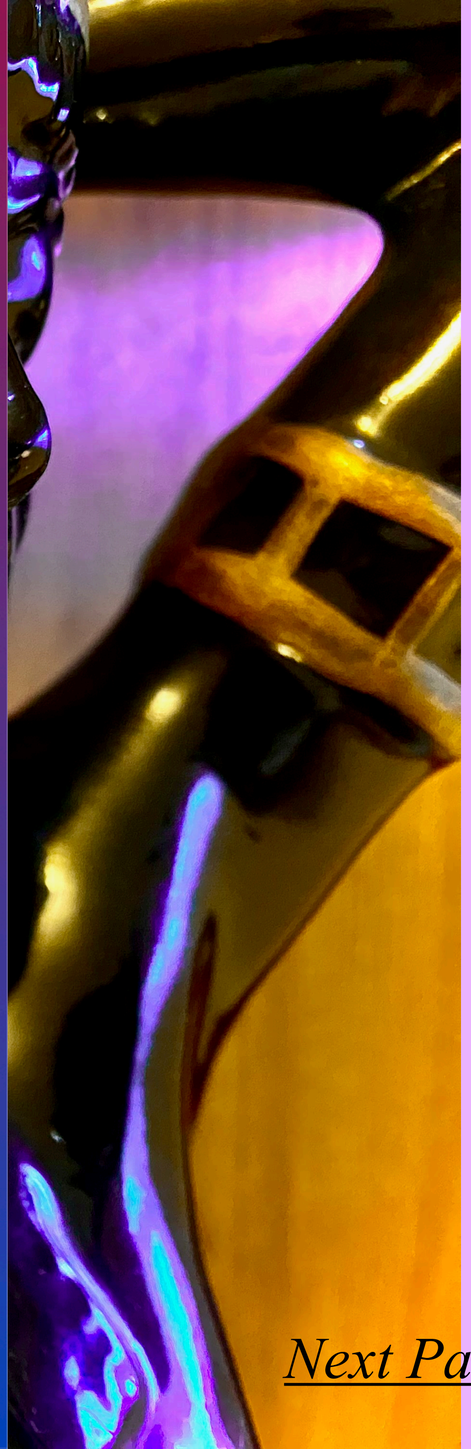
45H: It was the year before actually, you silly... piece of cake.

H35C0774: So, what's changed?

45H: Do you really want to know? Or do you ACTUALLY want me to suck hard on the end of your cock?

H35C0774: Aaaaaaeeeeeeaaaauuueerrm...

45H: I'll briefly interrupt the cock-sucking to take that as an affirmative of the latter proposal. Ohb.



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H35C0774: MMMmmmmmmm. Illiii alkways fourght weee shod beeeaaarble to SEEEE you A-HA-HA-Hanywayzzzzzzz...Ow!

45H: WHOOPS BIT heavy-handed with the old teetheroonies there. Soz big boy. Let me make up for it with my MASSIVE, MASSIVE, MASSIVE... TITS - no - I was going to say TONGUE but YOU CAN HAVE BOTH!!! MWAH!

H35C0774: NNGG...DEH! DEH! DEHH!! EAaurr...

45H: Oh. That's sweet.

H35C0774: Sorry. Normally...

45H: PLEASE I'm totally flattered. You'd better go in there and clean up and I'll wipe down in here.

H35C0774: I must say, with all that happened... I'm impressed at how relaxed you are about it. My first thought was 'no way. I'm not going near that dodgy bitch - she hates me...and for good reason'.

45H: Come back in here a moment sweetheart.

H35C0774: Yeah? OW!!!!!!!!!!!!! You SLAPPED me!!



45H: I just made a point. Solomon is a dear friend of mine, and if you go near, and I'll repeat that...if you go NEAR Jopere, we - you and I - will have a SERIOUS problem.

H35C0774: You did that - that just now - to protect a mate?

45H: I do what I WANT, and I fancied a screw with a Longhis-Tich in any case. Bygones are learn-froms once they're gone by. I don't like you, Hescotta. But I might fuck you again.

H35C0774: Are you trying to turn me on? 'Cause, it's working...and I'm not ready yet...

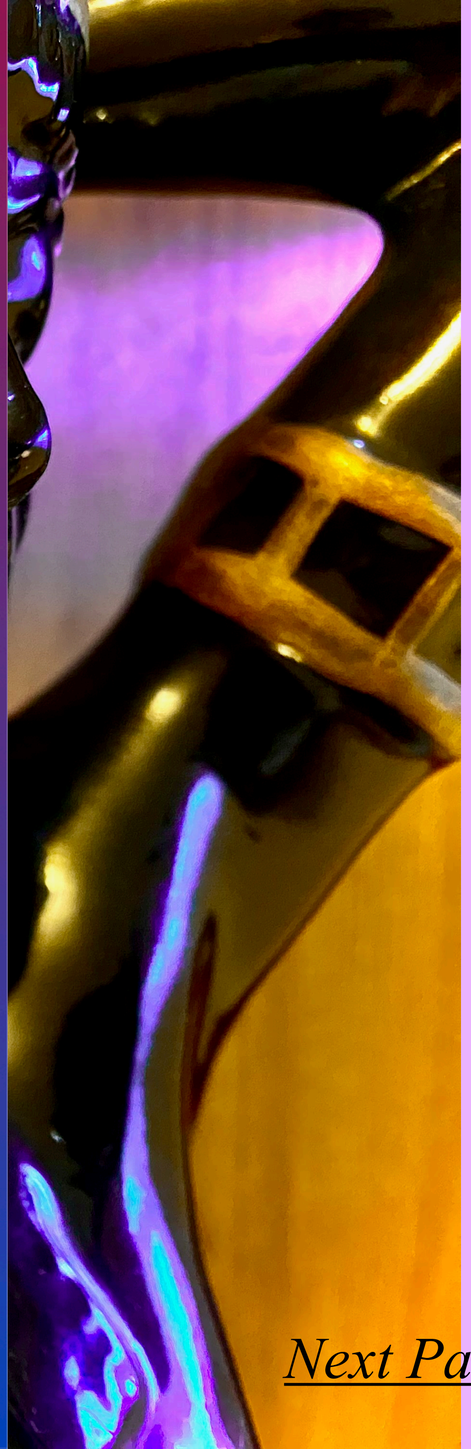
45H: SHUT UP you imbecile! DON'T make me get SHARP with you!!

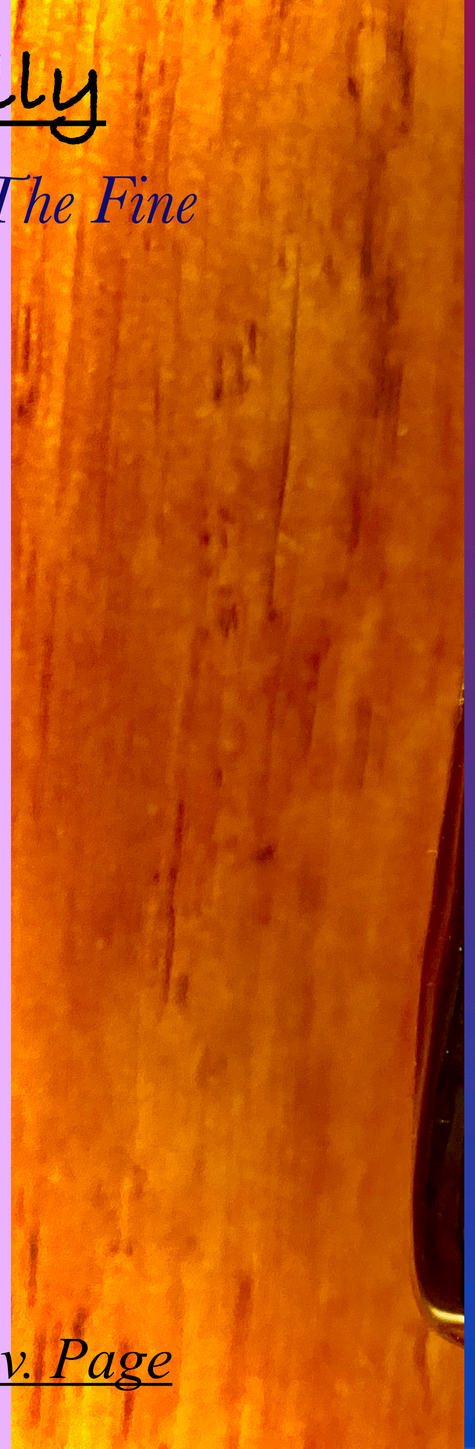
H35C0774: Fuck me. Will you stop that.

45H: You're a complicated person aren't you Hescotta? But it's nothing a swift...

H35C0774: OW!!

45H: - Won't correct. CORRECT!!??





H35C0774: Do me again!

45H: I thought you weren't ready -

H35C0774: I don't care. I'm ROCK.

45H: We both know it's gonna take another half hour best case. You're fresh out of...fresh.

H35C0774: At least smack me again. OUUCCHHH!!!!! That HURT!!

45H: That's sadism for you sweetness. There's an element of - oh - ah - give us a hug then...mmmm.

H35C0774: I don't understand you Leigh...

45H: And I think that's my work here done. Just got to get out of the building. Here I come baby!

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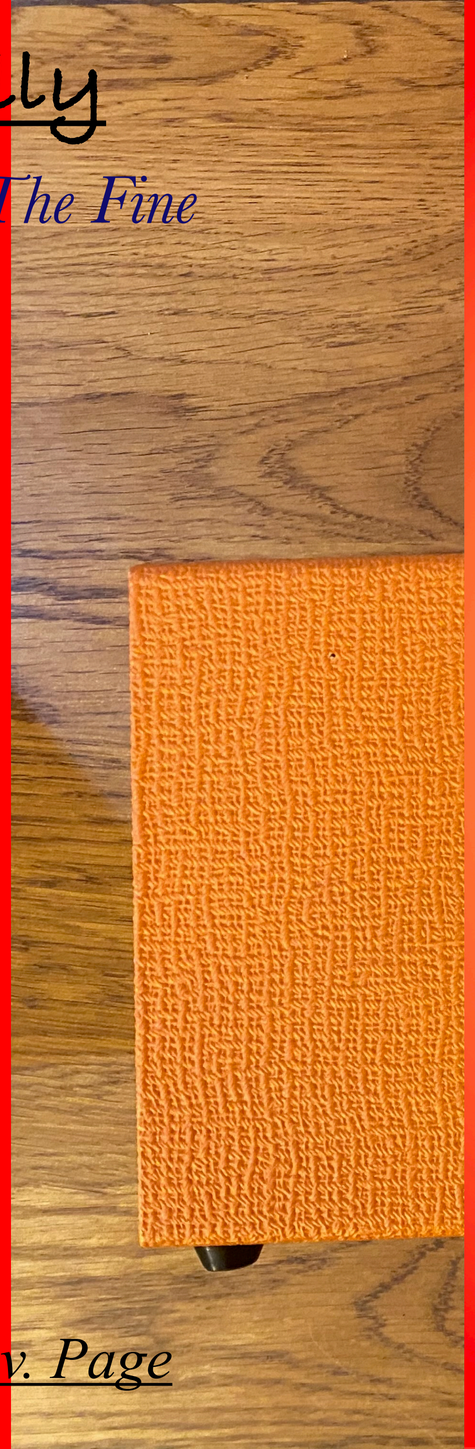
Watering The Fine Scenes

Radioactively Interfere



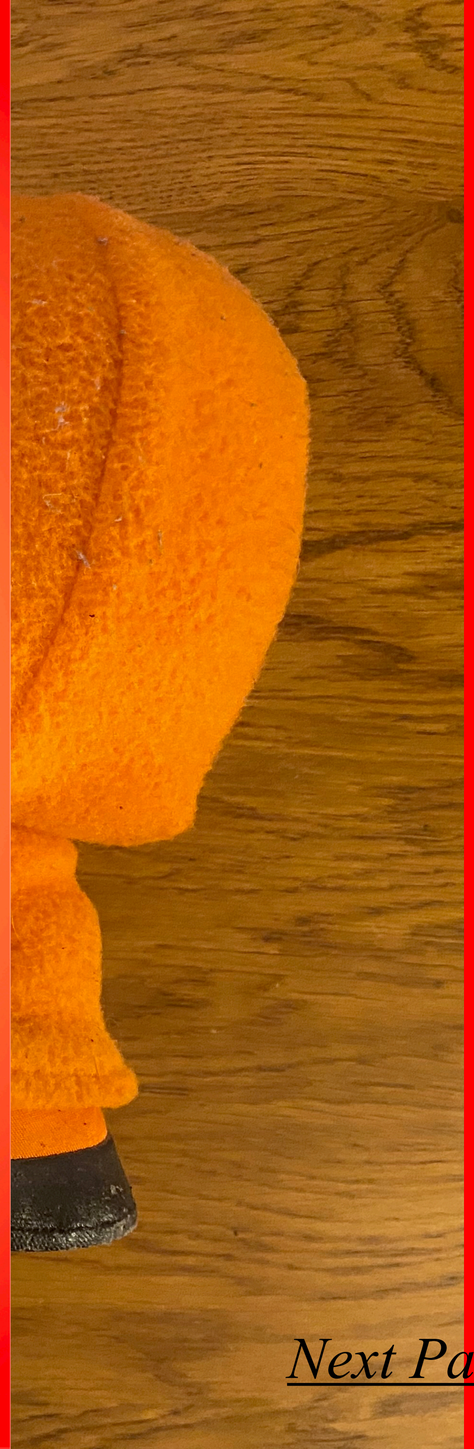


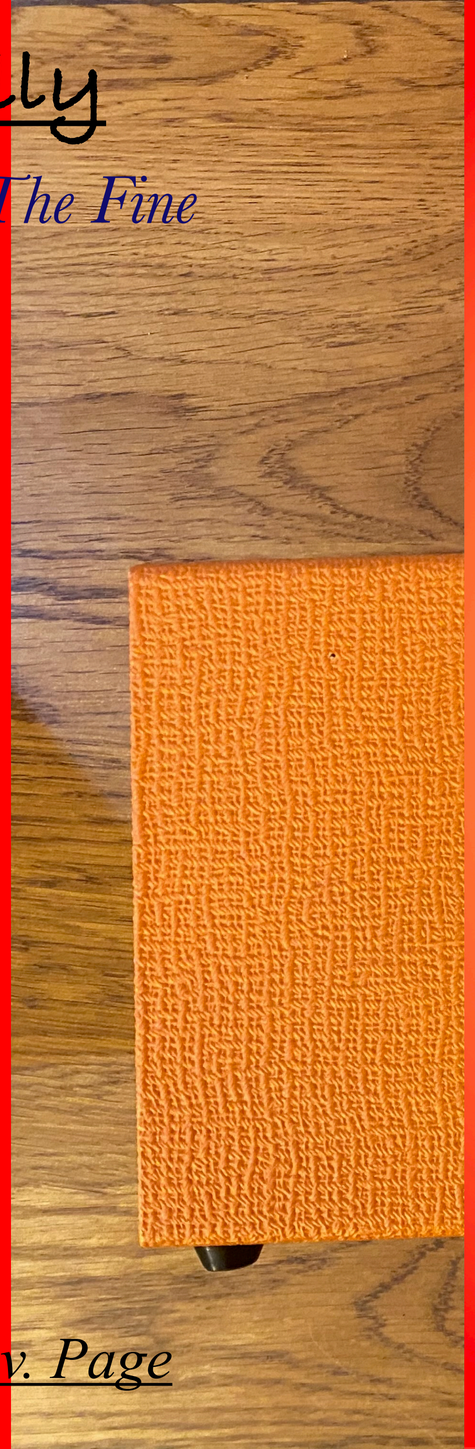
Radioactively Interfere

::—73DD13 (7H3 CH1Z3) 83ZZ37H-C4RR1Z6: We hired the Archy-Passetts snake as you required sir. We've taken a fair few hits to the profile lately due to it - and force applied by the rebels - er...I mean up and coming stars on our little circuit are proving difficult - it's as though they want a war! If I can use language like that?

H31D1 7H3 J4CK3R-JOZ35: Well - no - I don't like the language you're using but that's by the by. The little shits are getting too close. Like, I can taste the lipstick in the back of my throat. The aftershave is stinging my eyes - and if you need help with this - I'm being metaphorical, 'cause I AM NOT OF THIS WORLD AND I WILL FUCK YOU, I WILL FUCK YOU IF YOU ALLOW EARTH TO LIGHTEN MY DOORSTEP.

73DD13: Okay steady on old boy, I'm trying my best to do everything you tell me to. It's not





easy...I'm trying to plan a trip on top of everything else.

H31D1: It won't be THUNDER AND LIGHTNING in the HEAVENS MMYY DEEAAR CHHAAPP...it will be you, in pieces, in a ditch, in your hometown of Walkstable, at the end of such an ordeal. It will be a LOW. Do you follow me? You don't do you?

73DD13: Yes, I follow you, to the best of my ability.

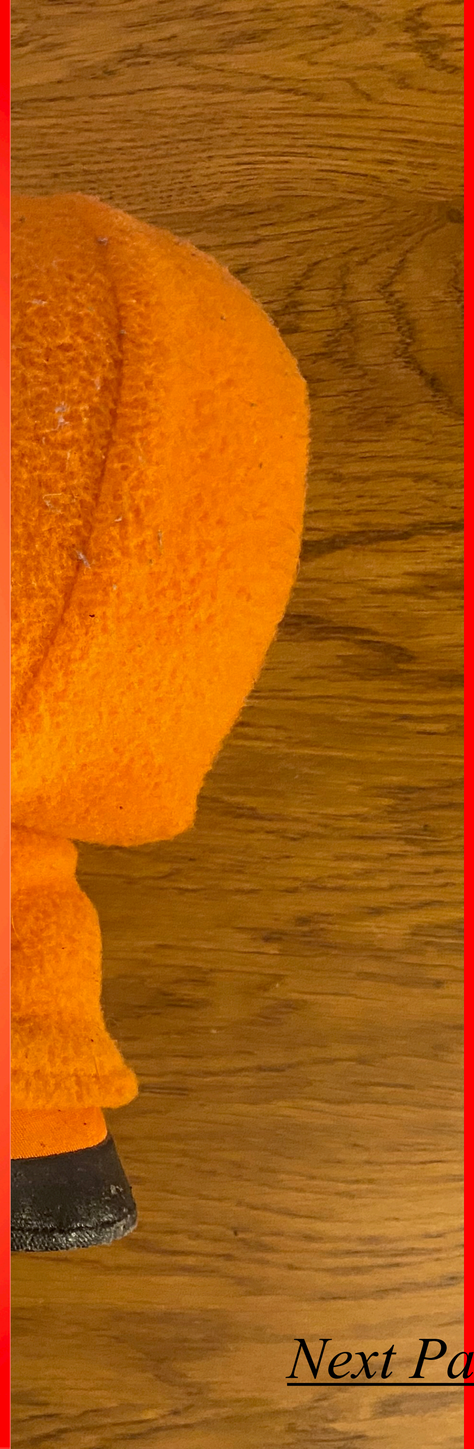
H31D1: Well you have extravagantly penetrating reins over Walkstable's trafficking district, and I have Wide-Open style influence over technology-based telepathic communications around here. Between us WE OUGHT TO BE ABLE TO FUCKING KEEP THIS TOWN UNDER CONTROL...WHO THE FUCK IS THAT ON MY FREQUENCY??!—::

5010W0Z DUZZ P37713-7U4Y3: Is that us??

1ZH43L1Z63R PH4780Z6: - Nooo...don't think so.

::—M1D3-0P3Z D3W0ZK1Z6: It's me. Ummm...

73DD13: Ummm...greetings Wide-Open Demonking...it is an honour and a privilege.



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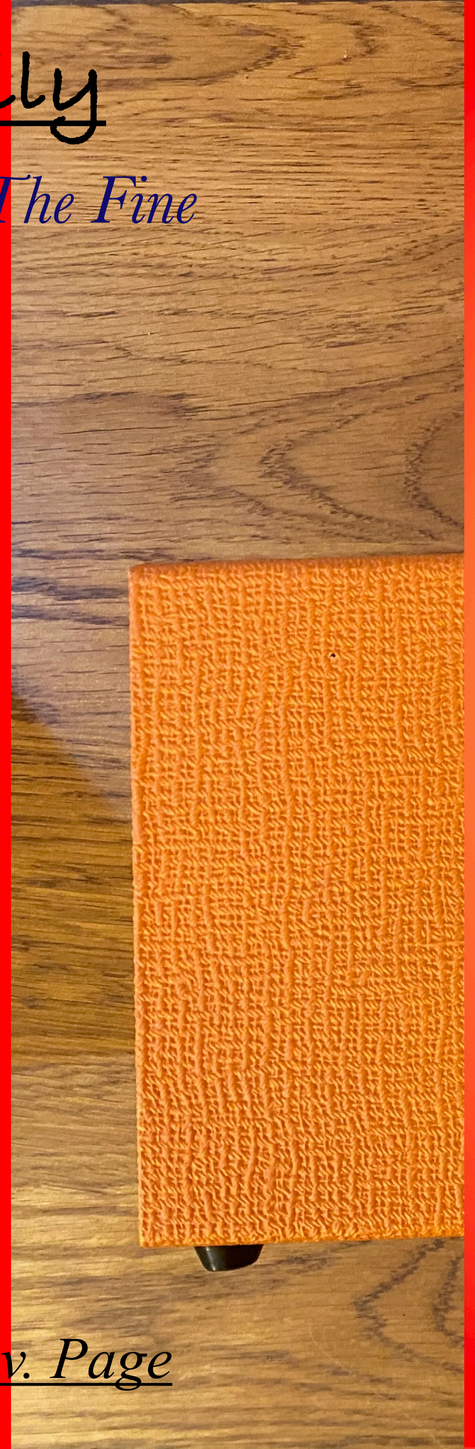


H31D1: Ah - Demonking.

73DD13: Demonking - I hate to tell tales - but Heidi got Arch to fucking bury weed in one of my vegetable plots! I mean - I don't need a bunch of stoners picking apart my plants - they'll no doubt rob me two score carrots and whatever the tomatoeing hell else!

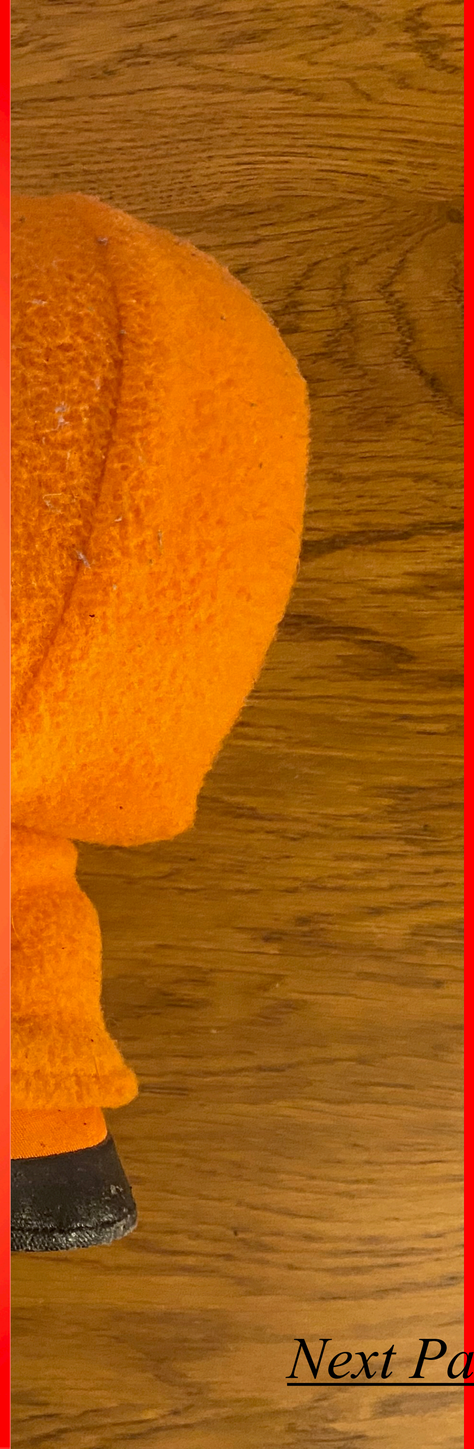
H31D1: Hm! Yeah - heh - 'the flowers - they be buried in plot C'. Archy is very obedient is he not? Ha!

D3WOZK1Z6: Heidi. You've' disappointed me. I gave you a special pass in good faith and you've used it to play a silly practical joke. I've a good mind to...

H31D1: NOPE! It was STRATEGIC!! DON'T do anything...heheh...er...SORRY, 'kay? SORRY to all concerned - sorry Ted!

D3WOZK1Z6: Electro-

H31D1: ...NNEEEEEEOOOOOOOOAAAAOOOWWW!!!...



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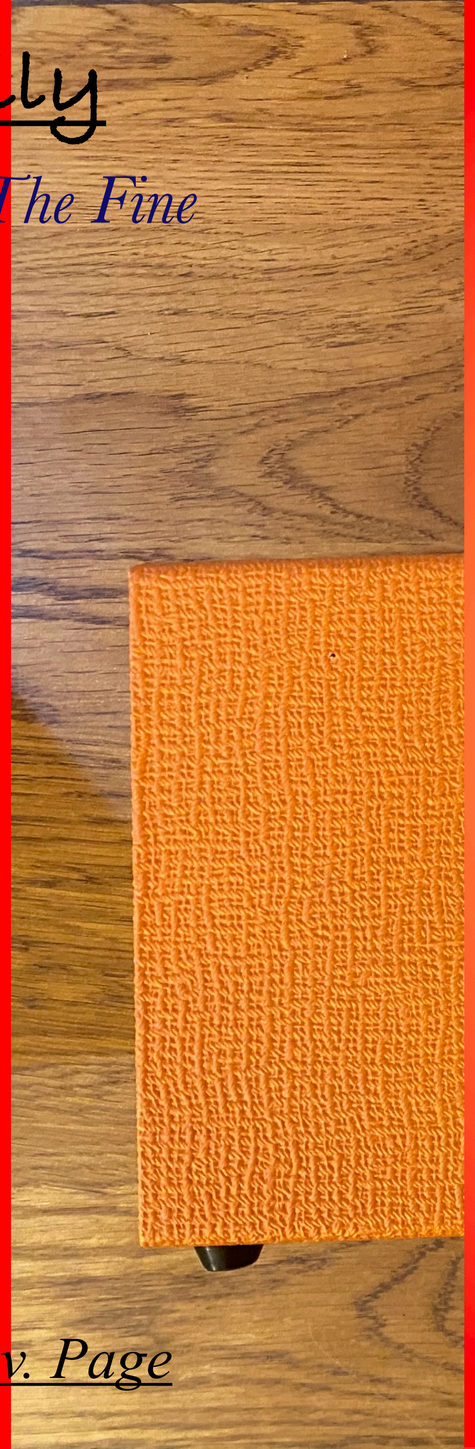


D3WOZK1Z6: -cute you...just for a millenium or two...sound like fun? - What's your name again...? - Oh yes - Heidi??

H31D1: ...EEEEOOOOOAAARRRGGGHHHHHH...NO... NO...NO...

D3WOZK1Z6: Okay. No more silly jokes on Wide-Open's watch Heidi, or you will become infinitely blameworthy at any consequent deterioration to our reputation.

H31D1: ...NEEEOOoooowww...thank you...

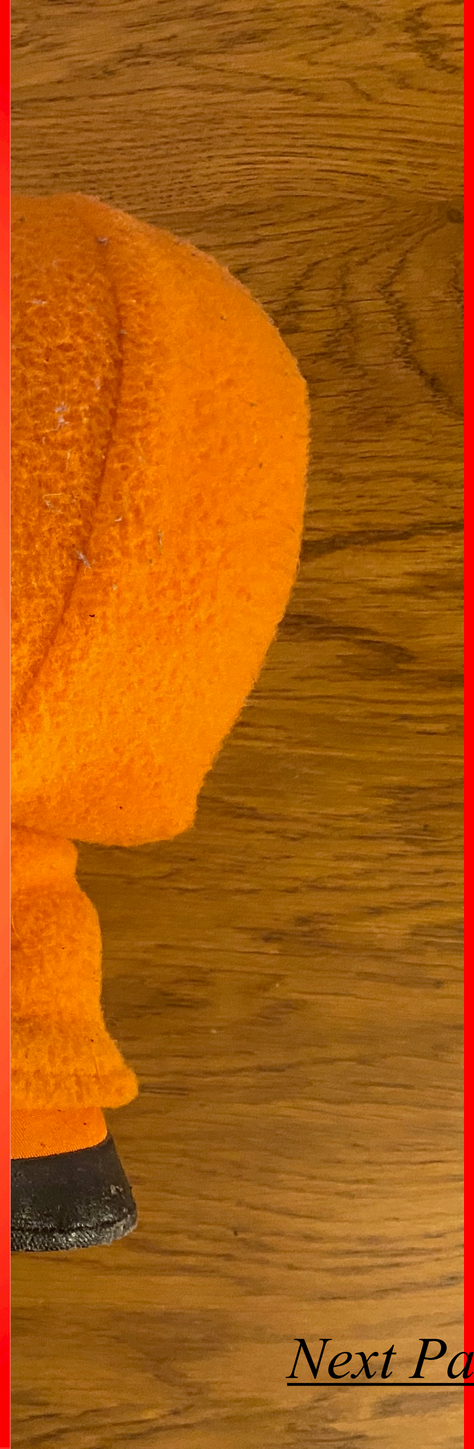
D3WOZK1Z6: Now, tell me you've swept for bugs on the proximal electrofrequency platforms.

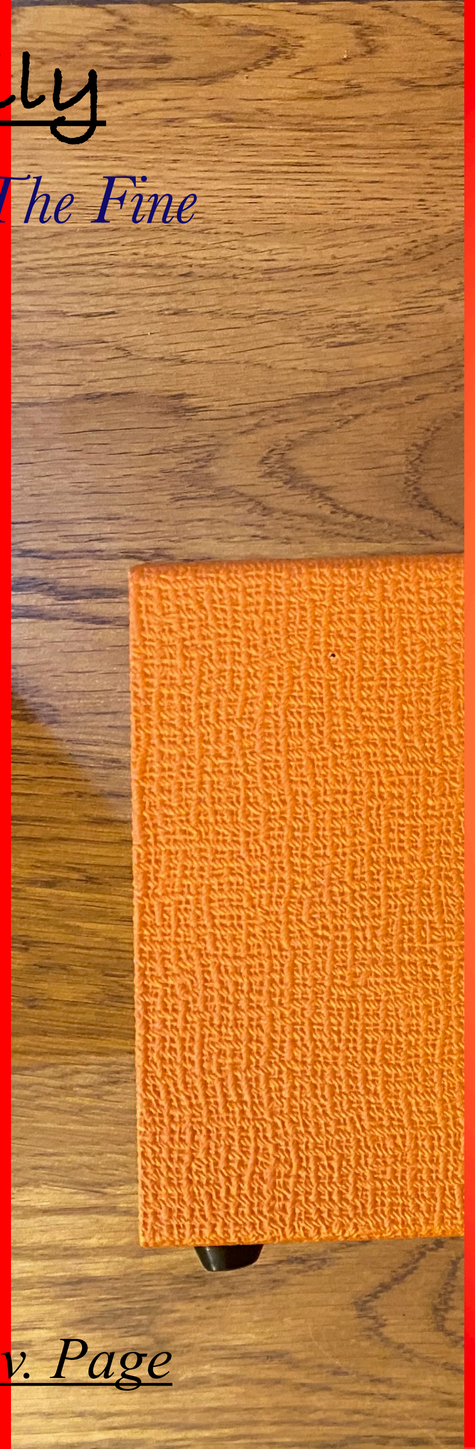
H31D1: Ah. Yes. No.

D3WOZK1Z6: HEIIIIDIIIII!!! Why do you keep making me elec-

H31D1: ...IIIIEEEE DOOOONNNNOOOOWW...—::

501: What about us?





1ZH43L: Yep. It's too late. They scan for interception, they find a blip - us. Log off anywise - they won't know WHO it is at least.

P4RT3 1WW4 KZ33-K3RR5: Well...

JOP3R3 F3X4 COX4-K1Z6: Well...

501: Hm! Well - what the fuck?

1ZH43L: We know for sure where the FUCKING WEED is then.

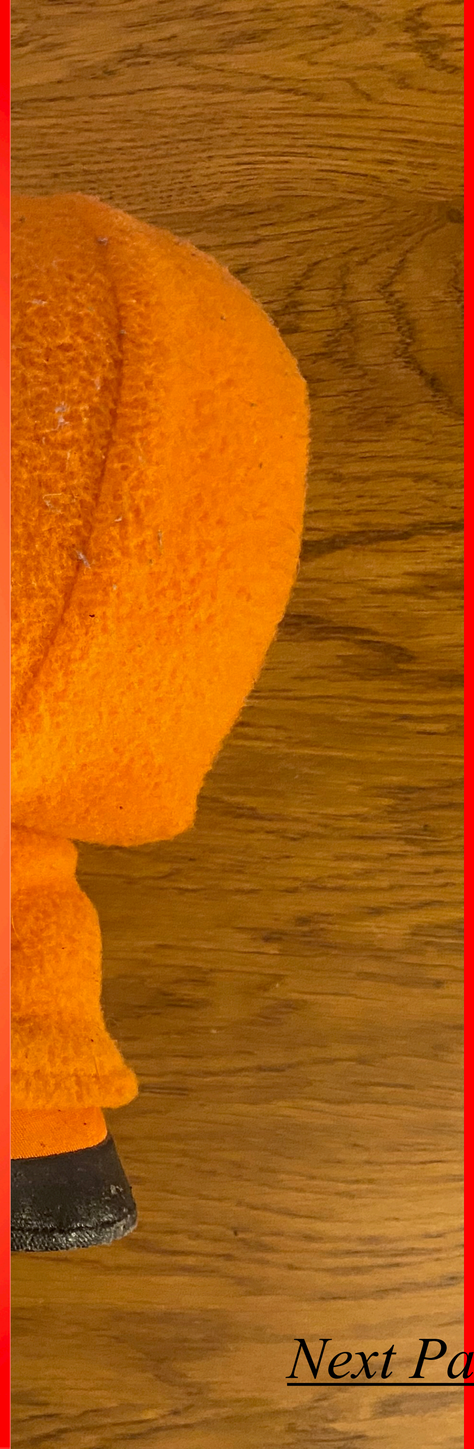
JO53PH1Z3 154 F3ZZ15-W4CH3R: OF COURSE that is a MASSIVE PRIORITY under the circumstances. We've got a mad extra-terrestrial exercising mind control techniques via our electronic devices...but where's the fucking weed?

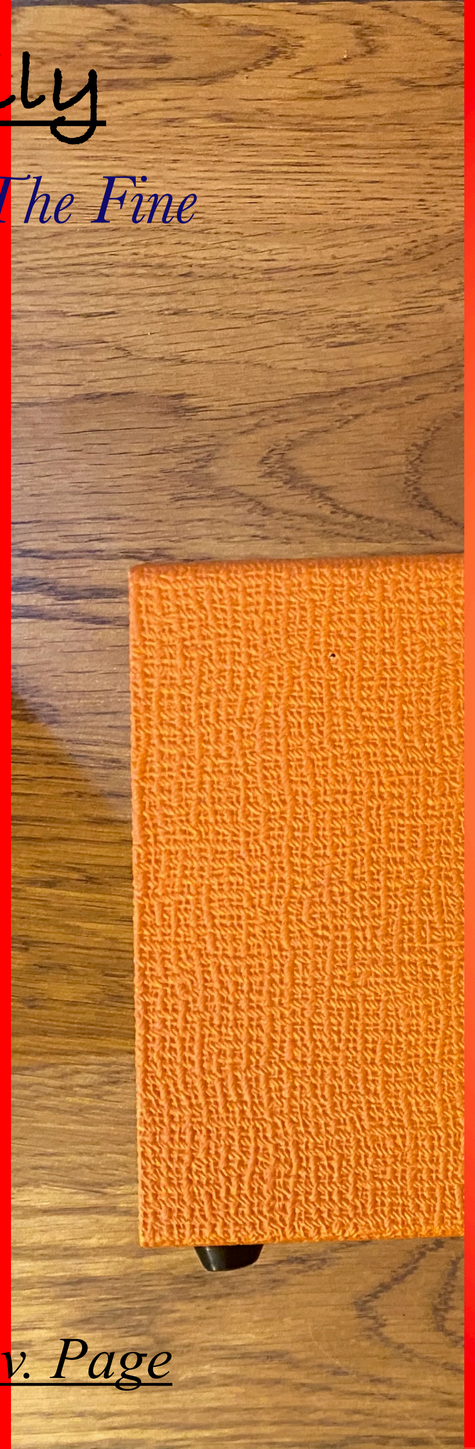
1ZH43L: It matters to me.

JOP3R3: Me too, TBF.

LUC1LL3 4571CK-5Z4PR3: Count me in I am BANG up for a toke.

1ZH43L: I'll get digging at Plot C.





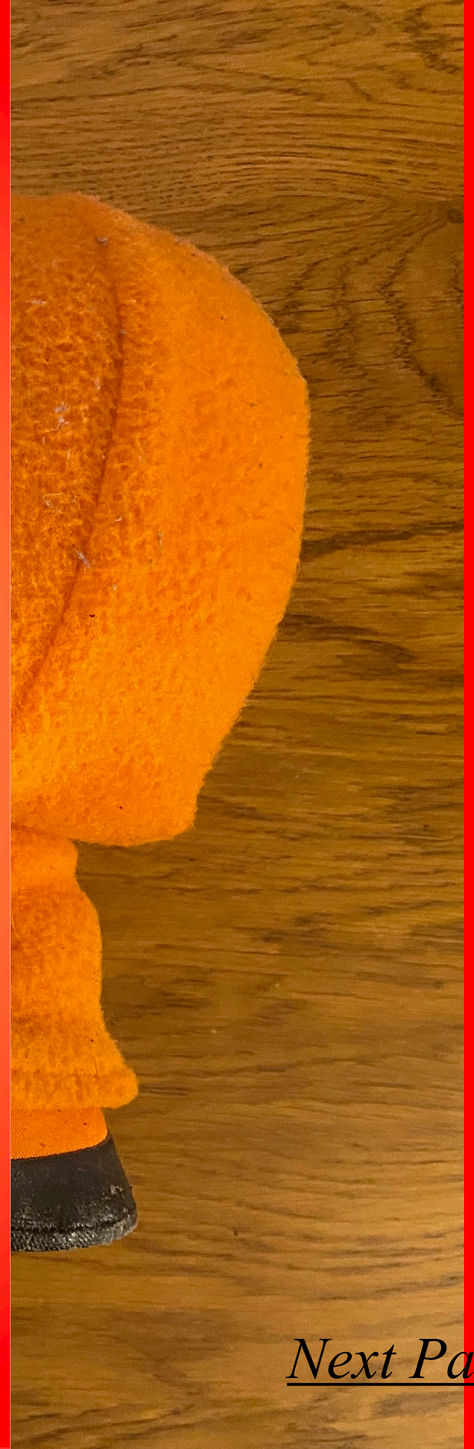
3V3RZ3 81664-71PP5: I know where it is - up near Shadow's Dirt Lane. This is all crazy you crazy fuckers. Who are these weird creatures? What's Teddie doing?

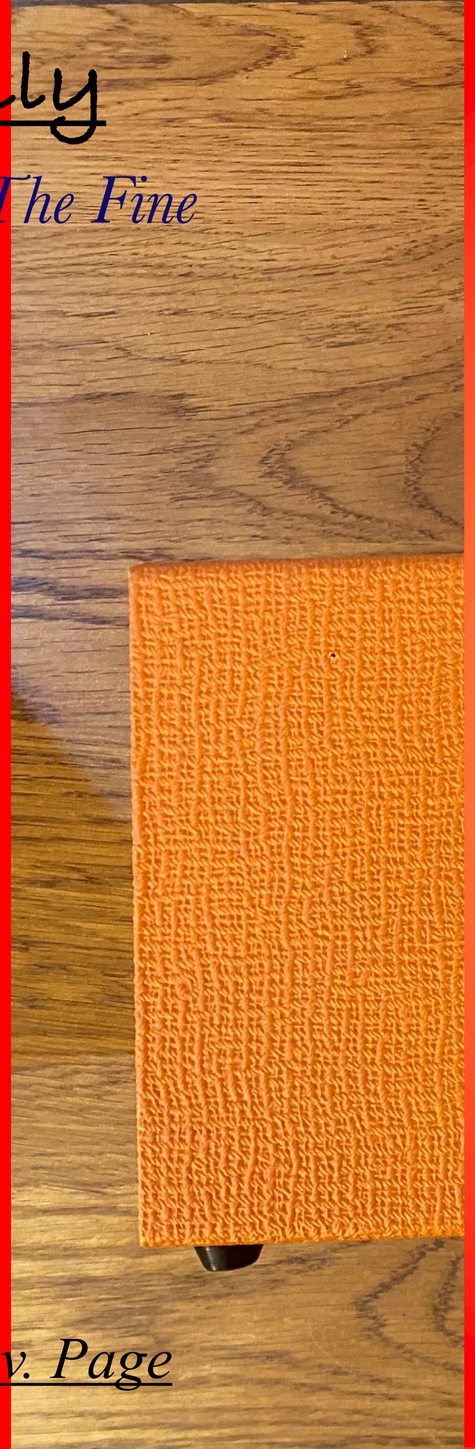
K1W84 7H3 L1W83R 81W84: It SOUNDS as though Mr. Benneth-Carring is compromised.

501: He's being jerked up the rear and clamped at the front by two aliens respectively whilst simultaneously hiring scumbag staff to espionage on his own employership so yeah...compromised.

J053PH1Z3: Back to Whiskers I reckon. Leigh will have bought us a half hour here - Hescotta will be too busy to bring Beatrix' complaints that nobody is at the Whiskers - you all made half-decent double-handed alibis and excuses to bolster the illusion I trust?

P4R73: Zeta-Gett is there and should have delivered a gargantuan set of carefully loaded and set to self-destruct reasons and justifications for absence to Beatrix ...at which point Ashleigh Vitt Tudor-Vespertas rocks in and butters her up to cloud eighteen. How did Inhaelinger discover these crazy brain-hacking machinations?





501: He was 'just experimenting with radio-waves' - comparing their wavelengths in juxtaposition with light and colour frequency spectra or something. 'It's not complicated' he said. 'Basically it's just hacking a radio frequency and listening to adjacent conversations'.

P4RT3: Oh right. Well - he would say that. And how did he know Ted would be online with this Heidi fucker and Demonking character?

501: Inhael is keeping a close ear on the frequency - like - he's got an earpiece in most of the time ATM. The cybercunt clocks in quite regularly.

LUC1LL3: The Radiofuck.

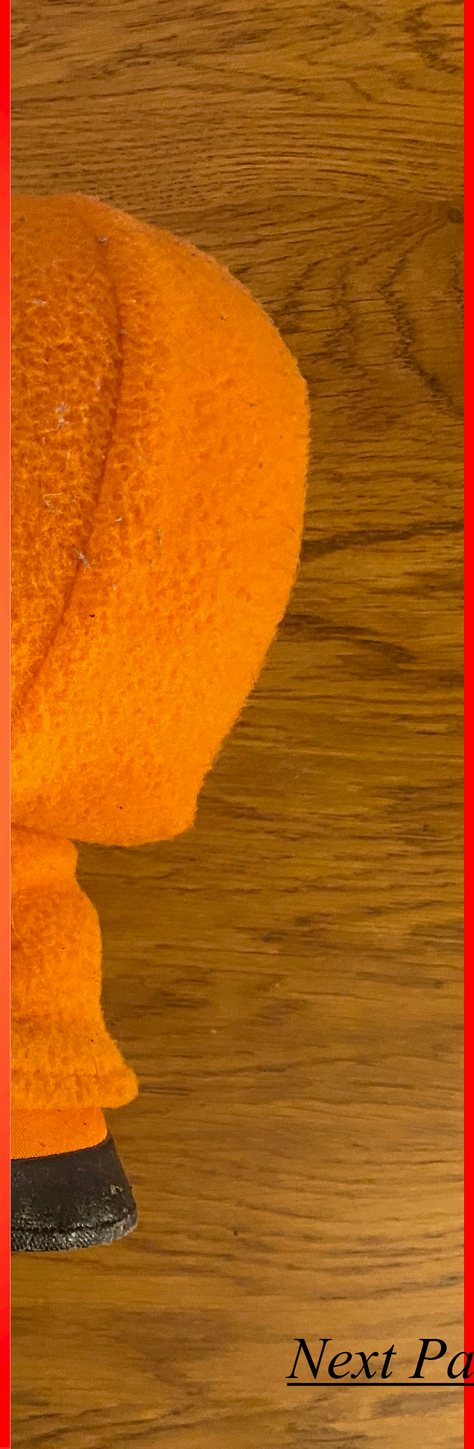
J0S3PH1Z3: When is the sick fuck next lined up for a clock-in??

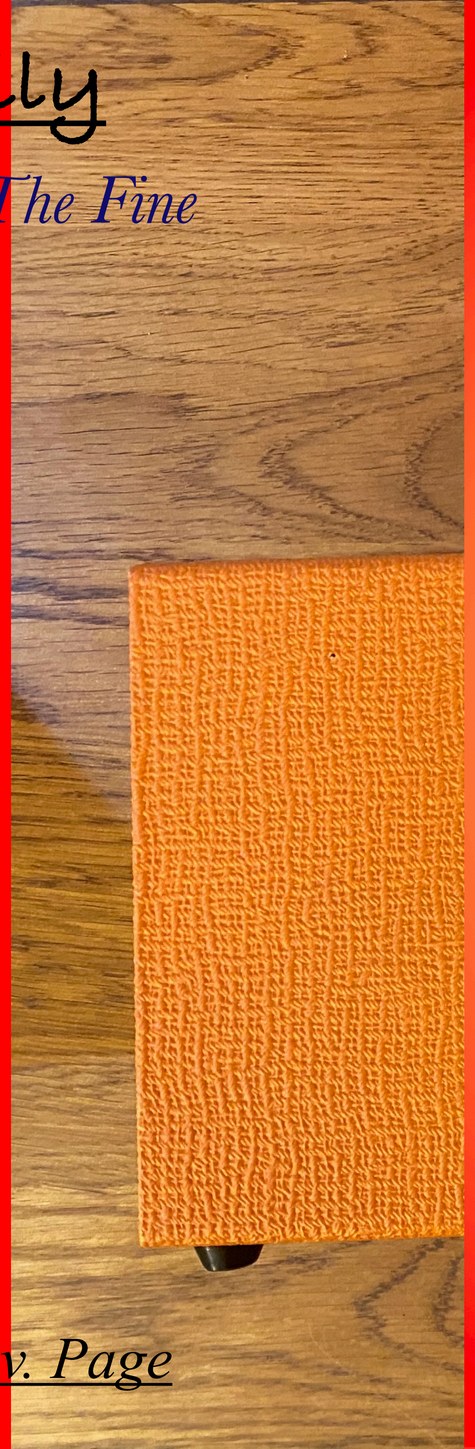
501: That I don't know.

H31D1: Pathetic.

LUC1LL3: I heard that, RADIOFUCK!!

H31D1: Good for you sweetheart.





JOP3R3: What you hear Lucille?

LUCILL3: Fucking cunt knows. Nothing to do but secretly listen in to other people's lives and cause havoc. Too much time on her hands that Heidi bitch. An eternity of it.

JOS3PH1Z3: Can Inhaeler get transcripts of these communications I'm wondering?

501: I asked him already - he said 'why?'

JOS3PH1Z3: - Because it might come in handy.

501: I s'pose that's what I thought. Come here in here a minute Jopere.

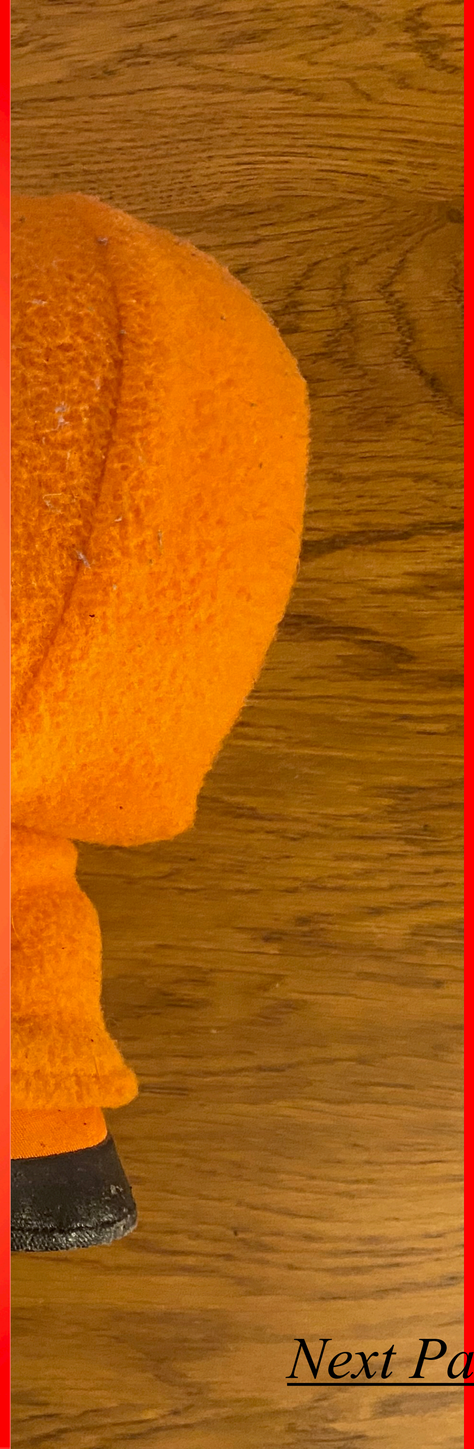
JOP3R3: What are we doing in the bathroom?

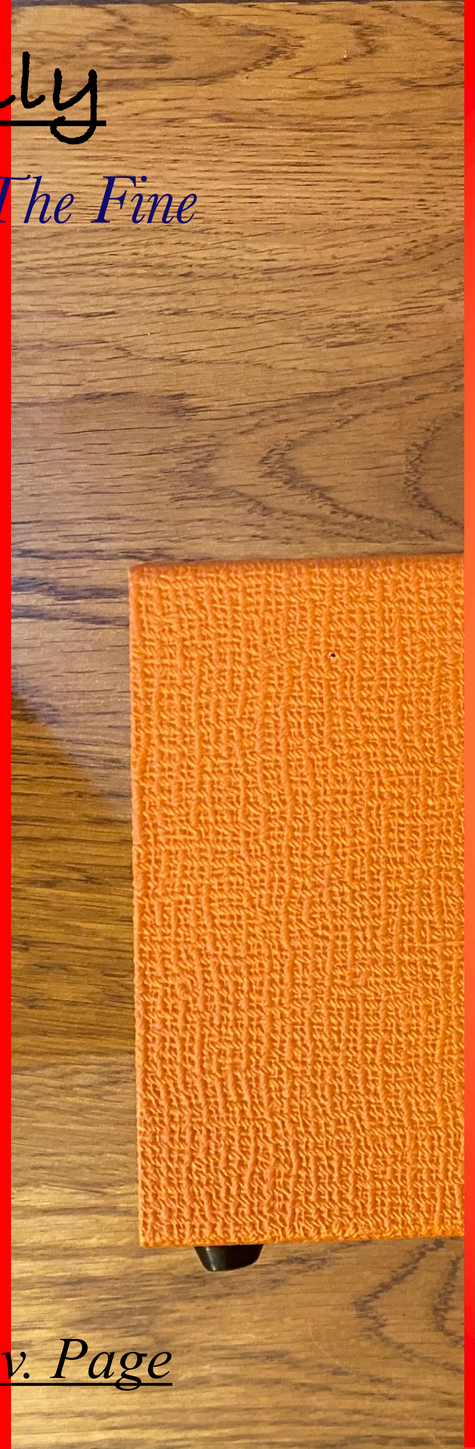
501: Turn off your devices.

JOP3R3: Done.

501: I lied about not knowing when we think Heidi will talk to Benneth-Carring. It's actually two o'clock Sunday afternoon.

JOP3R3: Got you.





501: Cool.

JOP3R3: Is that it?

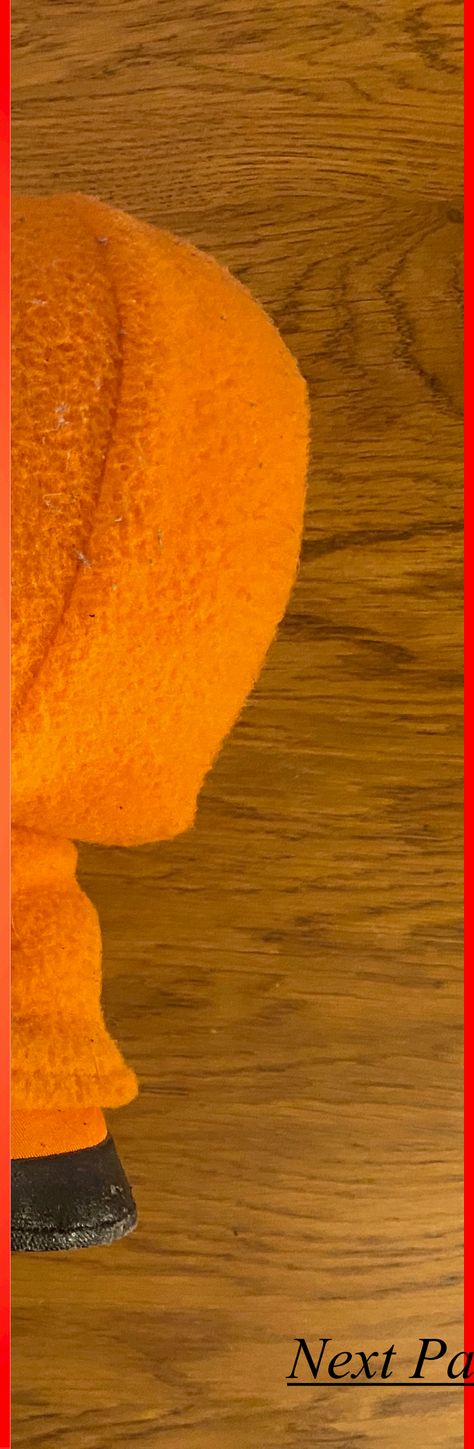
501: Is what it?

JOP3R3: THAT!

501: Oh ha ha Jopere. Very mature. Yes, this is it.

JOP3R3: You mean...downstairs bathroom at The Lead Orion and this is really it??

501: That's all she wrote...

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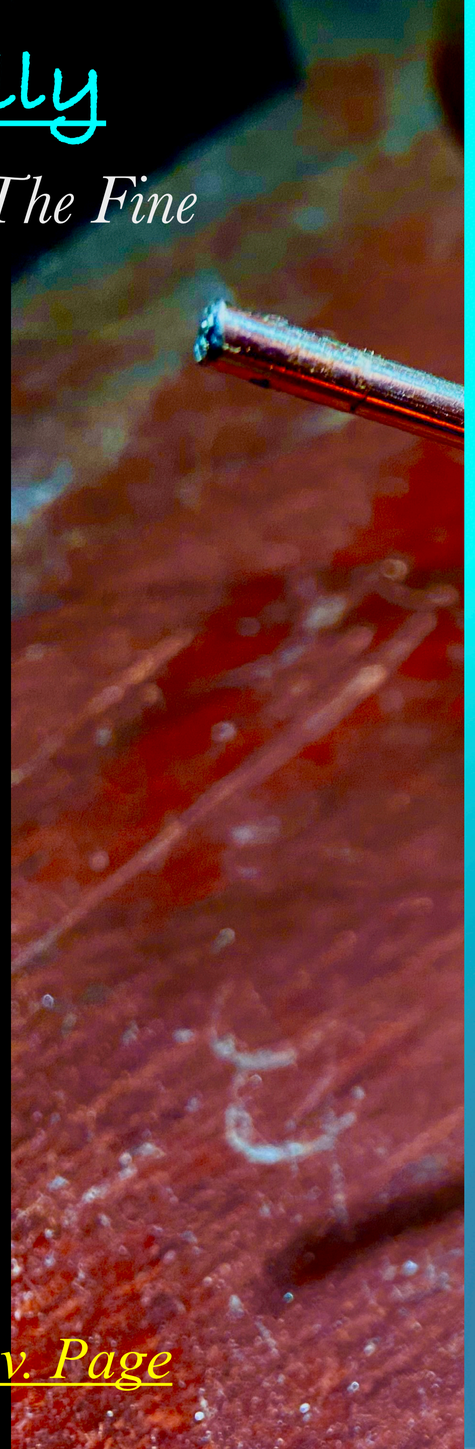
Toe Telly

Watering The Fine Scenes





The Goddamn Din

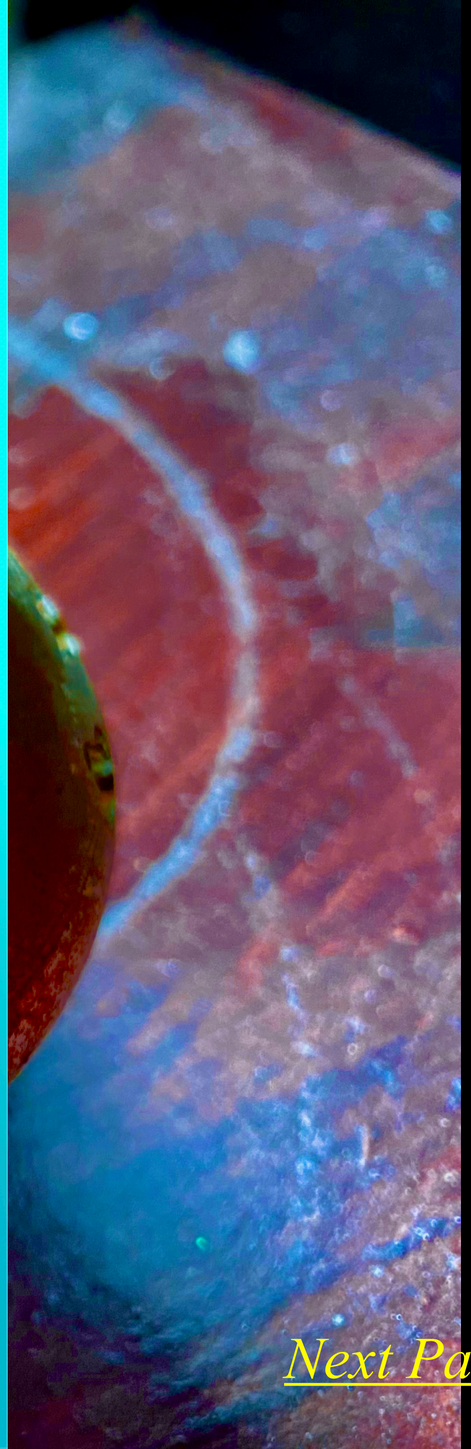
8347R1X 7M33Z4-7HYN3: The Captain's Whiskers, how can I help? Liv Short Getty-Towte - yes I believe she will be available later - AND you'd like to see Esme Furst Hugo-Neckst - in the same session? We have to check those arrangements with the girls...should be no problem but...you understand? And who am I speaking to? Hornyar Forja Frende...and a number? - and sorry about the noise on the line - thank you, bye.

K1W84 7H3 L1W83R 81W84: So Beatrix honey - these are the receipts I was telling you about...if you'd like to have a read over them at your own leisure.

8347R1X: THANK you Kimba. Yes. I shall indeed.

K1W84: Thundersnipes that fucking din is doing my head in...to coin a phrase.

8347R1X: Yes I'll bear all this in mind when I make my decision, thank you Kimba. Yes it's a fucking din.



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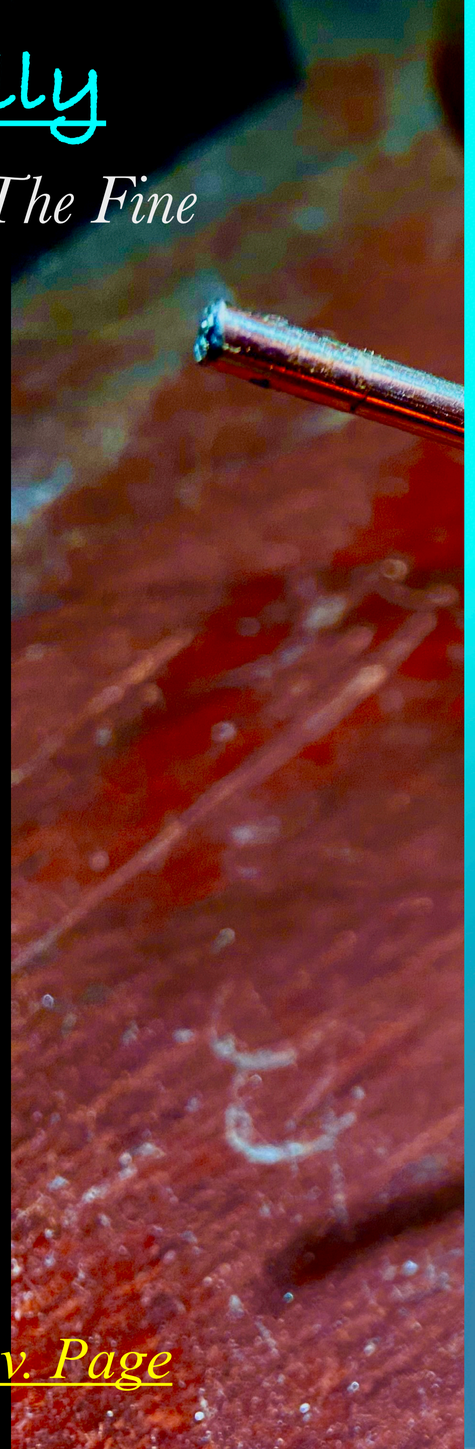


JOP3R3 F3X4 COX4-K1Z6: Sorry - Beatrix - is there nothing you can do about it? I mean...it's' your show - you're on the desk.

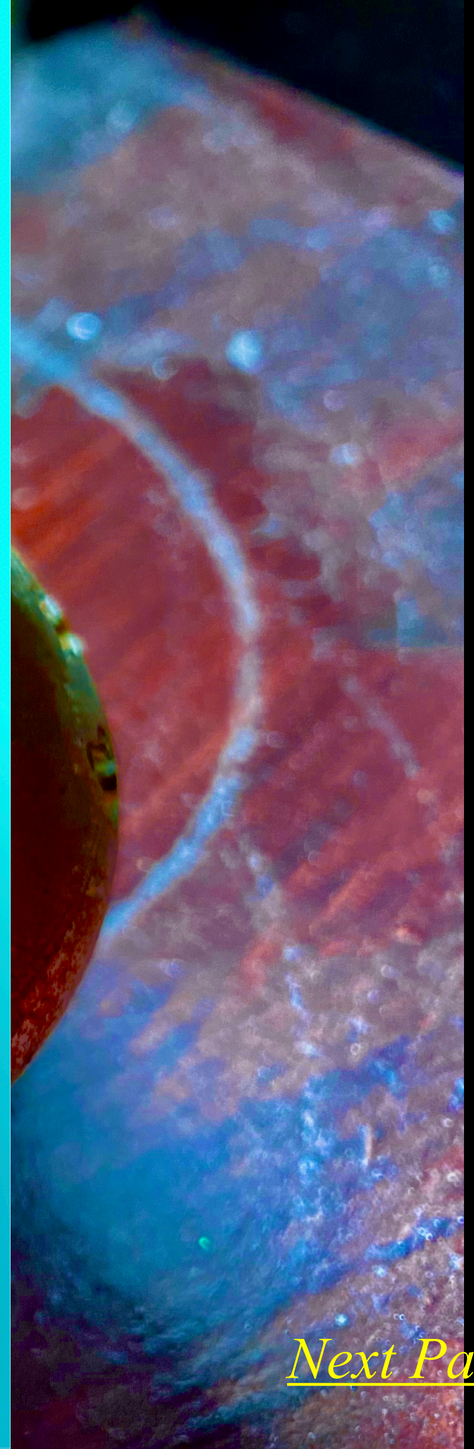
8347R1X: Sorry Jo, I'm working on it - got to find the right solution and I'm not a computer-brained person.

LUC1LL3 457 1CK-5Z4PR3: It LITERALLY sounds like an alien channeling projectile diarrhoea down a super-conducting wire assembly built by a chimpanzee glazed to the eyeballs on nuclear-grade LSD...do you know what I mean?

5010W0Z DUZZ P37713-7U4Y3: Well, fortunately your description is SO QUITE LITERALLY precise, we don't NEED to know what you mean. The picture is almost complete, so far as I can interpret.

8347R1X: Can someone call Everne Bigga Tipps? Sorry Paul, she'll be with you forthwithly.

P4UL MYCOCK N. C. 7HUP5H0773: No problem B. I'll just sit here and wank to the sound of - what is that - a CPU fisting an MPC?



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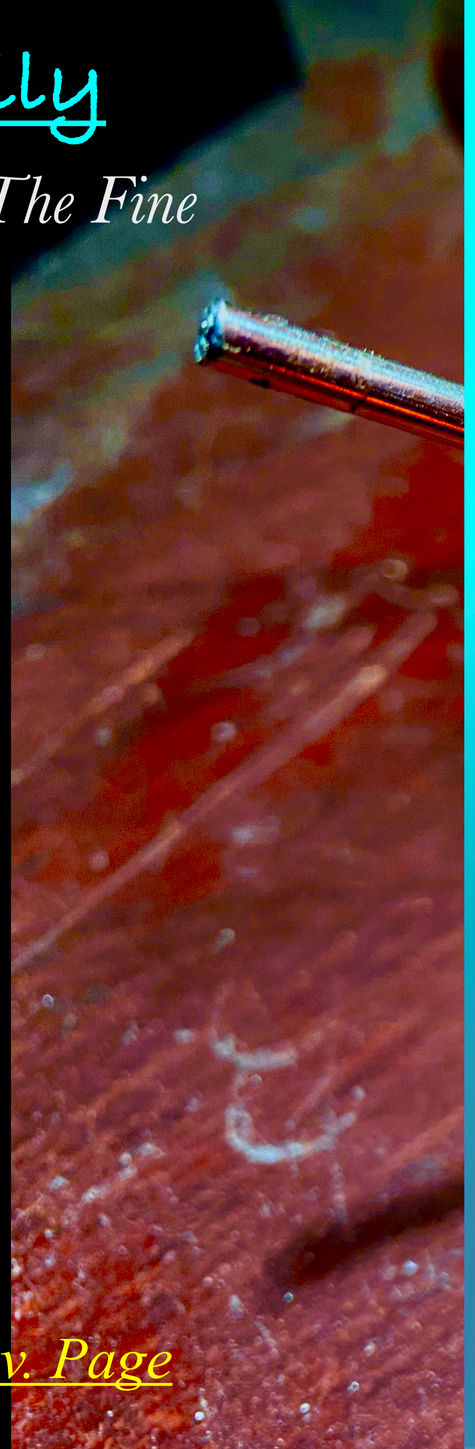


8347R1X: Okay I've seen and heard enough.

45HL316H V177 7UDOR-V35P3R745: Beatrix - I'm just going through to see Teddie.

8347R1X: Everybody I'd like your attention - could everyone turn off their mobile phones, tablets and other computer-related devices completely. We can't move on till you do. Now please.

P4UL: Fuck me.

H31D1 7H3 J4CK3R-JOZ35: Damnit!!

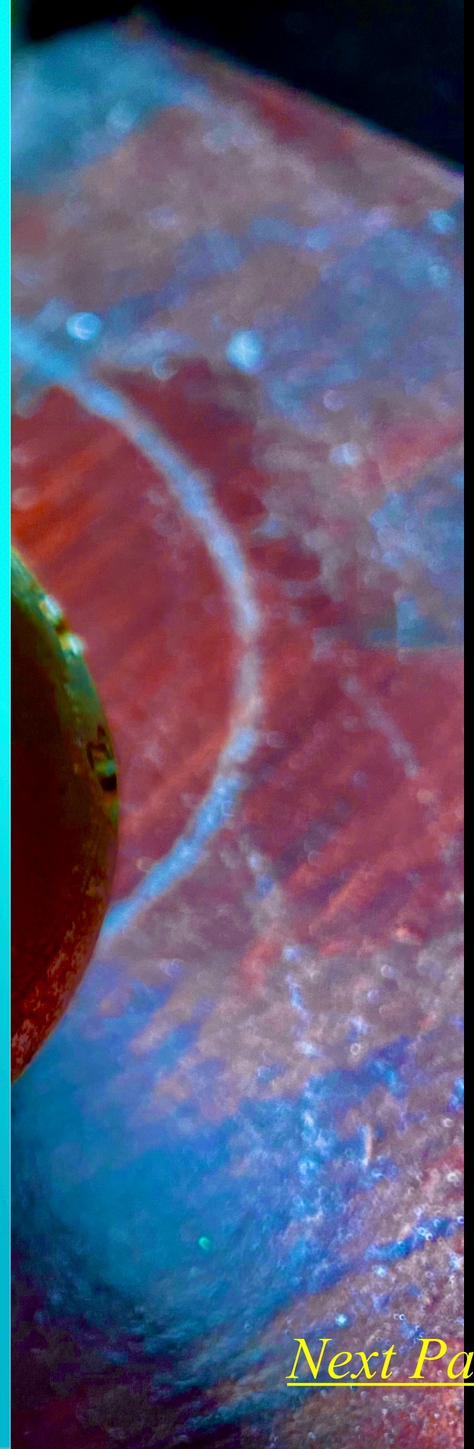
W1RR4L FOOKT 31FF4M4Y: Yep. Fuck this.

DOW1Z1C 7H3 DOW1Z470R: I'm running out of patience here.

R3D 3. 7M1CK5-8LOMD: I'm teetering on the edge.

PH1L WY3 533DY O. P3ZZ1Z6: Any moment now I'm going to lose control.

P4UL: Hey - the din's stopped!



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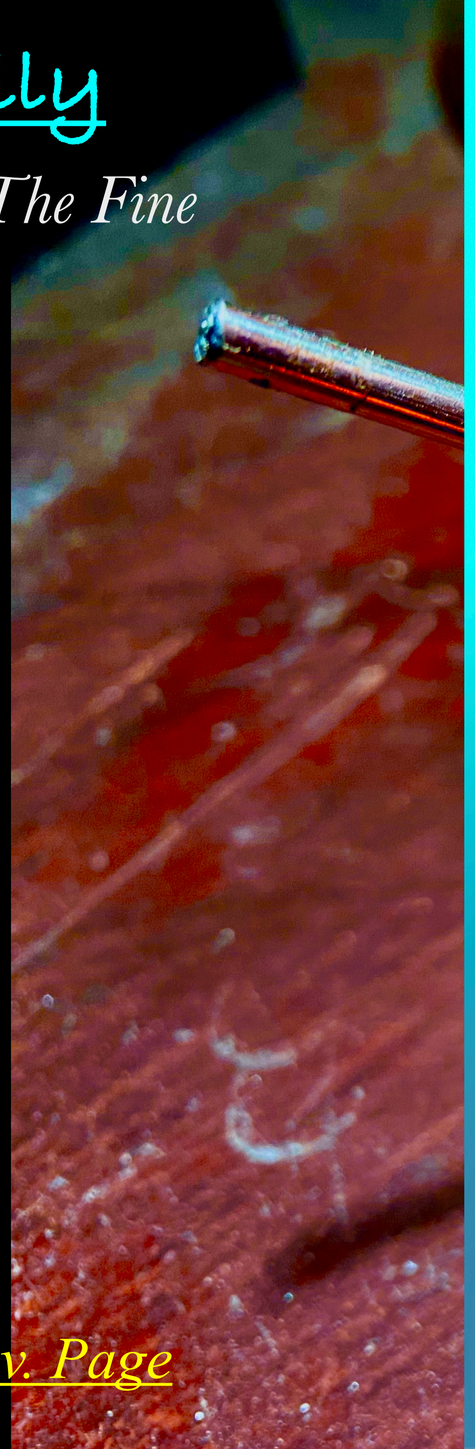
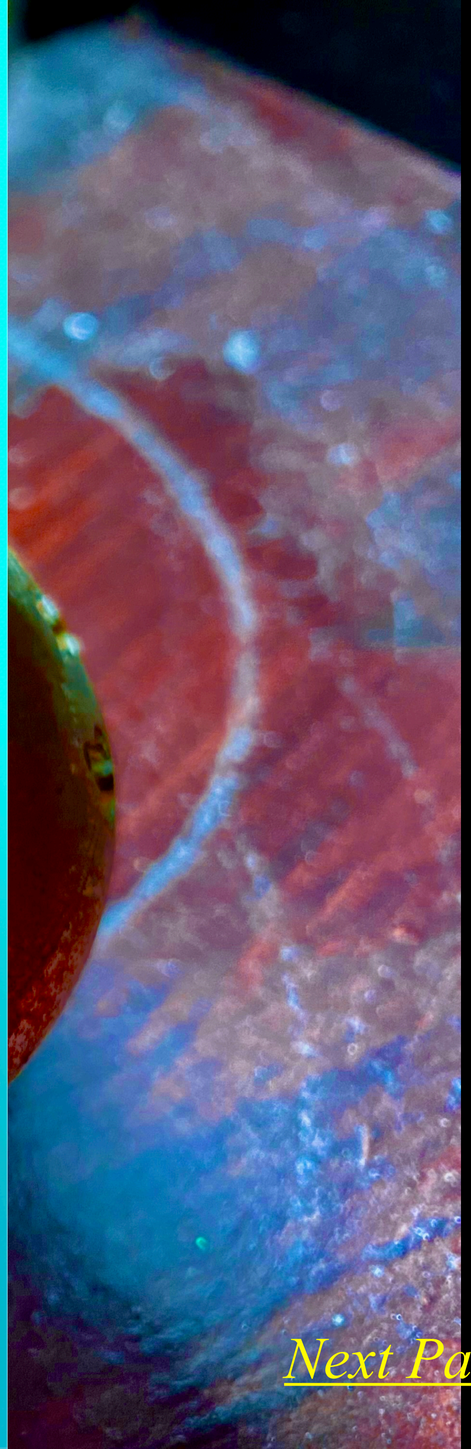


LUCILL3: OH LOOK! The MAIN SCREEN HAS POPPED INTO ACTION! With SOUND! Ohhhhhh LOOK - it's Mr Benneth Carring's office...and...our very own Ashleigh Vitt Tudor-Vespertas with...MR BENNETH-CARRING, HESCOTTA, FUTT and MR ARCHY-PASSETTS.

::—45H: Thank you Mr Benneth-Carring sir I don't need a drink. Hescotta, why don't you go and fluff up the pillows in one of the rooms...any of the rooms...I don't mind...then when I get in there we can do whatever you want...deal? Oh - he's gone. Here they are sir.

73DD13 (7H3 CH1Z3) 83ZZ37H-C4RR1Z6: You too, Futt - fetch me something delicious from the butchers - skidaddle boy! This is of the utmost importance Mr Archy Passetts; Miss Vespertas here has my passports and travel cards and various other travel shit I will need when I set off. If any of this stuff doesn't carry through, not ONLY does she not get paid the promised 30, she ALSO lands in a whole WORLD of cesspittery at the hands of Hescotta and Futt - who will fuck her Hardenwell style.

H31D1: We should talk to them about Lucille Astick-Snapre...



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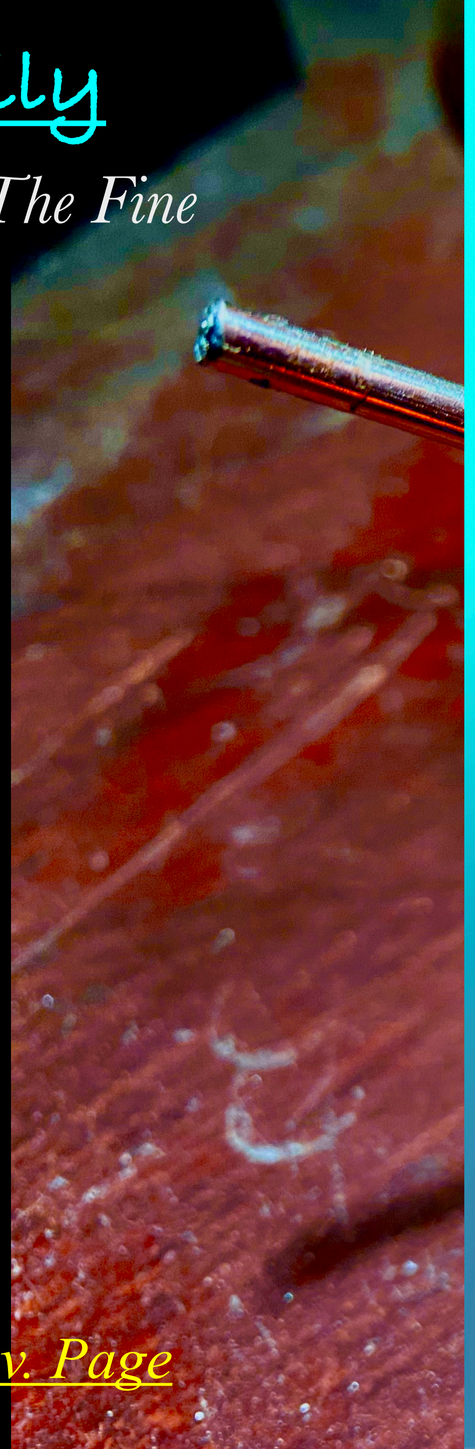


53R6 1L 4RCHY-P4553775: ...we should talk to them about Lucille Astick-Snapre...

45H: Sergil!!!

1ZH43L1Z63R PH4780Z6: She's quality.

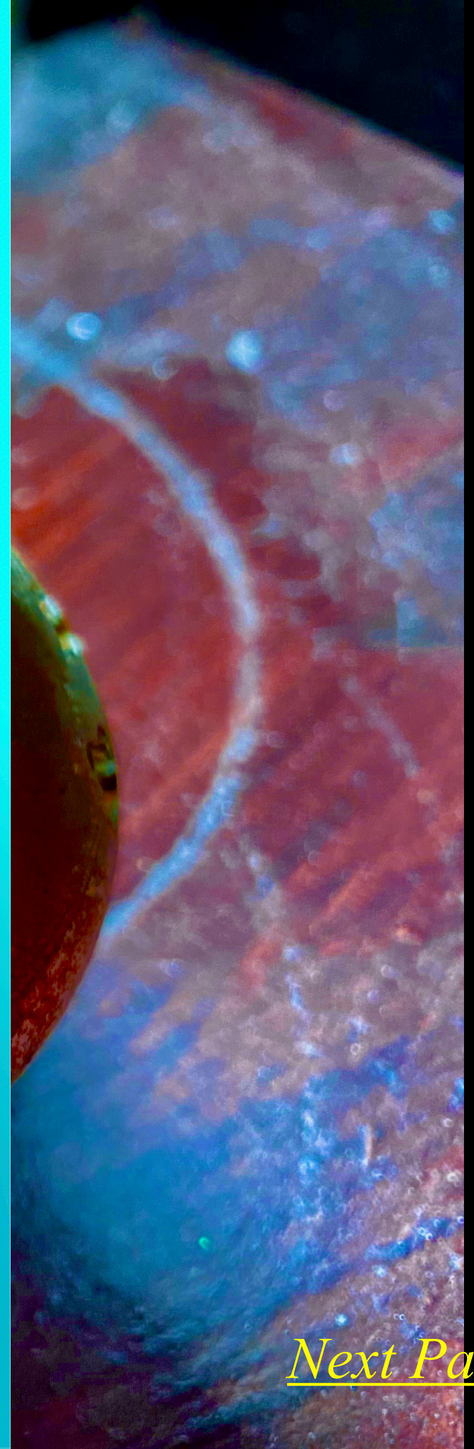
H31D1: Oi - Inhael - was that you creating that buzz on the technology earlier? Get off my wave you rude fucker!!

1ZH43L: Which is ruder, I ask you - to floor onto another man's frequency to disrupt his virally infectious workflow - or to HAVE BEEN DOING IT LIKE A FRICKIN' NUTTER FOR GOD KNOWS HOW LONG...OR...OR...OR...

H31D1: OR WHAT??!!!

1ZH43L: ...or to STEAL and BURY another man's WEED??! Now go and find some playmates who will appreciate your 'telepathic' downward spiral into spirited disdain for human society. I sussed your tech last night Heidi sweetheart. And I did a little retro-engineering.

H31D1: What? Is this...heard...



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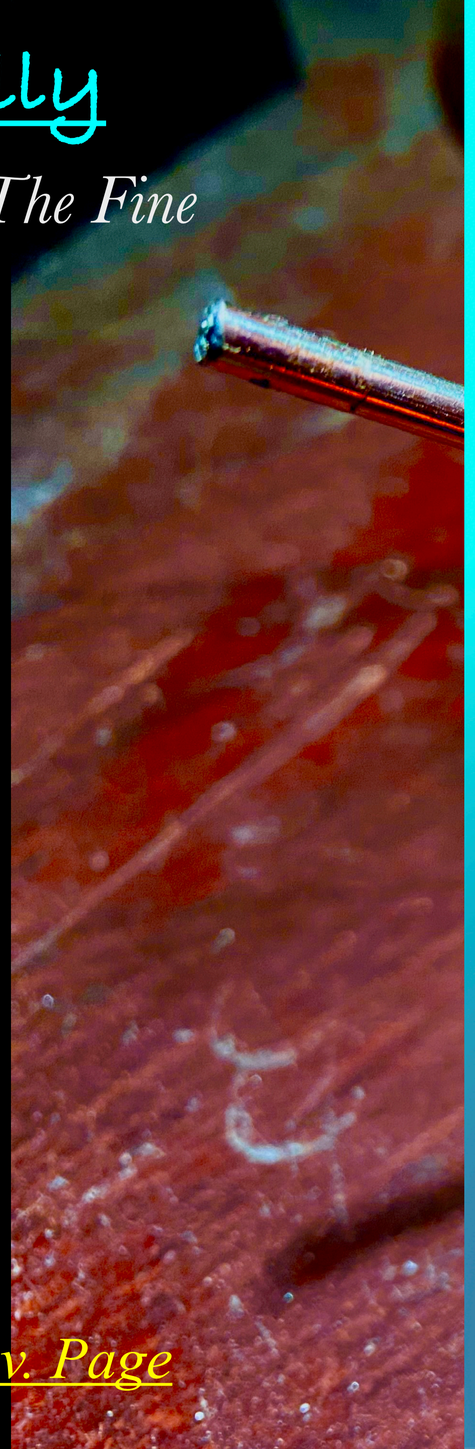


1ZH43L: Being broadcast? Live? Online as we speak? RADIOFUCKED. Yours and mine radio communications and this room are presently on display downstairs.

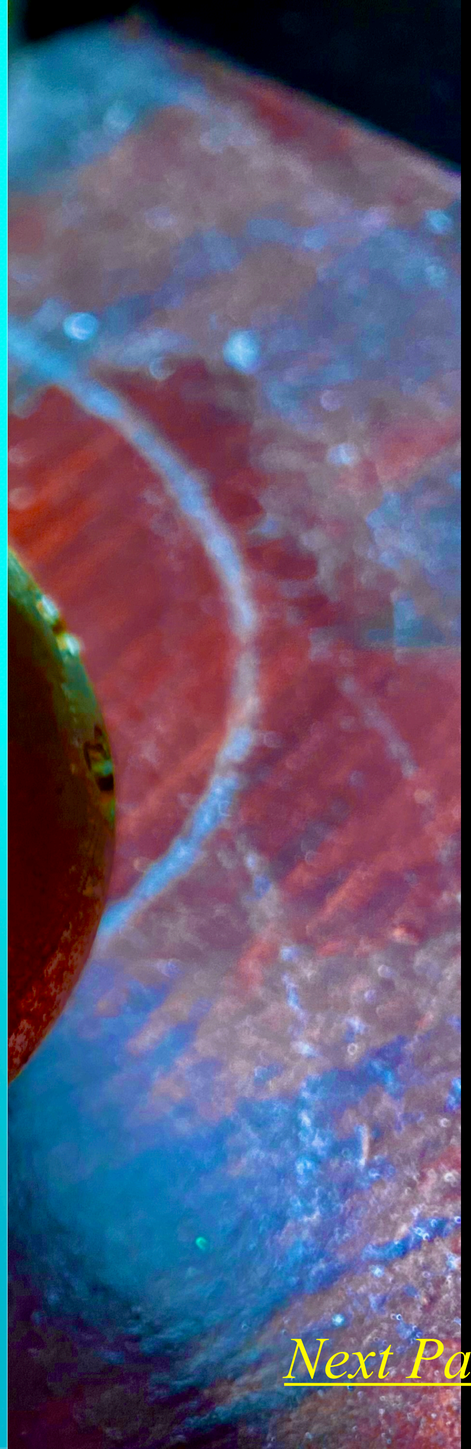
73DD13: I should..er...bye!

H31D1: I can SWITCH OFF. Ha-HA fuck YOU - Bye!

1ZH43L: NOo you can't.

H31D1: What?

1ZH43L: WELL Heidi, do you remember that microchip you paid to have installed in your cranium to keep virtual monitoring of surveillance in Walkstable and the wider Wide-Open district? HOW COULD YOU FORGET? Well I contacted the company and they've generously, for a small price, given me hardware and software instructions to reverse the obligation of the spying devices so they compel you to be online...depending on my say so. That's the way it tends to go anyway, they tell me - you spy, get spied on, it all eats itself.



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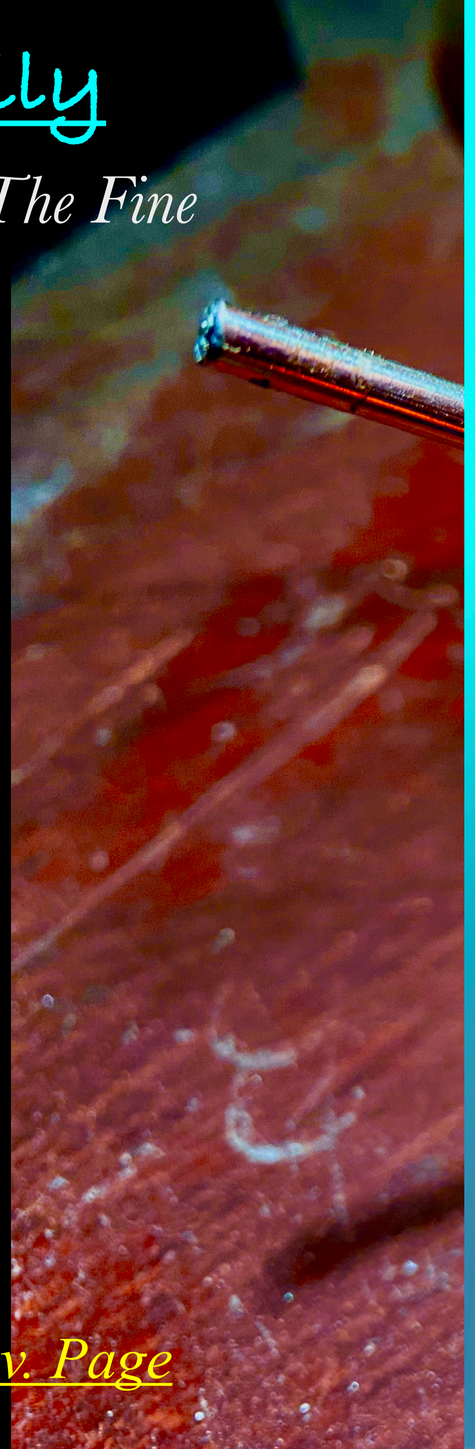


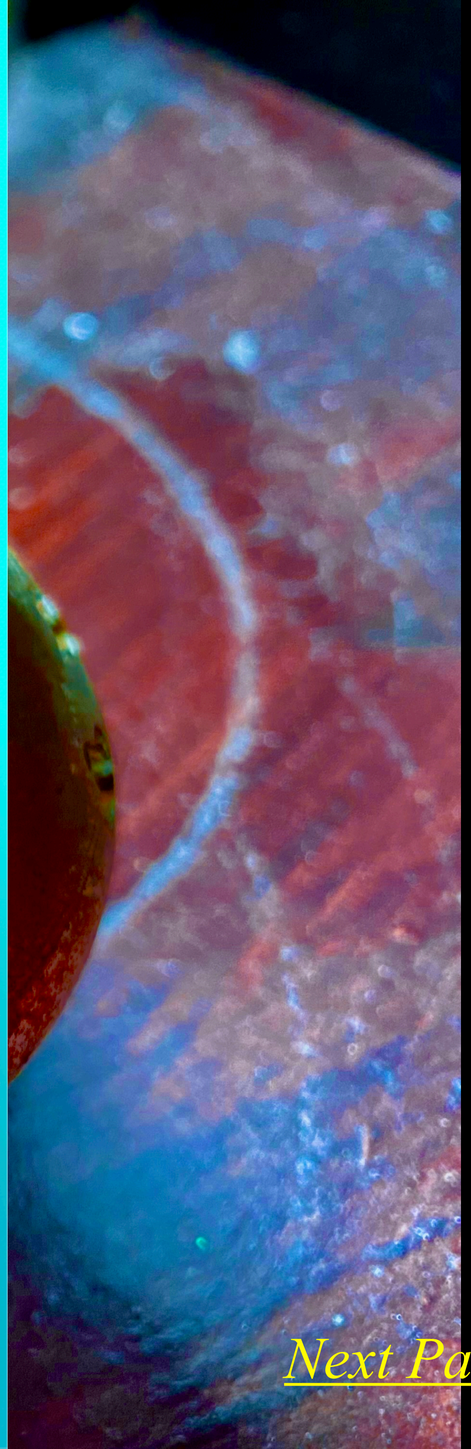
H31D1: GET FUCKING DEMONKING ON THE LINE I'M PISSED OFF!!!

1ZH43L: The Wide-Open Demonking is most probably sorting through official correspondence sent by Lucille, 'cause that's where you're at - 'another world' - right? Next door? Up the road? In the nearest town...Taughtstead... Groenweldstone...? Who fucking knows? But you'll be fine! I mean...we'll FIND you.

H31D1: I WANT TO TALK TO WIDE-OPEN!!! TURN OFF THE MICROPHONES AND SHIT!! I can't believe you reverse hacked my brain you little bastard!

1ZH43L: It's a matter of training Heidi. You see you're what 'our little gang' like to call 'very fucking clever' for being skilled at something - but not very INTELLIGENT because intelligence takes...well let's not get too deep into the philosophy of it all here and now. It's easy when you know how Radiofucker, and I know how better than you now - it's just I had no good reason to even try before. Why would I? You're HACKING your FELLOW HUMAN BEINGS!!?!

H31D1: DEMONKING!!!!! I"M BRINGING THIS FUCKING -



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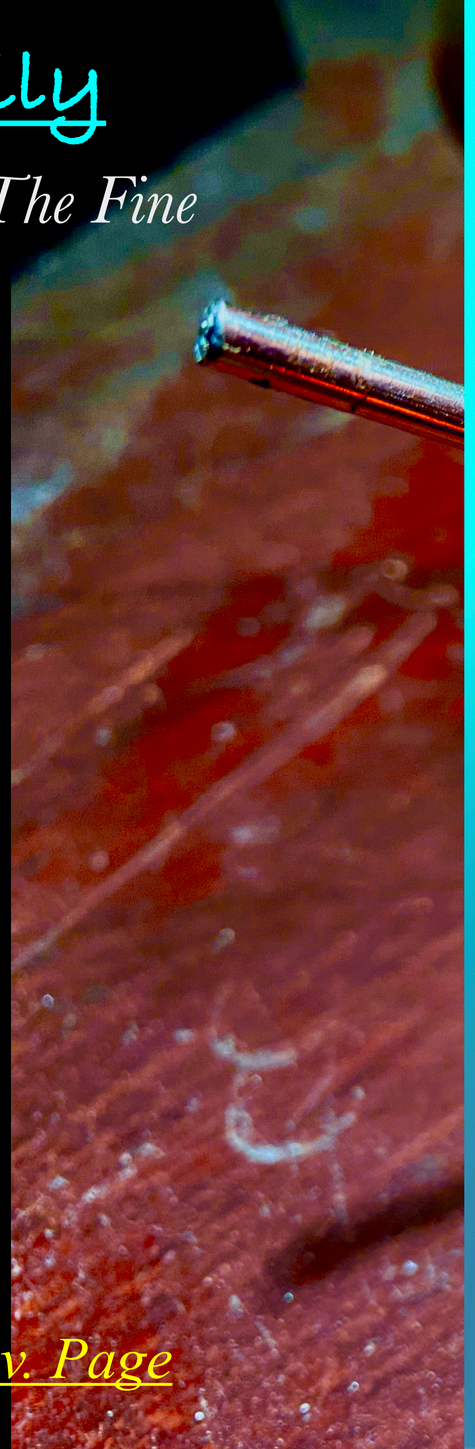


M1D3-0P3Z D3W0ZK1Z6: UMMM...What? Who rang in a bluescreenalarm with a 5-second countdown? Heidi?! What's the matter?

1ZH43L: Yes, Heidi, why don't you finish your hypnotic influences over Mr Archy-Passetts? You were JUST about to give some advice regarding Miss Lucille Astick-Snapre...?

H31D1: No I wasn't.

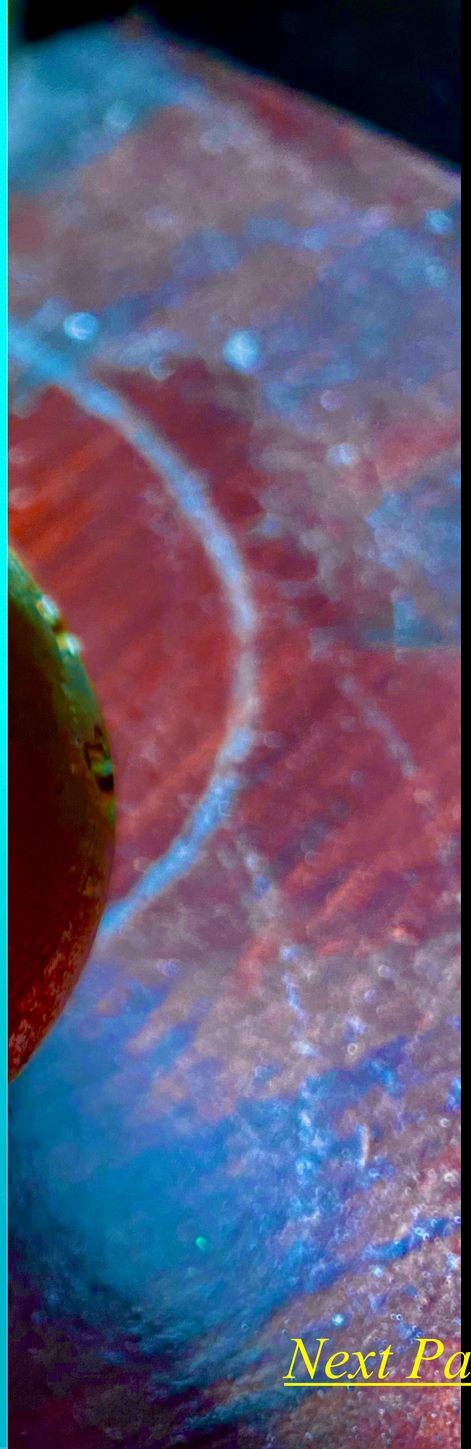
1ZH43L: Just check back the last few minutes before Teddie felt the need to run out of the building with his shirt tails flapping. There it is... 'Hescotta and Futt...fuck her Hardenwell style... talk to them about Lucille...'

H31D1: Let me ex...

D3W0ZK1Z6: ...ecute...?

H31D1: ...eeEeeEEEEeeeeeEEEEEEeeeKKCCCHHHHH...

D3W0ZK1Z6: Sorry Heidi were you about to execute something...or yourself - ah I see you have it in hand. Or was that me? I'll leave it going THIS year UNLESS you kick up supreme icing on this



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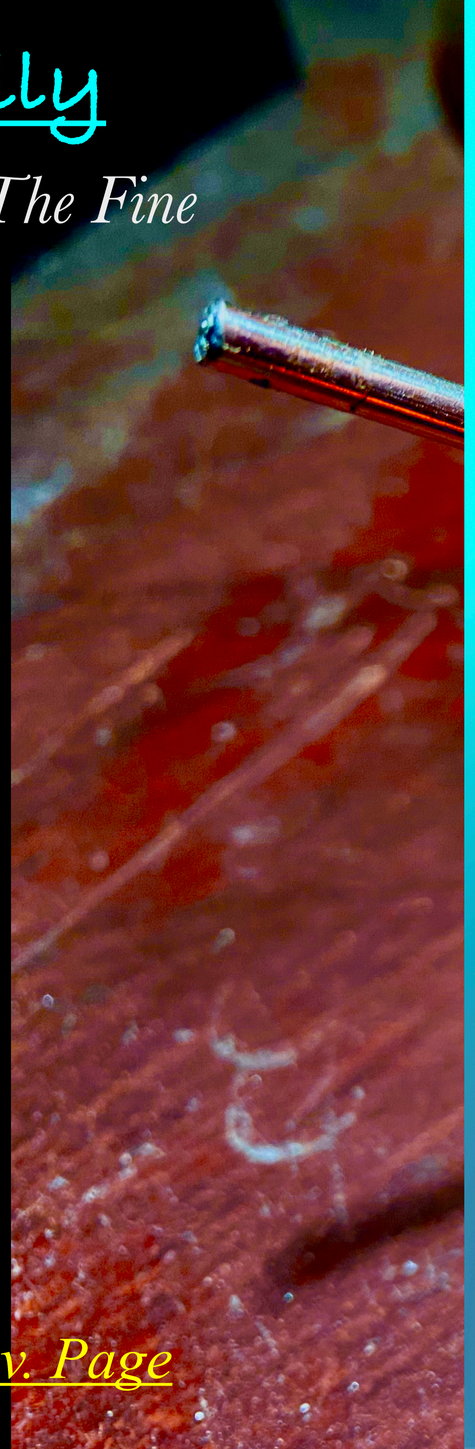


cake of drama when I come back from my holiday with the wonderful Lucille.

H31D1: ...AAAAAYYYYEEEEEEEAAAARRRR???!!!...

D3WOZK1Z6: I may interrupt the punishment for special projects.

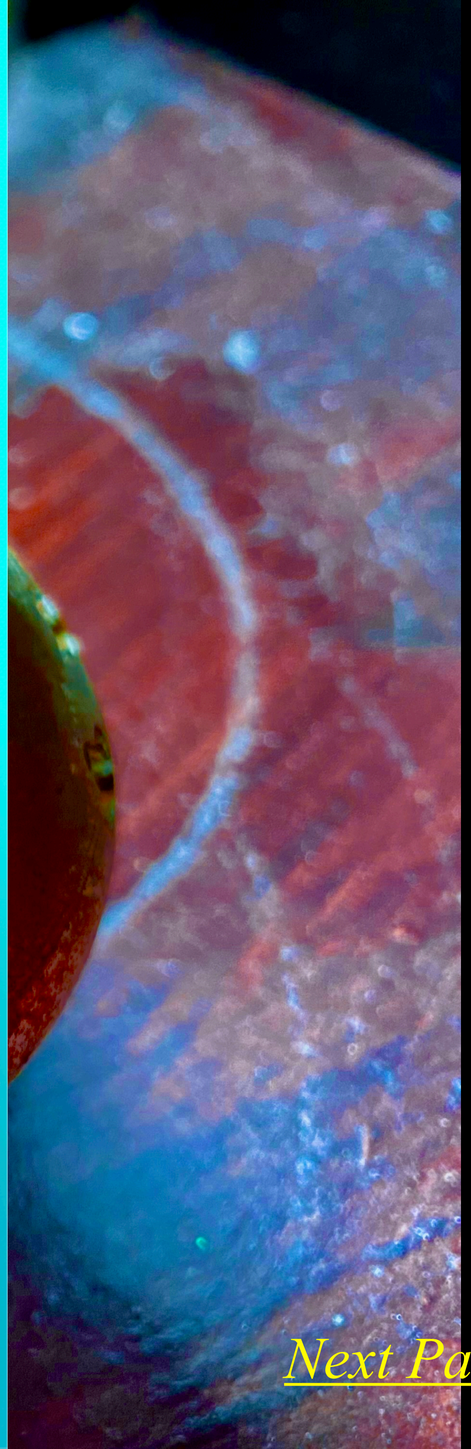
H31D1: OOOHHHHTTTHHAAAAAAAAANNKKYOUUU...

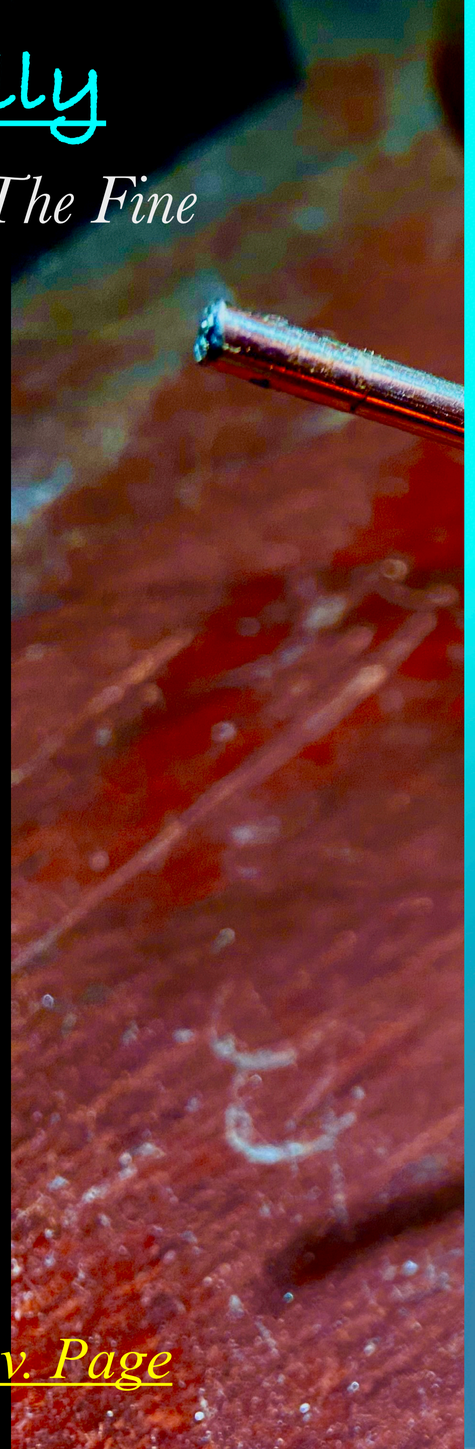
D3WOZK1Z6: Sergil Archy-Passetts - or NOT in practice as the case all-too-frequently seems to be?

4RCHY: Yes sir?

D3WOZK1Z6: You are no longer in the employment of Futt Hardenwell, Teddie Benneth-Carring, Heidi The Jacker-Jones or myself, and while you recover from telepathetechnology I reckon you could take a long hard look at your principles, 'cause on the one hand you're a private investigator...and on the other hand - you're anybody's. I can see your career path flying in a less than upward trajectory.

4RCHY: Yes sir. I've got a headache.





D3WOZK1Z6: I can't say you haven't done it to yourself Passetts, but you have been somewhat mindfucked...take a few months away from work to concentrate on your strength of character!!

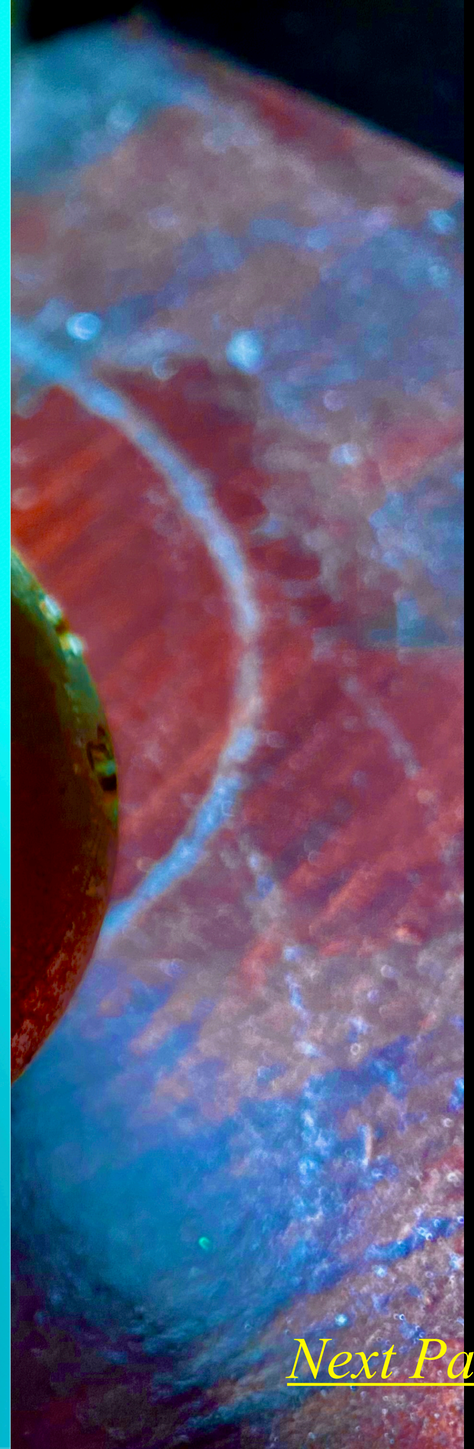
4RCHY: Yes sir.

1ZH43L: Can I take this fucking stupid brainfucking set off my noodle and come through to the bar now - it's turning my grey matter into multicellular soup. The full experience for the proper cyberneticunts must feel a bit like windsurfing wearing a Go-Go-Gadget costume. - JUST A BIT monumentally uncomfortable.

45H: It didn't grab me in terms of a MASSIVELY successful fashion statement either.

D3WOZK1Z6: You may do as you wish. It's your telepathy set. Just don't act surprised when your actions have repercussions. That's what I always advise. They usually do.

1ZH43L: You're due for a break I guess - this holiday with Lucille...you can relax and leave the system to run?



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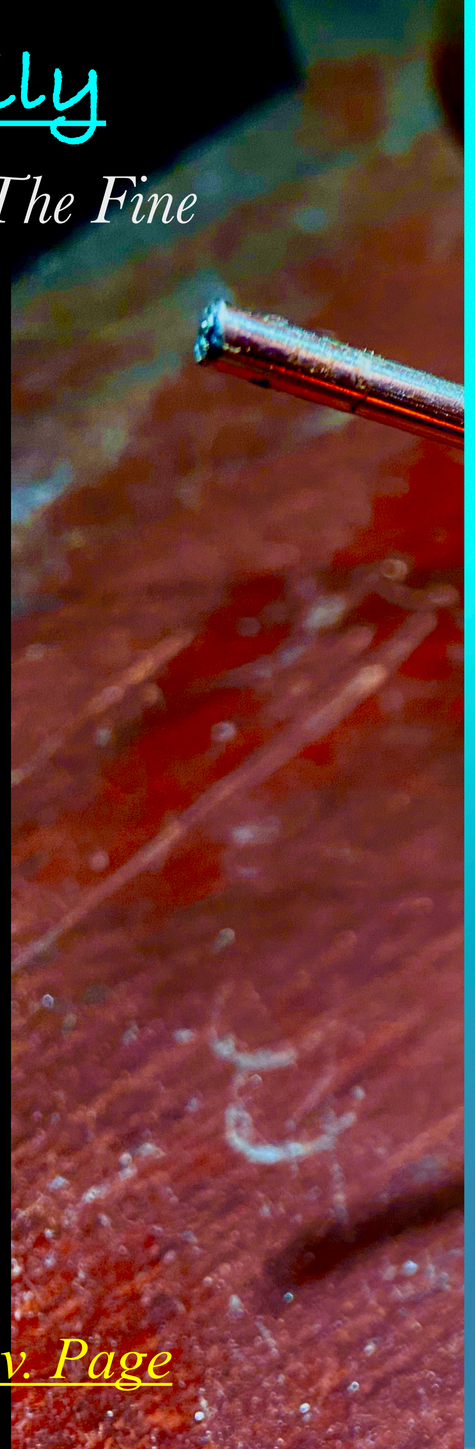
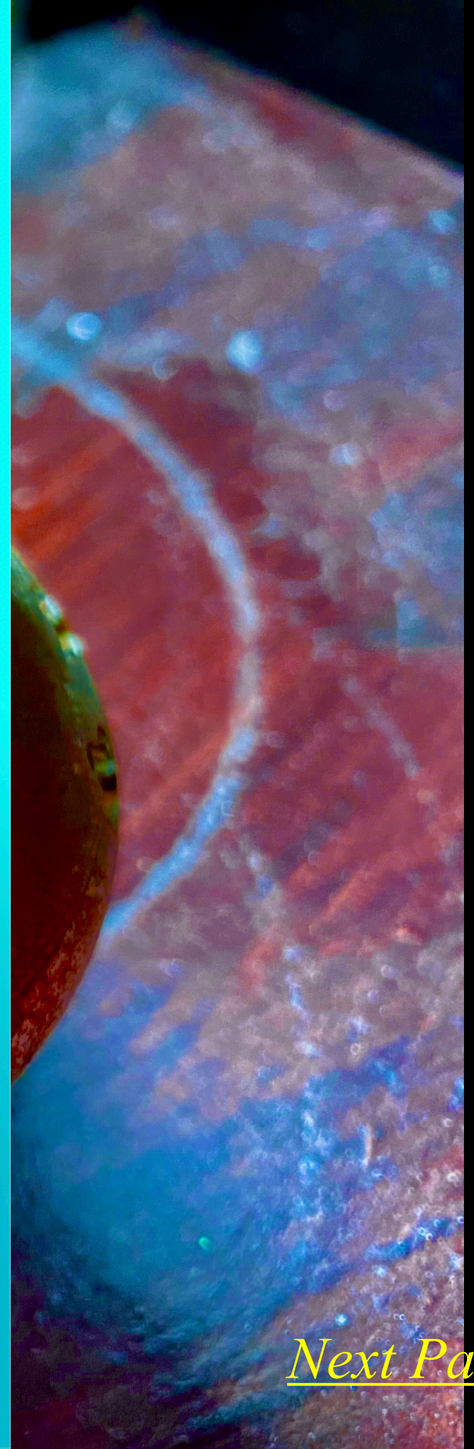


D3WOZK1Z6: YOU APPRECIATE SO LITTLE UMMMMMMMMMMMMMM.....::—



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Toe Telly

Watering The Fine Scenes

The oy Crew





The Oy Crew

LUC3 Z. 3. N374-6377: So the captain 'flew the nest' as it were?

3V3RZ3 81664-71PP5: Yep. Carring chose to run away when things pointed at him - funny how it all tipped so heavily when things started to go tits-down - it all, like, sped up and a cart load of shite started to avalanche.

JOP3R3 F3X4 C0X4-K1Z6: Critical mass, right Sol?

5010W0Z DUZZ P3771 3-7U4Y3: I s'pose so - that's really Lucille's department.

LUC3: Where's he gone?

501: That's the big question. Innit?



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K1W84 7H3 L1W83R 81W84: You mean to imply he might have got away Scott-free like? Give me all the information you have - I'll find him. I'll be waiting for him. What's his boat called?

35W3 FUR57 HU60-Z3CK57: The Carr's Whiskers.

K1W84: YUCK!

LUC3: YUCK!

JOP3R3: YUCK!

P4R73 1WW4 KZ33-K3RR5: YUCK!

L1V 5HOR7 6H377Y-70M73: YUCK!

501: Blimey - you really hate the name huh?

1ZH43L1Z63R PH4780Z6: I think it runs deeper than that.

3V3RZ3: Yeah so B. C. had this journey planned anyway, on the sly like, just another little getaway trip like our overlords are so keen on organising because of 'the stresses'...the stresses





of having to control stuff the way they want it to be.

1ZH43L: Absolutely. I don't understand that...pass the bong! Cool - ta...yeah I mean I DO understand it. It's the hubris that powerful positions built on systemic stagnation will bring to the over-privileged.

501: You're smack-bang on centre again Inhaelinger. Not too pressured. Not too weak. Not too ignorant, OR stupid. They're not TOO stressed, they're not too poor, they're not too rich and they're not too fucking unhappy to cope with it all. Their egos are just too fragile to conceive of changing their mind about something they've done their whole lives, however despicable. Pass the bong?

JOP3R3: I think you need it after that spiel. Just to help it sink in. Then you can surely hand the hookah to the rest of us - we had to LISTEN to it.

501: You think that was intense? Oh - of course - we're missing Lucille Snapre to put the mauve madness in pink perspective.



Toe Telly

Watering The Fine Scenes



P4R73: What port did Carring kazoom away from?

K1W84: YES! - ABSOLUTELY - GOOD question Parte.

3V3RZ3: Just at Wide-Open Marina.

K1W84: Which slip?

3V3RZ3: Slip Y. But there's really no point, right?

K1W84: Now why do you say that?

35W3: Yeah - we can't give up like that - I mean what's going to happen to this place for fucking starters?? The Whiskers seduction lounge is my bread and butter!

8347R1X: Everybody, could I have your undivided for a period...as most of you know, the chief of the Captain's Whiskers and 8 District House, not to mention various other concerns around Walkstable has gone...walkstable-about. On the sea. My partner. Where has he gone?

J053PH1Z3: BUT you see the glorious Beatrix and I have begun arrangements ALREADY to rescue



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Watering The Fine Scenes



Walkstable's number one escort agency and associated venues from disruption AND ACTUALLY plan to revolutionise the whole system, right B?

8347R1X: Absolutely Josephine. - B. C. Can stay B. G. for all I care- Beneath Ground.

J053PH1Z3: He's above ground at the moment B.

8347R1X: He can go up in smoke as far as I'm concerned!

J053PH1Z3: Well...he's on the ocean so, again, I'm afraid -

8347R1X: ...

J053PH1Z3: Drowning...that seems a popular one around here...

8347R1X: Hm. Drowning...yes. I...I think we're going to get on okay Jose.

J053PH1Z3: Vespertas vanished again. She always pops up again doesn't she? Where did she go this time?



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LUC3: I'm not at all clear WHERE she went but I do know she asked for some of the transcripts of the lunatelepathetic conversations. Y'know, electro-computer style - of Heidi the cyberfucker and Teddie the Earthly megalomaniacal control psychopath responsible for a sizeable chain of human-trafficking venues.

K1W84: So Leigh took significant information about management with her? Hmm...

1ZH43L: ...And she was asking for directions to where Lucille Astick-Snapre is currently a guest.

501: That's where that piece of Moon rock the Wide-Open Demonking will be floating as well of course.

J053PH1Z3: Why haven't Hescotta and Futt come in yet? We need to have a serious chat.

8347R1X: They're not about sweetheart. They had an appointment with Ashleigh this morning... then they left together.

501: I wonder where Hescotta Longhis-Tich and Futt The Fucker are RIGHT now??



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FU77 (7H3 FUCK3R) H4RD3ZM3LL: I LITERALLY HATE being stuck in this cabin with you.

H35C0774 LOZ6H15-71CH: Did you bring all the appropriate weaponry?

FU77: What a stupid fucking question. I STILL don't understand why you got all the powerful control at the main Walkstable bars. And why are you 'Longhis-Tich'? I mean - I've got the longest dick, for fuck's sake!

H35C0774: I wish you would stop telling people that.

FU77: Oh get over yourself.

H35C0774: You did remember grenades, correct? I gather they're PRETTY handy if and when we all wind up in the water.

FU77: YES grenades.

H35C0774: Harpoon gun, in case we need to chase, and bring him back.

FU77: Are you stupid? Yes.



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H35C0774: Samurai blade? For - y'know -

FU77: Slicing?

H35C0774: Yes, slicing. Flamethrower? We might need to melt...

FU77: ...The floor?

H35C0774: Nope -

FU77: ...Each other's expectations of a successful outcome to this?

H35C0774: Nope - and now you're being negative. What would Benneth - ah - er...!

FU77: Precisely - you've been sitting on Benneth-Carring's bollocks for so long it's starting to feel like his cock is operating your intestines. If it FEELS NEGATIVE...you know that might just be a REALISTIC INTERPRETATION of the situation.

H35C0774: Don't you think you should, y'know, 'voice down'?

FU77: That's the brightest idea you've had all year. For your part anyway. Actually I think it's



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something you should adhere to as a general rule of thumb: 'voice down'.

H35C0774: You know, I think that's what I like least about working with you Futt - you always cut me down!

FU77: Speaking of which - here he comes. I'll get the door, three...two...one...

H31D1 7H3 J4CK3R-J0Z35: Hold it - freeze - whatever they say - high alert everyone. Carring, Longest Dick, Fucker.

73DD13 (7H3 CH1Z3) 83ZZ37H-C4RR1Z6: Are you boys in that cabin? Or something? I heard Heidi the Cybercunt, I'm sure of it...

H31D1: The Wide-Open Demonking decided to put ME on the boat to make it more interesting for the WIDER Wide-Open audience. You're all far too close together to make this a real show - it's gonna be over in a gnat's footprint at this pace. Back off Carring and listen to me. You too Futt AND Hescotta - DON'T EVEN TRIP MY SON!!

73DD13: We're not ALL going to listen to YOU!!!



Toe Telly

Watering The Fine Scenes



H31D1: Oh yes you fucking are!! Hehe! ...
BRRRRZZZZZEEEEEENNNNNAAAAAAWWWW
WWWSSSZZTTTOOOPPPEELLECTROCUUUUTIIINN
NGGGMMMEEEEEEE...aaawwooahhr...ignore
that...this is going to be, to be, it's going to be
fuNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNN
NNNNZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ2222222222
2222222222IIIIIIIIddddddIIIIIdIdIIIIdIddddIIIIIokay
okay okay okay okay okay okay right right right
QQQQQQQQQEEEEEEEEEMMMMMEEEEEAAAAAA
AAAAARRRRRRGGGGGGHHHHHH let's continue
this conversation later shall weeeEEEEEEOOOO...
KKKKKKkgggggggggggggggggggggggNNNNgNNG
GGNNNNNNgggggPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPIPIPlease.
PIPIPIPIPlease. Please no. Please no. Please
Demonking no BBBBBIlblblblblIblblBBBBLIlibbIIleeeb
YAr. YAr. YOOOOAAAAARRRRRNNNNNNNNNKK.
PLEEEEEEEELLLLLPPP. PPPPLLLEEEEEEZZZEEEEE.
PLEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEZ PLELP. OWNO.
OWNO. OWNONONO - OHNONO. DOOOO. DOoo.
Dooooooooooon't. Dooooooon't. Noplease.
Don'tplease. Buggerplease.FUck you - no - no- NO -
NOOO - I MEAN SORRRRRYY. I MEAN SORRRRY.
IIIIIIIII'VVVVVEEEEEEHHHHAAADDDENNOOUUGGHH
OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO
VVVVVVVVVVVVVVVVVVVVVVVVVVVVVVVVVV
EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE
RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR

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Veganism





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Of Course by Jane's Addiction…*fucking interesting song.* - Just a starting point.

There are several *overwhelmingly* persuasive grounds for ceasing the use and abuse of non-human animals.

- The sickness of abattoirs; the corruption of human health; the stresses of climate change; starving the world of crops for humans and animals; disturbing ecological harmony; the culture of violence it engenders.

Endeavour to peacefully end animal exploitation industries.

1. *It's something to do - lots of people lack a vocation.*

2. *It's the 'right/correct/good' thing to do, i.e. it is morally untenable to be physically violent towards animals to one's own advantage outside the context of a survival situation*

3. *Slaughterhouse workers will be relieved from their terrible circumstance.*

4. *Nursing animals back to health will be fantastically emotionally rewarding.*



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5. *Land will be freed up.*

6. *Raw materials can be re-processed in other industries.*

7. *Slaughterhouses will no longer pollute the atmospheres of towns and cities.*

Veganism aspires to ideologically consequence ‘the least suffering’, however it fundamentally focuses on non-human (in conjunction with human) animal freedoms.

Any creature with a nervous system is able to feel pain and hence suffer.

To simplify the dispute:

Vegans say ‘stop directly or inadvertently supporting abuse - consider what the animals want’.

And carnivores retort ‘but what about what I want?’

- That’s a self-contradictory moral stance without assuming special superiority.

It’s self-invalidating hypocrisy.



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'What about MY feelings?'

What about addiction?

- 'I need to satisfy my taste buds with animal flesh.'

I put it to you that you are deceived as to the potential quality of plant-based cuisine.

Be honest in the face of the desires of the self and the world in which you live.

It's a balance.

It always is.

It might seem harmless to swat a fly.

It would be globally catastrophic to wipe out even a quarter of the fly species overnight, I venture to speculate (exampling arachnid/reptile dietary needs and consequent dramatic habitual disequilibrium.)

How much of the oceans have we fished to extinction?

'Take that metal hook out of my mouth please'.

We have to draw the line somewhere.



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~~*Avoidable suffering.*~~



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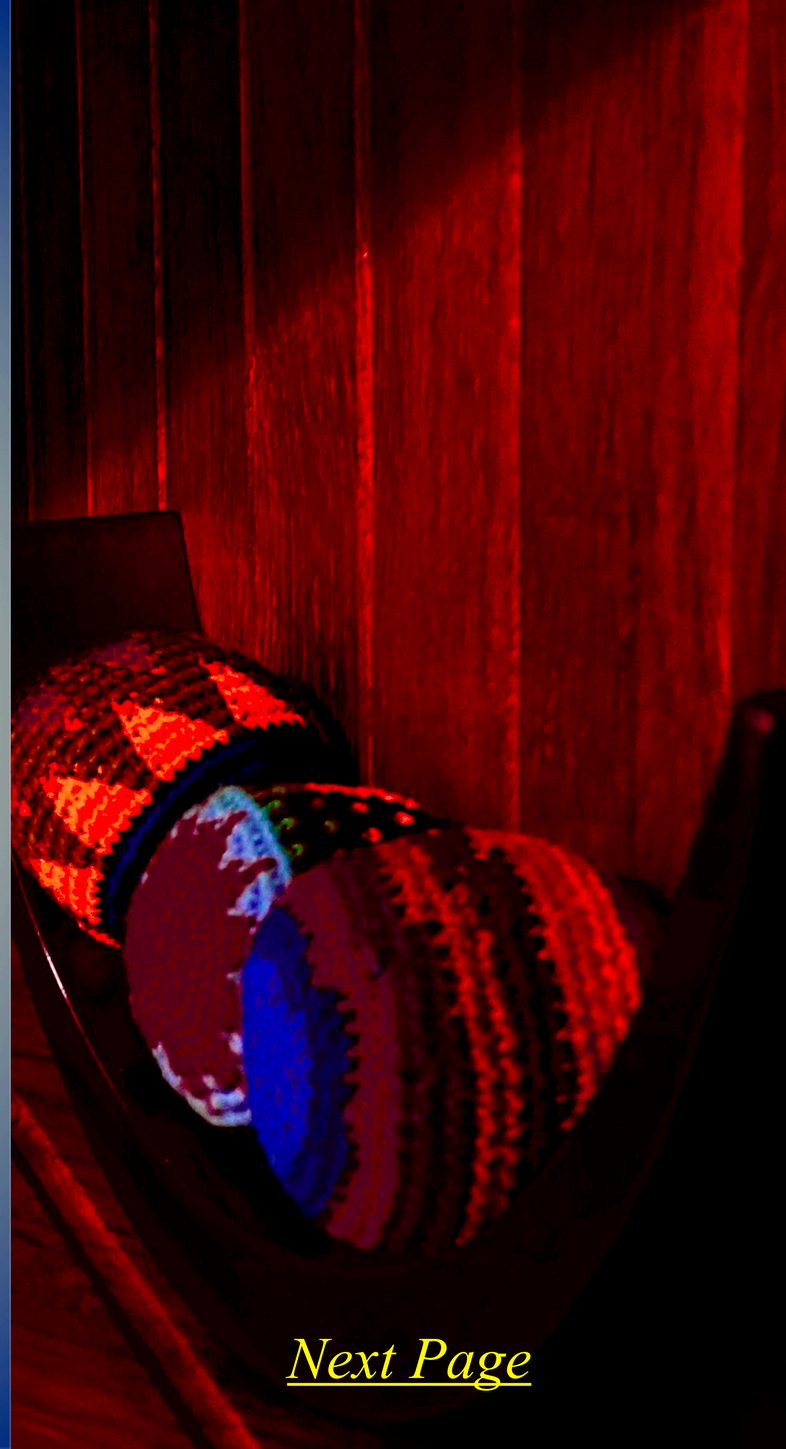
Theory

‘Paths of understanding are not lost for a good reason’





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Argumentation

$$P + P = 2P$$

$$2+2=4$$

Easy to understand…

…obviously and demonstrably true…

…beyond a shred of doubt…

…unless one is a beginner in this system of logic/ mathematics…

…in which case there is little way of knowing…

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...and one is thus obliged to abstain from delivering a confident verdict.

That which is true now, might not be true later - but it will still have been true then - and will be seen as such if the path of investigation taken to check its veracity is sufficiently related.

Is what is real *now* real *later?* - Yes or no? Or nonsensical question? *Or I don't know?*

'This here sentence is a lie'.

(Could be regarded as a muddle of symbols).

A logical conundrum once you introduce the question - *what linguistic senses of the concepts are derived for the purposes of comprehending the sentence, and are they physically/logically consistent in a real world scenario? As the scenario depicted alters, the truth of the statement does too.*

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Toe Telly

This sentence is not self-referential.

'That there fella is not quite himself.'

It draws attention to the freedom thought possesses to investigate beliefs outside of logical laws. What does it mean to believe that five plus five equals eleven?

A student early enough in her training could be convinced of it.

The structural basis for a dishonesty is flawed - at some level it is incoherent - and betrays…

…the satisfaction of grasping a rational explanation.

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Toe Telly



Due to tone, any sentiment can be made ironic.

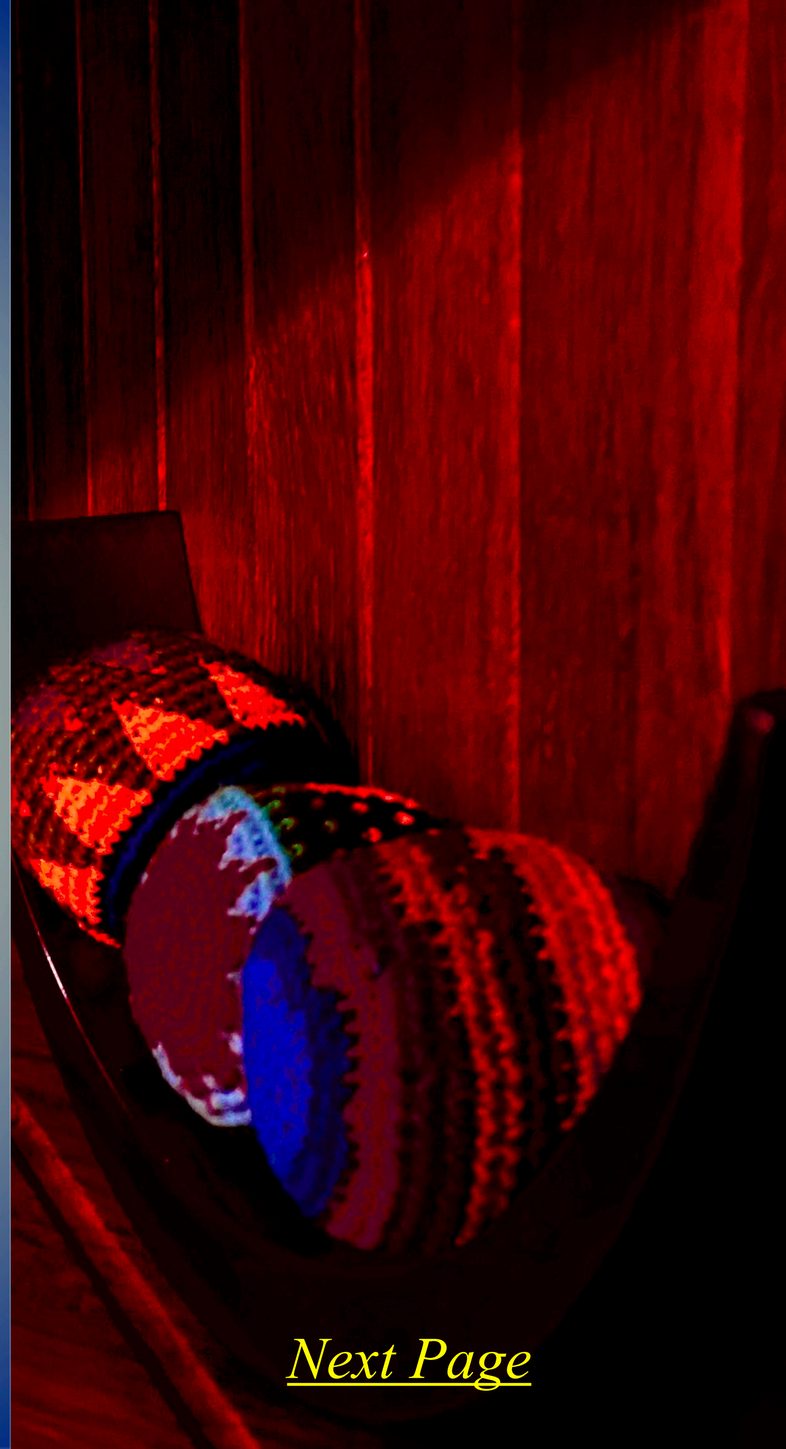
You're soooooooo cool!!!! :(((((((((

In accordance with the tone of the delivery, and also with regard to the context, linguistically any statement means itself and extends to its exact opposite (truly (authentically)).

The precise 'inverse' of this is true of corporeal reality - reality is purely itself and excludes all other possibilities. The student is not BOTH studying in the kitchen AND NOT studying in the kitchen at the same time. The physical nature of reality doesn't allow it.

Truth is our version of reality - so where we mismatch it, there is a mistake/ collision further along in actual reality because we set up for something that isn't there...or we don't prepare for something that IS there. Unless it's a joke and the truth is wittily unveiled.

It's sort of inevitable in a sense.



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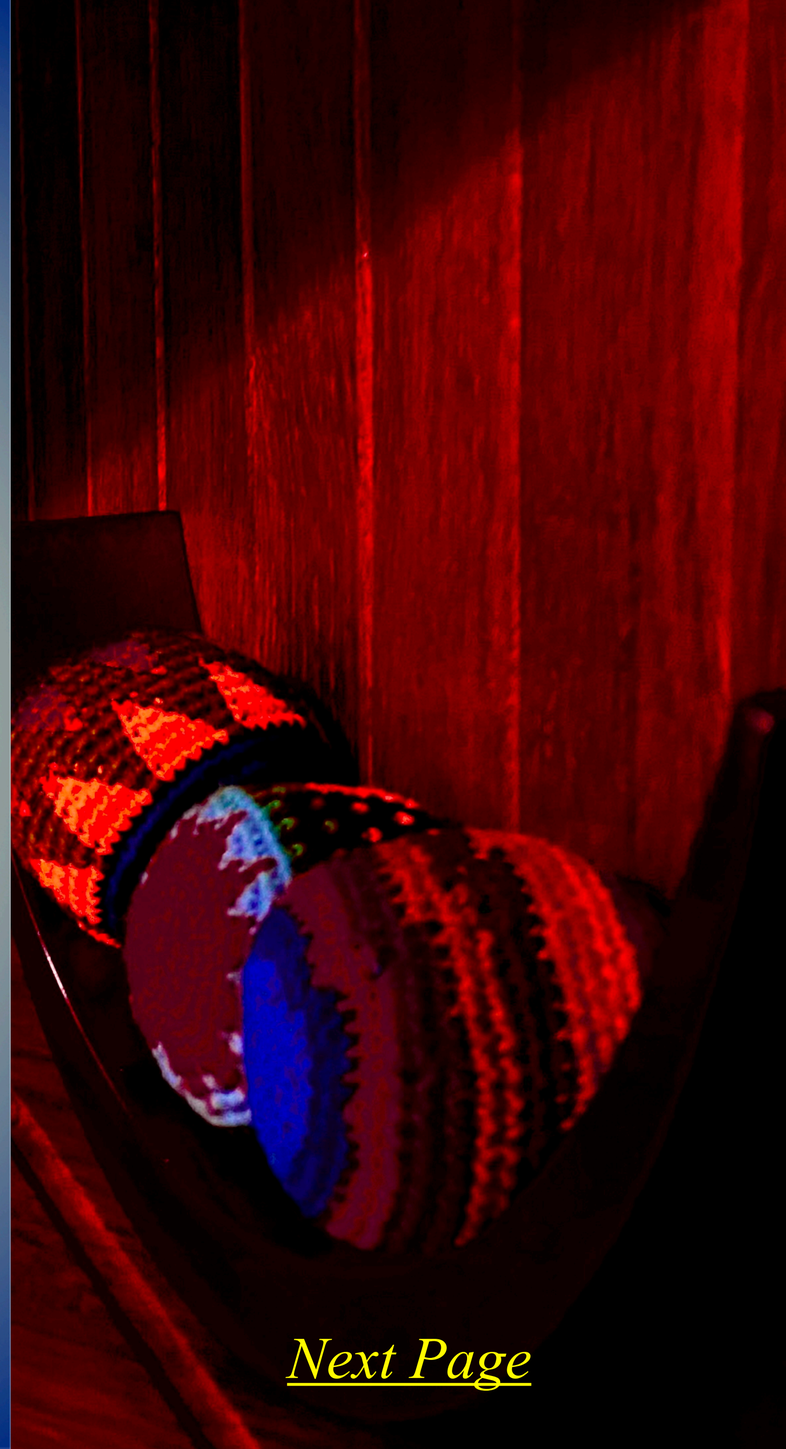
Toe Telly



YOU CAN CALL SOMETHING 'OBJECTIVELY TRUE' - BUT EVEN IF YOU DO, WITH THE BEST WILL IN THE WORLD, AND WITH ALL THE EVIDENCE OF GOD AT YOUR DISPOSAL, YOU STILL WOULDN'T KNOW FOR CERTAIN THAT IT WAS, BECAUSE HUMANS ARE FALLIBLE.

No Big T.O.E. - Just some stuff to masticate.

I've done nothing...



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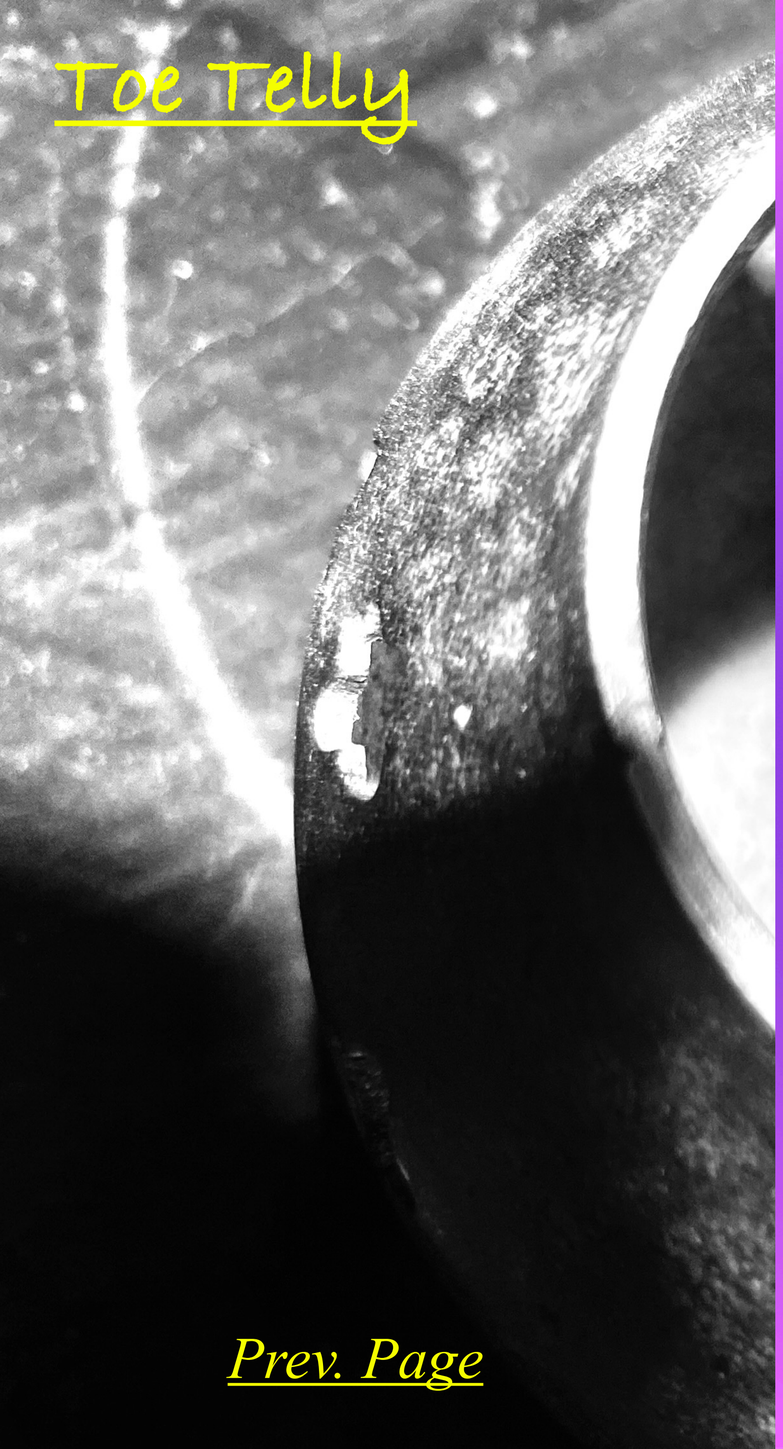

Toe Telly

B.A.S.E. TECHNIQUE REFINERY

Breathe the pressure as is comfortable...if challenging at times.

Manoeuvre to improve posture.

Orient physical balance around felt centre of gravity as supports sense of emotional contentedness.

Head high? Depends how you feel, but can strengthen sense of confidence.

Resist modes of tension and pressure to act against own better judgement.

Self-expression at own pace.

Tense muscles measuredly to enhance connection with inner feelings.

'Sense' is conceptually oriented towards the 'outside'.



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'Feel' has a sense in which it seems pertinent to the internal.

- Both touch-related.

In case you haven't or aren't going to/might not look into Wim Hof's methods, here's a brief-ish description of an interpretation of his breathing method:

Basically, you get comfortable in a secure posture, take a number, perhaps start out with between 5 and 30 (varying up or down according to circumstances) slow-ish deep breaths, remembering to breathe out reasonably deeply, as well as in (so your intake of air is deeper still), then after the final breath out, hold your breath.

Hold it out for perhaps between twenty seconds and a minute and a half, staying aware of the immediate environment (as

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ever). Then breathe in deeply and hold your breath for about 15 seconds (this has to do with putting oxygen back into your body).

Aspects of the improvements associated with this technique appear to be almost exponential in their effectiveness over time.

From chemistry past physics, stopping off at biology and moving philosophically towards physiological wellbeing: atoms move around creating heat.

Atoms in motion ARE heat.

Cool atomic activity and it slows down.

Similarly with molecular activity.

Physical illness is generally a form of inflammation - which is maliciously affective heating-up of biological cells.

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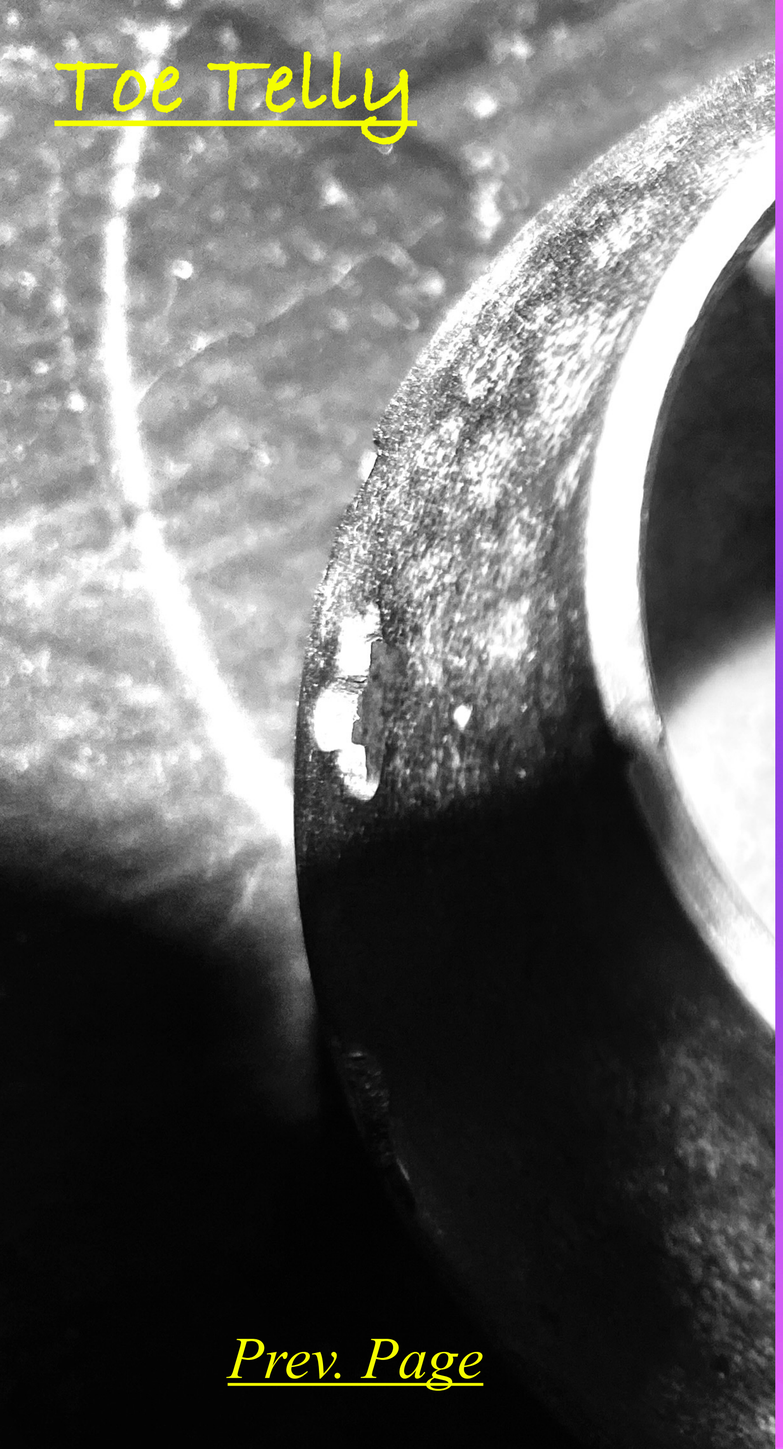

SO = hence : - therefore * > ;)...measuredly expose your malady to cold temperatures in order to slow the motion and thus reduce the inflammation.

Sore throat?

Drink icy water perhaps? As well as the recommended warm sweet lemon drink (I assume).

Not saying you should or will, but if I take a warm shower, then towards the end raise the temperature, perhaps a bit warmer than I'm used to, then after a while I can turn the temperature down quite low and I'm actually numb to any shock of the cold. The experience varies, as with most things. (Research Wim Hof for advice on cold-exposure).

Viewing/treating my body as one large muscle, I crook and stretch (contract and expand) - bending my knees and leaning forward, then straightening my whole body



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Toe Telly

up towards a slight lean backwards, and back down again, as an exercise to repeat whilst practicing breath work. They're like elaborate crouches I suppose. This rapidly sets me up for a breath hold-out.

The motion just described, after a number of physical repetitions (for me) naturally elicits respiratory activity (I breathe along with the exercise without having to concentrate on it).

I'm a far cry from a competent athlete/runner or a keen yoga master, but the activity just outlined works quite well for me as a person who spends quite a lot of time on his own in a box.

Worth noting - self-imposed muscular tension combats the onset of dizziness (if you start to lose consciousness, tense your muscles to regain sensory awareness). It's always a risk with physical exercise.

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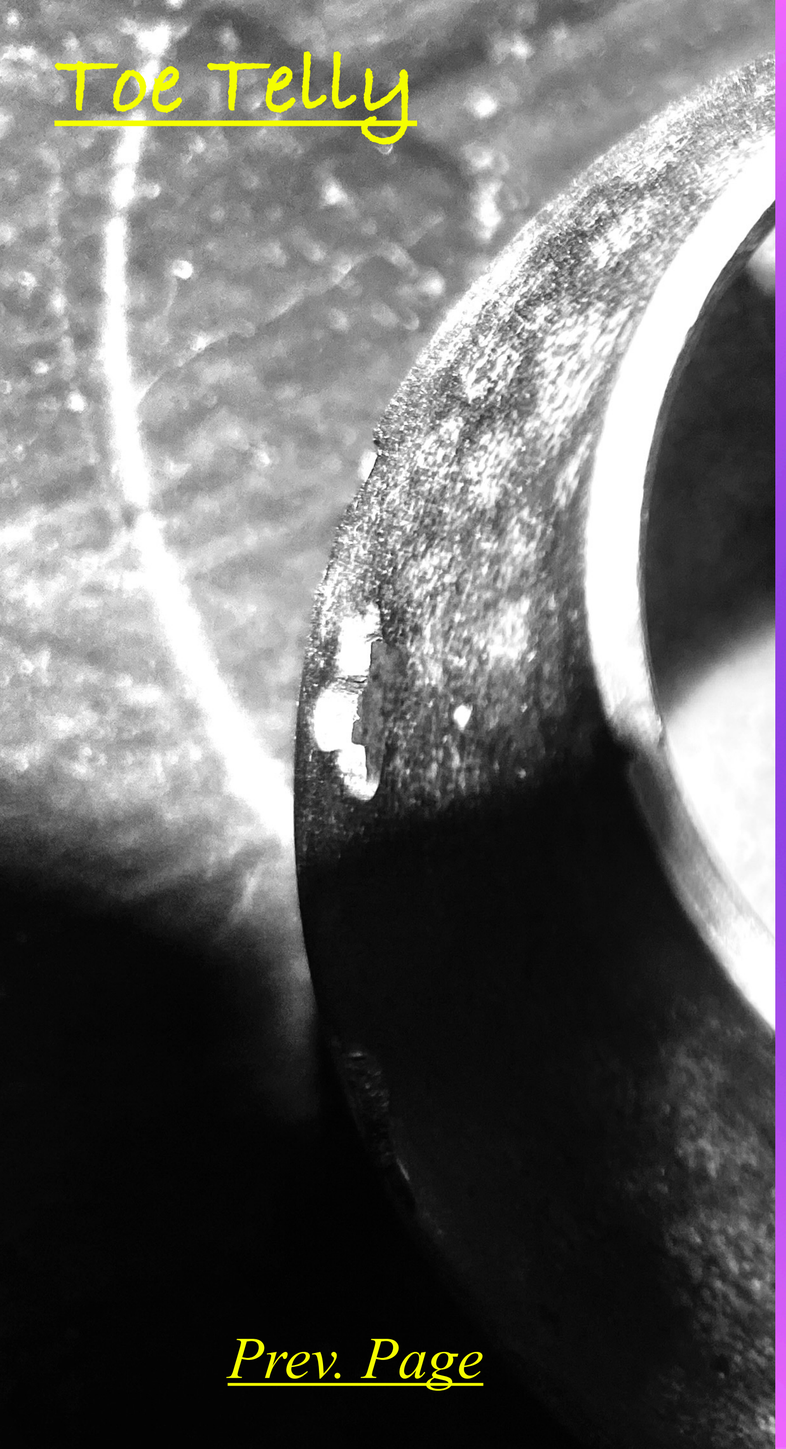

Toe Telly

If I focus on the peripheral (marginal) surroundings in my visual field, I may automatically gain a different and/or better focus on the central point in my perspective.

YOU are the being that feels.

Laughter is a pure expression of happiness/ joy.

Laughter is a consequence of good humour.

Humour involves irony.

Irony is key to a humorous storyline.



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Toe Telly

A comedic revelation (punchline) is a trigger of apprehension of the truth reflected by the irony.

Laughter is breathing out uncontrolledly causing contractions in the body which suddenly and nervously excite sensations of joy in recognition of, and to release pressure/ tension.

Breathing is elementary to laughter.

With suspense in a drama/joke leading up to the climax/punchline... one breathes in, holds one's breath

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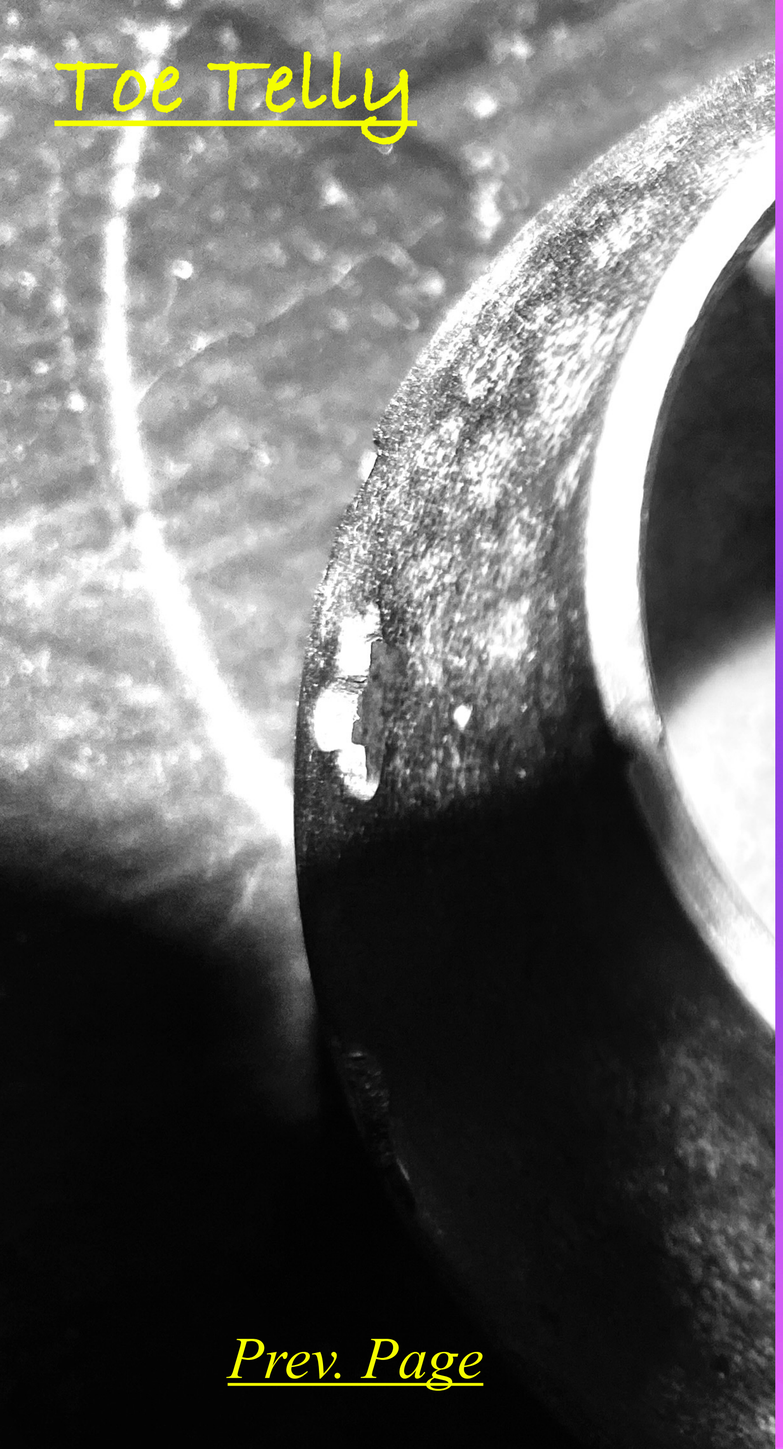

and (perhaps?) impulsively exhales at the unexpected release of the tension.

Respiration is built into the physics of humour.

1 More...

DRINK THE ATMOSPHERE.

Okay you can go now.



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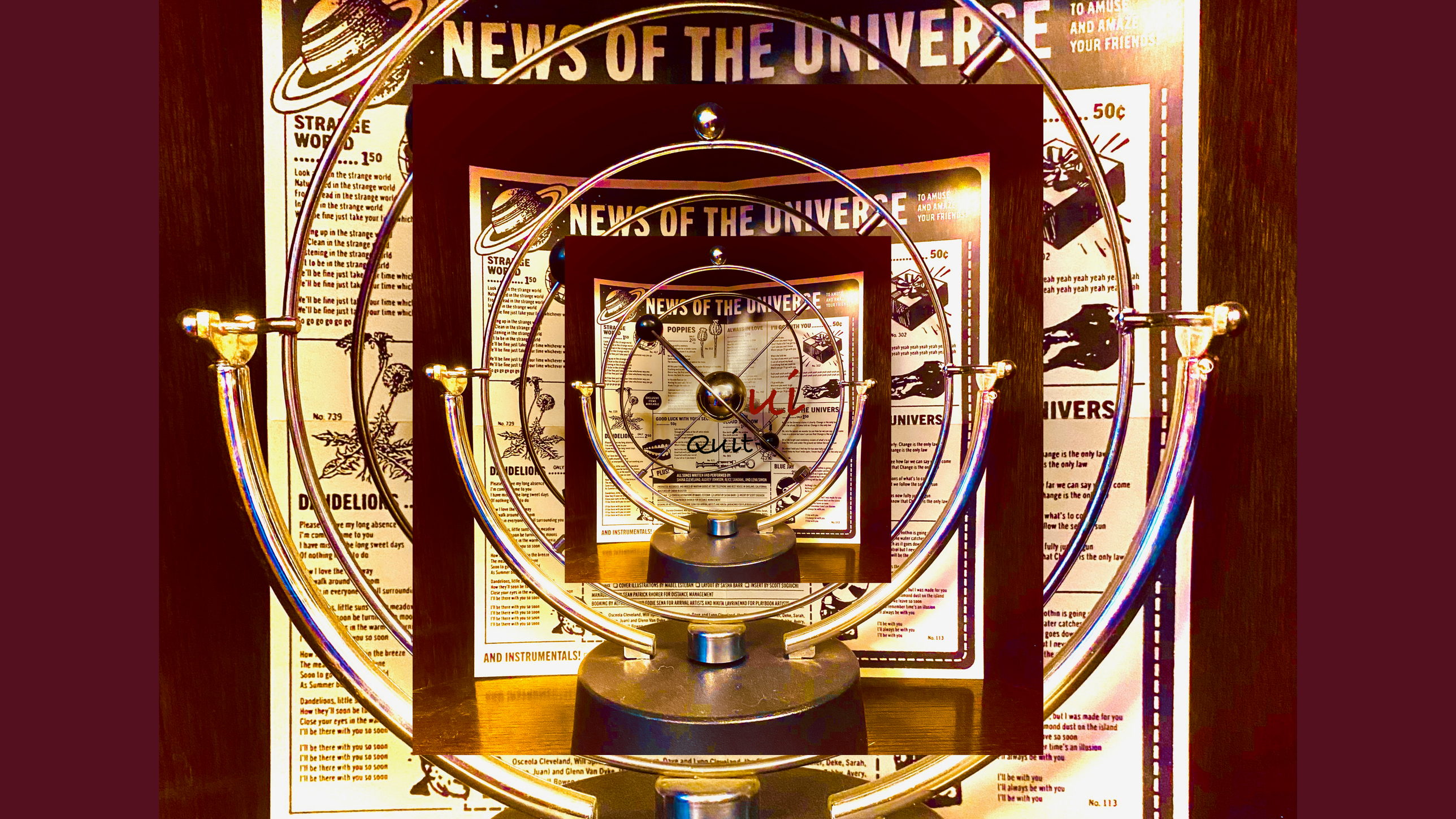
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