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Emperor Zilch #001

Emperor Zilch said:
Weaponry.

I said:
What?

He said:
Tyranny.

He said:
Weaponry will lead us
to liberty and freedom.

I said:
But.

I said:
Have we tried
something else?

Teloque animus praestantior
omin.

If the whole world thinks
Mr Zilch
exactly as we think
do you believe that would be
an improvement?

#5400
George Gott
410 E. 2nd St.
Superior, WI 54880

Aqalani #033

It is a waste of time
this changing of winter to spring
for Chamisa will not notice
as it means nothing to her.

Here I am with the corn,
here I am with the beans,
here I am with the idea
of peace and of war
among the uncertain arroyos.

And Chamisa knows far more
than I will ever know
of such obvious things
as sorrow and joy.

But there is no summer
in her heart or her soul
for me and my Chimayo.

#5401

Teloque animus praestantior omin. =
Mentality is more excellent than weaponry.

Satori 0191

What are we today:
The dews of Adashino
slowly come and go.

#5402
Hear no evil—speak no evil—and you'll never be invited to a party!  —Oscar Wilde

I sec in grasing from his tower
they should quit it from Hell steal
she pocketing her silver
spoons she took from a little starving laven
without guilt go ahead
you make its grown
Her suitcase will be empty soon
walking for peace
I found an African prince

Clean up make up grow up Herad in the rehab
Paragon of luxury is after making a poop ... have someone wipe your ass. Duke
It is better to have a steady income than to be fascinating. O. Wilde

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Molly Brooks

Nguyen Ducmanh
On the surface, it is your standard story of a clothes designer who finds a creature (guess who!) definitely not from HERE who totally turns her life upside down. But what it really explores is the warm playing erotic small sexual messy fun turned-on reality between two people ... an ice cream cone melting throughout life!

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Once upon a time, not so very long ago, there lived an old man ironically named Friend. He expressed his uniquely unlovable nature in the form of pointed and querulous missives to all concerned.

This is the tale of one such document. First created on a dreary winter afternoon, and what became of it after that.

After careful research, a first draft, and then a nap, the author brought the document downstairs to dinner with him, intending to refine it still further as he ate.

Although that scribe would never admit it, the food-service at the residence was quite good.

A moment’s distraction to savor his creamy kiwi torte lasted well past the elevator and by then it was too late.

His waitress cleared her station quicker than a windshield wiper: picked it clean and unobserved, the all-important document.

Lips pursed, half-smiling, Old folks, she mused, always leaving something other than a tip behind.

Flipped it to her boss the food-service manager (hereafter FSM) who glowed with malicious joy to have obtained by delicious chance (unknown to him, of his own baking) the secret, handwritten plans of the condo’s most nefarious complainer.

Within three minutes of its being lost and found, three other members of the staff, including the security guard, found themselves contorted with intense spasms of laughter, in one case, actually to the point of tears. Such was the awesome power of The Document.

In an angry panic now at home, the author frantically dialed up the house manager, shrilly demanding to be let back in the now-locked dining room, that there was an "important document" that he must retrieve.

After a fruitless search, breathless the author confronted the FSM, questioned him sharply, eyes narrowed (he knew they were all against him) "Have you seen my document? Do you have it?"

The FSM deadpanned, "The tables got cleared and the trash just went out. No, I don't got your document." A similar denial issued from the security guard and, unwilling to dumpster the author surrendered hard to this mysterious document.

But the FSM did have it, in an inside jacket pocket. Folded and tucked away, and today safely be glass on his wall, a trophy of our common victory over the most litigious man to ever cross a Certain Street.

Sweetest of all, the author will never know the fate of what befell his document, how it came to lie to serve a somewhat different purpose, embroiled in this document.

Of course officially, and if you ask, the document never really existed.4

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1Some of the names have been changed to protect the guilty.
2The Maintenance Engineer was the brother of the Residentia Engineer and the FSM were the monthly targets of the two.
3The FSM descends from Nevin Custer, peaceful agrarian & missile expert; culinary & rocketry talents believed especially, as in this case, when associated with a recipe.
4Notarized denials on file; copies available only to authorized personnel.

Blair Ewing
6 Barthel Court
Lutherville, MD 21093
Herewith follows a faithful rendering of said document with its heading, detailed questions and threats intact.

To: Mr. D_____ E_____ Maintenance Engineer

(1) My toilet seems to be a "slot machine."
   First, a quarter, dime, and penny appeared at the bottom of the bowl when I flushed. The next day, another quarter appeared. What is going on? How can this happen? Is this affecting my toilet's operation?

(2) Inside the tank, can the white elastic stem be centered over the mouth of the tube and adjusted so that the water flows straight into the tube instead of at an angle?

(3) The flush feels hesitant, hard, even a bit difficult. What can be done about this?

(4) Is the water level in the bowl OK? It looks a bit high.

(5) Are the 2 loose white covers for the anchor bolts on the floor the best and only covers available? Is there anything else that can be used to cover them?

(6) Please try and be more efficient than usual. Unless I hear from you regarding these concerns by early next week, I shall be forced to, once again, refer this maintenance matter to my attorney since experience has shown I will receive no action or satisfaction from your brother.
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