
Wk00.3 @thFloor brought to you by SAMSUNG &TH CIA

Posted by tqr - 2017/03/08 00:47

Lo! What scrawny skinny tied lout is scrambling toward the tent? It is the east! Boligard! Nay. Put down that thirsty knife, for blood is its only intent. Just as you have thought your quest a just one, how do you know that you have not killed an innocent man?

Boligard! Please. Your point is proved!

Come back to us, I pray you!

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Re:Wk00.3 @thFloor brought to you by SAMSUNG &TH CIA

Posted by deplancher - 2017/03/10 14:10

Yes, come back to us Barbara Lewis, Pancho Cisco, Boligard.

We are scaling walls. And the walls are falling to pieces. Peace upon you...hey, Jesus, shake my hand. We are sailing on a boat toward the sea and need full company. Mais oui mais oui mais three plus zero est still three.

The less you work the more trouble you do. Trouble is what happens when you pursue troubled mind.

It's so warm in here. Somebody. Please. Just bring me some water. ...the kind without debris floating in the glass. Life must go on and I...you too...we're in it. Salut.

DeP looks up and around. She realizes she's been uttering aloud the words that belong only in her journal of existential potential.]

Sometimes, a person loses awareness of the space around her. But not really. Not really. Imagination is our only sanctuary. Climb in. Bounce like a loose limbed dummy on the Rebounder. Juggle awhile. Write, if you have something bold to say or draw, upon the walls with this paint. Try on Macklemore's grandfather's clothes. You might feel like dancing, who knows? You can do whatever you please here so long as you stay in your own head.

Careful with that axe, Theodore. We need you and every other one here against their assigned posts on the stable Floor.

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Re:Wk00.3 @thFloor brought to you by SAMSUNG &TH CIA

Posted by Jesus - 2017/03/10 23:20

Ms. DePlancher. These are times, aren't they, like a dream, like a sad era, an epoch, a week back in history eons ago. But it's now. Here, I brought you a glass of water.

Mr. Rorschalk. You're back. You did not find Boligard. Crapola granola.

Examining George Garnet's Emergency Call currently. But, all watching should be aware of the fact that I am worried about our hero Boligard. So that might effect my weighing of the current capital. Might.

But anyway.

Emergency Call. He eyes his iPhone. He examines. He eyes his iPhone. He examines]

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Re:Wk00.3 @thFloor brought to you by SAMSUNG &TH CIA

Posted by tqr - 2017/03/11 01:52

They're voting "MAYBE" in the Terminal! What is this place turing into? "Maybe!" Noooo-ho-ho-ho-ho...ach

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Re:Wk00.3 @thFloor brought to you by SAMSUNG &TH CIA

Posted by deplancher - 2017/03/12 00:10

DeP is standing on a chair sticking a poster of some guy nobody knows on the wall with fun tack. She gets down, stands back. It must be straight or at least to her liking because she drags the chair back to the wall under the window and goes back over to her desk where she glugs the rest of the water from the glass that Jesus filled.]

And I do thank you for that, friend Jesus. I get so thirsty sometimes..must be something in the paper. Oui, I know I can read the caps onscreen but I like the hard copy. I like reading while pacing around on these glass tiles, muttering the content aloud sometimes if I feel like it...you know, for emphasis. Oh, does that bother you, Jesus? Is it distracting? I didn't think it would be distracting because Doomey never complains and we listen to music all the time. And dance when the feeling moves us. We do a lot of things to give it our best, you know? Know what I mean, Jesus? Reading isn't just...mere reading is it? Not really.

You can't just live in your head.

So, I've been in the Liberty Compound and I have visited the Freedom Compound. I have seen the brutality of humans who cannot seem to learn either from history, herstory, or the prophetic future. You know what? Most humans suck. I mean, they have potential...some of them even know it and still thwart it for immediate gratification. For a spot on Reality TV or some tanned guy's yacht. Or a thirty second rubdown from a black bottom girl.

Off track. Sorry. This VC weaves words quite well. Obviously going somewhere with it. But not this time. VC Cusumano's The Change has been forwarded to the deluge and, I believe, is being used for kindling in the Rattletown March Campfire right now. Free hotdogs on 21st Street!

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Re:Wk00.3 @thFloor brought to you by SAMSUNG &TH CIA

Posted by deplancher - 2017/03/12 15:12

DeP is at her desk handwriting a letter. She writes it with a fountain pen, a leaky one by the look of the paper which definitely has legible words on it but also several not quite dried ink blotches. She might be crying a little but it's hard to tell. It's hard to tell.]

This might be more dangerous than when you had your arms pulled off and part of your larynx shredded, I am not sure. Your calls to Jesus are the calls of desperation, of a haunted man, or a hunted one. Doomey! Anything could happen to you out there, on the other side of the needle. Near those docks and stinky fish boats. You of all people...oh, yes yes, mon cher, experienced and worldly and smart and wiley and...ready, but a saviour?

And Sunday's are lonesome. We miss you. Where are you where are you where are you? she puts her head in her hands. Ink drips from the pen. Ink marks her fingers, her forehead, her nose. The words of her letter are lost under a spreading miniature lake of black ink.]

We might have to hire Investigator Ivinka if we don't hear from him soon. And she's expensive.

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Re:Wk00.3 @thFloor brought to you by SAMSUNG &TH CIA

Posted by Jesus - 2017/03/14 01:00

You can not possibly miss that horrible man.

I mean, seriously. You miss that horrible man?

George Garnet did not come to the party wearing a well dressed suit, ladies. I am pretty sure that English is not his first and fav words, right? One thing I've learned since joining these crazy peoples that populate TQR is that you must at least try to maintain a good looking smile while walking down the deluged street, and you must smoke your cigars with grace, and you must inform folks when they try to craft but don't do it well, and you can not allow your eyebrows to overgrow, right? George Garnet's Emergency Call just got thrown into the rafters, don't know if you saw that, but, yeah.

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