
wk 3.2

Posted by doomey - 2018/09/22 14:49

people, i'd love to know where this fucker Sinch is going with this piece of craft, but yo, it's like some sort of folk stuff, some ancient Indian shit. which is totally cool drifter, right? but we don't do that here. we dig style. so right off the bat, be it a single or a triple, we can't allow stoic heritage honor stuff to go up the pipe, i'm I right? this fella, Sinch, has no idea where he landed with TQR. considering fining the motherfucker.

lost at birth. the mirrorball twirls, and then sparks grinds off it, and then arcs go all around the Floor, and a heavy spark lands on the tip of the capital doobie, and the doobie sparks up, ignites, goes all aflame. doomey pulls it in, puts the flame to the tip of his cigarette, sucks in some really sweet smoke, exhales]

Fruit of the Earth has been Portholed.

what the fuck, Charlie?

Re:wk 3.2

Posted by Jesus - 2018/09/22 14:51

What is wrong with people.

Fuck!

Re:wk 3.2

Posted by carol - 2018/09/25 01:05

No! Can't be.

Re:wk 3.2

Posted by Jesus - 2018/09/27 00:51

This can't be Boligard.

it's fun to point out that they can't swim. Fact. Google it), and then it settles to a casserole-in-the-oven-kneeling-in-front-of-it-with-the-oven-light-on-watching-the-casserole-to-make-sure-it-dosen't-burn sort of situation. Jesus kneels and he leans in close to the pilot chair, watching the blob that was doomey, waiting for the blob to go all real, like some scene from a horror movie, like maybe the ghost of Doomey might rise and go ape shit. He watches the puddle on the pilot's

chair like a casserole in the oven]

Re:wk 3.2

Posted by carol - 2018/09/28 00:25

Fuck my ass!

Wildfire. Shit.

Re:wk 3.2

Posted by carol - 2018/09/28 01:15

Okay. I've examined Kwok's The Price For Drinking Tea, and wow, seriously, I'm wondering if I'm being punked. We, TQR, will not publish this. Are there really crafters out there submitting this stuff? Am I on television, you cocksuckers? I mean really, what the fuck is up with Kwok? I ban his/her shit from ever edging into our TQR world again. Wow. I feel kind of sick. Reggie's capital is Portholed.

Carol stuffs the capital up her ass, wrestling with the belt]

Ah, sister. I do so hate the ass-stuffing. But, damn it...

Re:wk 3.2

Posted by rockefeller - 2018/09/28 13:14

Wow. Rocks is intrigued. Wonders what made it suck so acutely. Guesses it was quality of writing, and not themes or content. In which case, thanks.

Re:wk 3.2

Posted by deplancher - 2018/10/01 16:01

DeP's at the hotplate mixing up some kind of brew. Lemon Balm, Mint, Mimosa Leaves, Apple Core, Brown Salamander's Tongue, St. John's Wort, Rainwater, Rooster Claws, a half completed Crossword Puzzle, and the bottom plate of someone's false teeth. Air is steamy around her desk. She perspires and smokes one Gitane following another while chanting some inaudible singsongery.

What themes bring us to this point? What doom has befallen Doomey? What life is he on anyway? I've lost count, which is just as well. Alarmists never offer any viable solution in times of crisis.

How long since the blobbery, Carol?

I wonder sometimes why we're not supplied with armour or vaccination to protect against those few evil albeit powerful

VCs who use our innocent submissions process to spread their antagonistic venom.

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Re:wk 3.2

Posted by carol - 2018/10/04 00:42

Okay.

Go to hell, you stupid fucking chair!

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Re:wk 3.2

Posted by Jesus - 2018/10/04 01:03

We've capital here, sister. Could you stop destroying stuff and just look on these capitals.

I will shoot you.

I mean, what the heck, guys?

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Re:wk 3.2

Posted by carol - 2018/10/04 01:09

Dude, like totally fuck you.

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Re:wk 3.2

Posted by Jesus - 2018/10/07 00:20

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Re:wk 3.2

Posted by carol - 2018/10/07 00:49

Re:wk 3.2

Posted by Jesus - 2018/10/09 00:12

Re:wk 3.2

Posted by carol - 2018/10/09 00:18

Jesus fucking Christ.

Re:wk 3.2

Posted by Jesus - 2018/10/09 00:28

You should try and not take the Lord's name in vain so often, cousin.

Re:wk 3.2

Posted by carol - 2018/10/09 00:41

Go fuck yourself, Jesus.

Re:wk 3.2

Posted by Jesus - 2018/10/09 01:06

Jerry Lewis is dead. What's the point of moving forward. I'm tired.

Re:wk 3.2

Posted by carol - 2018/10/09 01:16

Oh, mother. Why, cocksucker. Why did you. Why did you.

Re:wk 3.2

Posted by deplancher - 2018/10/10 16:29

DeP hears a lot of commotion from inside her steamy yellow bivouac. Sounds like a war zone. She wonders if Ted still carries that reset device Lalo once designed. What was it called? Maybe she dreamed that part. Maybe there is no reset device. Maybe there never was...]

The population diminishes. There's a toll, isn't there, Roger? I know you're out there. You and your warning mouth spewing syllables in languages only macaws understand. There's a toll and some of us, those without the armour designed by a dove, suffer the consequence. Read of death. Breathe death. Consider the many paths to death. Walk blind toward the call of death. Embrace it. Revel in it. Roll with it. Fornicate with it. Evaporate into it.

Resistance is necessary. But, oui, also futile. You will die and death will rise in place of you, resume where you left off. Chew your power to powder. Digest it then excrete it onto the floor in strategic places you cannot see in case you dare rise again so that you will slip and be mired, rendered as helpless as an armless swimmer. And death will beat you again.

Ah! Sage me. Read me Thich Nhat Hanh... She grabs up the cap she's been reading before the wars erupted on the opposite end of The Floor. She flips through the pages, tosses the cap aside.] DesolÃ©, mes tragic ones. I'm not the saviour..or is it savior? I've cap in the middle. Cap behind. I throw you a sack of medicine, fresh brewed here on my hotplate. Rinse away your blood. Hammer some furniture together. Use this gum to mend your hearts...yes, chiclets from the packet handed to VC Mariah Montoya.

Send her cap to the seaside. To The Terminal. Carry on. Death's Armchair By The Sea

Scene I. Set 7. Death prevails but Life returns for more.

Re:wk 3.2

Posted by carol - 2018/10/11 00:52

Swishing ghosts swoop...

The worst of us poop...

My world.

My world now. I've got Jason Cornrer's The Day of the Expanding Man And I will examine this capital.

Just Kissed My Baby. And she puts her palms on the cherrywood's desktop, and she leans into them, twisting her hips, stretching her lower back. She firms up her lips and shakes her head, her hips going all metronome and she thumbs up the volume]

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Re:wk 3.2

Posted by carol - 2018/10/18 00:11

Okay, this shit is so bad I want to find the VC and ask him/her "nigger, what is up," because this craze wind us all stupid, ha, I mean, I do love prose and the future of prose and I love old prose, but daaaaaaaaaamn.

Fuck this shit. Craft well, bitches. No reason not to, right? Corner's capital has been Portholed.

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