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## wk 3.0

Posted by tqr - 2018/05/15 02:17

---

Gracias mein friend. Si. Diablo sauce is ooh la la! ... Mira!

Pawn H7- H5

---

## Re:wk 3.0

Posted by Jesus - 2018/05/17 16:32

---

Um. Wait a minute. It was my move, Rorschalk.

---

## Re:wk 3.0

Posted by carol - 2018/05/17 16:45

---

After Annabel]

Hey, Bollard. Hosking's capital is looking pretty good, but I'm going to need a second opinion. So get your ass over here, stat.

---

## Re:wk 3.0

Posted by doomey - 2018/05/17 16:50

---

chill, cousin. i'm officiating here.

---

## Re:wk 3.0

Posted by Jesus - 2018/05/17 16:56

---

Okay.

There's my move, Rorschalk.

There's your move.

And there's my next move, mister. Now we're current.

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## Re:wk 3.0

Posted by tqr - 2018/05/17 17:21

---

Jesu Christo, I'll be your huckleberry ... you've already moved the G1 knight. The knight still extant on your side resides on B1. See post 537 from wk 2.8 below...

Re:wk 2.8

Date: 2018/05/02 20:30 By: Jesus Status: Admin

Karma: 2 Karma+ Karma-  
Admin

Posts: 537  
graphgraph

Okay, boss. Wow, I don't believe I've seen you so close up.

Take all the pictures you want, Ms. DePlancher. I'll be your wallpaper.

That's what Val should have said, right?

=====

## Re:wk 3.0

Posted by Jesus - 2018/05/17 23:32

---

Oops.

=====

## Re:wk 3.0

Posted by doomey - 2018/05/17 23:36

---

oops?

=====

## Re:wk 3.0

Posted by Jesus - 2018/05/17 23:43

---

Please forgive, Rorschalk.

I was ahead of myself there, sorry. What I meant to do was...

---

Meant to do that. Once again sorry. And fantastic, now you know my next intended move. I can be a moron sometimes.

=====

**Re:wk 3.0**

Posted by carol - 2018/05/18 00:27

---

Boligard Doomey!

Damn it.

=====

**Re:wk 3.0**

Posted by tqr - 2018/05/18 04:42

---

The end game is nigh ... oh hi ho, last the live long day, my dalek. We must extirminate.

Knight E7 - G6

=====

**Re:wk 3.0**

Posted by deplancher - 2018/05/18 15:31

---

DeP uses the sleeve of her cat hair covered sweater to clear a circle in the centre of the filthy window. What for? Sometimes she imagines she can see past the weedy and slow motion slug family dinners to discern the state of the weather. Yes, weather. Though they rarely venture outdoors---you must have noticed by now the pallor of our skin---it's somehow still mildly interesting to know what's going on out there. Is it raining? Does the sun glisten upon the new grass dew? Is this penchant any different from sitting cross-legged in silent, wide-eyedness, watching fish eat? Watching hawks soar? Watching chess moves? ]

If I wear a mask, do you still know me? Do I know myself? Or am I transformed into...? Thomas Kearns First Time Ever I Saw Your Face has me wondering what I'd like to wear. How it might feel behind at some time, or any time, behind my new faces.

Your move, Jesus. Watch out, Ted. We need, je pense, more coconut in the house. Maybe a banjo upon the west wall.

=====

**Re:wk 3.0**

Posted by Jesus - 2018/05/19 00:02

---

Ms. DePlancher, I didn't see you there earlier. My bad. Hope everything's peachy.

---

Okay, I could go ahead and make the move I made earlier, or I could mix it up. Hm.

And the wheel turns, Rorschalk.

=====

**Re:wk 3.0**

Posted by tqr - 2018/05/19 02:33

---

Doomey ... your lack of self awareness and social mores is stunning, sir.

Jesus, the board is heating up. High leverage plays are imminent. So...

=====

**Re:wk 3.0**

Posted by Jesus - 2018/05/19 23:02

---

Not so aggressive anymore, I'm I? Sad.

=====

**Re:wk 3.0**

Posted by carol - 2018/05/19 23:05

---

We've more important tasks at hand, Boli. Let the boys be boys.

=====

**Re:wk 3.0**

Posted by tqr - 2018/05/20 00:18

---

God I love horses!

A pox 'pon your milk crates!

=====

**Re:wk 3.0**

Posted by Jesus - 2018/05/20 02:48

---

---

Egads.

I love parades, Rorschalk. Doesn't make me a better stratigizer, let me tell you.

And that's when all hell broke loose.

=====

### Re:wk 3.0

Posted by tqr - 2018/05/20 20:03

---

Hellfire! Well...let loose the dogs of war for shore ... but I feel that love is in the air, so not just yet.

Hello Dolly.

=====

### Re:wk 3.0

Posted by tqr - 2018/05/23 13:25

---

Jesus!

Rising from the dead was less of a chore for you than saving this fair maiden ...

Awake! Arise! Transform, I say!

What is used from your lust shall be mine...

=====

### Re:wk 3.0

Posted by tqr - 2018/05/24 22:59

---

Agua, lungs! My fwend. Dontcha go way 'neasy. Cuppa tea!

=====

---

## Re:wk 3.0

Posted by Jesus - 2018/05/25 23:21

---

Rorschalk, pray forgive. My mind was at the beach for a couple of days. Trying to calm myself, rid my thoughts of this frantic malaise they've settled into. All is nearly lost.

Should have stayed at the beach.

=====

## Re:wk 3.0

Posted by tqr - 2018/05/26 04:10

---

Jesus!

No harm, no foul. A friendly game of chest.

=====

## Re:wk 3.0

Posted by Jesus - 2018/05/27 23:09

---

Did you know they put a plaque over a urinal you pissed in at Coles diner in Los Angeles?

Of course.

=====

## Re:wk 3.0

Posted by doomey - 2018/05/27 23:20

---

I Like the Way You Talk. he continues his discourse]

doesn't matter how well the VC crafts, girlfriend, the capital must pop, and it must rock and roll, savvy. I know you savvy. I mean, we're like kin. you're my sister from another mister, so...

=====

---

## Re:wk 3.0

Posted by carol - 2018/05/27 23:29

---

Motherfucker by Faith No More. She grabs Boligard's wrists]

So, we want more than quality craftsmanship? Just so we're on the same page, cousin. Our job is more than screening ability and exactitude?

=====

## Re:wk 3.0

Posted by doomey - 2018/05/27 23:47

---

seriously. exactitude? only New Yorker fuckwads demand perfection. only Paris Review demands ability and flawless flow. Charlie, listen. We are TQR. we demand goodstuff. that's deeper than perfect prose and educated sentence structure. fuck sentence struture.

=====

## Re:wk 3.0

Posted by carol - 2018/05/28 00:05

---

Fine, christ. Whatever, man. Hearing you like a Zeke show, okay? Loud and fucking clear.

Moved on, cousin.

=====

## Re:wk 3.0

Posted by doomey - 2018/05/28 00:26

---

express yourself, and he shuffles his shoes, nodding his head, all sideways and backwards and shit]

=====

## Re:wk 3.0

Posted by tqr - 2018/05/28 00:37

---

Aye, the pawns have it.

=====

## Re:wk 3.0

Posted by Jesus - 2018/05/31 00:17

---

If you're losing your soul and you know it, than you've still got a soul to lose.

=====

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**Re:wk 3.0**

Posted by carol - 2018/05/31 00:46

---

We've got Keith Higginbotham's Bolsheviks on Ice up to bat. Oh wait, sorry. My bad. It's titled Bolsheviks on Mars.

Shit.

=====

**Re:wk 3.0**

Posted by doomey - 2018/05/31 01:30

---

it's sci-fi, isn't it. we really try not to do sci-fi here, sister. sci-fi is good if it has a sense of humor and maybe a real dark twist, savvy? alien. that's an excellent franchise, not very prosey though.

this makes no sense. which fiction should often not do, but, wow, this really makes no sense.

=====

**Re:wk 3.0**

Posted by carol - 2018/05/31 01:39

---

Yeah, cousin. I'm along side you on this one. Just does not compute. I like the wandering focus, but wanders a bit too much.

=====

**Re:wk 3.0**

Posted by doomey - 2018/05/31 01:42

---

holy Mothers of Invention.

this is invasive.

=====



---

## Re:wk 3.0

Posted by carol - 2018/05/31 01:48

---

Higginbotham's Bolsheviks on Mars has been Portholed.

You can pull your fucking pants up now, cousin.

=====

## Re:wk 3.0

Posted by tqr - 2018/05/31 21:15

---

Poor Boligard. Makes you want to be a member in bad standing of hashtag metoo! Butt, then again ... who wants that feckless bullshit jive?

Ouch.

=====

## Re:wk 3.0

Posted by doomey - 2018/06/01 23:25

---

i'd say ouch. damn fine move Rorschalk. a fucking fork. damn.

what say you Jesus?

=====

## Re:wk 3.0

Posted by Jesus - 2018/06/01 23:43

---

Okay. I guess I'll play this out, sadness. Serious frown. Dead man walking.

Jesus leans back, works his triceps as he lowers his torso and then lifts it up, again and again, getting all red faced]

=====

## Re:wk 3.0

Posted by tqr - 2018/06/02 05:03

---

---

Looks like old queenie ...

I should've known it would not be so easy. That was an excellent gambit, sir.

---

**Re:wk 3.0**

Posted by Jesus - 2018/06/02 22:21

---

Darn it to hell.

---

**Re:wk 3.0**

Posted by carol - 2018/06/02 22:28

---

Yeah, damn. That would have been a sweet Queen sacrifice, though nada might have come of it, right? A little weak, Christ. This game is not going down in the record books, cousins.

---

**Re:wk 3.0**

Posted by Jesus - 2018/06/02 22:33

---

The wicked find their way through the forest, the good skirt.

---

**Re:wk 3.0**

Posted by tqr - 2018/06/02 23:05

---

---

**Re:wk 3.0**

Posted by deplancher - 2018/06/03 15:43

---

DeP's trying on a selection of cloaks delivered by Amazon. To an outsider, the garments may appear as several samples of the same thing in various colours. The truth is sometimes difficult to discern from the rabble and rubble. Yes, they are the same garment...DeP has a penchant for the loose and the flow and the obscuring of her shape...but each one is a slightly different cut, a different size, and most importantly, a different weight. Every shift has an effect. She glances at

---

the chess session. It's been lingering for days. Good game for focusing wandering minds. Good training for...she swirls in burgundy. Cat hair lifts from the glass tiles. Dances briefly, then descends to occupy new spaces. She has chosen the best. It will help with the shivers brought on by some of the content she's been reading of late.]

VCs temper their words, but their plots plod the dark alleys. Characters are haunted by past deeds. Or future ones festering, conceived and considered.

VC John Leahy's protag in Hobson's Choice asks if the thing he's to perform a procedure on even has skin. How can you skin an entity that might not have skin, he ponders, and we ponder along with him.

Om mani padme hum. I draw me cloak around me mom. Mind the gap, the oven's hot. Life might be joy or it might not. Sigh. John Leahy's Hobson's Choice launching to The Terminal, with pickling spice.

She raises the hand holding pages of the cap, skinless. Releases it. An updraft catches it, sucks it hungrily away. DeP slumps. Dystopia wearies her bones, but she's not denuded of all lightness. She packs up the remaining cloak wear, readying it for return. Peter Green tunes his guitar. Introduces Oh Well.]

=====

### Re:wk 3.0

Posted by carol - 2018/06/03 22:56

---

A Terminal. Yes! So fucking awesome!

Damn. That was exhausting.

=====

### Re:wk 3.0

Posted by Jesus - 2018/06/03 23:35

---

You're making moves I haven't accounted for, Rorschalk. Weird.

Okay, um. Yeah.

I see why we came up with chairs. Floor sitting is tough, hombre.

=====

### Re:wk 3.0

Posted by tqr - 2018/06/04 04:49

---

Waited a bit too long to get things started. Damn you.

=====

---

## Re:wk 3.0

Posted by Jesus - 2018/06/05 01:06

---

Not a single freakin' Java.

Okay.

I'm skating here, pal. This game is wild crazy.

=====

## Re:wk 3.0

Posted by tqr - 2018/06/06 00:29

---

Thanks, Jesus...

Check...

=====

## Re:wk 3.0

Posted by Jesus - 2018/06/06 22:21

---

Ah. To think, I was too preoccupied by my checkmate to see yours, Rorschalk. Lesson to self, remain calm at all times and observe your surroundings.

And here comes the end of days.

=====

## Re:wk 3.0

Posted by tqr - 2018/06/06 22:35

---

Queen takes pawns G2 ...

---

Checkmate?

Checkmate!

---

**Re:wk 3.0**

Posted by Jesus - 2018/06/08 22:34

---

Good game.

Must go forth and replenish my Java stash, peoples. I'll be back in a flash.

---

**Re:wk 3.0**

Posted by doomey - 2018/06/08 22:49

---

god damn.

shit, brother. you won.

---

**Re:wk 3.0**

Posted by carol - 2018/06/08 23:02

---

Meanwhile...

Shit. Motherfucker.

S'not cool to give our wild fella, aka fucking Doomey, a sci-fi capital that thinks of itself fit and straight forward sci-fi. But, I'm not the boss, so...

---

**Re:wk 3.0**

Posted by doomey - 2018/06/08 23:17

---

yeah, um. this is not what we push upward, get it? there's no way i can let this move upward. just because we're an unknown e-zine, an e-zine that no one examines or has ever heard of, i can't let subpar bullshit gain altitude, unlike all those other "literary" e-zines out there. and good god they are bad, said e-zines, not naming them and you can't make me unless you offer me bourbon. bad and sad. if you want to lower expectations, talking to editors of e-zines here, can't you just go work for food magazines? bourdain's dead so you can all just go ruin that genre! the area of bad prose should not be literature. just saying.

---

=====

## Re:wk 3.0

Posted by carol - 2018/06/09 00:13

---

Jesse Kemmerer, if that's your real name (doubt the fuck that), your capital has risen. Very cool, man. See what happens.

---

## Re:wk 3.0

Posted by tqr - 2018/06/09 02:49

---

Boligard, I had this dream that I had ascended to, nay surpassed even, the throne of ... say, did you slip me a mickey? I have got a hitch in my giddyap ...

I'll be darned...

---

## Re:wk 3.0

Posted by doomey - 2018/06/12 00:58

---

put that in your trophy case, boss.

now, prey tell, compadre, why the fuck isn't there any capital piled on my cherrytop. and, no, that is not innuendo.

I just want to watch Sean Penn movies and drink pale ale and smoke. i'm fine with no capital, but damn. the nerve.

do we have a copy of This Must Be The Place? or The Gunman? look around. look in the wardrobe, under DeP's desk.

---

---

## Re:wk 3.0

Posted by carol - 2018/06/17 00:19

---

I've got The Thin Red Line, guys. Got's woody and nick and sean and that guy from Piano. Do we have a DVD player up in this house?

=====

## Re:wk 3.0

Posted by Jesus - 2018/06/17 00:30

---

Hurlyburly. The best Sean Penn movie ever. We just need a DVD player. Hm.

=====

## Re:wk 3.0

Posted by doomey - 2018/06/17 00:46

---

turn down the lights, man. jesus fucking Christ, turn down the lights!

=====

## Re:wk 3.0

Posted by carol - 2018/06/17 00:54

---

Ah damn, I love this fucking movie.

=====

## Re:wk 3.0

Posted by Jesus - 2018/06/17 01:05

---

=====

## Re:wk 3.0

Posted by tqr - 2018/06/17 15:34

---

To gloat! Perchance to dream. Now ...

Where's the cap?

The cap. The precious cap!

---

### Re:wk 3.0

Posted by rockefeller - 2018/06/18 12:45

---

An impressive struggle and seriously unorthodox strategy: to sucker one's opponent into a premature positional sacrifice (ala fried liver) by blocking one's own queen pawn with one's bishop on like the 2nd move. The Rockster is impressed... nay, chagrined. You should gloat.

---

### Re:wk 3.0

Posted by bulldust - 2018/06/19 12:40

---

The Bullmeister snorts. This is nerd crap.

Never mind the cap, where's the nachos?

Bulldust reaches into a cheap styrofoam cooler and pulls out a can of Busch.

Anybody want some?

He looks around and grimaces. Are we really out of cap?

---

### Re:wk 3.0

Posted by tqr - 2018/06/21 00:15

---

Fear not, lads! If all else fails ... we can whip the horses eyes!

Whatever you do, remember this ... I want my last meal .... CHICKENFRIED.

---

### Re:wk 3.0

Posted by doomey - 2018/06/22 00:47

---

motherfucking land ho, bitches!

oh, and bulldust, hey man, you can just go pleasure yourself, stranger.



---

---

## Re:wk 3.0

Posted by Jesus - 2018/06/22 01:06

---

We are seriously in danger of sickness, cousins.

Where are we?

---

## Re:wk 3.0

Posted by carol - 2018/06/22 01:11

---

We're on a pirate ship!

Motherfuckers. We are on a pirate ship.

---

## Re:wk 3.0

Posted by rockefeller - 2018/06/22 12:57

---

There are rules here?

---

## Re:wk 3.0

Posted by bulldust - 2018/06/22 13:38

---

Listen Doodoo, you can suck my left nut.

Wait, if this is a pirate ship, where's the parrot?

---

## Re:wk 3.0

Posted by carol - 2018/06/24 00:03

---

---

Rules. Yes Madam, or Sir or whatever the fuck you are. It's been so simple and so easy to follow the rules...

When we fucking talk, we talk, you dumb ass motherfucker. When go into action...

...we make it clear it's action.

We've been doing this for like 15 years, cousins. How in the fuck could you not understand how we work? The fucking rules!

=====

### Re:wk 3.0

Posted by bulldust - 2018/06/25 01:00

---

Bulldust shrugs.

Uh, yeah. Fuck it.

=====

### Re:wk 3.0

Posted by carol - 2018/06/27 23:58

---

So I'm guessing we're just ignoring all of Bull's post from here on out?

Come an island, a man. His mother.

=====

### Re:wk 3.0

Posted by bulldust - 2018/06/28 12:32

---

Ignore this.

There once was bitch named Carol,  
Who smelled like an unwashed butthole.  
We asked her to wipe,  
But she continued to gripe,  
So we threw her ass into the main hold.

=====

---

## Re:wk 3.0

Posted by rockefeller - 2018/06/28 13:05

---

Beautiful pirate Limerick! I've not smelled here, but trust your bovine senses. I've had my left leg amputated just above the knee and fitted with a peg, so excited am I about this new theme.

=====

## Re:wk 3.0

Posted by tqr - 2018/06/30 14:19

---

Arrgh. What unserviceable villian has yanked me from my slumber? Ai? The life is nothing but tribulation bridged by care and insufferable wailing. A pox 'pon it!

=====

## Re:wk 3.0

Posted by doomey - 2018/07/03 00:42

---

Captain Rorschalk!

fucking land ho, dude! directly in front of us, like reef, cousin. with a mass of fucking land past it! what should we do? action is needed, commands and stances and attitude!

=====

## Re:wk 3.0

Posted by carol - 2018/07/03 00:49

---

Turn this fucker around, Jesus. We will end up meat for the fish unless you whip that damn wheel leftward! The reef and the rocks will destroy this ship's ribs, cousin!

=====

## Re:wk 3.0

Posted by Jesus - 2018/07/03 01:04

---

=====

## Re:wk 3.0

Posted by doomey - 2018/07/03 01:18

---

---

best find ourselves something that floats, cousins. me thinks this ship is about to be torn apart.

godamn, sister. we've found ourselves a real bean feast.

=====

**Re:wk 3.0**

Posted by tqr - 2018/07/08 15:37

---

A curse upon thee, Poseidon and all your courtly diadems! This is not the way it was supposed to be!

Twas Moby Cap that I was plying the trade winds back to that fateful quadrant round the latitude of Cape Horn and vicissitude in between! Now, a castaway with coconuts and imbeciles to daunt me. Oh that this life were rocks beat upon the shore I would quarry thee my way to China were it not I burn sanguine...

=====

**Re:wk 3.0**

Posted by carol - 2018/07/08 22:41

---

Carol is strewn upon the sand, her leather pant slightly shrank and her bushel of hair all crazy]

Motherfucker.

We've hit solid dove land, bitches. Might be we get a break from the constant slam of capital.

Most likely not.

=====

**Re:wk 3.0**

Posted by doomey - 2018/07/10 01:16

---

I have no idea how this shit got here, sister. it's Draitster's Glen and Joe. i'll get to examining it as soon as i'm sure there's some sort of liquid refreshment on this...

fucking island.

---

## Re:wk 3.0

Posted by carol - 2018/07/12 01:00

---

Wow, cousin. Shit. We might not be one of those rescue media hits. They might not ever find our asses. Oh damn. Why would they want to find us? It's like Schroedinger's pussy. If noone sees us, we don't exist. Like those boys and their coach in the cave. If we'd never found them, they would have existed to the point of them being dead. Unknown they'd be worm food, but some awesome person found them, and thus, they became alive. And we worked from there on, cousins. Before we found those boys they may have not existed. Hm. Hm. And hm.

We are on a fucking beach on an island out in the middle of no-fucking-where. Okay, fuck. Jesus Christ! Okay. Slide me the fucking capital, Hustler.

---

## Re:wk 3.0

Posted by doomey - 2018/07/17 00:33

---

damn. I had no idea.

bet there's coconuts somewhere around here. and maybe some wild boar. we need weapons, sisters. we need defense. stakes and walls and pits, right? might be hostile natives just over the hill.

so is it any good?

---

## Re:wk 3.0

Posted by carol - 2018/07/17 00:46

---

Does not advance. Does not advance.

Draitser's Glen & Joe has been Portholed.

---

## Re:wk 3.0

---

Posted by Jesus - 2018/07/17 01:21

---

Guys! I've got capital!

Some lady, Margaret Karmazin, sent us a capital entitled What Clones May Do

Who's my partner here, cousins? I already examined the capital in the surf, right. I'm on the Porthole-side, just so you know where I'm at.

=====

**Re:wk 3.0**

Posted by carol - 2018/07/17 01:25

---

Fuck, alright, okay. Give me a fucking second, Jesus.

=====

**Re:wk 3.0**

Posted by doomey - 2018/07/20 00:34

---

i'm with the Christ. this looks like a Porthole. fuck these fucking flies.

=====

**Re:wk 3.0**

Posted by carol - 2018/07/20 01:00

---

Okay. It's way coolness to craft capital, but one of the main ingredients in crafting is style. What we look for here at TQR is solid crafting with style. Capital sans style is god awful, it's like a Dan Brown novel, the worst ever. Dan Brown is so bad he probably can't sleep at night. And if he can it's only because he's so damn rich. My dog, if I had one, could craft better capital than Dan fucking Brown. God, he makes me want to gag.

Fuck you, Dan Brown. If no one has told you you suck, then hey, motherfucker, here you go. You fucking suck!

Mother fucking cocksuckers.

---

Any fucking what, Karmazin's What Clones May Do is currently being Portholed. We need the best words, Trump. No room for second best any more, sisters.

=====

### Re:wk 3.0

Posted by doomey - 2018/07/24 01:21

---

okay, well. you're right about Dan Brown. and all this time I thought it was only me.

but if you think about it, if Dan Brown wanted to craft thriller novels like Bukowski might, without the wit and eyebrow-raise and buddy-feel and women-worship, and he wanted to make capital a puzzle solving experience like Archie and Jughead, and if he wanted to suck excitement from the crafted word, go complete bore monster, then i'd say Dan has really gotten the job done.

Joseph McKinley's They Don't Call It Love Anymore is up to bat.

see now...this is goodstuff. i'm gonna send McKinley's Love up another level, where these damn end of world events aren't happening.

sometimes you have to go down to get up, cousin. sometimes you have to get buried to rise again.

=====

### Re:wk 3.0

Posted by carol - 2018/08/01 23:21

---

Fuck you, Dan Brown!

=====

### Re:wk 3.0

Posted by doomey - 2018/08/01 23:49

---

we've got danger in the darkness crafted by dean grondo on the line, fellas and ladies.

oh, fuck yeah. we must send this up to the cloud, er, the Terminal.

---

---

### Re:wk 3.0

Posted by carol - 2018/08/10 00:10

---

We are fucked.

---

---

### Re:wk 3.0

Posted by doomey - 2018/08/10 00:17

---

sweet milk. and what's that extra nudge?

---

---

### Re:wk 3.0

Posted by Jesus - 2018/08/10 00:34

---

Rum. Local stuff. There's a village just over the hill.

It's really good rum, man.

Oh em gee, Swisher. I just found a new Easter egg. We've got fresh cap, folks.

---

---

### Re:wk 3.0

Posted by doomey - 2018/08/11 01:31

---

there's a village over the fucking hill? are you humping my leg, Christ?

---

---

### Re:wk 3.0

Posted by carol - 2018/08/11 02:16

---



---

We've got Swisher's Till Death or in Parts.

Well, damn.

I like this capital, cousins. Rings real true, right?

=====

### Re:wk 3.0

Posted by doomey - 2018/08/14 00:29

---

damn, i'd murder someone for a fucking cigarette right now, and i really think we need to find some flares. for rescuing. but, damn, i'm with Carol on this one, Till Death or in Parts is gold, cousins. love the way this capital sees the undead. it's diff, and it's hot, and it is wowness.

Til Death or in Parts has been lifted up, cousins.

cocksucker! took all my origami, fucker.

=====

### Re:wk 3.0

Posted by tqr - 2018/08/14 23:59

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Nay! What is this life but a cakewalk in a minefield. A dance but brief in a moisturized red ball of setting sun? Aye. To what do we owe all this rending of hearts and ripping of clothing but a good quiver of arrows shot at the moon with the foreknowledge they'll all fall short anon? And so...

I dirnk to ye merry gentlemen and scallawags, for by the sooth of the pompous polonius ... neither a borrower nor a lender be

You'll not mystify me with your presumpt words my laggard! Pay up or your ass will in the blender be ... see?

Yikes. Howz my credit in this fine establishment?

grthpt ... fuppptlll...arrrrghhhh

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## Re:wk 3.0

Posted by doomey - 2018/08/16 00:18

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ha, fucker.

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