



Go.Get.Fucked.

Split w/ Piss Throw Zine

Well there should probably be an introduction here. But there isn't. Maybe there will be a spelling mistake here. Or a grammatical error, but by the time you finish reading this, you won't give a fuck about one mistake.

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STUPIDITY AND SPONTENAITY GO HAND IN HAND.

One entry found for dictionary.

Main Entry: dic-tio-nary

Pronunciation: 'dik-sh&-"ner-E

Function: noun

1 : a reference book containing words usually alphabetically arranged along with information about their forms, pronunciations, functions, etymologies, meanings, and syntactical and idiomatic uses

2 : a reference book listing alphabetically terms or names important to a particular subject or activity along with discussion of their meanings and applications

3 : a reference book giving for words of one language equivalents in another

4 : a list (as of items of data or words) stored in a computer for reference (as for information retrieval or word processing)

5 : The book you are holding, which is used for the purpose you are now using it for.

The army had a thing about homosexuals joining the force. The commanding officers knew that the troops would be distracted from killing if they were surrounded by potential sexual partners. The officers knew that because they themselves were gay. The commanding officers were never on the front line, they were always at HQ. They were distracted from killing because they were always fucking. Here is the sentence where I make a joke about the saying 'make love not war'. HQ stood for HEADQUARTERS, but was actually a dance club inside a khaki tent. No one knew about the dance club tent except for the officers. They didn't want to be dishonourably discharged. The officers had another colloquial acronym for HQ, which was HJ. The point was, they didn't want gays in the services, because the idea of men raping men during a war was just WRONG.*

For some reason at first, the services would not accept female employees. This is because the females would distract the males, and the males would distract the females. Then the equal rights movement had a victory of some sort, and then they were eligible for recruitment. This was to the armed services displeasure. Now as well as making sure that boys were killing girls, and boys were killing boys, they had also to had to make sure girls were killing girls, girls were killing boys, AND boys weren't fucking girls, girls weren't fucking boys, boys weren't fucking boys, and girls weren't fucking girls. It was a logistical nightmare. This caused additional problems. Still the troops were thinking about fucking, which was interfering with their desire and ability to kill. Because of their lack of intimate contact, all the troops were having sex/wet dreams. So the army invested 200 BILLION in dream reading technology in order to make sure no troop was thinking/dreaming about sex.*

*** This ended up being a waste of time and money. After spending 200 BILLION on sex-dream technology, they realised it was cheaper just to de-sex all the service men and women, because paying off all the civil liberties cases would be one one-hundredth the cost.*

COMEDIANS DEATH PROVES TO BE HIS BEST GAG YET.

Jim Carrey died today after choking on a bread roll, onlookers first assumed he was performing one of many facial 'gag' routines, but it was only after several minutes when the actor/comedian started turning blue that the crowd and employees of universal studios realised that he needed serious medical attention. However, no medical attention was sought after, and everyone kicked the body. Jim Carrey is buried in an old garbage bin near the studio where he spent most of his life working. He is unfortunately remembered through his wife children and mostly for his extremely annoying comedy routines

PASTA

Barilla* had realised that making pasta become larger after it had been cooked would mean people would ALWAYS make too much pasta. This meant people would end up buying more pasta because they used too much of what they had left last time. This made Barilla* more money.

(A company that makes it its business to make money. They buy unpacked pasta, made in non-union pasta sweat shops and put labels showing their logo (which is strangely enough the name of their company) on boxes and put the sweat shop pasta in these boxes and try and sell this product as a coeliac pasta alternative.)*

*** (A mistake was made at the sweatshop pasta factory. Mistakes were made because of a lack of communication. There were communication problems because the workers had never made enough money to educate themselves, so only the rich managers could read or write. The workers were so uneducated that they couldn't even understand what the managers were saying. The managers told the employees to remove the gluten from the pasta. The employees nodded and pretended to understand, and then proceeded to add EXTRA gluten to the batch. The employees pretended to understand because they didn't want to get fired.)*

SPACE, TIME, AND PRIORITIES.

Being fat meant taking up more space than the bureaucratically pre-determined optimum space/volume occupying size. Often taking up more space than was decided optimum meant making other peoples lives difficult. Put a large person in a space/volume compromised area with other people competing for space and you have a dilemma.

Escalators are volume-compromising spaces. Escalators are synonymous with mothers pushing people out of the way with their prams, and kids amazed at their inability to defy movement by walking the wrong way down the right way moving stairs.

The point is wherever you are, you may or may not be in a hurry, and the volume of the person in front of you is impeding your progress to whatever important destination you need to have your body located at. The reason your destination is important can be judged by the fact you are on an escalator. Escalators imply purchasing, air conditioning, General Pants clothing, and the desire do to away with the monotony and effort of stairs.

[Tangent]: *Once when I was 12 I got my shoelace stuck in the escalator. I thought I was going to die. I thought I would be eaten by the jaws of the disappearing stairs. Obviously since I am writing this I am not dead. I was screaming and thrashing long enough for a group of people to gather and watch and do nothing. This is what people do when something is frightening. NOTHING. The lace broke and I escaped a horrible mechanical death. [Tangent]*

Personal space is something you never really know about, until someone you don't want to have immerse themselves in, immerses themselves in it. Wanting to ascend the 8 feet to attain access to those heavenly consumer goods, you step forward. You are within the direct space of the fat man. You step forward. You are now in the fat man's personal space. Personal space depending on cultural/social differences can be as much as one metre. You cannot pass the fat man. He occupies many peoples personal space. You step forward and invade his INTIMATE space in order to give him the fucking idea that you want to get past his hulking body. You have important things you need to exchange money for goods or services for. Nothing, no movement at all. His grasp over the ability of self-propulsion wouldn't make a rock envious.

Eventually the escalator amusement park ride ends. The fat mans lace gets caught in the rotating stairs. As he whines and screams and his legs are get sucked down the animal teathed footings, the thought of sympathy enters and exits your mind quickly as you step past him. OHMYGOD!!! FUCK!!! I HAVE TO BUY THOSE SHOES.

HUMANING

Jeremy was human. One of many things that humans needed to do in order to stay human and avoid rotting back into the earth, was eating. Jeremy was walking past the wharf at Circular Quay and saw a complete pizza in a box. Jeremy was hungry. Hunger was a feeling that people got when they needed to eat. Jeremy opened the pizza box, took out a slice of pizza and took a bite. The pizza became stuck in his throat. He started running away from the wharf, but with difficulty. The pizza lodged in his throat had a barbed hook in it, and was attached to something trying to pull him back towards the water. He struggled until he could fight the strain no longer and fell back into the murky water. Once in the water he was unable to breathe. He flailed while a fish put pliers in his mouth, removed the hook and slit his throat to remove his blood. Jeremy was a fine table human, and good eating. Not only that, he was 71kg, which was way over the legal limit.

GARBAGE BIN MOTEL.

Dumpsters were the vagrants Ibis motel. Not much unlike the Ibis motel chain, dumpsters had a nasty name, nasty exterior, nasty interior, lice and smelt pungent, much like a real life ibis which was an animal, not a place to sleep. All Ibis motels had a somewhat neutral exterior, neutral meaning ugly.

BUSINESS IS EVOLUTION.

MULTICORP was a subsidiary of MCMILLAN ENTERPRISES, and had five hundred and forty employees. They kept their workers enclosed within a towering, reflective glass exterior building, not far from the centre of the city. It was fourteen stories, but from street level all you would really notice was the dark marble walls and large brass business name and number. A revolving door constantly sucked and expelled human ants at a steady rate, like some sort of production line. Every one of the people going in and out of the building wore pretty much exactly the same thing. MULTICORP meant business, and business meant collars, laptops, briefcases and double breasted suits. Individuality meant being able to choose a different coloured shirt. Eccentricity although frowned upon, was tolerated to a degree, and meant a loud tie.

Steven worked for MULTICORP. Steven had been with the company for 4 years and was now 29. His job title was SENIOR ACCOUNTABILITY ANALYST, which meant he was accountable to the LEAD ACCOUNTABILITY MANAGER. The lead accountability manager didn't work on the same level as Steven. Steven had never met the lead accountability manager face to face before, since all communication was through internal email, phone, memos, and post-it notes and further, Steven worked on level 11, and the lead accountability manager worked on level 14.

Every employee had an ID card to allow them access to lifts to take them to their floor. Each card had a magnetic key, which had to be placed in the lift in the lobby and would allow you access to all floors, excluding only those floors which were above your own. Every level that Steven had seen was exactly the same, four grey walls, partitioned into 45 cubicles in each of which was, a chair, desk, phone, computer, printer, and an IN-OUT box.

Every day at 9am there would be a list of expenses and estimated targets in the IN side of the box at Stevens desk and at 5pm there would be the analyzed figures and tables in the OUT side addressed to the manager. This is what he did everyday for 4 years. Today there were a lot of facts figures and numbers to crunch. Stevens INBOX was full past the brink of full. He worked all day and past the end of his shift in order to finish all the work.

By 7pm, Steven was finished, both in terms of his work, and physically, he went to the lift and was about to scan his key, when he noticed another keycard lying on the ground. It was for James Prymiat - Lead Accountability Manager. James thought about returning the card to the security desk in the lobby but curiosity got the better of him. He placed the card in the slot and the lift shot up to Level 14. When the doors opened it was to a shocking site and smell. There were the four walls, but there were no cubicles, just large logs and branches, fibreglass rock outcrops and bananas. The room was full of APES.

Some of the APES were fucking, some were sleeping, but most were fighting and/or eating. One of the apes had a tie with a bright hibiscus print.

STARVATION DURING THE AD BREAK OF 'WHO'S RESTAURANT RULES?'

Men, women and mostly children were dying each day due to AIDS, starvation and violent crime. It was a terrible scene, listless corpses stuck in limbo between each breath and death. Humans with coat-hanger wire for bodies. Bodies that were infested with lice and infection. A puddle of sewerage insidiously disguised itself as a water-cooler. Children cupped their hands and drank from it in order to alleviate their thirst.

Judy turned the TV off. The fucking toast had burnt AGAIN. It always burnt. For some reason toasters came with a ONE to TEN darkness setting that was supposed to allow you control over the degree of toasting of your bread. ONE meant toasted, TWO meant burnt. THREE meant burnt. FOUR meant burnt. FIVE meant burnt. SIX meant burnt. SEVEN meant burnt. EIGHT meant burnt. NINE meant burnt. TEN.... meant burnt.

NO TITLE HERE.

Leashes were made for owners who loved their pets and pets who despised their owners. Sheer animal instinct made the animal want to escape. Pure human cruelty meant trapping, caging, and holding them to captivity. Some people dressed their pets up in tiny clothes for people. Sometimes these pets were small people which they had made. The pets people make are called babies. To have a pet in your own likeness symbolised many things. Fertility, family, and depending on your age and wealth, irresponsibility. Some people had no family, were irresponsible, and were infertile and unable to make pets of their own. Some of these people had heard of the word kidnaping. They had seen this word in the dictionary. This word had less to do with sleeping kids and more to do with stealing them. This was one of the reasons people who made pets kept their pets on leashes.

These pets were incredibly innocuous to danger. They were mindless husks and the only decisions they ever made on their own involved bodily functions.

These pets were ALWAYS dying. They had an incredible lack of instinct and self-preservation which was surpassed by no other species in the animal kingdom. Leaflets were printed and distributed everywhere to let the pets owners know how stupid their pet was. The leaflets contained the following information:

If it fit in their mouth, they would put it in there. This would block their airway. This would more often than not kill them.

If it was air-tight and could be placed over their faces, they would place it over their faces. This would asphyxiate them. Asphyxiation would kill them.

There was a supply and demand curve to be met. People kept on making these pets that were continually being stolen and self-destructing. You could never have to many because the pets kept on breaking. Babies were a lot like Nokia 8210s.

SCHOOLS OUT.

Being young meant being cruel. For some reason humans were born with a horrible animal instinct that required them to hurt, or humiliate each other in order to feel self-adequacy. Usually hurting other humans was easier if the human you were trying to harm was smaller, and less able to defend themselves than you. Smaller, weaker humans were targeted out as prime ego-boosting prey.

Three teenage boys were huddled around a much thinner, waif-like boy who was wearing spectacles. One of the boys with low self-esteem problems was trying to extract what self-pride remained of the smaller boy, by gripping the boy's neck tightly in the crook of his elbow. The other two boys looked on and jeered, admiring their friend for having such courage. A lot of people walked past and said and did nothing. It wasn't THEIR BUSINESS, why should they do anything? I mean there's that saying, boys will be boys, and this was boys being boys. So let them be boys.

One person watching the ritual public degradation didn't want to let these animals be animals. An older boy made the other boys stop, then left. Once the older boy was out of sight the animals probably went back to beating the crap out of the small boy. They had to get what pride they could outta that poor kid.

CONSUMERISM IS A DISEASE WHERE YOU BUY THINGS

It never came out on video. They didn't release it because it came on VHS. Noone would touch VHS, they had heard it was a disease. The worst, most infectious, insidious, contagious and undignified diseases, (and business words about taking action) were always acronyms. When you had these diseases everyone knew you had done something that society had collectively decided was wrong. The only thing people thought that they could watch safely now was Digital Video Disks.

Emotions were complex things. Some emotions were bad, some emotions were good. Humans had emotions. Humans also had an ugly large grey mass made up of tissue, nerves, chemicals and a thick red liquid called blood. This ugly grey mass was what made emotions. It also did other stuff. Some smart people who always had the bad emotions worked out that by doing things to plants or by mixing chemicals together, or mixing chemicals with plants, could make another chemical that could fool the thing which made emotions to be tricked into feeling something that it shouldn't. These chemicals were called euphoric DRUGS. The part of the way these DRUGS worked was that they affected the level of other chemicals in the thing that made emotions. These other chemicals were called serotonin, dopamine, norepinephrine and acetylcholine. Tricking the thing that made emotions sometimes made it not work properly. There was a theory that the 4 chemicals that were inside the thing that made emotions, were in the wrong quantities and balances inside the body.*

** Earlier humans thought that the body worked, and stayed working through there being 4 'humors' within the right quantities and balances inside the body. These humors were named on the elements, and each humor represented a fluid inside the body. Air was blood, fire was yellow bile, water was phlegm, and black bile was earth. To fix people, they tried to change the levels of these humors within people. This sometimes did not fix people. Sometimes it broke them. When a person broke they were dead. A long time later someone realized that this theory was a load of shit.*

Ironically; when the thing that made emotions was not working properly, it made the person whom it belonged to try to make it work even less properly. Making it work less properly meant breaking it. Breaking it meant killing themselves.

The reason all these people were breaking themselves was LOVE. LOVE was a balance of all those chemicals, caused by a fondness for another person, which made the person feeling that emotion want to protect whoever they felt LOVE for. This was the emotion that all the DRUGS were trying to trick the thing that made people feel emotions into feeling. People knew that to LOVE a person felt good. Other people knew that some DRUGS felt better than LOVE. People who wanted this feeling usually ended up having something put in them somewhere or putting something else in something somewhere. Either way, you could, (or did) get a disease.**

***(For those think this is about SEX, this about injecting DRUGS. For those who think this is about DRUGS this is also about SEX.)*

[Tangent]: *These diseases kill you. The reason these diseases were more intelligent than humans was because that they knew they could infect more humans because they all wanted the same thing/s. These same things have been put in capitals so that you don't have to think to about this. The unfortunate circumstances for these intelligent cells were that because it was their nature to eventually kill their host, therefore they would eventually kill themselves.*

They were as resourceful as the humans to which they were dependant.

Single celled organisms, and less than single celled organisms in the case of viruses, did not have any room for emotions. If you were a disease or virus you did not have emotions and therefore could not feel selfish about living or killing. Humans and these cells had a lot in common. They were always killing. They were always trying to murder each other. [End Tangent]

CONTINUATION:

Barry Johnston was a thirty-five year old financial planner for the National Australia Bank who resided in the wealthy apartments in Central, where he had been living for over the last 5 years. He had everything in life people could envy. Status, money, fine clothes, two expensive automobiles, and a direct communication line with GOD, and a lot of stress. GOD was a demanding boss.

The chemicals in Barry's brain had gone out of balance years ago, but at that time the symptoms were too mild for people anyone to even notice. Later the chemical imbalance would become far more serious. But by now his mind had become a ravaged, serotonin drought-land, devoid of reality or reference to reality. During a video-conferenced board meeting with the SNB, ANB and NAB directors (Swiss, American and Australian National Banks.), Barry placed his pen to his ear, apologised and announced that he was again, sorry, and would be back in a moment but had to attend to a matter of which there could be no greater urgency.

He took the lift to the lobby and tried to find a free public phone on George St. But today the phones were in high demand... The phone he usually used was currently reserved by some stupid fuckface boy with a terrible haircut, wearing board shorts and no shirt. Searching frantically, Barry spotted a phone inside a nearby 7/11, but it was no good. It had to be a public phone, owned by the telecommunications company Telstra. Telstra owned the phones, and GOD owned Telstra. The public phone that was in the 7/11 was not owned by Telstra. All the other communication utilities were owned by SATAN. Barry had made the mistake of using the wrong provider once, and only once before. Time was running out. He had to act now before the phone in his head stopped ringing. He lunged at the youth at his preferred phone, and repeatedly hit the boy with the receiver, until he recoiled, shocked at the unprovoked attack. It was just in time. GOD was on the other end of the line. GOD spoke in a woman's voice. God was always doing that. GOD could sound like anyone, male or female, young or old. Sometimes GOD sounded like a dial tone. GOD told Barry that he would meet him at Manly Beach later for lunch and hung up.

Barry never managed to meet GOD for lunch. Barry never got to meet GOD because that was when Barry was arrested.

Barry had told a female employee he had been trying to get to know about his 'greater undertaking' and his phone calls from GOD to impress her. Barry's broken thoughts had told him "Who wouldn't be impressed by someone who worked for the creator?"... This is what people do when they try to make someone like them more. They try to impress them. And that is how Andy from marketing found out. Andy told someone who told someone, who told someone about Barry's phone calls. This is what people do. They tell people about other people which makes the other person look bad. For some reason this makes the person saying the bad things feel good.

The point is that subsequently the NAB no longer has Barry as an employee.

BANKS AND OLD PEOPLE.

Reprinting the bible in wingdings seemed like a good idea. It was a good idea because I had nothing better to think about. I was at a bank, and number 7 in line of old people waiting to attend to financial matters. This is what people did at old banks. Attend to their finances. Financial matters where what old men and old ladies had as pets after all their birds, cats, dogs, and eventually, fish, died.*

**(Since old people were always in lines at banks, they never had time to feed their animals. With only one exception, when an animal doesn't eat, it dies. **)*

*** (EXCEPTION: Pet Rocks.)*

Out of all the people in the line, the male in front of me was the most irritating. He was also the most unable to fit into his clothes. This meant he was FAT. He was making a noise like what people make when they have sex, or are scared. When people have sex or scared, they breathe loudly. This is what the man was doing. What he wasn't doing was having sex. This meant he was scared. Old people at banks always have a lot of money with them. Old people at banks are scared of young people who look sketchy. I was behind the loudly breathing fat man, and I looked sketchy. This meant I was making the fat man scared. He was scared I was going to steal his money. I could tell he thought I was going to steal his money because he kept grabbing his own fat ass. People keep wallets in pockets near their fat asses. People keep money in wallets. This is why he was grabbing his own fat ass so frequently. He was making sure his money was still near his fat ass and not in my sketchy hand. When he was not grabbing his fat ass, he was turning sideways. This put his wallet further away from me. He did this because it would make it harder for me to steal. Eventually he started leaning up against, and pressing his fat ass against the wall. This put his wallet in-between the wall and his fat ass. Taking something from in-between a wall and a fat ass without the fat asses owner knowing was hard to do. The fat man knew this, and that is why he did it. What this was doing was annoying me. While he was against the wall he continued to grab his ass. I had never seen that much ass grabbing in a bank before, or since.

SBM STORY WHICH WILL NOT* WIN A TURBONEGRO LP.

Yesterday Yonus had a barbecue and invited the RAMONES to play. Yonus was not Phil's real name. The barbecue wasn't technically a barbecue either. For starters, there wasn't any barbecue to barbecue with. Yonus barbecued with the toaster. He did this by placing the sausages down the slot in a row, and then pressing the button. Sometimes the sausages got stuck and didn't come out. Yonus' toast always tasted like raw meat. This is because the time taken to cook already cooked flour was not as long as of that taken to cook the ground up sinews and fibers of a dead animal.

As was mentioned before the sausages never cooked and always got stuck. This was high on the list of serious problems with Yonus' barbecues, and probably was the second biggest reason why the RAMONES never turned up.

The single biggest reason why the RAMONES never turned up to his barbecues was the beer.

The beer was a lot like the barbecue, as in the barbecue wasn't a barbecue, and the beer wasn't beer. It was water in old soda bottles with brown colouring added to make it look like beer. What added to the problem was that the colouring Yonus used was actually dirt. Yonus never could figure out what the dilemma was. It wasn't like it was DIRT dirt. It was clean dirt. He always cleaned the dirt before making the beer.

** As it turns out, this story actually did win a Turbonegro** LP.*

***Once someone told me they were into SpeedingNiggers. Turns out they were into actually into Turbonegro, and had serious mental deficiencies.*

THE WAR ON IBISISM

$y(t) = y_0 * e^{kt}$

This equation could be used to measure the potential growth of the ibis population, but there was no need for its use. Any one with vision greater than 20/200* could see that there was a serious ibi problem. John McKendrickson was the council wildlife ranger and it was his duty to protect the animals and to ensure environment stability. Ibis related fatalities and ibis related injuries were up by 6% this year, which was an increase of 18% on the last three years. At local meetings concerns had been continually raised about the number of deaths, and it was decided someone needed to take action. It was unanimously decided that John McKendrickson was the man for the job. They gave him a long plank of wood, and an action plan scrawled on a piece of paper with how to use the piece of wood.

**(The level of vision at which someone is legally determined to be blind.)*

His duties now were to protect all the wildlife, and to smash the ibis nests with the plank, and smash the ibis eggs which were nestled inside. John went about his new duties, protecting the wildlife and destroying ibis nests, the only problem was they were rebuilding the nests faster than he could smash them, and were breeding and laying eggs faster than he could crack them.

People started to notice a difference in the number of ibi. The parks, zoos, schools and train stations were thick with off-white feathered monsters with huge knives for beaks. People were getting attacked on the street with increasing regularity. One poor boy was walking with his mother when a group of ibis turned viciously against him. They found 76 beak puncture wounds to his torso alone.

Another town meeting was called, and again John was handed a piece of paper with new directions. It had been decided that the only logical solution to cull the ibis population was to carpet bomb the city. Logistically the number of people who would be killed by the explosives would be less than the number killed through ibis relayed death this year alone. It was all perfectly logical.

Figure 2.17:
Self-administered emergency Pontiff tracheotomy



A lot of people were on the train. A train was a metal airtight container for people, on wheels to get the people where they wanted to go. A train was disease's ideal vessel for getting it where it wanted to go. Disease liked air-tight spaces. One commuting business man was making it his business to cough violently on the train. You could almost hear disease exiting his mouth and overflowing the train. The sound of his hacking was filling the silence of the carriage. His lungs and body must have been riddled with disease. He was disease personified. He was painting the carriage with his disease. It was a wave of infection.

Disease was a fickle mistress. A sexless polygamist. All disease wanted was a casual host to fuck. Fuck meaning fuck up. Fuck up meaning kill.

Disease ordered the man's diaphragm to convulse, and he did as disease asked, the man's lungs constricted. The man was coughing on command. Coughing made Disease exit his lungs. Disease knew by exiting the space of one lung, it could get to another lung. There were a lot of lungs within this airtight space.

Disease's only weakness was that it could not control its own movement within its environment. That was the appeal of an airtight space. A locked cage full of people exponentially increased Disease's chance of finding a mate...

No one ever said anything to anyone else on trains and no one sat next to anyone else on trains. Everyone knew about Disease. No one wanted Disease. Disease was a single-celled virulent slut. No one could hear Disease, but everyone could hear the man obey it. The other people without disease didn't want to get fucked by disease. They were adamant in avoiding having he lungs corrupted. The only way to avoid the corruption of disease was holding their breath. This meant forgoing oxygen. Oxygen was what kept people alive. People stayed alive by breathing. This is what everyone was not doing.

The elderly and the children were the first to go. Then the others.

Eventually the business man who had been coughing, choked the potato chip he had been trying to eat. People stayed alive by eating. This is what he had been trying to do.

...And like I was saying, then the monkey went to bite the apple, but it bit my hand instead.

I had to fight it. I was much bigger and heavier than the monkey, but I still won.

Carmen Electra was on Sunrise on channel 7 the other morning. She was trying to flog what she called a workout video. I never knew that pole dancing or pole-aerobics, as I would call it, was such a popular exercise routine. The use of the word popular is maybe not appropriate, I should say exercise that arouses interest'. Arousing interest mainly from the male crew-members of sunrise - one- of which, seemed to know the steps quite well. Obviously he had done more than his fair share of journalistic research into the product.

This was award winning TV at its best.

And for titillation, the nominees are: TODAY TONIGHT; '*Bras.. Are they all they claim to be?*' and SUNRISE; '*Pole-dancing... (Without the drugs and degradation)*' .

The reality was that even if the huge target market of "*Women-who-want-to-erotically-please-their-partners-and-get-fit-at-the-same-time*", were buying this video, I doubt many would have poles in their houses. Even constructing a temporary pole in the house would be difficult, if not time consuming. Applying for council approval and obtaining permits for the pole is also hardly as arousing as it may initially appears, on the scale of Cold-fish to **Hot-as-fuck**, I would say it rates as bureaucratically satisfying at best.

And what if guests came round, the Ab-SpazzerTM or Gut-BusterTM or any other variety of workout equipment on the market, which makes claims to in some manner violently destroy your body would surely be less embarrassing for you to have your guests find or see, owing to the discreet design which allows you to easily tuck the (*insert body-part*)-(*insert adjective related to demolition*)-ER under the bed or store away in the closet.

The reality was that this was not a workout video. It was soft-porn at its shamefully least deceptive. You could even say its disguise was skimpy at best. Women may have been buying these videos, but the majority of the customers would have been males 'purchasing it for their partners', where 'purchasing it for their partners' loosely translates to: 'Purchase it to jerk off frequently to when their partners (if they had them) were not around'.

BOVINE ENTERPRISES.

Milk was high up in the scheme of the food pyramid. A pyramid scheme was a well-known fraudulent venture, whereby an investor would collect contributions by recruiting other investors. The other investors would always lose. The other investors lost because who ever was above them, was winning. Milk was at the top. It had the game all worked out.

People drank a lot of milk. Female mammals made milk. Milk came from mammary glands. People never drank their own milk. The idea of hooking hundreds of women up to a machine that extracted the milk from their breasts, and injecting them with hormones to keep the milk constantly flowing was a horrendous thought. That is why they did this to cows instead.

Cows were warm-blooded, vertebrate animals of the mammal class. They had hooves, stood on all fours, had a technical stomach adapt in the art of digesting grass, and the only sound they made was MOO.

When they were happy they MOO-ed, when they were sad, they MOO-ed, in pain, MOO-ed. No one could work out how the cows felt. That was why it was so easy to take advantage of them. Their complaints were their compliments. The horror of their pain was a chorus of praise. Or that is what MILK led people to believe. Cows and people had a lot in common. A lot meaning almost nothing. *If you went back two billion years, you could find a single strand of DNA from a filthy rodent from which cows and people evolved.*

Milk was intended for baby cows called calves. Milk was a highly nutritious drink; it helped them grow and gave them an immune system. Calves drank their mother's milk, and people were doing their best to steal it from the cows. They did this because they liked the taste. They consumed it. In great, vast quantities.

The thing was, no one would drink straight from a cows udder. Milk had to be from a glass. Udders were hairy and dirty, with mud encrusted sweaty teats, located close to the cows genitals. Teats were glands whose purpose was to expel the milk. Everyone thought that humans' drinking from a cow's teat was a stupid idea.

WHY NOT TO WATCH T.P.I.R.

I get the chance to see The Price Is Right, but Larry Emdur makes me angry/nauseous, and the stupid bogans make me frustrated, and that Shaun guy who does the voice-overs is ugly, which really shouldn't matter, but I know what he looks like. So it does.

WORK.

No one wanted to pack tampons on the shelves at work. Work consisted of putting things on the shelves other than menstruation absorbers. This was because the people who put things on shelves were male. Females scanned. Males were cardboard box technicians. Anything to do with sex was embarrassing, and was to be avoided at all costs in order to avoid the embarrassment, or catching diseases from the people who did things that gave them diseases so contagious, that a warehouse worker packing a 12 pack of condoms on a pallet could spread STDS from hand to box to hand.

One time I saw a petite lady perusing the massage oil in the SEX SECTION. She dropped it. It smashed. Then she walked away. I had to clean the mess of sex-oil. This involved more mops and less/no sex.

Once a nervous boy asked me where the condoms were. They were right next to where he was standing. No girl would touch a boy that awkward unless they had an awkward fetish, or an ugly fetish. All I could think was, why is that boy trying to make out that he is fucking someone. Did I really need to explain the location to obtain a latex device to ensure that sperm did not enter the womb and fertilize eggs that then would attach themselves to the womb wall. Probably not.

TOKEN ANTI-CHRISTIANITY PARAGRAPH.

Images of a shaft of light, streaming through a hole in the clouds were synonymous with the bible and Jesus. What no one thought about was that light is invisible. The only reason you could see the shaft of light was because of pollution. That shaft of light was light hitting particles of DIRT. It was all a lie.

They had all started bitching behind each others backs to the sound guy to turn their respective instruments up. It was not long before they became the loudest rock ensemble since Midnight Oil to tour the Coogee pub scene. People were always talking about their songs. "Did you hear how loud that song was?", and people would reply, "Yes, yes it was. It was loud". People usually heard about the band in two ways, by word of mouth and from the noise pollution from the show. Often it was both of these at the same time. People trying to talk to their friends in public places couldn't do so due to the volume level when they played. They would keep asking each other "What the fuck is this noise?", and answer, "What?, I cant hear you. What the fuck is this noise". People spent millions of dollars per year on extreme sports and extreme food. What they needed was extreme music related apparel to express their interest in this extremely loud band. The bands label started producing merchandise by the truckload. It was just taking note of an market and meeting their interest. It was saturation advertising. Media carpet bombing. People starting forming groups and subcultures based on the bands rock-philosophy. If they had a motto it would have been "I can listen to music which you never can, or ever would". It gave people a feeling of superiority. It felt good. No matter how weak or stupid or ugly you were, everyone else was musically degenerate compared to you. The elitism of the movement only made it more popular, yet popularity had no effect on the exclusiveness. Even if there were only ever two people who listened to the group, one person would always KNOW MORE about how loud the sings were, than the other or one person would always have been at the loud shows, BEFORE the other. Some people had even heard them before they were loud... And then there was always your post-count. From its inception the extreme music scene was tragically flawed. Tangent. People couldn't help themselves from forming ranks. It was a natural human social response. No one is equal, even if they are. Inevitability for conflict was preprogrammed into peoples instinct. Anybody who lives anything other than a solitary existence, will eventually suffer, administer and reciprocate ill-will, to some degree, against another person as a result of socialisation. The existence of an a creature with malevolent personality traits combined with the need for companionship and a propensity to breed, living in direct competition to its own species, can only be described gross mistake, or cruel ultimatum by nature. All these socially heirarchical creatures who are inherently inevitable to factionalise and attack one another, multiplying in an environment of fixed size. End tangent. No one person could be held to blame for the extinction. Everyone was unequally irresponsible. At the last show the loud revolution burnt itself out. Hearing Damage, volume increase. Volume increase, more damage. More damage, more volume increase. The band couldn't hear what they were playing anymore, so they kept turning up the volume. It got so loud that not one audience member could hear anything anymore either. Everyones hearing was fucked. Eventually someone accidentally cut off the power to the amps. The band couldn't hear anything anymore, so they kept on playing along in silence. They had no idea of when the song was supposed to end, and everyone in the crowd was still nodding their heads and dancing, so the band waited for the audience to stop dancing until they would stop playing. The audience couldn't hear anything, but didn't wanted anyone else to know that they couldn't hear what they were dancing to, so they kept on dancing as long as the band kept on playing. The owner of the venue found them all still there in the early morning, playing and dancing in silence.

DISCLAIMER: The following article may very well NOT contain a single reference to any instance or occurrence of any event of ANY significance in the unfolding of the day of 6/12/03 as experienced by the current atomic configuration of Daniel J. Lynch.

The article MAY however, contain enthusiastic and possibly gratuitous reference to the utilities and equipment commonly associated in/with the day-to-day running of CityRail (a publicly owned transport utility) and/or equipment on lease, from the leasee(s) of the subsidiaries and associated lessees of the aforementioned public utility.

--This line marks where this email will cease to satisfy the property of being normal as defined by the Websters dictionary --

Concise definition:

Normal ; { Nor - Mah - Lah }

"Having or satisfying the property of being normal --"

I left this morning at 8.20 in the AM, and guided by the compass and set-square set I happened to be carrying, I managed to navigate my way to the elevated land mass called a station, where I suspected, I could catch a ride on a rather large, ugly, fast moving piece of metal.

It turns out this curious metal object needs rather time consuming and regular/ongoing maintenance.

Upkeep to the tracks(which also happen to be metal, and whose job it is to direct the moving metal carriage towards the next "metal-boarding" platform) was in the process of being carried out, and as such, NO riding metal of the TRAIN variety was to be par-taken in between : "where ever the fuck i was", and "Hornsby" [inclusive].

Still, conveniently, who ever was running this show knew what they were doing, and alternative-metal, in the form of "BUS" was provided..

Buses are also large, ugly and can move at a somewhat agreeable pace, and so I was not disappointed at the thought of riding, (to what many would consider),.. a lesser form of metal, merely because of the acute reek of ether... at its most most intense at the point at which the driver/fat-controller of the metal is seated...:

A small booth, isolates the driver from the passengers by a single slightly curved clear piece of perspex, it does not however isolate the pungent aroma of booze, closer to 100% proof, than not::.. (This inversely-proportional relationship between distance from driver, and alcohol concentration Per-Square-Inch, I can only assume is co-incident, and in no way reflects the manner, or the degree of skill to which bus is driven, and/or the surly behavior of the said controller of the metal type bus)..

Tickets for riding any the train variety of metal are dispensed from an individual, larger fridge size, metal rectangle located at all metal-boarding platforms. (For all purposes this machine could very well be performing all the functions of a fridge, although this hypothesis was never tested or subsequently proved, all tickets purchased, were coated with a light layer of condensation, and were cool to the touch, and so the possibility remains as to whether or not this object could be used to store perishable goods for extended periods of time).

The main features of the machine were noted, and jotted down in point format, and subsequently omitted, in favour of observations of nonsensical meaning and order:-

a) A single slot for the insertion of various denominations of circular, metal, currency. As my current location was somewhere on the mass of land popularly known as Australia, the currency had the following properties: The currency is generally corner less, but certainly not by all accounts. For security and authentication, the coins featured a rather horrid looking marsupial on one side, and and even more horrid marsupial on the opposite side, apparently called a "Queen".

b) buttons for selecting the point at which you would like to disembark from the metal, with the preference of a minimal of injuries.

[Although injuries generally DO NOT occur with a high degree of frequency, injuries sustained while on the metal in motion are FREQUENTLY caused either by fellow passengers of a somewhat more violent persuasion, or inability on the persons behalf to commute safely from the platform to the metal or visa-versa].

c) A Digital Display screen whereby the selection of ticket types and desired destination are displayed. Often the users ability to view their current choices is enhanced through primitive scratching marked into the plastic display surface with simple cutting tools. Keys to a lock, or sharp hard rocks are the most common used objects and are generally preferred over other inferior scratching devices.

d) A well lit basket, featuring a plastic see-Thu, hand sized cat-flap, this is the location whereby the finalized ticket is first printed and then finally dispatched to, enabling the purchasee to grasp the cardboard ticket firmly, and then place in either pocket; left OR right..(As 90% of the population is right handed, most will choose to grasp with the right hand, and to place in the right hand pocket, unforeseen circumstances pending of course).

--Amendment--

THE TICKET CANNOT BE PLACED IN BOTH POCKETS SIMULTANEOUSLY, COMMITTING SUCH AN ACT WOULD VIOLATE THE BASIC LAWS OF PHYSICS, AND AS SUCH, BE PUNISHABLE THROUGH THE ISSUING OF AN APROPRIATE INFRIGEMENT NOTICE, AS DEFINED UNDER THE TRANSPORT AUTHORITY ACT 1993-- Section (7) Clause (b).

SCENE 1: (WS) Roadside diner on Route 66. Dirty interior. 4 customers. Fluorescent lighting with green/aqua hues. All the customers wear large trucker hats with badges and have large beards, apart from one.

(ECU: customer without hat): Food going into mouth, chewing, and darting eyes.

I finished writing my shopping list, Gasweld H65SB Demolition Non-Rotary Hammer 1400W \$1185, 12 X 375ml Pepsi or schweppes soft drink can varieties \$4.99 and 'Urban Mariner' Fleecy tops + Tricote&Taslon trackpants \$9.95. The things on my list seemed innocuous, but were code for other ingredients/items which were for purposes which could create situations much worse than that of equipping, clothing and feeding tradesmen, but as far as the people at Le Goût Hideux were concerned, I was a vegan food critique. I had to be. I had my pen. My paper. And an attitude which was a result of overcrowding of taste-buds on my palette, or was APPARENTLY a result of. I told them to hold the salt on my sausage roll, the sodium side of my tongue was a little heavy today and would affect the balance between the tomato sauce and the meat. The meat. The fucking meat was ground with flour and bread crumbs into a non-specific mess. I threw the sausage roll on the floor and trod on it for effect. I had specifically demanded that my sausage roll contain only pastry, filling and herbs, BUT NO MEAT. They said they had never heard of a vegan food critic. I replied that I had frequently written a poor review of roadside diners on whims with less pretence than this disgraceful disrespect. I demanded to see the manager, and when the waitress left, I pocketed 23 single serves of jam out of a dirty container into my pocket for the road and left.

Outside the air was a lot colder, there were a few vehicles from the patrons dining. I was thinking that if I was writing a story that this would make it more interesting to read, but not really that important. I lit a cigarette to warm myself up. It didn't really make me any warmer. After all it was only smoke, but it did make me look warmer. I was fooling myself, but that was fine by him. In my pockets was an empty blister pack of medication. Neuroleptics. Pimozide (Orap). O R A P. That was a LOT like H A R P O.

Harpo was owned by a wealthy lady who made money out of other peoples misery by showing them re-live their pain on TV. She also used this show to inform the Al-Queada agents within the US of when and were to attack. It had been said that her AngelNetwork(TM) was actually a network of highly trained bomb experts working in Oaklahomo, Tampa, and in at least 4 states on the West Coast. This was highly contradictory to the ANGEL claim.

SCENE 2: High School 1985. US. Teachers with whistles and tight chested shirts point and yell across an oval filled with teenage kids. Some kids are warming up ready to participate. Some are not.

Contradiction made me suspicious. In high school I was never good at sport. In year 10, they set up the hurdles for Physical Education. I was hiding behind the demountable classrooms smoking. I left and turned up it the class 10 minutes late on the oval claiming to have "garment difficulties". The excuse was accepted and everyone was timed. Peter Parsons was the fastest kid in school. He was in lane 4, the most favored lane. I was in lane 1, the least favoured lane. Without the boring details of the pursuit and placing one foot in front of another, it is needless to say somehow I won. I pursued my career at state level losing every single race I could. The teachers and Principle couldn't work it out, somehow the fastest 100m hurdler in the state was competing at the slowest times since calcium had been encouraged in children's breakfast. I got called to the Principles office, Robert de Castella, or DEEKS as he was known to close friends was there with Mr. Fiddler. Mr Fiddler addressed him as DEEKS. DEEKS addressed me with a program to improve my performance. It involved increase my consumption of SUSTAIN cereal, a superior athletic balanced formula of cereals nuts and fruit, and suggested I wear the sustain and Kellogs logo, for which I would be financially rewarded. Apparently I would have to run with disadvantaged kids, but they would "Fix the forms". AS long as I kept my mouth shut the money would keep flowing. This is where my suspicion started. The whole idea seemed like something was wrong.

SCENE THREE : Man without hat, without beard, stands smoking outside diner reading a piece of paper.

FROM THIS POINT ONWARDS THIS STORY HAS BEEN CENSORED. ANY CENSORSHIP WILL BE INDICATED BY THE '*' CHARACTER.

Each Demolition Non-Rotary Hammer* has a waterproof instruction label. "1. While taking a shower, fill Demolition-Hammer* with warm water only. 2. Put the nozzle in your ear canal, all the way in. 3. Inject the warm water with steady firm pressure. 4. Refill as needed. 5. Tilt your head to drain. Dry with tissue. 6. After use, pull out Demolition-Hammer and shake out water. Re-insert Demolition-Hammer*. Don't wipe off lubricant. Wipe nozzle gently with alcohol".

("Caution: Don't use if you have a ruptured eardrum or tympanostomy tube. Don't use if your ears have burning, bleeding, pus discharge, or pain, without calling your doctor first. Don't use strong or intermittent blasts. Don't use to remove sharp or pointed objects like insects. Don't use this device on children. This device is for self-use only".)*

To ensure effective device use, set timer appropriately and, (preferably) exit vicinity of device.

GO

GET

FUCKED