



Writer's Base

# OLIVER TURNER

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# B.A.S.E.

BASIC ASPECTS (OF THE) SPATIOTEMPORAL ELEMENT

A Theoretical Framework of Metaphysical Reality at  
a Metalogical Level

*Oliver Turner*



B.A.S.E. MAP

BASIC ASPECTS (OF THE) SPATIOTEMPORAL ELEMENT

	SPATIAL	TEMPORAL
COSMOLOGICAL	<b>Object</b> <i>External (Particle)</i>	<b>Subject</b> <i>Internal (Wave)</i>
FORMAL	<b>Field</b> <i>Infinite (Shape)</i>	<b>Force</b> <i>Eternal (Trajectory)</i>
VIBRATIONAL	<b>Light</b> <i>Position (Figure)</i>	<b>Sound</b> <i>Motion (Tone)</i>
EXISTENTIAL	<b>Material</b> <i>Body (Spirit)</i>	<b>Motive</b> <i>Mind (Soul)</i>
IDENTICAL	<b>Visual</b> <i>Real (Corporeal)</i>	<b>Audial</b> <i>True (Ethereal)</i>
AGENTIAL	<b>Emotion</b> <i>Awareness (Instinct)</i>	<b>Reason</b> <i>Consciousness (Intuition)</i>
LOGICAL	<b>Sense</b> <i>Reference (Quantity)</i>	<b>Meaning</b> <i>Language (Quality)</i>
ACADEMICAL	<b>Investigation</b> <i>Physical (Actual)</i>	<b>Inquiry</b> <i>Philosophical (Factual)</i>
NATURAL	<b>Scientific</b> <i>Phenomena (How)</i>	<b>Ethical</b> <i>Noumena (Why)</i>
EXPERIENTIAL	<b>World</b> <i>Character (Impression)</i>	<b>Self</b> <i>Person (Expression)</i>
ONTOLOGICAL	<b>Being</b> <i>Substance (Form)</i>	<b>Sentience</b> <i>Sensation (Life)</i>



# B.A.S.E.

BASIC ASPECTS (OF THE)  
SPATIOTEMPORAL ELEMENT

## **A theoretical framework of metaphysical reality at a meta-logical level**

*In metaphysical terms, the universe may be presented as being imbued with a cosmic duality whose conceptual identity is ubiquitously spatiotemporal.*

*An event occurring 'in space' or 'spatially' has a complementary 'temporal' aspect. – The cosmological contents of an enduring reality necessarily involve both existence and change – ontological cooperators of space and time.*

*In actuality – in our experience here on earth – a lightning strike is some kind of a vehicle for thunder – the light manifests 'instantaneously' (at the speed of light) in space, the effected thunder sound resonates enduringly through time.*

*The spatiotemporal element is the universally dualistic nature of phenomena. A particle or particular object in space is in practice witnessed in some respects as a waveform with a trajectory over time.*

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The grammatical sense of concepts in logic is structured dualistically to their fleshed-out, lived/appreciated meaning (analogically literarily to 'syntax' and 'semantics').

One has quantitative depth (the technical grammar of the vocabulary) the other has qualitative depth (the experience of conceptualisation (and the memories and emotions associated with it)).

The concepts in the B.A.S.E. Theory Map respect a 'Wittgensteinian' familial relationship in their practical usage – they overlap – the terms chosen bear synonymity and blend in places including between polar aspects.

An object/event (at any scale) has a spatial aspect and its temporal counterpart; the pair, conceptually sourced from a nominally identical phenomenon are characteristically related as to their features; a knock on wood will sonically resonate like a knock on wood and optically present as wood being knocked.

The knock and the wood, the common denominators, may vary in nature hugely but these features signify something resonant of a kind of sensory experience, examples of which may be experienced in the imagination.

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The B.A.S.E. terms do not have rigorous rules of application to singular senses/meanings.

A reasonable amount of context is required to lead satisfactorily into the sentence: 'investigation happens in space, whereas inquiry happens in time'.

The concept of language in some profound senses subsumes logic, to heed an alternative perspective to the foundational conceptual structural framework on the B.A.S.E. Map.

For B.A.S.E. Theory, logic is specifically at the basis of mathematics and reason from a structural vantage point, and in this way takes categorical precedence.

Reference could be substituted with 'measure'.

While distinct from one another in a variety of usages, they pertain to a 'numerical' or 'identical' feature of communication.

Quantify the information (spatial/substantial). Qualify what it means (temporal/experiential).

Language is positioned on the map indicatively of an 'everyday' use of the term, rather than in its broadest sense as 'communication' – insofar as even a chemical

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reaction, or any kind of information transmission, would be fair game to the definition – although the aforementioned synonymity should allow for this interpretation to be in play where the overall theory is elaborated to cater for it.

A 'person' has a character they express, and the character makes an impression – the world has character, but the individual has personality. Hence the 'internal' person makes an expression as well as an impression. The source of expression is the internal, temporal personhood; whereas a rock, crucially, makes an impression WITHOUT expressing itself with (much) personality (but perhaps with plenty of character).

There is synonymity and overlap....but impression is received by personhood in the case of any object.

Expression is generated out of emotional/energetic engagement with one's personality/self and conveyed outward.

A stone, unaware, unconscious and unmotivated, landing next to an ant, makes a physical impact in a way that is internally and sensorially experienced by the ant, whereas the creature designs an impact on the stone motivated from within...the stone rolls to one side with a nudge. The ant (self) expresses. The stone (world) impresses.

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Both 'do both' if we break the concepts down epistemically to a far enough extent. – Hence the pertinence of the concept of 'the elemental' ('of the essence' so to speak).

To a Cartesian degree everything linguistically or logically dissolves into everything else conceptually due to the basic unity of the technique of language itself. 1 is 1, and 7 is 7. But 7 is also 1 because there is only one of them. And 1 is therefore 7 – since we established equivalence just now when we said '7 is 1'.

Zero is infinity (they are mathematical inversions of each other) and readily recognised as such on consideration that one is ultimately connected to the concept of nothing, the other of everything.

Everything and nothing are so intuitively polar/inverted, conceptually they describe the opposite state to each other. Similarly to positive and negative.

Blue is green where the word 'blue' symbolically refers to the colour green.

It may be discussed all day, but any point is arguable and it is a matter of personal choice whether to conclude the inquiry and/or commit to a verdict of true or false.

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Dark is light, because darkness is not even a physical substance – it's the absence of light, so the concept 'darkness' is not strictly necessary to account for the phenomenon.

But light (and therefore dark) is also a parrot, because light is photonic, and photons are electronic – and everything is constituted (if not entirely) of electrons – except sub-electronic entities – including exotic birds. At a basic level they are the same thing – energy (which is similar to mass – at that microcosmic scale).

A parrot is a carrot for the same reason and also in a situation where someone hears someone say 'a parrot' when they said 'a carrot' – but they actually meant to say 'a parrot' in the first place.

And also one is a word, and the other is also a word, and so they are both constituted by that single reservoir 'language'.

'Parrot' is linguistic, and 'carrot' is linguistic, therefore they are identical in this respect.

Logically, if P is identical with L, and C is identical with L, then either P or C can be substituted with L – or with each other – and likewise with everything other signifier

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known to language – and it is technically a free choice whether P is signified with 'L' or 'C' or anything else.

It is not necessary to commit to the previous set of statements, but whatever good they do anybody...they do hold truth. Fairly uncontroversially.

A philosopher can 'investigate' to aid inquiry, and a physicist can 'inquire' to aid investigation, still the essences of the meanings of the terms individually understood have spatiotemporally 'polar' dimensions.

'Inquiry' intuitively infers a 'why' question; investigation infers a 'how' question. The one being rather analytical and introverted, requiring a process of reasoned consideration (a priori), the other explorative and extroverted, requiring a corporeal environment to work in (a posteriori).

Instinct, arguably, is physiologically/emotionally 'felt'.

Intuition throws up 'self-evident' truth to the front of the mind, or to the subconscious. The truth has a logical structure.

E.g. that it is the sun that is responsible for producing the sunshine.

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The reality of it is felt sensorially. The truth of it is cognised rationally.

Instinct is intuitively related to intuition in this opposite and apposite way.

$3+3=6$  is true – any mathematician can 'see' it in their mind – to intuit it is to see that truth without reasoning.

It is clearly the case when 6 apples are lain in a pattern on a table (overlap of the true into the real). It might become manifestly apparent to the reasoning faculties after it has been intuited.

Instinct is, perhaps, without thinking, to run from an external threat in the environment, or reject food that seems somehow wrong/off to the sensibilities.

Instinct seems to be essentially a physical impulse; intuition a mental judgement.

A shot in snooker takes form with shape as the balls, table and cue (in space), and takes form with trajectory over the course of the action (in time).

What is seen has a figure-like appearance. It may be represented spatially.

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What is heard has no essential definitive/set shape outside of the source phenomenon's material/spatial aspects.

The thunder clap is a subjective percept. It takes a form, but the shape isn't cast in stone as it would be at any instant for a spatial aspect. To experience/know a sound is to trace its development – time is necessary to the essential process – to recognise (significance in) its linear evolution – not to behold it holistically in an instant as an entire visual scene might be beheld.

The spatiotemporal element is the association between the spatial and temporal aspects of any concept, whose two sides are wedded and reflect each other as facets of the same stone.

The concepts eternal and infinite share a characteristic in common – that of never ending – though the words possess differing senses.

Essentially one is a temporal, the other is a spatial concept.

It's not as simple as this. Spacetime is a dualistic concept but space and time have very individual characters. Their relationship to each other might be described as an inversion. Like 'inner' and 'outer'. They're opposite...but

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there is nuance. They dovetail/polarise with each other's distinct conceptual nature to exist.

Which also means the features of an aspect's meanings/senses are bound up in a dynamic spatiotemporal relationship.

The universe is elementally spatiotemporal, from the corporeal to the ethereal, in a way which explains academic theory holistically, from the scientific to the ethical, with a paradigmatic epistemic model.

Theory on physical spacetime must be grounded in metaphysical theory, just as any scientific model needs a paradigm – relativity for gravity for example, or quantum electrodynamics for particle physics, or natural selection for evolutionary theory, etc; a coherent scientific framework needs to use specialised language with specific terminology to exist – these are grounded in foundational concepts and their definitions – their meanings – and they are established through the philosophy of science.

The more theoretical the research, the more philosophical it is. Given the terms: theory and hypothesis – philosophy would be closer essentially to being related to hypothesis.

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However, between theoretical and factual it would be more accurately described as theoretical.

Then again if the options were actual and factual, philosophy would lead as factual, and physics has a far clearer academic prowess over the domain of the actual.

The model of time science presents needs to be realistically coherent with personal and everyday experience of what time is, otherwise the concept at its origin/etymological root is betrayed.

The concept of time is intuited on the assumed grounds that everything changes at the same rate on some frame of reference. There is consistency on some level in the physical universe – it's written definitively into the word 'physical' – an (ultimately deterministic, as is perhaps felicitous to the discipline) scientific perspective respects the fact that causation is concretely effective – the laws of physics cannot be avoided in a physically real universe.

Metaphysics intellectually steps outside of physics – as is a valid step in matters discussing the soul, or emotional experiences, or mental states, or theological points.

Laws of physics cannot be contravened in a purely physical setting. The past causes/determines the future,

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however the fate of future events rests on how internal, personal, choice-making organisms act in the present.

Freedom of movement and expression in an infinite universe means the direction reality evolves in has to be 'decided' somehow or other. Who decides whether an ant turns left or right? In some sense, all things considered... it's the ant.

It's a tautologous point about identity: if it isn't the ant, then the subject of the premise in the question is invalidated – and so nobody decides whether an ant turns left or right. Unless it is a remote-controlled ant without agency – in which case it isn't the ant that turns it's the controller.

Agency dissipates into nothing of any substance – anywhere – there can be no concept of choice about anything in the universe, locally or universally, if the world is 100% deterministic, past, present and future.

To argue there is no such thing as a concept of choice in existence is unrealistic.

Although the past is chronologically earlier from some perspectives, the present takes precedence over the future OR the past; the past emerges out of the present. The present, the nexus of then and now, is where

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sentience occurs and understanding/consideration/choice plays out.

As ever, the physical and logical conundrum of how something manifests out of nothing at the genesis of the cosmos is intuitively unfathomable.

B.A.S.E. Theory proposes an original teleologically-surprising spatiotemporal vibration, generative of and therefore beyond the physical world which may be taken as standard evidence of an extraordinary (some might prefer to use the term 'supernatural') quality to reality.

A meaningful image carefully painted on a plain concrete wall.

A splash of fluid mercurial magic into the sorceress's solid gold cup.

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## BASIC ASPECTS (OF THE) SPATIOTEMPORAL ELEMENT

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# The Wide-Open Dialogues

Oliver Turner





# She Dildo'd Virginia

**CL34Z3R:** ...she dildo'd Virginia.

**53CR3T4RY:** Goodness!

**H34DW45T3R:** What?

**53C:** ...Oh - Headmaster, welcome to the staff meeting.

**H34D:** I heard that. Which one?

**CL:** What you mean...

**H34D:** There are two you know.

**CL:** Well...which one are you thinking of?





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**H34D:** But...

**CL:** Nope.

**H34D:** ...You JUST NOW reported it. Describe it so I can envisage the act. It's against school policy for any girl to be...treated...like that without our consent. They CAN fuck themselves in private, if they're discreet. There will be consequences.

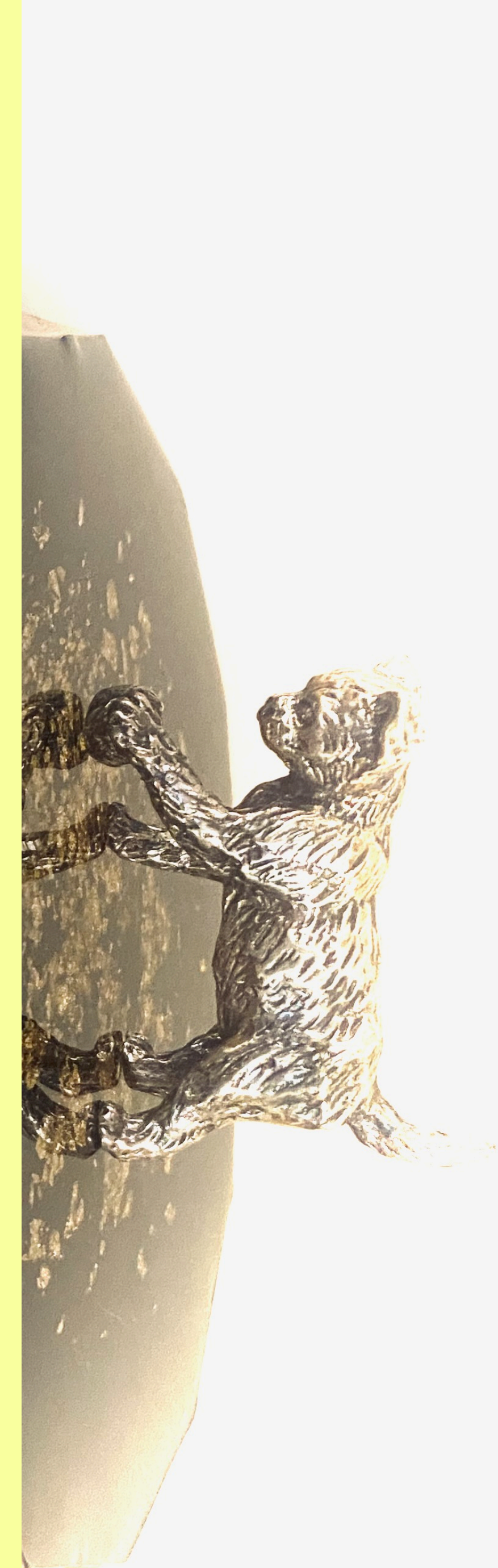
**3Z6L15H L4Z6U463:** 'Virginia' is a popular name here but Christ, I still can't believe this school has that many virgi...

**CL:** Sorry to interrupt but...Virginia Camus.

**H34D:** Oh Camus! Camus! Camus! Camus! You know the drill. Have her arrested, strip her of everything including the clothes off her back, and leave her with her mobile phone.

**PHY51C5:** And some sort of vibrator!

**H34D:** A mobile tends to suffice for most of the girls, but it doesn't hurt to double up I suppose...



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battery life and so forth. But we're forgetting something...

**DOW35T1C SC1 3ZC3:** Food?

**H34D:** No...let her stuff her hole with cakes and chocolate on her return. Shouldn't be more than about four days. No - a lingering question - **WHO** dildo'd Virginia?

**CL:** Whoever it was, they'll be held responsible.

**H34D:** Correct. Let me get the fuzz on the blower. Hello Constable Scotty Hardahart please. - This is Headmaster Longhock at the High School. I need you to take care of one of the teenage girls for a couple of hours. Yes, she has a name - I gave her one: Virginia. Masturbation. Assisted. Dildo. Sparkly silver. Steady on Officer, you haven't even SEEN Virginia yet. But, yes, so would I. And be hasty, we all want to watch her pay the price for what occurred.

**53C:** How did YOU come to witness it?

**CL:** We were in the changing rooms. Virginia was caught unawares. I didn't catch the face of the other student.

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**R3L1 610U5 5TUD135: Sacrilegious neglect of duty to protect one's modesty.**

**P5YCH0L06Y: What was her motive for bending over at the time?**

**CL: Shoelaces.**

**T3XT1L35: Knickers?**

**CL: Of course.**

**T3XT: Of course yes or of course no?**

**CL: Of course yes.**

**T3XT: She WAS wearing panties then?**

**CL: YES of COURSE she WASN'T wearing panties.**

**T3XT: So there was no fabric of any texture caressing her soft bare skin at the time? Not silk? Any lace to speak of?**

**CL: Now you know I've always argued aggressively for cotton skirts at this school, must be so much more...**



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**T3XT:** I totally agree.

**H34D:** Well this is Wide-Open High School - we've got a reputation, and every girl has a stake in the whole business. It goes deep. It seems like you're out, then you get pulled back in. I've seen it again, and again, and again, and again, and again, and again. It can be a dark tunnel, and a rocky ride... eventually it always gets messy.

**J4Z1T0R:** Sir...

**H34D:** Yes, sorry, I got carried away on a train of thought.

**J4Z:** ...the filth are here sir.

**H34D:** Ah - it's those three. The local constabulary has such tall police officers. I hope they're in a good mood. Mind you, sometimes it helps doesn't it?

**CH3W15TRY:** Smack?

**H34D:** No thank you, I'm off class A's at the moment to tell you the truth.

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**CL:** No - he meant...a little spank?

**H34D:** Oh - our young offender...

**R3L:** A young girl with nothing on being smacked around by police officers - it won't look pretty.

**H34D:** If it's going on, I want to see it.

**CL:** It looks like they're taking BOTH Virginias with their dildos up the alley in the front garden.

**CR4FT5:** Gosh the flowers are out early for spring - doesn't it make you want to get out there and produce lots of material?

**H34D:** Ha - look - Virginia Spanzof struggling!

**DR4W4:** She's a proper little actress. A crafty deva with manners like a house cat...and no shame. She makes up to eighteen, then when she dances the fellas get hoodwinked into firing up a croissant into the blazer of one of the girls she is dancing next to. She's a horn-magnet. Everywhere she pauses to lick her paws some dawg or other wants consequences.

**H34D:** Where will they take her first I wonder.





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**CL:** Take Virginia Spanzof?

**H34D:** Yes. Yes. Yes. And the other one - Comass.

**3Z6 L4Z6:** Camus.

**H34D:** Camus. What did I say?

**53C:** You said 'Comass'.

**H34D:** 'Camus'. How can I remember?

**P5YCH:** Try not to think about it.

**H34D:** I always forget what I was trying not to think about.

**3Z6 L4Z6:** Listen, first it's 'came.'

**H34D:** Yes, I can picture that already. Virginia 'Came' - yes...!

**3Z6 L4Z6:** Now what about an 'us' mnemonic?

**H34D:** Ah - yes - WE should go to the main screen in the assembly hall and we won't have to imagine





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anything - we can watch Spankof and Cumarse or whatever their names are to our hearts' content.

**3Z6 L4Z6:** We'll be in plenty of time to witness the first climactic event!

**61RLI:** Excuse me sir...

**H34D:** Yes, permission to speak.

**61RLI:** What's going to happen to us?

**H1 5TORY:** Now, explain the origin of these two young wenches standing here next to me Janitor, and back up your claim with evidence.

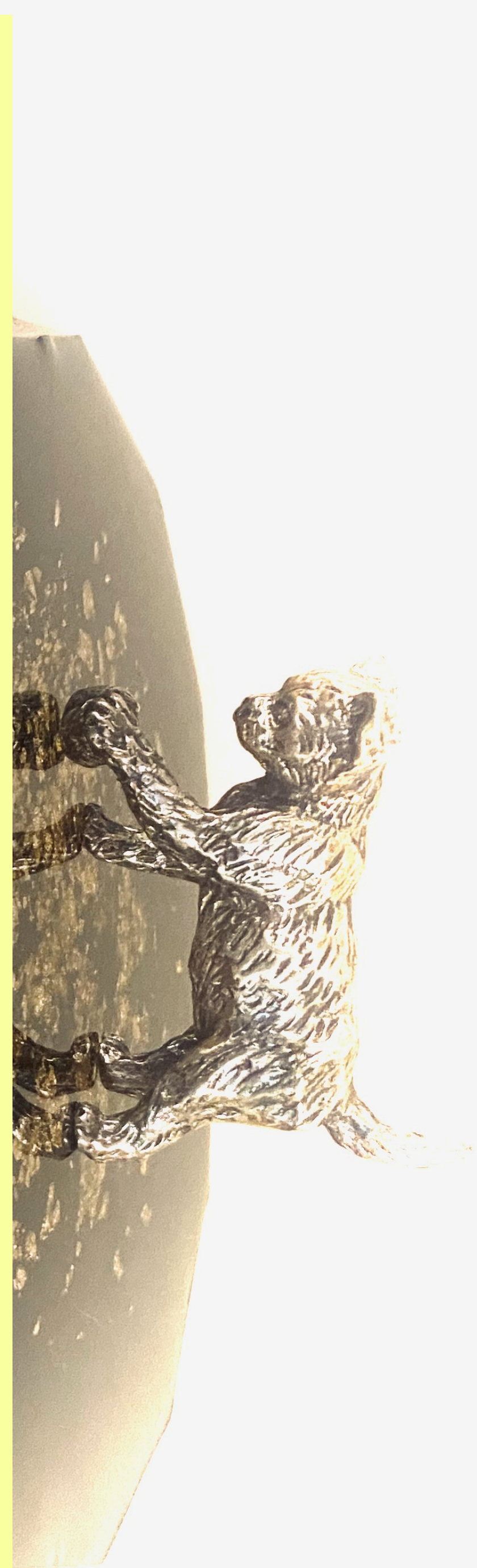
**J4Z:** That one, Girl One, was seen playing roughly with this second one in the toilets. How shall we refer to you young lady?

**H1 5TORY:** Permission to speak. Use clear language in your answer.

**61RLZ:** I'm Girl Two.

**H34D:** Who started the aggressive behaviour?

**61RLI:** Excuse me sir...



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**H34D:** Yes, permission to speak.

**61RLI:** It was me, Girl One, I started it.

**61RLZ:** No it wasn't, it was me.

**61RLI:** Liar!

**61RLZ:** Bitch!

**61RLI:** Slag!!

**61RLZ:** Cunt!!!

**H34D:** That's enough. Stop rubbing each other up the wrong...

**3WW4 CL34V46 1L:** Knock knock - Helloooo?

**H34D:** Oh hiya Emma...

**3WW4:** - is Gav here? He should be. He isn't is he?

**H34D:** He's pr...

**3WW4:** ...obably teaching politics. I will have that man.





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**H34D:** That's perfect thank you Emma.

**3WW4:** Good God!! Right, I'm off.

**H34D:** Byeeee!

**61RL3:** Excuse me sir...

**H34D:** Yes, permission to speak.

**61RL3:** Sorry, someone told me to come and get you because of something.

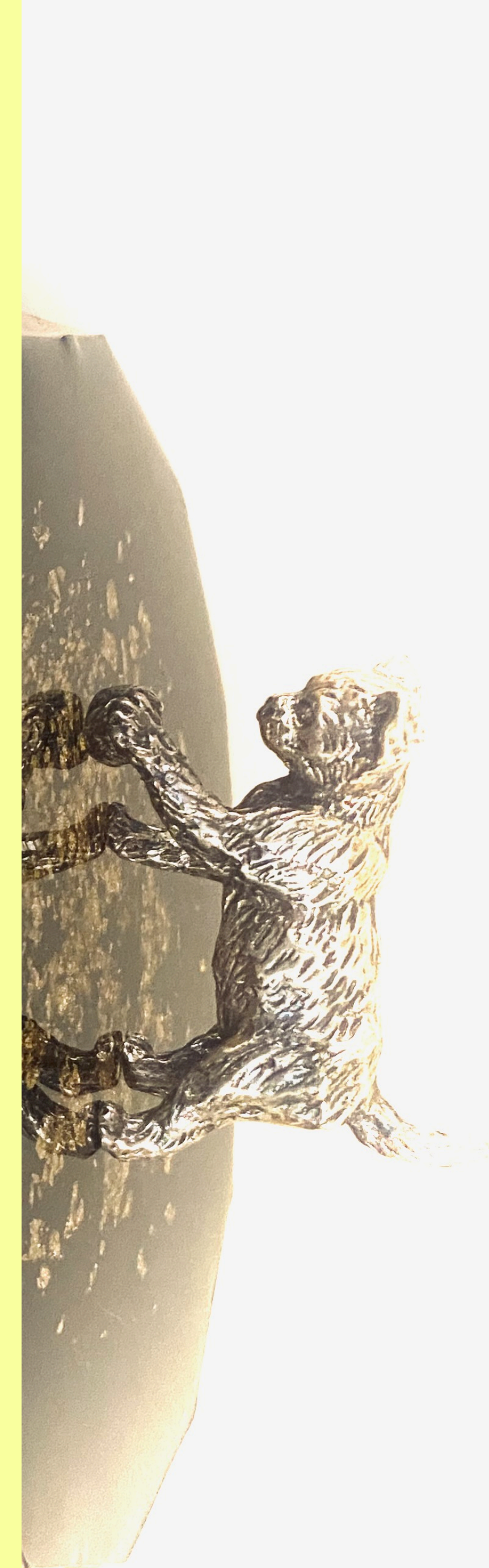
**H34D:** Gosh you're pretty, and you seem quite stupid. Oh yes of course, the Virginias must be live.

**61RL3:** Oh thank you. Is there anything else?

**H34D:** Hmm? Oh, er - later. We should call you Amy Next!

**61RL3:** Thank you sir. Are you sure? I don't mind.

**W4TH5:** He shouldn't have to say it fifteen times. He will do it later. Get back to your hole.





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**4WY N3XT:** Okay, I will be in the canteen naively playing with my dolls. It's noisy in the canteen so we might have to shout at each other when you come.

**H34D:** Okay then, shall we?

**J4Z:** But headmaster - what about these two unsanitary missies?

**5P0RT5:** I think we should organise some sort of proper fight on the floor of the gymnasium.

**61RLI:** Excuse me sir...

**H34D:** Yes, permission to speak.

**61RLI:** Cunt hole!

**61RLZ:** Excuse me...

**H34D:** Fire away.

**61RLZ:** Fuck you!!

**H34D:** There will be plenty of time for that. Since neither of you will be honest about who started

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on who, I'm ordering two extra wide 9-inch dildos for the showdown. Colours?

**61RLI:** Buttercup yellow.

**H34D:** That will match your tie and your socks. What about you?

**61RLZ:** Liquorice black.

**H34D:** As you wish. Whoever wins comes first and makes a name for themselves. Now girls, I don't relish the thought of severe bruising, but this is a contact sport so feel free to slap as hard as you like.

**PHY5:** Let's be transparent - you may use force. No energy you put into the struggle will be wasted, and remember, adrenaline spikes from the pressure of the crowd to draw blood or other effluence through your performance **AUTOMATICALLY** converts into high-octane in your chakra-stream! So let's see **LOTS** of **SPIRIT!!!**

**F1Z3 4RT5:** I'll be doing close up shots with my one hundred and thirty-five millimetre, so be explicit.





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**WU51C 4PPR3C1 4T1 0Z:** And I'll be using a Shure large diaphragm capacitor to capture every last gasp, plus the gym boasts excellent acoustic treatment - so scream as loud as you like!

**H34D:** We'll set the time and date for this Friday to get you trained up, loosened up, made up and whatever else.

**5PORT5:** Then you'll be slathered in oil and thrown onto a rubber mat with your toys to thrash it out.

**53C:** Could I have your names...Girl One?

**61RLI:** Ina Tytole.

**53C:** Ina, thank you. And...Girl Two how shall we refer to you on the billboard?

**61RLZ:** Fuchsia Lusthorne.

**5PORT5:** Tytole Versus Lusthorne - match ten in the season. I'll try to come up with a catchy headline. Below...Below The...?

**H34D:** Splendid. You can continue brainstorming that caption in your own time.





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**CL:** By now the Assembly Hall will be literally stuffed with teenage girls watching Virginia's being punished live onscreen.

**H34D:** Let's go and push to the front.

**3Z6L15H LIT3R4TUR3:** Swim as sharks amongst the shoals of sea-angels, barely sixteen and splashing Wide-Open High's reputation all over the global media goldfish bowl, like two hundred and twenty three excited kittens in a fully operational wool-manufacturers, just waiting... just waiting...for a string to come loose.

**H34D:** Whatever.





# Remote Negotiation

**60V3RZW3ZT 4ZD POLITICS:** Sorry I didn't catch you at the meeting earlier. There is a good reason.

**CL34Z3R:** Your wife arrived. - So you don't want her to find you where you could reasonably expect to be found?

**60V:** She won't ever find me if I'm smart.

**CL:** You're a sly one. That's why I invited you to this office housed in a cabin deep in the tangly forest of the outback environs of Wide Open's most dilapidated district - I've got a situation - it requires diplomacy, so I decided to employ you, the Government and Politics tutor, to help navigate through all this public profile slime. What did you do anyway? To your wife?

**60V:** I'm deep into another one at Open High, and it's approaching crunch time. Emma sussed early



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on what kind of ball bag was to-ing and fro-ing in her hammock, that's why she kept the name I suppose. What's your situation?

CL: You heard about the incident with Virginia in the changing rooms I assume?

60V: Yes I did actually. Someone dildo'd Virginia Cam...

CL: It was me!

60V: ...

CL: Yes. I pinned it on the other girl, Virginia Spanzof. I said I didn't get a good look at her face, but I gave one of the rozzers a heads up Spanzof was the dil - the dil - doer.

60V: But really you were just making shit up. Why'd you do that?

CL: I was bored. I've always wanted to see Virginia do that to my Virginia, and I thought: who better than the cops to make a real show of it? I didn't realise it was going to kick me in the face when the live feed initially went viral with viewership on the internet -

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**'POLICE BRUTALITY AND SEXUAL PERVERSION  
VERGES BEYOND VULGAR FOR HIGH SCHOOL  
VIRGINS VIRGINIA AND VIRGINIA.'**

**- It's fucking fantastic. I bet they made a packet.**

**60V: Who else was there? In the changing rooms?**

**CL: No-one.**

**60V: So your version is that Camus Kneels down  
to tie her laces and Spanzof - what?**

**CL: That's the cover story.**

**60V: Why do you need a cover? Treat the girls like  
dirt and move on. That's what I'd do.**

**CL: You don't understand; Wide-Open High is  
associated with some fabulously powerful occult  
societies with protectionist rackets whose clout  
jostles the gold crowns of the Royals and steals  
hemp socks right off feet on the street in the  
ghetto...but the video that went out live this  
afternoon smashed genuine vinyl. Virginias  
Spanzof and Camus have the social leverage to  
pull God's pants down a fair distance, and expose**



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not only his ass, but also the dangerous, misogynistic, power-mad-driven and deviantly corrupt system of exploitation operating under the auspices of Wide-Open High School's educational facility. All the girls need to do is open their mouths - but they won't be the suckers this time.

**60V: What do you propose?**

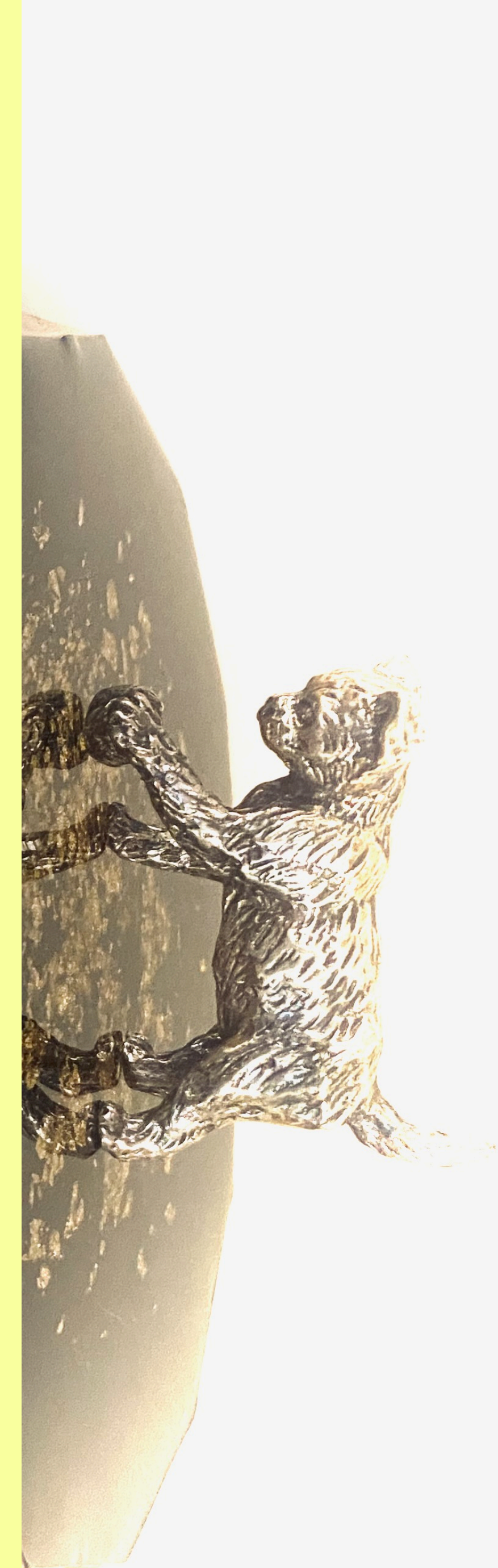
**CL: The girls take us down, but we turn US into THEM.**

**60V: Right. What does that mean?**

**CL: - We distance ourselves from the focus of the public outcry. We enable the Virginias to strike at Open High...by guiding the spotlight to who WE THINK ought to be illuminated as to their overall culpability.**

**60V: And...call me stupid, but...who is that? The fuckers are everywhere. - LOOK at us!**

**CL: Anyone BUT us. Specifically, the Head, the Principal. The higher tier rungs of the hierarchical power-ladder.**



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**60V: I see. Will I have to do anything?**

**CL: When you were a junior minister you were on highly companionable terms with the Right Honourable Jeremy Fast-Swich - now media giant with fingers like tentacles in every sociable plate of soup on the planetary table as it is presently arranged.**

**60V: Jeremy. Changes his mind a lot. Flickery Switch we used to call him.**

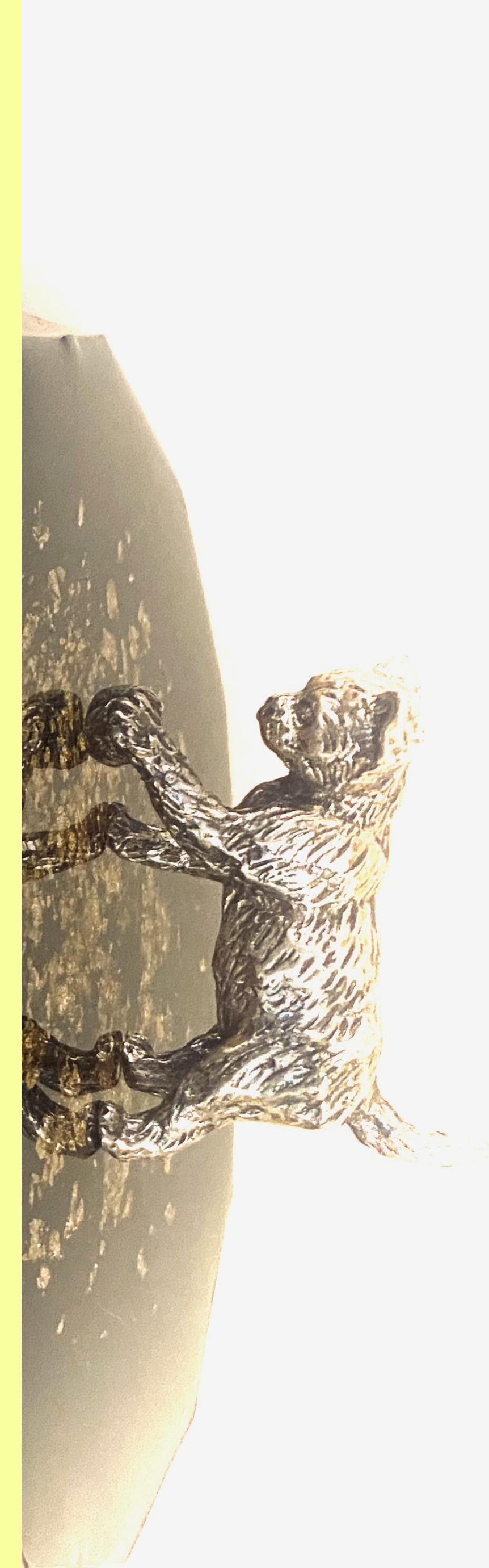
**CL: You should call him now.**

**60V: It's the middle of the night...**

**CL: He'll be awake, caned and listening to loud music - he's a media mogul for fuck's sake.**

**60V: This could go nowhere. Hello? Jeremy? Yes it's Gaviza Naz-Tieman. Yes, from...at...the Houses... yes well I'm at a school - an all-girls - yes although you landed on your feet to say the least. A veritable empire...**

**CL: Shut up and give me the phone. Hello Jeremy this is Chief of Operations at HM Capital Solutions, Kenneth Miles, I didn't have your**





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number saved on my mobile. Yes, nice to hear from you too, how are Sarah and the girls? Yes, Steven still loves Polo...the little sod. Gonna break his neck someday. Anyway - down to business. Jez, I'm here with Gaviza - an old friend of yours, yes, and we've been chewing the carpet over this recent Open High supernova, and I'm giving you a special assignment to aid you in the execution of your objective as an objective news publisher - an actual visit to Wide-Open High School, just South of Gt. Hornley and Little Bentham...which will be booked for this Wednesday at 8:00am, just as the first girls arrive, to gather evidence on the **REVOLTING ABUSES** that take place on a ritualistic basis - but under the guise of giving a talk at the morning assembly and then hanging around for coffee and giggles. Yes I'm aware it's Tuesday morning ATM, this is a pressing situation. Yes. Yes. They will take your phone and cameras but...keep a spare eye out for the cleaner...he will return your phone to you later that morning. The cleaner is my eyes and ears at Open High. Why isn't he the source? He's too deep in the jelly and can't come forward. He wants to turn over a new leaf. Why isn't Gav the mole? Look - do you want the job or not? Fine.

60V: Kenneth Miles?

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**CL:** We share a snooker club and I have a penchant for impersonation.

**60V:** HM Capital Solutions!

**CL:** God save some and screw others.

**60V:** He might not have gone for it.

**CL:** Yes but it's an invitation to intrusively surveil at an all girls' school.

**60V:** Under the pretence of merely giving an innocent lecture...!?

**CL:** Flicker LOVES talking. I left it up in the air what he should rabbit on about. His imagination will be going wild with cocaine-spasmed ambition at the anticipation of a live, bright-eyed, youthful and enthusiastic audience.

**60V:** He almost didn't go for it...

**CL:** That's why I said 'do you want the job or not?' Abrasive. Sounds like Ken. Takes the heat off me. Lever in the veiled threat that nay-sayers at Cap



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Sol get popped off...and it sounds like he wants the job, prize - sur-fucking-surprize.

60V: Handy that I can organise the assembly, it being one of my roles on the school board.

CL: Isn't it just? The superb thing about playing in the dirt is that if you figure it's too muddy, you can look around and there are plenty of people languishing in a similar pit who can be blackmailed into conspiring to help clean up the mess.

60V: And I thought you respected me for my sense of compassion.

CL: Your sense of compassion...for yourself.

60V: I assume you're in touch with the Virginias.

CL: They're waiting for me to contact them with news on what tune the media circus is going to dance to re- the sensation - they want to metaphorically fuck who is in charge - and to quote Camus - 'Cause 'we want change at this school and if we don't see it we're going to get louder'.



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**60V: How loud is Virginia Camus?**

**CL: Never known anything like it.**

**60V: So you're close.**

**CL: She does like me a HELL of a lot.**

**60V: You haven't told her YOU dropped her and Spanzof powerless into the bureaucratic system of perverted wrongdoing though I presume, so... she won't like that.**

**CL: Neither of them will. Their video is only really massive cake on the underground. It's not part of the official narrative. So, particularly the older generation of the general public aren't savvy yet. The Virginias won't have made it home this afternoon, and I'm not looking forward to parents' evening. I'm a family friend to the Camuses and I always like to make an appearance.**

**60V: You'll skate it. Just tell 'em she's special or something. Hey - just tell them you 'didn't want to say anything but an A in - whatever - this late in the year...' - she must have one A - '...indicates blah-blah-blah.'**



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**CL:** Sure, sure, that's the sort of thing I can just get English Literature to make up, but I need to cover my tracks, tell enough truth without, y'know 'folks, let me tell you about your rosey-cheeked daughter...' I'm supposed to be on decent, above-board terms with Virginia, not below stairs with my tongue where it shouldn't be saying things like 'Is there okay?' and 'It wasn't me.'

**60V:** How the fuck do we get away with it d'you think?

**CL:** They're **TEENAGE GIRLS** mate; what the fuck do they know? They have no choice anyway... they're fucked 'cause they're fucked, and secretly wonder if they deserved it because of all the dirty **WANKING**.

**60V:** And...you don't mind bringing the whole empire to its knees? I'll have to say goodbye to...ah - what's her name?? Damn, I always called her Girl One. Huge tits for her age.

**CL:** Point her out to me on Wednesday and I'll see what I can do to smooth out the scarlet rug in front of the log fire. Now let me get beautiful on the phone to explain our progress...



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**60V: Beautiful?**

**CL: Oh, don't worry, it's just a nick-name. Works wonders for some reason. Something to do with repetition. You know - like with the truth? If I repeatedly called her 'ugly bitch', well - I don't think even I could pull that off.**

**60V: Your philosophy troubles me.**

**CL: Excuse me...is that the seeds of an ethical stance being kicked around in the dry soil or can I hear one of your girlfriends crying into her pillow out of depressed loneliness? I think I see your wife striding through the forest this way with a five-inch serrated blade.**

**60V: Fuck her, I just know she's seeing someone else on the sly. She gets weepy and cagey when I interrogate her about it.**

**CL: Yes - fuck her - whichever one we're talking about - whatever her name is - she doesn't deserve you - !**



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**60V: Ikesmen. Lucille Ikesmen. I'm going to smack her so hard her bottom will be red and sore for a month.**

**CL: Oh I know! Ouch - I can picture it! Give us a moment Gav I'm through to...Virginia, darling, sweet of my life, horn-monster, she-of-the-ravishment - where are you? Still in the cell? And is Virginia Two in there? Sorry, I mean Spanzof. Someone told the police she stuck a dildo in your fanny when you were bending over to tie your shoelaces. Yes I know I did. Did you relay the tale to your little girlie friends? Well then it's rational to assume a part of a conversation was heard, something along the lines of '...dildo'd Virginia when she bent over...', a snitch splashes the data, I suppose the Head must have got some drips from the overflow, and zap: your twat's front page. So Virginia has never done that to you? Till yesterday. On the floor of one of the station interrogation rooms. Yes I know what the police can be like...I've seen reams of the stuff on the Boysinblue website...and now with Spanzof's tectonically-successful ground-fragmenting cinematic editing artistry of the past half day the material is stacking up. I couldn't DISagree in STRONGER TERMS with the compulsorily coerced erotic adventure the state authorities have**

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thrust you toward. It's absolutely abhorrent. A **TRAVESTY** of conventional sexual behaviour, forced upon two young, impressionable, innocent, defenceless, **TEENAGE** girls and I want to emphasise that - **NAKED TEENAGE GIRLS**. I gather the public face of this trial is that you are both charged with catfishing older men, **FALSELY** accusing them of sexual deviancy and blackmailing them for millions. So you intend to utilise your juiced up internet famousness to... catfish older men, **TRUTHFULLY** accuse them of sexual deviancy and **SUCCESSFULLY SUE** them for millions...**AND** take down Wide-Open High at the foundations with a metaphorical...**AND** physical, violently enormous...yes...oblong-shaped...yes... hard plastic and wired to explode... 'wrecking vibrator'! Fine, but ministers and whomever else is interested possess in you two convenient scapegoats for negative attention for the foreseeable future. The Wide-Open franchise is going to stamp on its own feet to keep you walking the plank, to protect Open High and associated societal organisations - you know how the government turns a catastrophe into an opportunity! Well sweetheart, I'm here with the **NEWS** that the **PSYCHOPATHIC BASTARD** of a Headmaster is well and truly sitting on one end of a see saw made out of solid 'you're fucked' and I'm

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at the other end with a gigantic hammer made out of colossally weighty 'I know'. If you want to send me down at the end of all this for playing a practical joke in the changing rooms...then so be it...but for the time being let me play my part in deconstructing this demonic establishment. There's a fellow named Jeremy Fast- ...you know him? He's a lumping-great kingpin of a news-headliner. When you drop the guillotine he will roll the Head towards the centre of the stage. The Principal loses. The Secretary will be implicated of course. Jaz the Janitor. Plenty will go down... but it's the system, right whirly-girl? It's this rotten, scummy, sick institutionalisation of abusive practices we've come to know and loathe. I've always felt deep down that Wide-Open High was exemplary of the very worst aspects of modern society. Caregiving educators in all sorts of positions forcing underage girls into being intimate for the first time. Now I just can't stop thinking about it. Beautiful, if you and Virginia want to kick the school with your new boots on with the steel toe cap, you need a key to the staffroom, and I can access that shiny piece of metal. You're going to have to trust me. Take care miss gorgeous.





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**60V:** I'll need to run it by the Principal about this Jeremy Swich assembly bollocks. You never quite know when or why the old codge will lose his coherency big time. I'll arrange a quick pint in the Arms this evening.

**CL:** I want to be there.

**60V:** I'm afraid you'll have to sit this one out, the Principal sort of likes you...from a distance so to speak...but he doesn't do cleaners as a general rule.

**CL:** He'll find out how cleanly a cleaner can clean once his third-class pedigree in character is left to freeze forever outside the window to popular favour, and of the masses. Destiny is a dead dark dank dirty dull cell into which cold hard true feedback is pumped incessantly and directly from a full-to-bursting pipeline. I'm gonna jay out of here, but if you really need to 'lamb' in mortal fright of a dagger-wielding spouse, this wee hut out here in the destitution is yours to occupy for as long as your low-grade romantic endeavours necessitate.

**60V:** Thanks.





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**CL: And the rent is...what shall we say? Two hundred a night?**

**60V: TWO HUNDRED?! ARE YOU SERIOUSLY OKAY?!!**

**CL: FINE, fine...a hundred and twenty.**

**60V: What the fuck...are you...? Bastard! Eighty quid. NO! - Sixty! This is fucked! Whose side are you on??**

**CL: What's wrong with a hundred?**

**60V: NO WAY - you are NOT pushing me back up to eighty. Cunt.**

**CL: Let's talk about this properly. What's your wife's name again?**

**60V: I'm not doing this. A hundred. I hate you.**





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# The Elastic Snapped

**J4Z1T0R:** Another fucking boring fucking snoring Tuesday morning.

**H34DW45T3R:** Indeed. Here chaps...someone close my office door there...and...look at this.

**CL34Z3R:** Fuck me. How much did you get this time?

**H34D:** How can we **REALISTICALLY EVER** know?

**53CR3T4RY:** Hold your horses, I've got the scales here in the desk drawer - oh shizzle - I've spilt it - shit are these Year Three exam papers? Why do they have these stupid fasteners? Everyone likes



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sugar don't they? Clumsy pupils spilling sherbet everywhere.

**J4Z:** I dunno - one of our year threes tries it and there's an I'd say one-in-one chance they'll say 'that's not sugar', and a one-in-two chance they'll say 'that's fucking cocaine mate'.

**H34D:** Enough talk. Hit me mister Secretary. Jesus!!! Woh! Fuck me.

**J4Z:** Hit me at least as hard. Jee-heesus!!

**53C:** On your part?

**CL:** Nah. I'm - er - saving myself for the weekend!

**J4Z:** 'Saving myself for the weekend'? What if you're just 'not in the mood' - or 'feel out of sorts'? You ought to have a bit of a lie down'...!

**CL:** I'm just messing. Hit me with that glittery gold crowbar!! Jeeeeesus!!!

**53C:** And for the doctor!...Woh - Jesus Christ!!!!  
**SO, I'VE BEEN WONDERING**, what does a headmaster do all day? I mean, we sort of know what **YOU** do, and in a way no-one knows what



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most people get up to. But I mean what does a regular headmaster do?

**H34D: Discipline.**

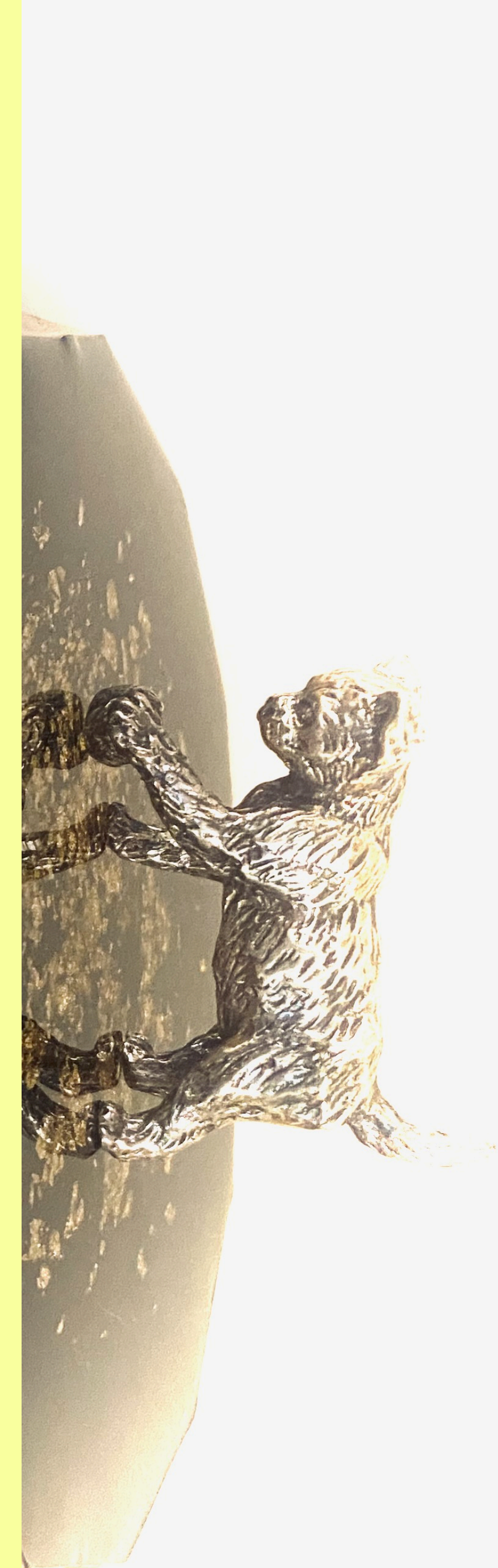
**CL: Yep.**

**J4Z: What? Nah - heads are qualified for the post. They're expert educators.**

**CL: I suppose maybe, but that's just like saying 'they're more intelligent than all the other teachers'. But that's not the point. A school is not a business, so the hierarchy is not oriented around financial worth, skillset, intelligence. It's based on how confident at being authoritarian you manage to be. And that goes especially for the staff - they're similarly reliant on bossing skills - the Head is a bit like a Prime Minister. Except the state's objective is controlling...the school's objective is controlling...oh shit. The analogy just shat all over itself.**

**H34D: He's right though. I'm kick-ass.**

**J4Z: So what do they do when they're not disciplining students or teachers...?**



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**CL:** ...all day long...

**53C:** ...on their own in that room...?

**H34D:** Never had that issue. I'm a people-person.

**CL:** Yeah that's what I heard.

**H34D:** You heard correctly. Although I do detect a pang of sarcasm in the tone of your remark.

**CL:** Bad joke. I stand corrected.

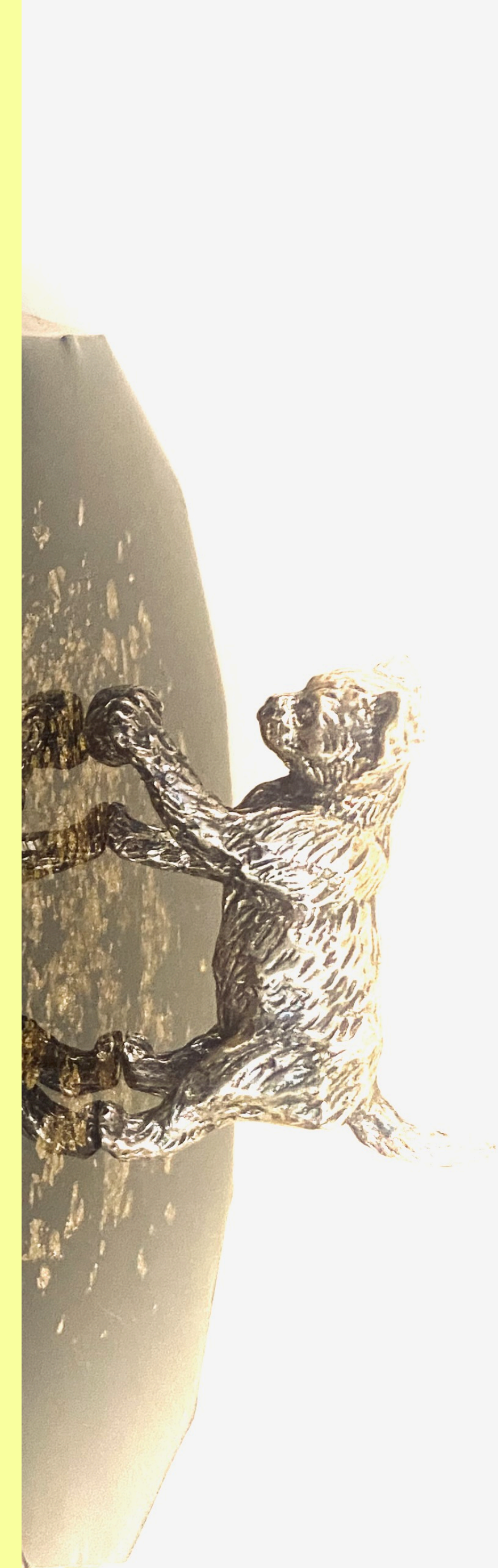
**H34D:** Good lad. Stick another line up your hooter and mister Secretary, log on to the Wide Open site, it's nearly ten and 'our leader' will no doubt make a statement about V and V.

**CL:** JEEEEUUUUUS.

**J4Z:** And me. - Jesus mate!

**53C:** Me now. Just - fuck!!

**H34D:** Und pour moi...hoy hoy hoy!!!! Wunderbar! A few more seconds. Fuck. Here he is...



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**TH3 MID3-OP3Z D3W0ZK1Z6:** Nay verily until the Daynight.

**H34D:** Nay verily.

**CL:** Nay verily.

**J4Z:** Nay verily.

**53C:** Nay verily.

**D3W0ZK1Z6:** Confess now or sins you have committed against The Great Watcher Ishez The Lonesome Knight will not come to light, and neither to that mirror: darkness. We still need the shadowy depths in which to hide our darker moves. Keep our secrets and tell us yours. Thus I greet thee. Ummm...

**H34D:** Ummm...

**53C:** Ummm...

**J4Z:** Ummm...

**CL:** Ummm...





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**D3W0ZK1Z6: Who are these Virgin women I am hearing about on the Darklight Network?**

**H34D: Neither virgins, nor women, according to a manner of speaking which is hotly in debate in the world of regretful former misogynists. 'Are they girls or women?' 'I dunno what to call 'em either mate...' and so on. I believe you refer to the Virginia girls - students at our school - I sent them for playful punishment at the cop house - routine stuff. But it appears one of the Virginias - Spanzof? - has a fucking enormous channel - Wetoutside. The boys and girls simply cannot get enough of it. She edited it so well, and the subject matter is so appealing to the attentions of society's younger and alternative generations, that the waves are unfortunately being felt at...**

**D3W0ZK1Z6: ...felt at the door of The Great Watcher. He is unhappy.**

**H34D: Ishez is...unhappy? Forgive me Demonking but I have never seen The Great Watcher Ishez The Lonesome Knight in the least bit happy...**

**D3W0ZK1Z6: IT WAS NOT A QUESTION!!**

**H34D: Excuse me my lord. What can we do?**



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**D3W0ZK1Z6:** He wants you to clean up your act. Don't do anything incriminating for a period. Why was one of the virgins not wearing underwear?

**H34D:** The elastic snapped...

**D3W0ZK1Z6:** I should know by now to expect boneheaded lies from a headmaster such as yourself. Don't send any minors to get beaten and molested by the police. Don't run any obscenely violent nude wrestling matches. Don't get caught by the presses with your nostrils full of cocaine and your arms pocked with injection marks. And **JUST WATCH IT**, because The Great Watcher is watching. Farewell. Muuu...

**H34D:** Muuu...

**53C:** Muuu...

**CL:** Muuu...

**J4Z:** Mu...ah fuck he's gone thank God square prick.

**H34D:** He wants us to cease all improper conduct, the fucking stupid penis.



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**J4Z: 'Don't...blah blah blah blah...the grey twat is watching blah blah...oh SHUT UP!'**

**CL: How about a little...**

**53C: Jesus!**

**CL: I meant for me...aha...gimme...Whoop! Whoop!**

**H34D: I could do with a little summit summit after that chat. Boneheaded? Boneheaded...**

**53C: I got you. I got you too mister Janitor sir.**

**H34D: FOCK ME!**

**J4Z: Y00000!!!**

**53C: Excellent stuff. Now we've endured The Wide-Open Demonking's wrath we can get some items on the agenda...well...OFF of the agenda.**

**H34D: Will I need to do anything?**

**J4Z: I've been working my ARSE off ALL WEEK...**

**CL: It's Tuesday...**



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**J4Z: FOR a week then...**

**CL: But you've worked here twenty one years.**

**J4Z: I've been ill! Fuck this, I'm going home.**

**53C: Listen. It's my duty to inform you the Right Honourable Jeremy Fast-Swich - media gargoyle - is due to give a talk during tomorrow's assembly. Gaviza Naz-Tieman of the Politics department set it up. It's going to be on the topic of - hang on, you know when you find something so tedious you yawn until tears run down your face - so you feel like you've got a proper excuse to call it - 'crying with boredom'? - Renewable energies. Jez the Flicker is top giant in a pretty big arena of TV, commerce, state and underground broadcasting, and so we need to dry our wet-with-incriminating-evidence pants on the radiator at maximum blast till tomoz. Government and Politics is going to run it past the Principal, but if it's all creamy please, Flickerswitch will get here at eight-ish, loiter by the girls lavs, smoke a j, probably ingest something else - this is the twenty first century - and shit himself briefly before rocking up on the stage and making a pillock of himself.**



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**CL:** Oh I think I know.

**J4Z:** Who doesn't? We've all been there.

**H34D:** So as long as I don't need to do anything, shall we move on to the next item so we can leave this cesspool of bureaucracy buried deep in the history leaves?

**53C:** Well, this man is giving a talk is the thrust of the proposal, but - okay - items two and three - recent additions to the list - I need to send a memo out to all the teachers to instruct the girls to be on best behaviour, to use proper names and a universal 'permission to speak' until such time as...etcetera, and - this Friday - the match - Tytole versus Lusthorne - needs to be cancelled.

**H34D:** You cunt.

**53C:** - Oi - ?

**H34D:** - Sorry, sorry, it's...I'm utterly fanatically obsessed with watching innocent girls punching each other on the tits and so on...I'm not sure I can keep my temper without another hit soon-ish!



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**J4Z:** Likewise. Why d'you think I keep finding candidates for a scrap bugging about in the toilets? They don't necessarily need to stretch each other...I can stretch the truth instead.

**53C:** You're just going to have to rein in those baser, sicker addictions for a few weeks I suppose. You can do it. You were normal once weren't you? We all were. Right, item four...

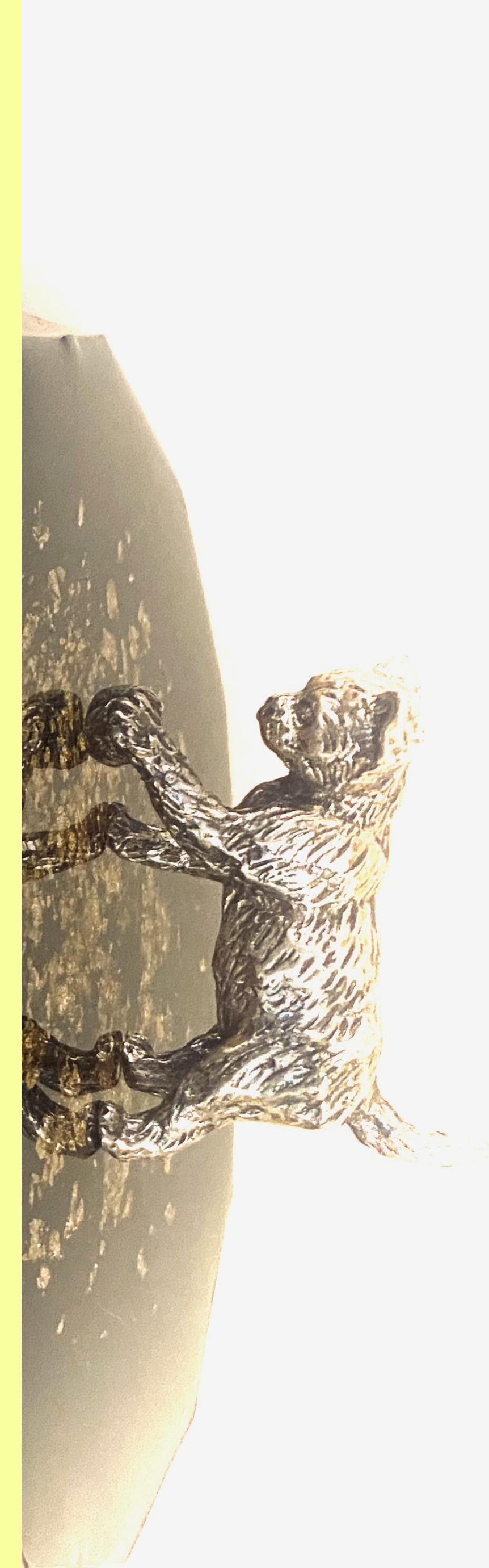
**H34D:** I need a fucking...

**53C:** No more drugs.

**H34D:** What? You're testing me...

**53C:** I don't have the authority to do that, and besides we don't have the medical facilities to perform a drug test, but really it's the...The Watcher...I mean...he might be a bit of a plonker but he's got eyes everywhere. Just try, to start with, try going an hour without snowboarding...okay...?

**H34D:** YOU'RE TESTING MY PATIENCE!





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**CL:** Allow me, mister Secretary, to alleviate matters. Headmaster, let's dry swim over to the gym, drink water and do some breathing exercises. All the while I'll talk you into a hypnotic state of blissful ignorance as to the monstrous endurance challenge that confronts you.

**H34D:** Water? WATER!!!! BREATHING??? Have you lost your MIND????

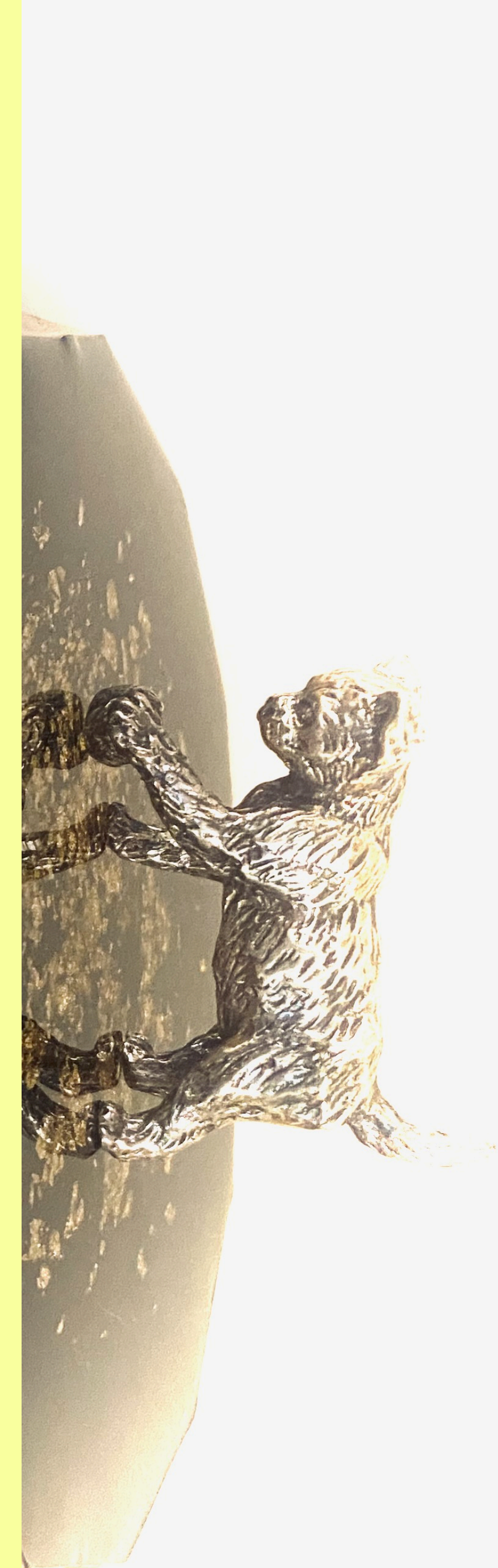
**CL:** Let's hit the gym and fit you up yeah?

**H34D:** This isn't the way to the gym...

**CL:** Spot on as ever Hevian. Listen, your fix... tomorrow I sort it, alright? A special show just for me and thee. You know how they lock the changing rooms and no-one except the Cleaner or the Secretary can get in or out at lunchtimes and after school?

**H34D:** Yeeeeeeeeesss...?

**CL:** Five girls, ten o'clock. It's gonna be a proper bruise up, so bring your - what do you call it? - Your 'scrap book'!



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**H34D:** I dunno...maybe, just possibly, by the time tomorrow morning comes along I might have clambered over the addiction wall...

**CL:** Why risk it?

**H34D:** Er...

**CL:** Justina Thyme will be joining in.

**H34D:** Fuck me! Erm...

**CL:** Elizabet Swythe-Herclevage AND Undres Josef want a share of the squelchy action.

**H34D:** God - go on!

**CL:** Fourthly, Matty Ying Pan-Tyes will be coordinated for the occasion.

**H34D:** OHHhhhhhHhHHHHhhh...AND FILTHILY...?

**CL:** FIFTHLY a real early bloomer. You haven't met her. But you will recognise the name - Tusche Titania Winaprise.

**H34D:** Tusche...What's she like?



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**CL:** Well...take one of your most sordid fantasies and ask yourself: who would **DO** something like that? Tusche's your girl **EVERY** time.

**H34D:** I'll be there with bells on.





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# Principles Are All Very Well

60V3RZW3ZT 4ZD POLITICS: That's why I  
wanted to meet you here at the Wide-Open Arms.  
Is that agreeable...permissible...er - feasible,  
Ulysses? Cheers.

PR1ZC1P4L: Cheers. What the assembly thing?  
Why so sudden, this? What's it got to do with  
anything?



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**60V:** I was just running it past you, since you sometimes go a bit mental?? - When you see a celebrity, or someone you recognise from the telly. And to keep you abreast of course...I mean, it's your school! Heh... 'breast' - heh!

**PR1ZC:** Hmm?

**60V:** Er... 'abreast'. 'Keep abreast of the girls' activities at the school for your own satisfaction'. Mmmmmmmmm.

**PR1ZC:** Yes I see.

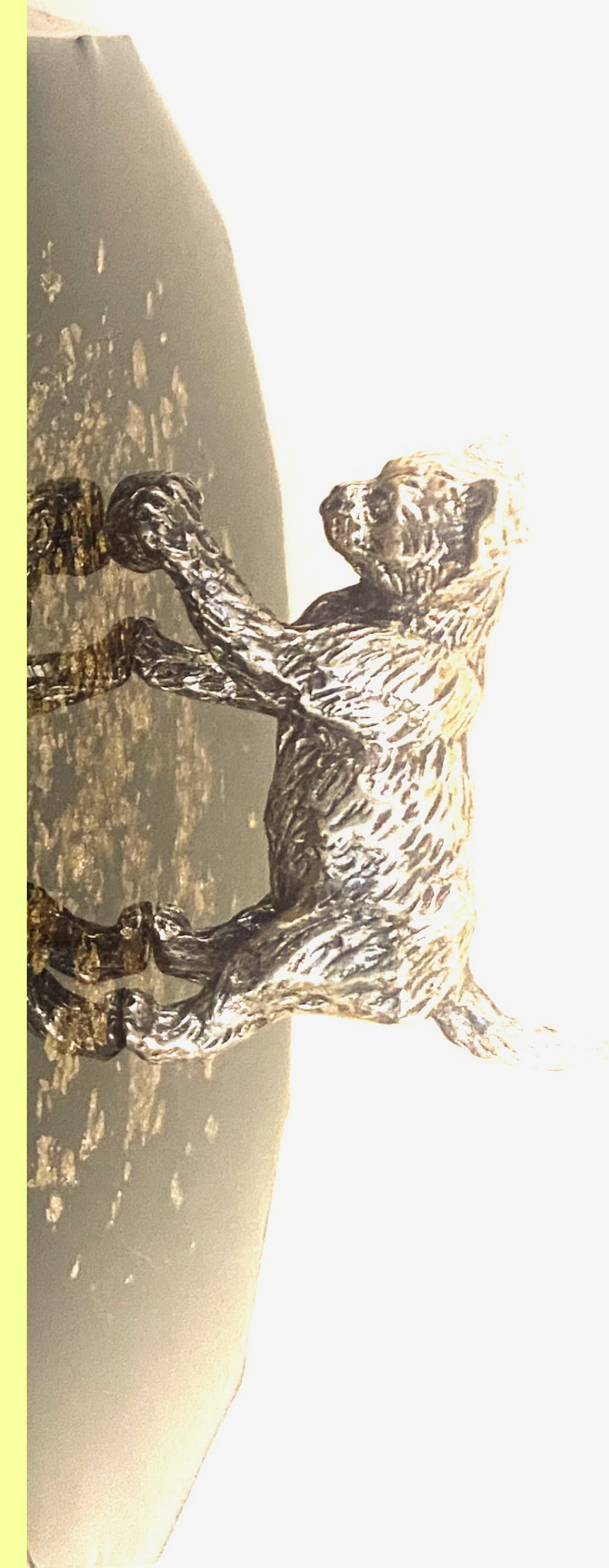
**60V:** Are you okay sir? You don't seem to be bouncing towards the target with so much vwoosh lately, if I can put it like that?

**PR1ZC:** I think it may be my marble you know.

**60V:** Your...marble?

**PR1ZC:** Come on, you know what I'm driving at. I'm reaching an age...I've reached an age...and now, I'm reflecting...like a...

**60V:** Yes?



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**PR1ZC:** Like a...

**60V:** A marble?

**PR1ZC:** Yes...like a marble.

**60V:** That must be very distorted.

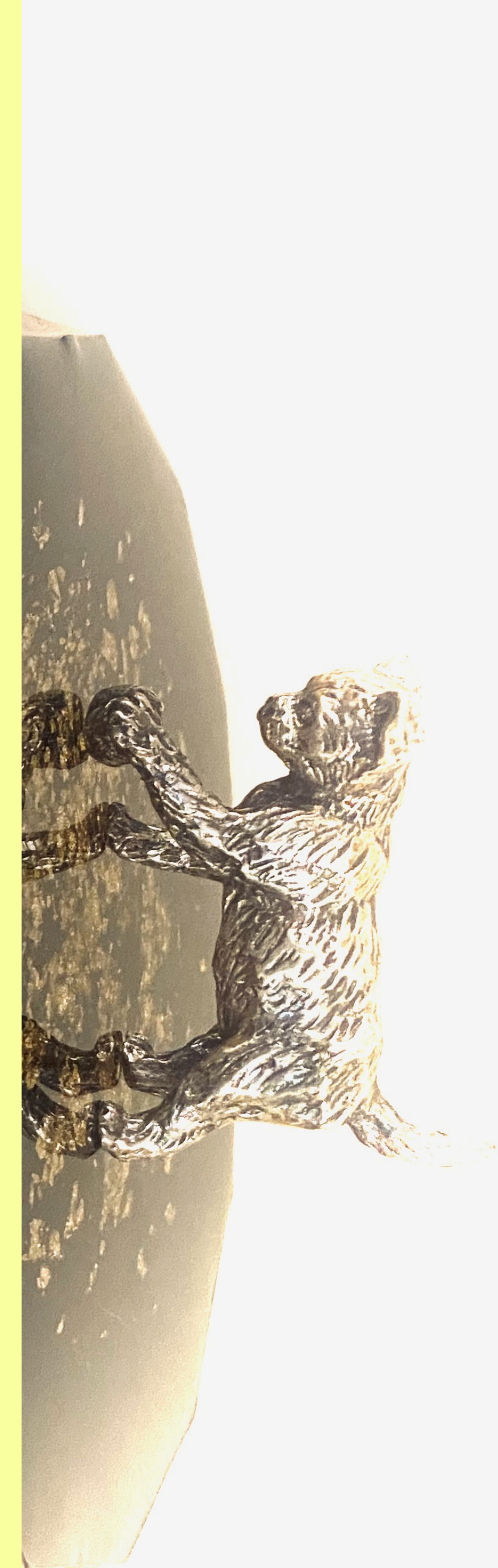
**PR1ZC:** BUT you see...

**60V:** ...?

**PR1ZC:** ...my marbles. My marbles have been...  
have been...have been...

**60V:** Lost!?

**PR1ZC:** ...slipping away. I'm not completely bonkers yet man! But what I'm trying to say is...my marble's reflection is conveying a bleaker picture of the past than my aggressively machismo libido would ever be open to admitting. And as I'm getting into the geriatric stages of this **STUPID** existence I'm losing my memory for things I can't stand about myself. Does that make sense?



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**60V: Oh...leave it alone you utter bastard!!! I didn't mean it! Any of it! I would never be DELIBERATELY cruel to any girl!!**

**PR1ZC: Is there any other kind of cruelty Gaviza?**

**60V: I Don't want to lose my mind! What can I do?  
- You're old and wise.**

**PR1ZC: I'm OLD, yes. I think wisdom relates to getting what you want.**

**60V: You're powerful as fuck you old geez.**

**PR1ZC: YES I know how to get it! I know! I KNOW HOW TO GET WHAT I WANT!!**

**60V: WHAT'S THE FUCKING PROBLEM THEN?**

**PR1ZC: WHAT DO I WANT?**

**60V: Oh FUCK. Will you stop doing that you're making my gut ache.**

**PR1ZC: It's guilt, regret and the inevitable onset of deep sorrow at the retributive future our own individual consciences have it in mind to dole out to us.**



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**60V: Well STOP it.**

**PR1ZC: Okay - okay - you said I was wise so I spilled the can of beans. If you can't hack the clean up, don't jog me when I'm making you dinner.**

**60V: Bloody former English teachers. You're worse than politicians. Ulysses, cut the metaphorical mastication and reassure me you're not going to flip when you see Jeremy in the morning. I've given you notice. You are in the loop.**

**PR1ZC: The loop.**

**60V: Yes.**

**PR1ZC: The loopy loop.**

**60V: What now?**

**PR1ZC: The...the loop. My loop is...my whole life's cycle...and 'why' at the end you get 'loopy...' - literally!**

**60V: Oh dear. Now listen to me: you're Ulysses Kray Zeanold! You're a legend at Open High - and no-one can take that away from us. So stay with**



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it old man. The future is...already here as well as...  
yet to be.

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# It's Fucking Wednesday

**53CR3T4RY:** Hello - this is reception - can I help?

**J3R3WY F45T-5MICH:** Er...yes!

**53C:** You're Jeremy Fl-er-ah-hast-Switch...er...

**J3R3WY:** No I am not! Just kidding.

**53C:** So you...are?

**J3R3WY:** I am indeed. Here to casually but formally address an assembly of tomorrow's young adults on the **EXTREMELY** current topic of fossil fuels and electricity and so on. And you are?

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**53C:** I'm the Secretary, Stu Yucan-Frolicker.

**J3R3WY:** Pleased to make your acquaintance Stu. I gather the proceedings commence at eight thirty...

**53C:** ...in the hall. The little angels - devils I suppose really. 'Devils stroke angels' I probably could say - have already started to arrive as you can see, and they will go and play with each other in various places and out in the open until the Headmaster and staff are ready for them. If you could put your phone and any cameras or microphones in this tray please Jeremy. Now the frisk.

**J3R3WY:** I see, I see, I see. Hello young lady what might your name be?

**61RLI:** Well I'm the first girl in present company so I'm Girl One.

**53C:** Frisk over. Tell him your real name sweetheart. Heheh, she's been playing this little game lately with some of the other girls.

**61RLI:** Chantelle. Chantelle Izwet.



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**J3R3WY:** No. Can't be. Too sweet a name for too gorgeous a young girl like you.

**CH4ZT3LL3:** It is. Izwet.

**J3R3WY:** May I call you Chantelle?

**CH4ZT3LL3:** You can. You can tell me your name now.

**J3R3WY:** You can call me 'Flicker'.

**CH4ZT3LL3:** That's a unique name.

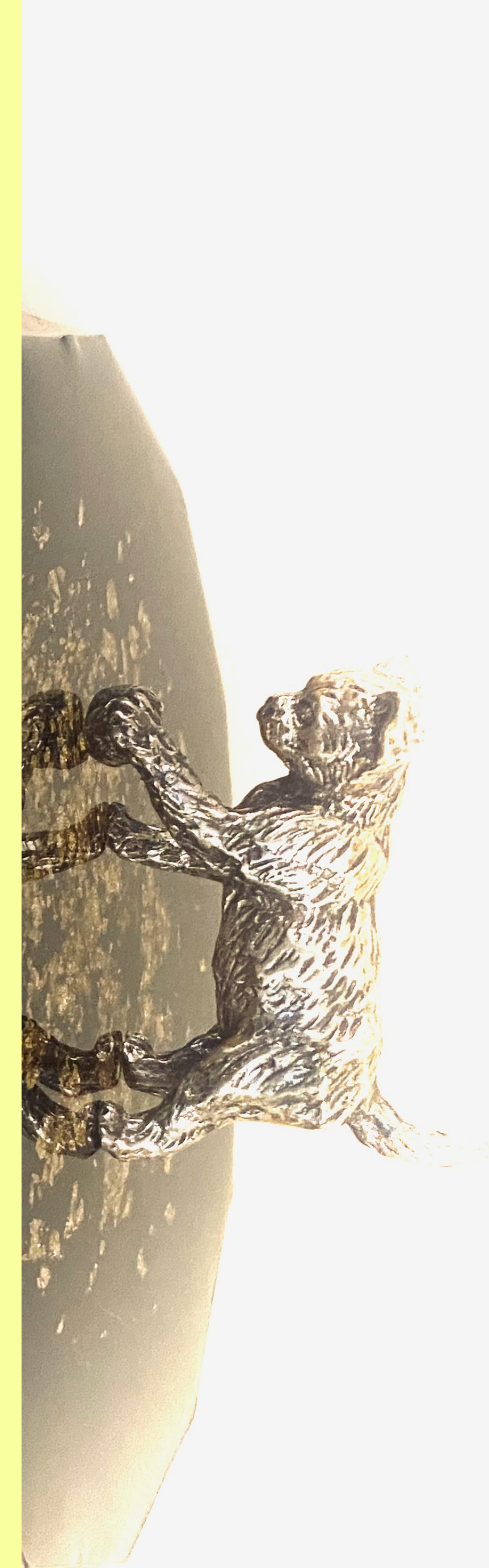
**J3R3WY:** Well isn't that a difficult word?

**CH4ZT3LL3:** Not if you know it, but yes I suppose so. Are you famous?

**J3R3WY:** A big fat whammy of a yes, in certain spheres Chantelle honey.

**CH4ZT3LL3:** I thought so. Can I do you a favour?

**53C:** Chantelle...now....think about what you're saying...!



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**CH4ZT3LL3:** Oh. What? Er. Yes. Can...I...be a groupie and get your autograph please?

**J3R3WY:** OF COURSE you can you total and utter piece of fluff. Have you got a little app on your mobile hm? There... 'Work hard and you can be famous too one day Chantelle - Love and special kisses, Jeremy the Flicker Fast-Swich'.

**CH4ZT3LL3:** Oui Monsieur. Merci beaucoup mwah.

**53C:** Leave the man alone now young lady.

**J3R3WY:** Noo...don't ever leave me alone Chantelle! Hahaha. It's been ever so pleasant to bump into you miss Izwet, but...is that the Principal coming through the gates? I ought to say boo, don't you feel?

**53C:** Please, mister Fast-Swich, I just know you're going to be trading interesting stories in no time. By all means go and shout at the boss.

**CH4ZT3LL3:** Goodbye sir.

**J3R3WY:** GOODbye madam. Mister Principal!



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**PR1ZC1P4L:** Mister Fast-Swich. Please, call me Ulysses.

**J3R3WY:** Jeremy. I gather you've been the Principal at this school for donkey's years...what's the secret to an all-girls school hey? Ha!

**PR1ZC:** The girls need to be organised or else they go to pieces, so a good, strong whip. Something that cuts if lashed sharply enough...a cat o' nine pleases the Head. I'm partial to something a bit more...spank-worthy. Bats, you see. Totally. - Bats.

**J3R3WY:** HA!

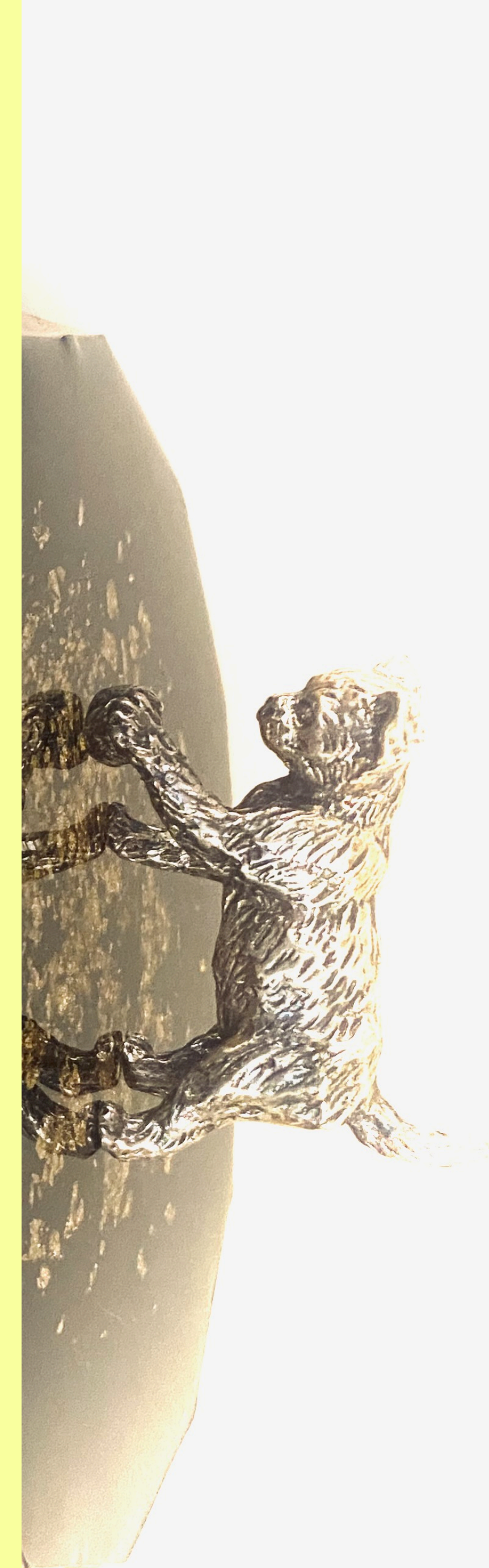
**PR1ZC:** Ha ha.

**J3R3WY:** Any surprises so far this morning?

**PR1ZC:** Just the usual - a few terrorist attacks from the sky and gang rape incidents - nothing the Secretary can't take care of.

**J3R3WY:** Irony - love it!!

**PR1ZC:** I'm not using hyperbole, it's just the truth about how many heinous crimes have been committed in the school playground in the last 3



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minutes is so soul-destroyingly obscene your sensitivities simply couldn't handle it.

**J3R3WY:** ...

**PR1ZC:** I'm teasing, mister Fast-Swich, as I'm quite sure you realise. Hm hm, hm hm!

**J3R3WY:** You almost had me for a brief distance there Ulysses. Although, I've had quite the week of it myself if I'm candid about business at Mediaworks Interspatial. A little double act fell into my lap and I worked it into a lightning storm.

**PR1ZC:** To whose advantage I wonder! The stars of the show I expect! But you never know in this darn day and age. Sometimes those with big, swish boots just keep using them to buy bigger, swisher boots and those who OUGHT to be rewarded with stauncher footwear are sent to run cross-country marathons shoeless in the freezing mud. Ah - Hevian! How goes it young sir?

**H34D:** Splendid I'm sure. On your part old fellow?

**PR1ZC:** I'm just dandy. Talking work with this fellow - damn your hair dye - Fast-Switch isn't it?



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**J3R3WY:** Fast-Swich - with a soft C H. Like Shhh...here comes Fast-Swich! Whoosh!

**H34D:** So you're the assembly chap this morning... renewable energy sources correctamondo?

**J3R3WY:** Yes is it something you're...

**H34D:** WELL I wish you the very best of luck with your performance.

**J3R3MY:** Oh - thanks a bunch! Will I see you around and about after assembly?

**H34D:** Oh yes, I'll be circling. Well - that bell sound is my cue. See you onstage!

**53C:** If you come with me sir I'll take you via the assembly hall's back door to the wings, if you're all prepared to go on?

**J3R3WY:** I'm practically salivating with keenness and passion to present myself!

**53C:** Perfect. I'm quite certain the girls are equally enthused about the whole shebang.



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**J3R3WY:** Ah - I hear him. - The Headmaster's voice does carry incredibly doesn't it?

**53C:** Indeed. Sort of clear and crisp, rather than boomy.

**H34D:** GOOD MORNING to you! And...especially YOU at the front...no - I'm just joshing! I meant YOU - hahahahaha...enough. - It's Wednesday and a guest we've all been waiting for...for...for two days - since yesterday really - is here and ready to pounce with his eloquent ravings on the increasingly relevant subject of climate change... what - what - where am I? - Sorry I must have fallen asleep - HAHAAHAH!! SORRY Jeremy! In lieu of further verbal shenanigans, may I introduce, the Right Honourable Jeremy Fast-Swich...



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**H34DW45T3R:** ...thank you Jeremy I was enthrallingly enamoured with your points on the containment of comparatively shocking safety risks involved in everyday uses of electricity...

**CL34Z3R:** Yo Gav - wassssaaaa?

**60V3RZW3ZT 4ZD POLIT1C5:** While he's banging on, I thought I'd find you at the sidelines and check that the status of activities is essentially groovy? Are the ideal people in the bazookas' targets? Do I need to do anything?



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**CL:** Just stay cool. Is the Prince okey dokey? He didn't seem spooked by Jezzar's appearance, despite the guy's smashily skyscraper-style mountain-out-of-a bean-hill badge of an infamous profile. 'Precedent Reputation' we ought to call him.

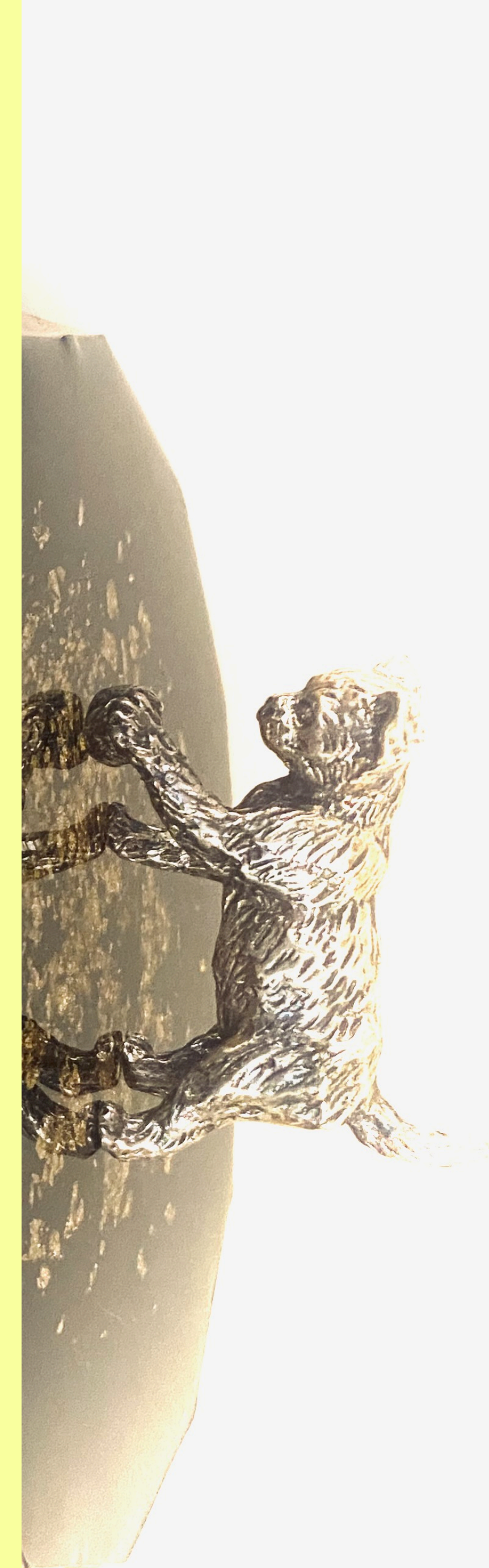
**60V:** I dun-fuckin' know. Seems so tho.

**CL:** Cool - nothing I can't deal with in any slice. Cake mate! It's ALL cake! Now 'I got shit ta do' - don't follow me around.

**60V:** Sure, sure. I've got lessons in five any road up.

**H34D:** ...so Year Four's assembly on the industrial crisis in rubber manufacturing, marketing and distribution in the UK will be next Tuesday after all, and I'm sure we all invest some interest in the Year Four perspective on the whole issue. Finally, Roe Krapantek from the Music Appreciation department will lead us into the School Anthem with his otherworldly piano talents. Roe?

**R03 KR4P4ZT3K:** Thank you for that...abstract praise...the lingo is on the main screen so if you all look ahead and sing along, one, two, three, four...



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Hold us up  
We'll take them down  
From behind  
You'll see us coming...

Open Highed  
Open Highed  
Open Highed  
Open Highed...

5PORT5: I hate that fucking song.

3Z6L15H LIT3R4TUR3: Quite good lyrics tho.

5PORT5: I suppose so - oh.

3Z6 LIT: Yes.

5PORT5: Shit. Sorry.

PHY51C5: The words look arty, and the music has never, ever had a particularly, or wavelike, stellar impact on me...I don't have space or time for this - I'm going to go to my classroom and check that my bunsen burners have warmed up the seats for the Year Ones.





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**L1 8R4R1 4Z:** All I can think to talk about is books somehow. Have you read...

**3Z6 L1T:** Shhh...this is the best bit!...

Open Highed we'll cooooooome  
For youuuuuuuuu.

**3Z6 L1T:** Oehhehhheuuh...

**FR4ZC415:** Pardon? Did you say something? Le  
département d'anglais devrait être ouvert de  
force!

**3Z6L15H L4Z6U463:** What? I hate it when he  
does that.

**D3UT5CH3:** You hate it when he does what? You  
know this may be England but that is not a  
hundred percent relevant to the language one  
chooses to speak.

**3Z6 L4Z6:** Stay out of it. He's not even listening...

**FR4ZC:** Qua?

**6306R4PHY:** Oh look - a map of racism - and the  
whole planet is represented!



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**H1 5T0RY:** Just of you to be a congenial political element considering your past record mister Geography teacher...!

**6306R4PHY:** HISTORY! Where the fuck did YOU come from?

**DR4W4:** I don't mean to improvise melodramatically but we're all stooping towards missing the start of our fucking classes motherfuckers. And 'pardon' the kaleidoscope-like colourful-ness of my French-come-English morning address! I'm a flamboyant soul as you may have gleaned by now!

**81 0L06Y:** I REALLY REALLY WISH the drama department would SLOW down, you're like a God-damned squirrel!

**3Z6 L1T:** The song is over. Shall we exeunt, or does anyone still have anything insulting they wish to upload to the throng?

**81 0L:** I can't BELIEVE you did that - I say slow down and you're like - LET'S GO!!



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**CH3W15TRY:** You would react like that. You evolve so gradually. You're like a cockroach.

**810L:** Better a cockroach than an atom!

**CH3W:** A cockroach is made of atoms you pill!

**810L:** OBVIOUSLY and TOUCHE you dill!!

**61RL1:** Excuse me sir...

**EZ6 LIT:** Rita, young lady have you finished your essay on depth, rhythm and content of the extended passages in Lady Chatterley?

**61RL1:** YES sir. And I was just wondering when someone was going to teach us? It's lesson time.

**810L:** We'd better skedaddle fellers. What's the name of that cute thing?

**3Z6 LIT:** Newgenner to the Year Fours, must not have chosen B.O. - WHOOPS sorry I mean BIOlogy. That's Rita Lettuce-Goooveritt. Proper little goer. Stops at nothing. VERY persuasive, and I mean VERY, VERY persuasive...she'll make the hairs on the nape of your neck stand up. It's so poignant that I have come to lose respect for the word



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poignant as to it's lack of poignancy to the point I am trying to make about young Lettuce-Goooveritt.

**J3R3WY:** Excuse me has anybody seen Gaviza? We're old buds you see from Parliament did you already know?

**5PORT5:** You're Jeremy Fast-switcher aren't you?

**J3R3WY:** ABSOLUTELY NOT! - JUUVUST messing George.

**5PORT5:** Er...my name's...not George.

**J3R3WY:** Sorry, it's okay - it was just because the soft g in George works alliteratively with the j in just. Dire wit. No fences.

**5PORT5:** Oh I see...I watch some Mediaworks Interspatial features on Jamhead TV.

**J3R3WY:** Oh grand! - Like what may I ask?

**5PORT5:** The sports.

**J3R3WY:** Sweet - me too!



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**CL:** Hello - you must be Jeremy Fast-Swich!

**J3R3WY:** Phew - yes that's me - are you a punter too? Ah - see you are a - a cleaner. Er...THE cleaner?

**CL:** Pleased to make your esteemed acquaintance sir. Aye I am a humble scrubber, but a keen being.

**J3R3WY:** Wonderful, well, perhaps YOU could show me around some of this venue unless you're otherwise...engaged...?

**CL:** Literally creaming myself at the prospect. Let's make hay.

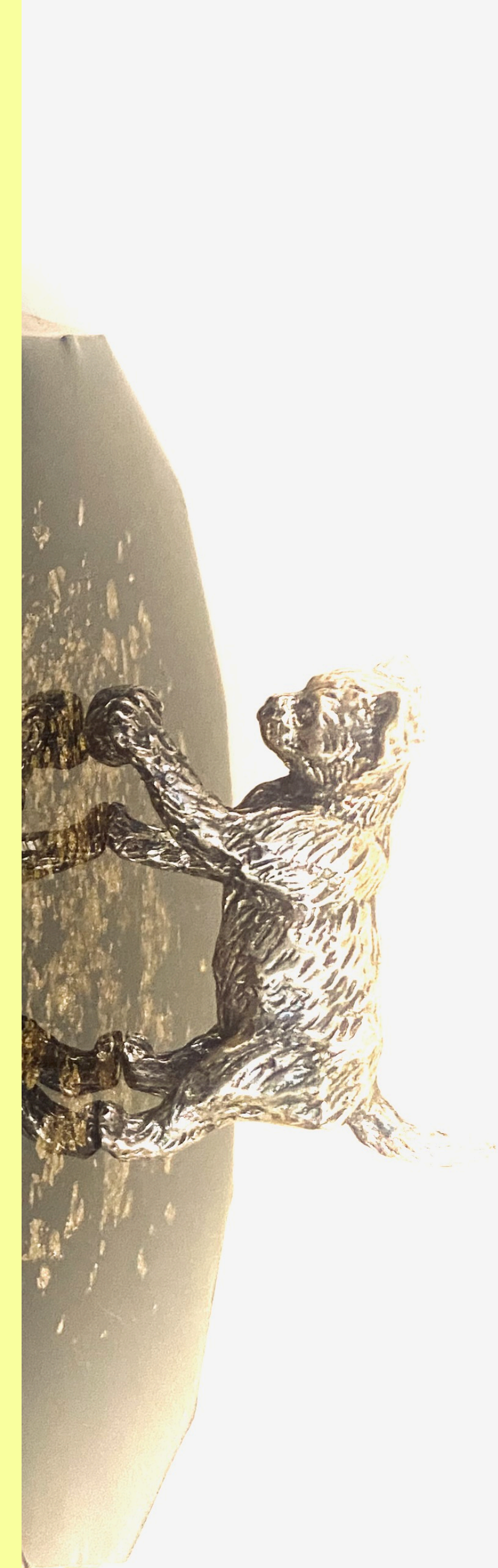
**J3R3WY:** I...I...gather you're cl...

**CL:** SHH.

**J3R3WY:** ...ose to...

**CL:** Shut it.

**J3R3WY:** ...Ken - is he going to leave me al...



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**CL:** Any more questions of that ilk and I'm going to de-brain you with this bucket. You know - swing the handle? **BANG!**

**J3R3MY:** Fair enough...okay...so...

**CL:** Here's your mobile, cretin, and a spare key to the changing rooms.

**J3R3WY:** Fine! Thanks with fucking flowers on!

**CL:** Thank your lucky guardian angel the girls don't regurgitate a buffet of your previous 'treats' for the microphone - oh shit you don't **HAVE** a guardian angel. What happened again - she fell?

**J3R3WY:** Where am I needed when for this ambush bollocks?

**CL:** Changing rooms ten fifteen. **NO CLEVER PRESENTATIONAL ANTICS.**

**J3R3WY:** Will you...

**CL:** I'll be about, but catch me on camera and the pupils will be learning about your insufficiencies in a survival situation in Current Affairs tomorrow. Now I must go and convince the Headmaster that



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I'm still dastardly enough to go under the radar with a pack of Year Fives for his and my own delectation.

**J3R3WY:** What shall I do for an hour?

**CL:** It's a girls' school - go to the lockers and steal some toys to play with. - Do give them a rinse though won't you?! How should I know what you should do? Are you married?

**J2R3WY:** Er...yes I am as a matter of fact!

**CL:** Well why don't you call her, apologise and beg for forgiveness? - It's something to do! Do I have to sort everything?

**J3R3WY:** HUH! Beg forgiveness for WHAT?

**CL:** What can't you think of anything??

**J3R3WY:** ...No?

**CL:** Nice try zero grounds. Now while I go THIS way why don't you go A DIFFERENT way, either way eventually we will meet. Bye.



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# Come Back Cleaner

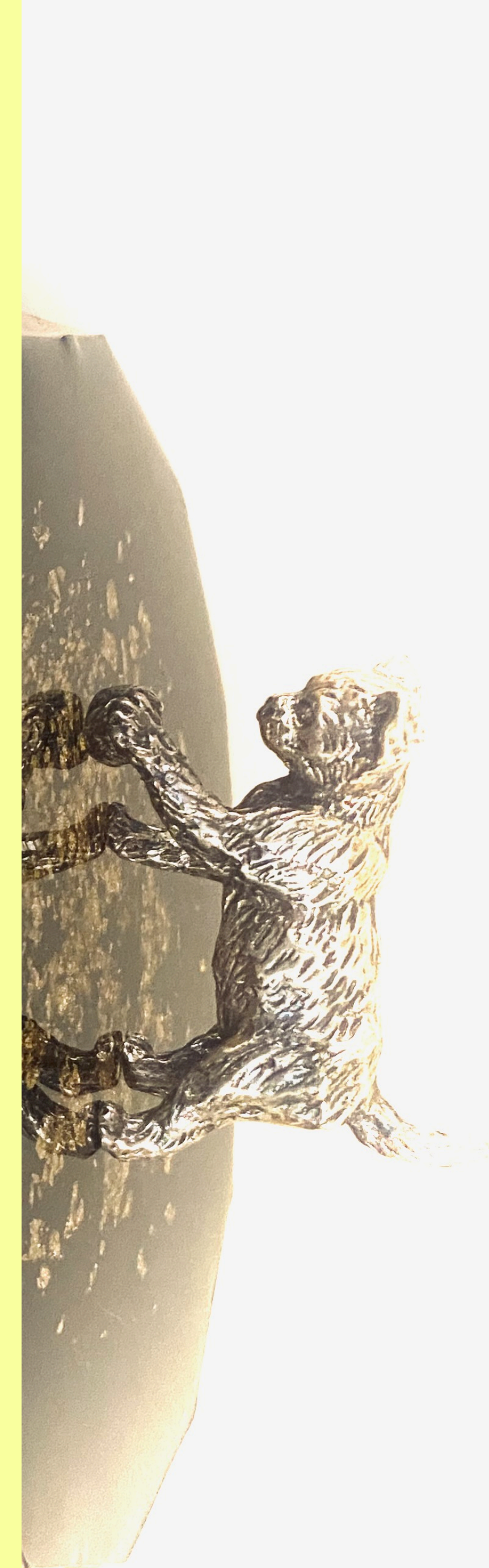
**H34DW45T3R:** Are the girls on? This jonesy is making me mega-gaga.

**CL34Z3R:** THIS way Headmaster.

**H34D:** Ahr donn fockin see wah wee canne do it in MAAH hoffice...??

**CL:** Hevian, Hevian...we discussed this...if you would be willing to extend to me a spare key we can do all this...and more...with icing on top...to all anatomical ecstasies in your personal space, but UNTIL then...Ah - Justina Thyme!

**JU5T1Z4 THYW3:** Hello sir...Headmaster...Do you want me to...



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**CL:** Let's get inside the fucking room hey Jus? I'll just lock that. Bloody crumbs, 'discretion' was a concept plumbed by a spectre who never haunted the pipes in this house of debauchery. Undres Josef!

**UNDR35 J053F:** Okay.

**CL:** NO - I was just introducing you - ...

**H34D:** What's your problem?

**CL:** Oh yeah - okay - why not - it's two minutes past ten - lots of time...

**3L1Z483T 5MYTH3-H3RCL3V463:** Hello. Feeling comfortable?

**CL:** Ah yes - Elizabet Swythe-Herclevage has Matty Ying Pan-Tyes with her as well as you can see!

**H34D:** I don't know if I can hold this river. I'm gonna pop.

**CL:** Oh - hold it girls - give the man a chance to catch his breath before the sickest - sorry the



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dirtyest - excuse me the fifth and A-list - or should I say low-down-X-RATED - performer...Tusche Titania Winaprise...

**H34D:** IS...IS...IS IT...is it...TRUE?

**TU5CH3 T1T4Z14 M1Z4PR153:** Why don't you ask my friends? Matty...? Eliza...? Undres...? Justina...? You meet me, Tusche Titania...

**M4TTY:** ...get a pleasant surprise.

**EL1Z483T:** ...she just can't help herself...

**UNDR35:** ...we can help though...

**H34D:** ...yes...and what about you Justina?

**JU5T1Z4:** Why don't you ask YOUR friend now?

**H34D:** Where the fuck is he?

**JU5T1Z4:** Oh, well...I heard the door to the changing rooms being unlocked so perhaps that was him coming back?

**H34D:** ULYSSES!? What are you doing here? - Ah - I know this is nothing you haven't seen but I



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**REALLY** wasn't expecting you...how did you get a key to the girls' changing rooms?

**PR1ZC1P4L:** This fellow standing behind me let me in Headmaster. Fast n' Swish I think his name might be.

**J3R3WY:** I was just wondering what would happen if you pulled Justina's pony tail when her legs are folded behind her head like that...

**CL:** I'm back! Did you get enough footage flicker? - Hang on - Principal?!

**PR1ZC:** I'D LIKE TO MAKE A STATEMENT FOR THE CAMERA!! This...institution...if one can CALL it an institution...and one CAN, is a bloody awful institution made of immorality and sin and crude rituals. Generations of rabid, scabies-ridden souls of dogs in control of Wide-Open High School For Girls have been destroying the UK Education Department's integrity for centuries, with a puerile sense of conscience about vile intrusions into the private activities of young girls. And I should know - I am such a mongrel! I've overseen an oligarchy of power-addicted sadists - members of the Open High faculty - including the Janitor, the Secretary and the Headmaster, the teachers,



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catering staff and maintenance teams -  
cooperate with the police in a self- and other-  
destructive web of sordid connections - political -  
religious - royal - industrial - international -  
underground - official - but it's all academic now...  
Mediaworks Interspatial are making this  
recording to go out on - Jamhead TV is it? - Over  
to you MISTER FAST-SWICH!!!

J3R3WY F45T-5MICH: Yes I got it all. But fuck  
you old man. I've got the data. I wired it to my  
computer in my car. There - I've wiped the video on  
this phone. I'm going to my car to edit the story  
into oblivion on my laptop, and proceed to sit atop  
a sky-sized mountain of untouchable exaltation  
on account of the glamorous new world-sensation  
of V and V whose best-friend - me - is commonly  
understood to be the brains and the wit behind  
the triumphant exposure!

CH4ZT3LL3 1NM3T: You mean THIS laptop?

J3R3WY: Er...Chantelle...? What's going on?

CH4ZT3LL3: You gave me a high-fidelity impression  
of your fingerprints when you signed my mobile  
screen earlier. I borrowed your phone from the  
reception area for ten minutes and now I have





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most of your security details. What Jeremy is filming is and has been going out live on Virginia Spanzof's Jamhead channel: Wetoutside.

CL: I'm getting the fuck...

H34D: I'm way ahead, and looking back with you in my targets, traitor.

CH4ZT3LL3: HOLD THEM DOWN GIRLS. I love how you chose the stars of the school gymnastics team. They've been looking forward to pinning you fellas to the hard cold floor for a looong time.

CL: How did you know about this meeting?

60V3RZW3ZT 4ZD POLITIC5: That was me.

CL: Gaviza!? What could you possibly hope to gain from...

J3R3WY: GAV! - You didn't betray my conversation with...er...

60V: - I thought LONG AND HARD about what's been happening here, and eventually, after a lot of soul-searching...





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**3WW4 CL34V46 1L:** Oh CODSWALLOP Gav, I blackmailed you into telling me the truth about Open High on pain of exposing your illicit undercracker-undertakings to the divorce courts. I told Rita Lettuce-Goooveritt about the mimic strategy in the style of...Kenneth Miles is the name you're draining mental oceans to avoid registering, Jez...and that's how she came to write a VERY convincing letter to Kenny informing him of your colleague's blasé shot at an impersonation.

**RIT4 L3TTUC3-600V3RIT:** By Saint Nick, that Kenneth Miles does not like being imitated, not one bit. And he was so twisted into a tizzy at the staining of Wide-Open's profile, he made a point of ensuring the Virginias' release at the closest opportune...ah - THE VIRGINIAS!!! - Good morning girls!!

**VIR61Z14 C4WU5:** Morning Rita sweetheart. Mister HEADMASTER! - GOOD MORNING to you!! And oh look - the Cleaner. It looks like you all took Virginia Spanzof for a bit of a laugh too...

**VIR61Z14 5P4ZN0F:** Someone is getting fucked in several ways this morning and we know exactly who...



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**MID3-OP3Z D3W0ZK1Z6:** Excuse me sir...

**CL:** The Wide-Open Demonking!...But...what are you wearing?

**R361Z4LD PLODD3R:** Ummm...pardon me sir? I'm Sergeant Reginald Plodder of HM police force - although you don't really think of the government - the state - the monarchy as having its own police force do you? It does. You might have seen some of our work on the Darklight Network - Boysinblue? **NAY VERILY THE DAYNIGHT IS NEAR FOR THEE...**excuse me - I don't know what came over me! - **GENTLEMEN** would you come with me to Satan - I mean the station - and no, it's not really a question; you can't say 'no'. So demands this **AK47**. And so guarantees this fish knife, if there's any trouble.

**R1T4:** Kenneth's got fair bit of sway don't he? And he appeared to merely hover as a captivated slice of audience at the cut of my jib.

**V1R61Z14 C4WU5:** Now guys we've got a new headline caption for this Friday's proposed fight between Ina and Fuchsia...if you will be...up...for it?



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**MATCH TEN IN THE SEASON**

**TYTOLE VERSUS LUSTHORNE**  
**'BELOW THE BLOUSE'**

**THE HEAD VERSUS THE CLEANER**  
**'OFFICIALLY DIRTY'**

**CH4ZT3LL3 1NM3T: Perfect.**

**4MY Z3XT: Shall we all wank each others' fannies to celebrate?**

**V1R61Z14 5P4ZN0F: It would be rude not to, wouldn't it?**

**61RL8: I've already started...actually I've been at it for quite some time.**

**V1R61Z14 C4WU5: Who are you cherub?**

**61RL8: I'm Ruben. I think it might be time to finish.**

**V1R61Z14 5P4ZN0F: Ruben what?**



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**RU83Z: I'm Ruben A. Swollencoch. Enough ink has already been spilt and...oh - well - er...it just looks like it's all over.**



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# *The B.A.S.E. Technique*

Breathe

*By Oliver Turner*

Act

Sense

Engage



BREATHE

C.O.D.E.

B.A.S.E. Technique

Comfortably Openly Deeply Evenly

What if life is playing a colossal joke on you and me and the irony is that the solution to anything is right there in front of your face.

And the answer is...

...how you breathe.

Wherever you are, whatever is the case...it's that.

*If I slow the pace of my breathing right down - for a change - and  
focus on it, it's...well - trippy!*

'If only there was something I could TRY at, to put a little bit or a lot of energy into consistently that would yield results...'

- How to breathe!



'Looks before she leaps'

ACT

W.I.S.E.

With Instinctive Self-Expression

Tension motivates the muscles...

Breathe And Bounce

K.Y.B.O.

W.T.P.

KEEP YOUR BOUNCE ON!

*Whatever The Pace!*

...relaxation frees them

'She who hesitates is lost'

B.A.S.E. Technique



# V.A.S.T. Senses

Visual Audial Scent Touch

B.A.S.E. Technique

## Sense Of Touch

...IS FOUNDATIONAL TO AWARENESS

*Sentience is Conscious Awareness*

APPRECIATION OF QUALITY IS FUNDAMENTAL TO CONSCIOUSNESS

*Felt emotional state informs self-expression*

'Take good care of the sense, and the sounds will take care of themselves'

- Lewis Carroll

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# B.A.S.E. Engagement

BE ALERT SENSITIVELY ENGAGE

Breathe the atmosphere in and out

**Spotlight Focus**

Floodlight Awareness

Comprehensive Audiovisual Reception

# Concentrate

**Tone** / *Quality*

CLARITY OF PERCEPTION

**Colour**

B.A.S.E. Technique

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X



TAKE ME TO YOUR READER!

Bye!