

## ***MISERY LOVES COMPANY DRIP***

*drip*

*drip*

*drip*

**drip**

Aw crap = its so damn comfortable here = drip drip creak drip driak driak driak driak  
creak = no no no, no need to get up, but = drip drip creak pird creak driak creiak creak (settle)  
creak creak driak drieak (settle) it's just the house settling {said dear old Dad whoop \*}  
creak snap (far-off “*boom*”) it's when, yah, it's like when we went to live with aunt ***Frieda*** =  
creak = cr = snap pillo rumination rumination in bed pillotion at ***Frieda***'s in bed, it is in that  
closet, ‘all, we’re getting close. The source of those sounds seem to be someplace in the “closet”  
= hey heck, caw caw, that’s *no*’ sayin’ *nothin*’ no someplace in the “closet”, bah bah bah bah, *no*  
*no patooey, ess*—that’s a damned stupid meaningless concept. It might be “in” the closet, sure,  
but the back wall of the closet’s a really thin thing, which—holds back from us behind itself  
some kind of farther-space, which is itself backed up by an even thinnerly flimsianalitity ripplin’  
wall, which—“*yas, you guessed it*”—holds back from us, just as its prior {*or better yet said*  
*holds back from all it's priors 'cause it can't know of "us" since that first wall's in the right*  
*back's between—uh uh*} any notion of the space it itself holds back, so then this all ‘ccordion’d—  
off into the even back’s “farther” (did *yes* say Father ***Bach***? Ole’ ***Father Bach***? TH’ ole and  
himself his very Sebastainned-out e-s-s-s-S-S-S sizzlin’ hot top’d kind of ‘n never-lovin’ ***Bach***)  
walls walls walls go out that way, make infinity—were you not going to place a few more walls  
out there, ***Senor***? No, it does not seem to my team that further walls out that way are needed sir-  
***sir-Senor!*** (ヨロシク) I mean for Christ’s daddy, h’verateetupuela! Take that there, big sissy

h'verateetupuela! h'verateetupuela! Take that and take that a HA HA HA I laugh aside your meagre arrowshafts, what the hell you 'fraid to properly sharp-tip your arrows? Or, maybe somehow you feel that a dirty-my-hands and bend down sort of job is most vertigoluculary below you as to not be; as tipping your own arrows would be (*ugh*) so damned dirty and (*ugh ugh ugh ugh*) so damned low {lay down flat on hard concrete try to not get up for one full day, **HA** you won't do it **HA HA HA** its 'cause you can't do it **HA HA HA HA** lets add to the litany of what you can't do, Sam **HA HA** crap to you too bye bye time's a wastin'} All this crip-shit aside now g-g-g-gahh, an' to make it short **HA HA** to not pump it out farther, I think you are probably intelligent enough to see where this is going YES I did say that YES YES YES; since you 'n yours {maybe}'ve hung in there tan-toon us all these yip-yap-oof pages. Enpagery **FLIP**'d—behind itself some kind of space, which is itself backed up by a wall, which—yas, you guessed it—Montezuma Mointezumiac Moincaim miacmoincam I used to work in a camshaft (AKA: c-a-m-s-h-a-f-t, CAMSHAFT) casting company, too. The balls of him, lord, the very damn balls of him (spit-snit pentangle) {what's that spell? *BODY ODOR!* What's that spell? *BODY ODOR!*) adlilumilliam crass also in the very extreme, oh thank God (Dad that the sound's just the house settling's a stupid thing); *you think knowing that's going to let me get to sleep better*? Thats **ridiculous** = there's (holy rosary) nearly nothing worse than when well-meaning people give **ridiculous** solutions to very big problems, especially when the problems are of the personal kind I mean drip drop (*λούριστοι*) already let's say there's (holy rosary) cannons firing off just out my window, continuously shelling some great big bad enemy miles and miles off &yes& and actually miles off over the horizon, hey, (holy rosary) why do they praise those big old fashioned battlatanneships wow the guns are so big they can hit targets way out there past the far horizon, but but – how do you aim the damned battlatanneships' guns at something you can't

see way past the horizon? {and don't say what about airplane spotters (**holy rosary**) I am trying to make a point here! I am trying very very hard! So please go away, and forever let me be [how the hell should I know? **CRAP** I just cut my damned thumbtip clean off :*there charge off to suicide charge and uh and uh uh off charge straight away off to suicide ole' Ooka:*] } so that is the perfect example of {eyes off your partner there **Olio** the blackboard's up here not pasted to their ass (*silly me*) } a stupid big brag there, we just made the hell backfire, God willing, may it forever and forever backfire on all such brazen *low as grass* perpetrators, but, snow-way, let's say there's cannons firing off just out my window continuously shelling some great big bad enemy miles and miles off {yes yes yes yes we very well know this sort of macro-repetition is way off base, but, hell, what choice do I have with my ears buzzing as they are God DAMN it to *hell* anyway God DAMN it God DAMN it, God DAMN it to *hell* do you think that just because in the heart of each blast I know exactly what's doing the blasting that, hey, no problem, I'll sleep like a baby **BOOM** like a baby no **BOOM BOOM** no problem there **Hans**, no, just keep on firing right outside my window no problem I'll sleep **BOOM** {yah battle-tanks can crash through my room into over and out slime-fishes why the hell's everything now reeking of slime-fishes oh, yah, that just popped my legs clean off!} Eh, ah, thank you, oh ,so thank you so thank you, that I'll never have legs again is no problem, really, 's long as I know what smashed in my room and took them out with it, like, I know what these booms are and **BOOM** as long as I know what the **BOOM BOOM BOOM** hell they are I can sleep like a **BOOM** baby now Dad, oh oh oh Daddy Dad-daddy Dad, thank you, oh thank you, that it's just the house settling makes me feel a whole lot better, creak. I will sleep like a baby now Dad creak drip tack creak, all these **BOOMs** after **BOOMs** creak creak drip creak drip BOOM drip-creak I will sleep like a baby no Dad thank you oh thank you DAD thank you oh thank you? Oh, how can I ever thank you {oh oh just

sleep like a baby now child swaddled 'n swath as natural-God intended sleep sleep leep lee ee e .

lgdpohd jiks s s bottle that cure right now e' immediately bottle that *bottle that DAD* bottle

that **DAD DAD** bottle your God-damn fake cure.

## The Nerve of You!

**NOW!**

*misery loves company drip*

*drip*

*drip*

*drip*

*drip*