

## ***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 flimsianalited 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!* (Λῖου Λῆσοι) 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 (λῆροϋ λῆροϋ) 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 drip creak 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*