
wk 2.8

Posted by tqr - 2018/04/09 13:28

Floor's dead ... long live the Floor!

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Re:wk 2.8

Posted by Jesus - 2018/04/09 18:11

I love Spring. The temps up their ante, the trees shot forth buds, the sky goes from gray to blue. The shooting range gets real crowded, the grills are smoking, the girls are more often seen wearing shorts. I just love it. But we are going to Porthole Bailey's cap, right, Boligard?

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Re:wk 2.8

Posted by doomey - 2018/04/09 18:31

I need to examine it one more time, bro. I just don't know.

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Re:wk 2.8

Posted by carol - 2018/04/09 18:34

Damn, this place needs a cleaning. Smells in here. We need to open a window.

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Re:wk 2.8

Posted by doomey - 2018/04/12 20:44

we'll shove Bailey's The Whole World In Their Hands in the Porthole, folks. it's okay, but okay is just not good enough, savvy?

damn. there's a lot of space out there, cousins.

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Re:wk 2.8

Posted by Jesus - 2018/04/15 20:37

Not cool, man. Geez.

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Re:wk 2.8

Posted by carol - 2018/04/15 20:46

We've got a Kirk submission. Always makes us think of Capt. Kirk. Maybe this this offering isn't trekian, hey, we'll see.

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Re:wk 2.8

Posted by doomey - 2018/04/15 20:58

mind if I...

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Re:wk 2.8

Posted by carol - 2018/04/15 21:09

Yeah, we should focus on this capital, crazy right?

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Re:wk 2.8

Posted by Jesus - 2018/04/15 21:21

Christ.

We're looking at William Kirk'sBitter Not. Hm.

You Make My Sun Shine, and then he wanders out onto the tiles and wags his ass, and he smiles up at the mirrorball, wagging his head left to tright]

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Re:wk 2.8

Posted by deplancher - 2018/04/17 10:44

DeP's standing on a stool, looking out the greasy window. Seems a lurker's lurking out there, peering in, or trying to look in. All she can see are a pair of scuffed motorcycle boots and the very hairy legs attached to them. She tried. The window cannot be pried. Carol's right, though. There's a certain...stink permeating The Floor. She sniffs herself. Nothing is obvious. Mystery cooks. Mystery lives in these walls. She steps down and returns to her desk. Rimbaud opens one eye. She pulls the cap from under his warmth. She skims the page. She's hopeful. Always hopeful.]

What happens when there's no hope, right? And what's Ted talking about...The Floor being dead? Oh, hey. Is that what smells? Death? What died? Many questions. Who will answer? asked the ghost of Ed Ames.

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Re:wk 2.8

Posted by Jesus - 2018/04/17 20:16

Oooh, dang. I was totally ready to raise Kirk's Bitter Not to the Terminal, but then we received news that this VC went otherwhere with his capital. Which is awesome, good for him. But I think it's unfair, or not unfair but messed up. I've been examining Kirk's capital for days. Diving in, floating around, chopping it sideways. Days. Okay. Gave serious time to Kirk, and if he tries to ruin me once more...

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Re:wk 2.8

Posted by doomey - 2018/04/17 20:30

okay, wise. never threaten the VCs, cousin. you should back off and keep stepping off till maybe you're stepped like completely off, hotdog muthafucker. geez.

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Re:wk 2.8

Posted by Jesus - 2018/04/19 20:12

Alrighty, humph.

Boligard, calm yourself. I didn't actually get to the threatening bit before you butted in. I was going to say, if he comes in our house and ruins me one more time, I'm going to get him some nice carnations delivered to his door.

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Re:wk 2.8

Posted by doomey - 2018/04/19 20:29

my bad.

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Re:wk 2.8

Posted by carol - 2018/04/19 20:46

Okay.

You goddamn fuckers.

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Re:wk 2.8

Posted by doomey - 2018/04/19 20:55

so we've got Bob Stephenson's Phases of Dreaming. everybody just calm the fuck down.

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Re:wk 2.8

Posted by Jesus - 2018/04/19 21:04

I'm calm, cousin.

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