

Hello, everyone! This is one of the weirdest sites: or your money back! We have ZIM, neopets, music, and much, much, more. E-mail us for questions, comments, complaints and information. Why not click on the Very Weird Stuff link to see more, or click on the music link? We have halloween and christmas pictures on the NeoPics link. Cheese is not a wild thing!!!!!! Now I have decided to go for a world record. I will try to make the longest web page ever, made completely out of text! Won't that be fun? I will just type, and type, and never, ever use copy and paste. Wow...I really must be bored. Just goes to show what boredom can do to you. Any way, that's it for now. Wait, no it isn't, I still have to keep going, and going, and going. Because I do. THE REST OF THE STUFF I TYPE WILL BE COMPLETELY IN CAPS JUST BECAUSE I CAN. THAT IS ALL. SEEYA!
Hi, I'm back. So far this is nowhere near the world record. I think. I don't exactly know where it is...oh, well. I'll just have to do the very best that I can. No one is really coming here, anyway. So it doesn't matter. By the way, TAB is a worthwhile, community-service organization. The form link is to a 100% fake TAB registration form that you can fill out just for laughs. I can't believe I'm bothering to do this. I have very low expectations of my site. None ever comes here, I could do this all day long and I still wouldn't have any more hits. This is just a pointless excursive in spelling errors and grammatical imprecision. May your day be shiney! The following is an extremely weird poem-thingy that I wrote when I was in a relatively weird mood:

never mind that noise my dear can anyone pass the cheese only if you say pretty please oh, boy do I have to sneeze. why must everyone always rhyme, why I'm a poet and don't I know it? what I fear comes right after here not this life or the next will I ever be able to pass the test? we're stuck in here, (alone my dear) and we'll problem never get out so don't start to shout. it's dark and I want to go home is where the heart was where is it now? we'll never know but oh crap it's starting to snow and it's time to show and tell about the well that you found last summer at camp when it was damp it was near the ramp oh god why must this be I liked that tree but now it's gone, farewell so long I'll miss you as long as you write but then I'm afraid to say good-night. my dear there's nothing to fear that's only a box that's made of blocks next to the wagon that looks like a dragon why are you shaking it's your fear that is making you shiver and act all a quiver. don't you know that you only need be afraid of fear and never anything here and certainly not a post that acts like a ghost?

See, very weird. At least it fills up my word quota for the day. Not that I exactly have a word quota for the day. It just sounded very professional to say it. Anyway, I still don't think that anyone is actually coming here. You'd have to be an absolute loser (or really bored) to come here. I'd probley come here, but that isn't much of a surprise. After all, I've been to the Really Really Big Button That Doesn't Do Anything website over 50 times. Pathetic. But, whatever. As long as I'm happy, right. Humor the crazy person, okay? Oh, guess what? According to someone you problem don't know, this is the second most pointless website ever! Next to the Really Big Button, of course. I feel

special. Come on everyone, group hug. Okay, now I'm starting to scare myself...I'm gonna quit for today. Seeya. Now I'm back. Is this getting confusing to you? Too bad. Now I want you to go to <http://quiz.ravenblack.net/blood.pl?biter=eon> If you do this I'll get points in the game. Come on all you non-existing people! Help me! You know you want to! It's a worthy cause! Honestly, the more time I waste playing the game, the less time I'll work on this site and the less stuff you gotta read. Although why you'd be here if you didn't want to read is beyond me. Maybe you're lost. Okay, if you want to get out, click the little refresh button, okay? Good...what? You say it didn't let you out? Oh, well. You must be caught in a time warp. Keep pressing it. Maybe you'll break free. What's that. The little counter at the bottom keeps going up? Never mind. That's just how many times you have to click before you can leave. Good-bye.

Hey, I'm once again: back. I don't suppose you fell for that little thing about the refresh button. After all, you're a responsible, intelligent person who apparently has a lot of time on your hands. Well, you can't possibly have more time than I do. I mean, after all, I made this site. You're only browsing it. And most people don't even come here. Not even my friends...*sniffle* The just ignore this poor, pathetic little page. All they do is fill out the TAB form and leave. I think. Maybe they're here right now! HI! HOW ARE YOU DOING? I'M FINE! THANKS FOR COMING! YES, I'M YELLING! Who am I kidding. This page won't get a single hit, unless I bribe people...now that has possibilities. Okay, fill out the TAB form, so I have proof that you bothered to come here and...uh...I'll...uh...send you a sandwich? Please allow 6-8 weeks for delivery. I'm bored. I'm gonna go hug a moose. MOOSE! I love-d you moose! Hey, I'm back again! Yea...*waits for applause* okay! Now I want all you loyal fans...*cricket chirps* to go to the link to see what I'm like. I took a whole bunch of personality quizzes and posted them there. I'm an evil villain, kitty and a freakazoid so far. And I only took the quiz once, too. Spooky how accurate they are...anyway, I command you to go! I'm going. I'm back. I'm gonna start counting how many times I say back. Let's see: 1...2...3...4...5! Wow. I must really be desperate for something to do. I now officially have proof that someone has been here! It was one of my friends. Apparently this page really is getting long, because my friend said something to that effect. Maybe. Anyway, moving on! I'm just basically typing nothing. Just like all those reports people have to do. You know? With a specific number of words. They start out with half that number, and then just fill in words until they have the right amount. I salute those people. You're great tradition is being carried out here, on the second most pointless site ever! Well. Maybe eventually some weird, bored person will wander onto my site on accident and be mildly entertained by my site until they wander onto a live video feed of a coffee maker. Or maybe not. I only know that I'm entertaining me, which was my original goal. So. I've done what I've set out to accomplish. Yea, me! I'm so special. You see, most people, they don't like reading or writing. So if you're not most people, you've made it down this

far without skipping, skimming or getting the spark notes version. (Which I think does not exist) My point is, if you've bothered to read this, then, (like me) you probably have also read the ketchup bottle so many times that you have it down verbatim. Look verbatim up. It's a word. But, you should know that, since you like reading. Or maybe you're just skimming. Anyway, there's nothing wrong with reading food labels. You might be asked a question about them on a quiz show. And now, for the million-dollar question: How many calories are there in a single serving of Mustard? I can just see it now...It could be called Know-Your-Food. Or You are What you Eat. It'd probably be as popular as those game shows that no one's ever heard of. Speaking of food, what's up with pie? There's strawberry pie, apple, pumpkin and so many others, but there is no grape pie! I know. I'm just as upset about this unfortunate lack of development in the pie division. Think about it. Grapes are used to make jelly, jam, juice and raisins. What makes them undesirable for pie? Would they dry into raisins? Couldn't you just stick some jelly in a piecrust and bake it? It just doesn't make any sense. Another thing that bothers me is organ grinders. You know, the foreign guys with the bellhop hats and the little music thingy and the cute little monkey with the bellhop hat who collects the money? Okay. They're basically begging on the street. How did they ever afford an organ-thingy? Wouldn't it make more sense to get a kazoo, if you're broke? And if they're so poor, what possessed them to buy a monkey? I mean, I don't think I could afford a monkey, and I'm not exactly on the streets. Obviously I at least have a computer...so, back to the organ grinders. I would have sold the monkey and the organ and been able to eat for at least a year. Or, if I was weirder than I am, I could at least kill the monkey with the organ and eat it. Why on earth did they keep the monkey? It must have cost a fortune to feed...not to mention the mess. That's just one of those many facts of life that are better left mysteries. Especially since no one but me would ask the question. I better go. I think I hear a monkey...Okay...now I'm back. That's the sixth time I've said back! I realize that this longest text ever must be very boring and not worth anyone's time. But I'd like to take this time to thank the 2 and 1/2 people in the entire universe who have bothered to read this entire thing. I'm not exactly sure who they are, but: thanks! Right now, my spacebar is malfunctioning...that's not good...I have to press it two or three times just to insert a freaking space. Maybe the evil little faeries with the sharp little teeth have put their evil faerie dust on my computer. Or maybe not. This is too frustrating. Goodbye for now...Now I'm back. And still frustrated. But for a different reason. Today I had the misfortune of playing a Treasure Planet game on neopets.com It was terrible. Apparently the point of the game was to get your character to shout "Whoo-Hoo!" as many times as possible before you splattered your brains on the rocks, all the while listening to a soundtrack that is similar to a dying ceiling fan. Of course, when I started out I accidentally hit the rocks approximately three million times. Halfway though I used my four remaining brain-cells to decide that the game was dumb. So my goal changed from surviving to laughing evilly while my character died. So the game

naturally did everything it could to preserve my life. The stupid game is still going on and I refuse to quit because I want my points. My character is actually dodging the stupid rocks better now than when I controlled him. I hate irony. Seeya. Okay. Now I'm back again. Today I added an update page, which is basically a less chaotic, outlined version of this without all the ranting. It's more like techno talk about arrays and how much I suck and whether or not the Braves will win this year. Okay, the whole braves thing is made up. But everything else I've said so far is true. I think. Maybe I should start on a boring disclaimer...Eh-hem. All contents of this site were designed for entertainment purposes only. Any use thereof that is not stated in the above mentioned statement would make the author, hereby referred to as Patron Saint of Paper Clips, very angry. Should you violate the purpose of this site: i.e. become not entertained, the Patron Saint of Paper Clips will be forced to take drastic measures. This is specified in Code: 343 of the Flaming Chicken Handbook. Ooooo...that's a great idea! I'm gonna start quoting from the Flaming Chicken Handbook! Code: 343 of the Flaming Chicken Handbook states that the Patron Saint of Paper Clips (that's me) is allowed to cause vague, pain like sensations while the offending person (or alien life form, dog, etc.) isn't paying attention. Now I have a purpose in life! To make up quotes from the non-existent Flaming Chicken Handbook, which I'm sure you have a copy of. No? Too bad. It's in the mail, I promise! Now I must take my leave...and remember. Cheese is watching. Okay...I'm back...I think that eventually half of this thing will consist of the word back over and over again...that's just weird. Which fits the motif of the rest of the site. There's even a money back guarantee. Isn't that nice? See? Now no one can ever say that I don't take care of my viewers. Especially since I don't have viewers. I have readers. Wait...I really don't even know if anyone bothers to read this. Even if I put it in a less chaotic, more user-friendly format people would still ignore this because it involves: reading. Yes. Sad to admit, but the majority of people would rather read the summary at the back of a book rather than the whole book itself. What has the world come to? It's pathetic. Especially since I'm bothering to write all this. It's not fair! Why can't I have more readers?! All the other internet writers have nothing on me, except they're better at advertising, having a central theme/plot and basically more talented. Whereas I'm more into the whole ranting and raving stage right now. Plus, I am horrible at spelling. Which is bad. Thank the powers that be for spell-check. The single greatest invention of the computer gods. I'm getting bored, so I think I'm done for the day. May your day be shiney! I'm back again! And I feel weird! I found at that yet another one of my friends is reading this. Creepy. Just how much time do they have on their hands. Perhaps their just trying to be nice. I can just see it now...an organization devoted not to feeding the hungry, or peace, or love or whatever, but to giving recognition to all those poor, pathetic, unpopular websites. I wonder what it's name would be. Don't Ignore Sites? Would it be called DIS? Isn't that like a slang term for an insult? Would that be considered poetic justice, or just a nice coincidence? And why do I even care? I'll tell

you why. Because I have nothing else to do right now. I could be playing neopets, but ever since my bad experience with Treasure Planet, I don't feel like it. Oh, by the way, I noticed that whenever I use spell-check, my stupid computer turns the word probley into to word problem. To prevent this, I did nothing. So, it is now up to you, the imaginary reader, to decide whether I mean probley or problem...it's almost like a game! But without the bad sound track. And I promise not to force you to live when you would rather die. Moving on, I have nothing else to say, but don't feel like quitting just yet. I'm like the little engine that could. Or maybe the Energizer Bunny. I just keep going, and going and going. Or I could be like that annoying guy on T.V. who keeps asking if you can hear him. If my site manages to last a decade, my readers *snicker* will probley wonder what I'm talking about. My answer is simple. It doesn't matter. I'm just rambling. Which means that it doesn't matter if you understand anything I say. Doesn't that make you feel better? I bet it does. Wow. Look how long this has gotten. I even impress myself. Who would have thought I have this much free time? And I congratulate any reader who has gotten this far. Ooooooo! You must check out the fortunes section of the random stuff page! I've just gotten an idea for some more, original, fortunes...I gotta go!(may the moose be with you) And now I am back. I swear. If il fill out the fake tab form I'm gonna have to put back as my favorite word...I already have filled it out, though. Would it be cheating to fill it out again? Only if I had multiple personalities. Or would it be cheating if I didn't have multiple personalities? The world may never know. Just like how many licks it takes to get to the bottom of a tootsie pop. Would it vary? The number of licks, I mean. Someone could have super-dissolving spit, or watery-spit. Or what if you took big ol' slobbery licks? Does the commercial take that into account? No. It doesn't. And let me tell you, it's an outrage. It deludes all of American's sweet, innocent, candy-loving children into thinking that a cartoon owl is smarter than they are! "Mr. Owl, can you tell us how many licks does it take to get to the bottom of a tootsie pop?" Or whatever. And "Mr. Owl" replies "One...Two...Three! Chomp" And he bites it. That teaches our youth that it's okay to agree to help someone, and then ruin their experiment. Well...it's not. I am going to start a protest group. Teens Against Cartoon Owls. We could call ourselves TACO! I love the little tacos, I love them good! That is a direct quote from GIR, co-star and comic-relief on INVADER ZIM. Hmmm...intersting. I put hyphens in both of his titles...it must be a conspiracy! I gotta go. Those TACO buttons don't make themselves, you know. I'm back again. And not so cheesed off about the whole tootsie roll pop thing. Right now, I have another twenty minutes on the Internet before I'm gonna watch T.V. And I can't think of anything else to do. So, predictably, here I am. It's not like I have anything better to do. Obviously, you know this. After all, look how long this text is. I wonder if I've made the world record? If I did, would I stop this? Why bother asking? I'll will most likely still be adding to this on my death bed. Hmmmm...has any old, senile person ever written anything? Was it coherent? Did it make more sense that this text? Is it possible to

make less sense? Am I enjoying asking rhetorical questions? Yes. Yes, I am. But I seriously wonder what something written by a senile person would be like. I've heard of poems and stuff written by people who were high, insane or paranoid. But never senile. Can a senile person write? Aren't they regressed to a child-like state? Does it even matter? Is anyone even reading this? Did I resume asking rhetorical questions? Do you care? Is this eating up time? I feel like I'm playing questions only on whose line is it anyway. I probably should have capitalized something, or underlined but I'm feeling lazy...hey, you try to keep your two and a half readers happy! It's really stressful. Someday, I'm gonna snap and just delete this entire thing. Gee, I hope not! I worked sorta hard on this. It's great for making random topics weave together to form an overall infrastructure of chaos. That made little sense. That's why it's here, and not some critically acclaimed site. Oooooooooooooo! I'm gonna quote from the FLAMING CHICKENS HANDBOOK again! Yep! I bet you were just breathless in anticipation. Okay. Here goes. Code: 472 of the Flaming Chickens Handbook states that this site in no way acknowledges the existence of other, better sites (hereon referred to as the Losers) The Losers are a myth. The Patron Saint of Paper Clips (me again!) claims no knowledge as to where that particularly nasty rumor started, but confirms that this is the best site ever. It would be a sin against humanity for a better site to exist. Should you refuse to acknowledge the Patron Saint of Paper Clips as the ruler of the Internet, you will be subjected to punishment as stated in Code 343 of the Flaming Chicken Handbook (i.e. Experience vague, pain-like sensations when you're not paying attention) This has been a public service announcement. This is a test, I repeat only a test. Had this been an actual emergency, we would have bought up all the can openers and charged 3 cows and a pig for each one. I repeat, lock all your doors and windows, this is it. I repeat, there is nothing to worry about. Everything is fine. The end is not here. I'm going, you're on your own! Ahhhhhhhhhhh!!!!!!!!!!!!!! I'm back!*smiles brightly* And apparently delusional! Anyway, I just finished rereading my longest text ever. And I became inspired to talk about nothing. You see, I periodically read the longest text ever to check the constant downward spiral of my sanity. Hmm...I seem to be entertaining myself though, even while reading what I wrote. Which is why I still go to the Really Really Big Button That Doesn't Do Anything website. Because I am easily amused and have lots and lots of time on my hands. Maybe, some day far in the future (like next Thursday) I'll print a copy of this insane text. And then go door to door distributing it. Eventually, this would become a monthly tradition. Whole families would gather around their front door, in breathless anticipation while they attempted to barricade me out. I can just see the whole community rising to thwart my attempts to spread love, joy and insane chaos. I probably wouldn't actually print this out (think how much paper it would take!) but if I do, only friends and enemies will receive copies. Hmmmm...maybe my condition is worsening. Or not. I'm still peeved about the cartoon owl from the Tootsie Roll Pop commercials. He is pure evil. TACO will eventually destroy him. Unless he has

already been destroyed by an even more radical Anti-Cartoon-Owl group. I hope not. Or, would that be good? I suppose I could let someone else have the glory. After all, I'm not in this line of business for the fame, fortune and power. What line of business, do you ask? Why, the assassinating annoying cartoon characters business. (Actually I just question them until they spontaneously combust, I ask lots of questions) So, in conclusion, ladies and gentleman of the jury(that's you) I could not have possibly tortured "Mr. Owl" to death. I love owls. Hmm...I seem to be jumping from one subject to another more frequently. Either I am growing more comfortable with my on-line writing, or I am progressively getting more insane and chaotic. I also am psycho-analyzing myself a lot today...hmmmm...I'm even saying "hmmmmmm..." a lot. Just like a real psychologist. Hmmmmmmmm. Time for another boring disclaimer!!!!!! Code: 742 of the Flaming Chickens Handbook states that in no part does the Patron Saint of Paper Clips (That's still me!) actually claim to be mentally ill. That's either a) a publicity stunt b) An attempt at humor c) a cry for help or d) none of the above You can e-mail your responses by conducting a scavenger hunt of this site. Some of the pages of this site contain a link encouraging the two and a half people to e-mail the Patron Saint of Paper Clips. There may also be evil little links that are designed to confuse you. These links send stuff to someone named johnjones333@hotmail.com The Patron Saint of Paper Clips does not know who this individual is, but sincerely wishes that you send all your hate mail to him. Not that the aforementioned individual claims to have received hate mail (or mail of any kind) via a website link. Thank-you for your time. Remember to send your answers to my sanity quiz to the e-mail account, flamingchickens333@hotmail.com Oh, and once I refer to myself in the first person again, the handbook quote is over. I just thought that I might like to mention that. Oh. You're still here. I figured you rush right on over to e-mail me. Perhaps you don't have time to waste e-mailing me. HA! HA! HA! That's funny!!!! If you you don't have time to waste, what are you doing here?!!! Oh, who am I kidding. I figure that even the people I manage to lure onto my site from neopets don't even bother to come to this particular page. Maybe I should make the link come here directly...Hey! What a good idea! That way I can spread my love, joy and insane chaos to more people! I'm a genius. Gotta go, must lure innocent victims to the second most pointless site ever!!!! I'm back. And really angry, and confused. I've always known that I was weird, that's always been a given. But now I realize that I am considerably more normal than the rest of my family. Today we had a "family outing." Now, most families will go bowling, or putt-putt golfing. They may go to a restaurant with an arcade, or the movies or to a theme park. Not my family! No, we got the greatest family outing of all. We got to go to a bar and play pool!!!!*waits for readers to become insanely jealous* Yep, that's right, a bar with a pool table! Not only did we get world class cuisine (under-cooked hotdogs and over-cooked hamburgers), my little sister (age 10) got taught pool by someone I strongly suspect is an ex-convict! Naturally when it was announced that we'd be eating dinner in this place, I could hardly contain my excitement(I glared at my

mother and asked why we couldn't go to Pizza Hut) When we arrived, we were promptly served (after thirty minutes) In the meantime, we played a family game of pool(my parents played while my brother and sister and I watched) After two rousing rounds, our food came. The food was superb, (our food came the exact opposite of how we ordered it, and half of the onion rings were missing) Then we joyfully returned to our game(my sister and the ex-con played my mom) We spent hours there (from 5p.m.-7:15p.m.) There were many people that were the same age as me and my siblings (no one in the room but us were under 30) Us kids had to be dragged kicking and screaming from the bar (I almost fell asleep during the last game I watched) As we left, there was a feeling of goodwill and fellowship between all(my sister locked me out of the car and wouldn't let me in untill I started yelling profanity in her general direction) The high point of the entire night was when my mother gave me \$21 for my report card. She promptly borrowed \$1 to help with the waitresses tip(This part I'm not being sarcastic about) All in all it was a night I'll remember forever (as the lowest point in "family outing"history, except for that time my mom dragged me to a church thing on the concept of truth.) My brother(age 13) even decided upon a new job he wants when he's old enough to work, a busboy at the bar. We had to tell him that he would probley have to wait untill he was 21.(Absolutly nothing about that statement was sarcastic) As you can see, I love my families outings(Not unless you're blind...or stupid) &#!#%&&!!!(*\$%\$ WHAT THE %\$#@ WAS MY MOTHER \$\$\$#%\$# THINKING!!!!!!? ??? BRINGING \$\$\$# KIDS IN A BAR!? I know it was her idea, 'cause my dad hates it, too. My mom and my stupid little 10-year old sister loves it, though. *sighs* Why does my life have to be so weird? I'm leaving...now I'm back! And not so pissed at my weird family. Now is the time to mourn the loss of one of my most loyal readers (I think she's read the entire thing one time, which is more than anyone else has done so far) She has been banned from accesing any portion of the Internet, do to reasons that must remain confidential due to security reasons. If I told you, I'd have to kill you and all that stuff. So...now I am down to one and a half readers. Untill such time that I have more. I wonder why anyone would read this? You would have to have several characteristics that I possess. First of all, you'd have to have an extrodinary amount of free time. Second of all, you would have to have the patience to read through all of this. And lastly, you'd have to know where the heck this site is. I admit it. I haven't exactly advertised this site. Nor can I find it on any search engines. Some of my pages have stuff written in to make search engines recognize me, but it doesn't seem to be working. What must I do to rise above obscurity? I tell people I know about this site, but they either ignore this page, or don't even bother coming to the site in the first place. I suppose that is the bane of all authors. To pour your heart and soul into a passage, and have everyone ignore it. *sniffle* Why must this be? Maybe I should just give up. After all, no one would really care if I quit updating this site. But I can't help but think of stuff like the evil over lord list and REALLY REALLY BIG BUTTON THAT DOESN'T DO ANYTHING. They are not great neccesarly because of

the content, (although that helps some) they are great because of their sheer length. You can read a little each day. And almost never finish. Also, I guess I still am trying to get the world record. I have heard some feedback suggesting that I make some way for people to remember where they stopped reading. It can be very confusing, especially if you weren't paying attention in the first place. Well, I don't want to organize this page, in any manner. This is chaos. And insanity. Not neat little text in classifiable rows, in alphabetical order. If you want neat, go to some other site(though, as mentioned in Flaming Chickens Code:472 there is no such thing as a site better than this one). Otherwise, I guess you're stuck with me. Awwwww...I'm touched! You didn't run screaming to another site, thankfull for the chance to escape this insanity. You're still here, which must mean that you'd rather be here than anywhere else! Hey, where are you going?! I thought you were gonna stay here and keep me company?! *drags reader back* See, I knew you'd stay! *gagged reader glares* What's that? I know this is the best site ever, thanks for the compliment! *reader starts inching towards freedom* I better go...I think that I may have a problem brewing. I'm back. And very concerned about this new, younger generation (all 10 year olds who were born in 1992) They are supposed to be the future. Instead they appear to be a nuclear armagedon in the form of a fifth grader. I chanced to have an interview with an informant from this evil generation (my little sister) who will be called Mrs. X for security reasons (no, she's not married, the "Mrs" makes it good as a disguise) I was quizing Mrs. X on Civil War History for an upcoming test in her classroom (whose location can not be devulged) Mrs. X seemed fluent in the subject. Using prior knowledge, I deduced that Mrs. X was full of crap. Out of sheer curiosity, I asked Mrs. X who participated in the Civil War. She immediatly replied "Clara Barton". I clarified, which countries fought in the Civil War. She answered: England, Russia, and (out of sheer desperation) Iraq. I believe that she was just listing countries she knows America has fought against. Now, correct me if I'm wrong...but Iraq? I don't know if Iraq even existed in the Civil War Era! Why on earth would we go have way across the world to fight them when we didn't even really need oil?!! Moving on, I finally managed to coax my sister (I'm tired of writing Mrs. X) to tentativly guess that America fought in the Civil War. I mean, who'd a thought? America? Fighting in the American Civil War? In a moment of inspiration, I asked her who America fought. Her first guess was enslaved africans. Well, at least she knows that slaves were involved in the war. Before she could start listing all of America's enemies, I gave her a hint. I said "The Union fought..." With a crack, snaple and pop, some random synapses in her brain connected in the right order and she said "CONFEDERACY!!!" I was very proud of her, just as you would be proud of a two-year-old who has just announced: "I WENT POO-POO ON THE POTTYYYY!!!" What I mean is, you wouldn't be very proud if the average person said that they just took a dookey on the toilet, and you wouldn't be very proud if they knew who fought against the Union in the Civil War. I confirmed that the Union was Northern and Free, and that the

Confederacy was Southern and Slave. We resumed quizzing and she got every question on the worksheet correct. This is because she memorizes the questions. That way, she can pass the test without actually learning anything. You see, if you memorize stuff, you only have to remember that the answer to number 6 is Clara Barton for a week, rather than having to remember that Clara Barton started the Red Cross for the rest of your life. I sincerely apologize if anyone is offended by my view of memorization. I also would like such persons to immediately leave my site. You don't belong here. You see...knowledge is good. If my sister...uh...Mrs. X were ever asked a question on the Civil War on a quiz show, she'd come up with nothing. With knowledge you can win money and the opportunity to look like a dork on national television. My sister is a big believer in the memorization system. I previous time when I was studying with her (American Revolution, this time) I was trying to help her remember the difference between the Patriots(Patriotic to America) and the Loyalists (Loyal to Britain) She didn't know what the word patriotic meant. I tried to explain. I asked her how you dress on the forth of july (she said nice) I asked what the colors red, white and blue were (pretty). I gave up in exasperation. More recently, I was trying to instill a sense of empathy and niceness in her. I asked her what the golden rule of christianity was. She didn't know. When I pressed her, she confessed she didn't know what christianity was. Completely defeated, I told her that it was the religion she practiced every Sunday when she went with her friends to church. This confirmed my suspicion that she only went so that she could have the use of the church's playground equipment. My family also strongly suspects that she stole \$20 from the donation thingy. Anyway, that's my rant on the new generation that contains my little sister. When someone of her generation runs for president, I'm gonna do a complete background check. If they're anything like my sister, I'm movin' to Canada. Gotta go...the Russian-British-Iraqi-enslaved-Africans are coming to defeat the Mexicans. I'm back! *there's that darn cricket again* And I have a genuine question to ask all of my loyal readers *cough-cough* Okay, here it is: Is it normal for a non-gender specific sibling to carry around various dead reptiles (snakes, turtles, lizards etc.) Furthermore, is it considered accepted behavior to talk to these dead reptiles, in a cooey, baby talky kind of voice? Finally, is it expected for said sibling's non-gender specific parent to encourage such behavior, citing "I was just like that as a child" as an excuse? It's an honest question as I fear that my non-gender specific sibling is weird. Who am I kidding? My entire family is weird. It's just a matter of degree. Hey, by the way. I'm sorry that my last few entries have been only about my various family antics. Although I can't see why you care, because there is a large probability that you do not exist, because I don't think anyone is reading this anymore. How discouraging. People need to make the time to waste time. It's a time honored tradition. Who'd thought that I could use time that many times in only a few sentences? It's been pretty quiet here lately, which is why I haven't added anything to this text in awhile. I know, you were just crushed that nothing new was happening. It's a sad, cold,

cruel world out there and you had nothing to relieve the monotony of it. *sniffle* I feel so sorry for you! Next thing you know, you're internet connection will die. Well, too bad! Do you know I never even had a computer until just a few months ago (that's why I'm obsessively writing here) So I won't pity you if your computer dies for unexpected reasons. Time for another quote from the FLAMING CHICKEN HANDBOOK!!! Code: 843 of the Flaming Chicken Handbook states that in no way is the Patron Saint of Paper Clips (guess who?) responsible for any faulty wiring or lack thereof in your computer. The Patron Saint of Paper Clips in no way wishes harm on your computer. Any derogatory statement is simply an opinion of an individual, not of the flaming order of the flaming chickens. Said order will in no way be held responsible for any damages, injuries, loss of life, limb, head, or organs. Okay, quote is done. Maybe I should put quotation marks around them...nah, too much work. But I probably will eventually get around to having a separate page just for the FLAMING CHICKEN HANDBOOK. That way all the members (what members) can print out a copy of it for themselves (if they didn't get that copy in the mail) I guess I'm done for the day...I know. You want me to stay. It's okay. Because eventually, I'll be back! Seeya! I'm back. And once again surprised. When I was at a TAB poetry thingy (TAB is good TAB is great We love TAB) I met some new people. One of these people (who shall remain nameless until such time that I have explicit permission to use her name) turned out to be almost as weird as me. As in...she read the ENTIRE Longest Text Ever. The whole thing. So far two whole people (to my knowledge) have read the entire thing, and a few people have skimmed it. That means I really can justify claiming to have two and a half readers! I'm so happy! That means my pointless obsession has actually entertained someone besides me! Perhaps, one day, far in the future, this will actually be a world record and random people will actually voluntarily read this text every day. Or maybe not. The point is that it is nice to have readers. Or maybe it's not...I mean...won't the quality *snicker* of my work deteriorate if I am no longer writing for the target audience of me? If that happens, then no one will read this. And then I'll be writing for me again. And then the quality will rise. And then people will start reading. And then the quality will go down and the vicious spiral of good and bad will continue until I either give up this text, or go crazy...er. In any case...I should probably find a topic. Yeah...a topic would be good. Or...I could just continue to write about finding a topic. Ooooo! I know a topic! Ice cream trucks! This has been bothering me for a while. You see...when it's hot, you want something cold to eat. Conveniently, ice cream trucks come around during the hottest part of the year (it must be a conspiracy). As you may or may not know, small children swarm the ice cream trucks. The vendors even play whimsical music which I strongly suspect contains subliminal messages to make you hungry for ice cream. The vendors get oodles of cash, and the kids get ice cream. Now, in today's society of buying groceries on-line and getting them delivered, why hasn't any other food industry marketed this ingenious idea to bring the product to the consumer. I can just see Hot

Dog, and Pizza trucks roaming the neighbor hoods, selling treats to hungry children...and adults. Of course, said adults would have to peel their butt-cheeks off the couch...but they'd have to do that for the delivery man anyway. The food trucks could even play music that made you hungry for their food. Then the problem with obesity in America would be blamed on evil food truck drivers as opposed to the harmless, beneficent television and computer. We could all breath a sigh of relief as parents kept their children inside, away from the evil truck drivers and near the T.V. Gone would be the days when parents told children to play outside, it's a nice day. Parents would buy their children computers, video games and other television neccesities. This, of course would expand the market for such products. This would lead to a better, more stable economy. Food industires would be buying cars, gas and music. Parents would increase the purchase of entertainment items. In return companies would make a profit, pay their workers better. The workers would then be able to afford more entertainment items and the upward spiral would continue, as opposed to the evil downward spiral of my writing. In conclusion, Ladies and Gentlemen...if you implement my idea, there will be peace and prosperity for all. As long as you don't mind a few more couch potatoes. Gotta go...I think I hear a catchy jingle. I'm back...it's been awhile since I've written here. A lot has happened. Like my EVIL school computer deleting my updates page. But it's all good. Especially since I just saw The Matrix: Reloaded. The following text may spoil the movie for you, so WARNING: do no read this unless you have already seen the movie. Okay. What I liked best was the philosophy on choices. (the mindless fight scenes were really cool, too). It's like this. In the beginning of the movie, Neo is having dreams about Trinity's death. Later, The Oracle tells him that he has already decided her fate. Towards the end of the movie, Neo chooses to tell Trinity to stay out of the Matrix, since he saw her die in it. She agrees, but only after seeing how important it is to him. After a horrific chain of events (is it coincidence, or fate) the people who will deactivate the secondary power source of the building Neo is infiltrating, die. So...the plan is going to fail. Unless someone does something, Neo, Morpheus and many others will die. Trinity, who is of course outside of the Matrix, knows this and chooses to enter the Matrix to save the day. The events of Neo's dream unfold. So...when the oracle said that the choice had already been made, she was completely correct. The moment Neo woke from dreams of Trinity's death, he made a choice. He would do everything in his power to keep his dream from becoming reality. So he kept her out of the Matrix, and she saw the problem, and entered the Matrix to fix it. If she had been in the Matrix, she would have likely been with Morpheus, never would have known about the plan's failure, would therefore not have been in the situation that resulted in her death. And the plan would have failed and Neo might have died, along with a large portion of the city (the building was set to blow if there was any intruders) So...Neo's choice to attempt to save Trinity triggered the sequence of events that led to her death. As Neo realizes all of this, through a nearly omniscient Architect of the Matrix, he makes another choice. This

choice is simply an extension of his original choice: he will save Trinity at all costs. Neo is told that he has two choices. He can save mankind, and doom Trinity. Or he can try to save Trinity and doom mankind. No guarantee that he'll succeed in saving Trinity. He goes for Trinity, makes it just in time to catch her body, and starts her heart back up. In return for not taking the easy route, he gains a power in the more or less real world. He can deactivate the machines, (squidies) but at great personal cost. The movie ends with him in a coma. Now, you must realize that I have described only one aspect of this movie of all movies. There are not enough words in the English language to describe the sheer coolness of the fight choreography, special effects and the plot. I highly recommend you see the movie yourself. I'm sorry that today's rant isn't random, insane or completely chaotic, but I must right my experience with The Matrix before I forget. I am so buying this movie when it comes out on DVD. I love it! You have to admit its sheer coolness. I mean, come on! It's the sequel to the movie that revolutionized the standard by which we judge special effects. I better stop typing before I have a heart attack...just remember...The Matrix has you...I'm back. And throughly pissed off at my school system in general. You see...they feel that the only way to reward academic achievement...yada-yada-yada...is to force the smart kids to be ushers for Senior Honor Nite, and Graduation. Where is the logic in this? I for one, didn't know about such dire consequences for not deliberately failing classes. It was bad enough that I was forced to "volunteer" my precious time (i could have worked on this site)...no...I was forced to wear formal attire. My school system is stuck in the past...and formal attire means...a dress...a white dress...(for those you who never bothered to find out...I am indeed female). So...for the first time in about 5 years...I wore a dress...and something that was complety white. What cruel fate is this? To compound the EVIL situation...I was forced to wear feminine shoes. In other words...they hurt. And they pushed my toes together. Since I have a rather weird phobia of touching my own skin...this made my evening my own personall torture session. I think that such gender-specific torture should be deemed inhumane and abolished from our great society...of flaming chickens. Henceforth...Code: 666 of the Flaming Chickens Handbook states that under no circumstance will the Patron Saint of Paper Clips (guess who) be forced to wear anything other than a t-shirt and preferably black jeans. Should you violate this right, you will become destroyed or possibly dizzy. I'm leaving now...I have some destruction to do. i'm back. from graduation. we had to get there one hour and fifteen minutes early because there was traffic. After standing around a lot...the ceremony started. Lots of people spoke. by the time I had to do my part (tell people where to stand before getting their diploma) it was dark. there were bugs. they liked landing on me. then...i got to go stand while people said a lot of stuff. i couldn't hear it because someone had put the speakers facing the audience. we clapped. the whole time, even during the name-calling, seniors were playing with silly string and beachballs. afterwards...they turned off the lights. there were lots of fireworks. i wandered around for 20 minutes looking for a

cell phone. i called home, and waited another hour for my ride...traffic to the school was one way. i felt sorry for my dad. i am tired...but cannot go to sleep. i'll copy and paste this to my site. maybe the longest text ever. you will all suffer as i have suffered when and if you graduate. i cannot feel my feet. i hate dress shoes. I'm back. Today, I'm here to salute the Pointless Signs Of America! The PSOAs have been whole-heartedly working for you, and what have you done for them? NOTHING! These so-called "pointless" signs are doing just what they were meant to do: entertain you! You cannot judge them simply because they have no apparent function. They expand your mind, making you think about all the things they could do. They could do anything they wanted to, if they just put their minds to it. If you judged everything by what it doesn't accomplish, then the entire world is populated by pointless beings. No one can do everything, so how can you expect a SIGN, with the I.Q. of toilet paper, to do everything. You people sicken me. You expect far too much of the inanimate world. The inanimate world, on the other hand, expects nothing of you. Which is exactly what it gets. If you expect nothing, and get nothing, you feel nothing. If you expect nothing and get something, you're happy. But, if you expect something and get something you feel nothing. And if you expect something and get nothing, you feel cheated. If you're following along, and not completely confused, you'll realize that it is better to be a pessimist than an optimist. Yep that's right. This entry went from saluting the PSOAs to making a statement about my ideals. This has been a weird day. You can thank my associate "[Meg](#)" she came up with the PSOAs acronym. Everyone, clap for "[Meg](#)". I gotta go...see ya later! I'm finally back! Today, I took a long look at this site, which is the accomplishment of almost a year of work. And I asked myself "How could I have better spent my time?" And so, in the interest of wasting even more time, I made a list. Here we go! Number One: I could have cured cancer. Not that I know anything about medicine...or cancer for that matter. But I'm sure that if I just would have put my mind to it, I could have done it. Number Two: I could help the earth to find eternal and lasting peace. Which would be boring. So I at least have an excuse for not doing that. Number Three: I could have studied and stuff. Uh...don't think so...Number Four: I could have learned to drive. This would have resulted in the deaths of numerous pedestrians...and I would still probably be wondering around in search of a McDonalds. Number Five: I could have read more books, played more video games and watched more mindless television. Gee...I wish I'd thought of that sooner. Number Six: I could have implemented one of several plans for world domination. Or, as an alternative, I could have ruined several plans for world domination that other people made. Number Seven: I could drive people crazy. Wait...aren't I already doing that? Scratch number seven. And on to: Number Eight: I could have...uhhhh...ummmm...actually thought up these things before hand. Number Nine: Now it's just getting redundant, isn't it? Number Ten: This is the list that never ends. Yes, it goes on and on my friend. One person, started typing it not knowing what it was, and they'll continue typing it forever just because this is the list that never ends, yes it

goes on and on my friends, some person started typing it not...etc, etc. Okay...I admit it. I have officialy run out of ways I could have better spent my time. I don't think there actually are any. Except for maybe five and six. Now, those have possibilities. However, I am currently content to just sit here and type. For the benefit of you, the reader...who may or may not exist. Either way, I'm continuing to sort of entertain myself. I feel like I should be outraged about some topic or another. I just can't work up the energy to be outraged. Perhaps a nice, soothing mistrust. Yeah. I can work with mistrust. I definitely mistrust lots of stuff. Like organ grinders, and the evil conspiracies. Did you know, that Kodak was part of the conspiracy to assasinate John F. Kennedy. Now, some of you are probably thinking "Gee, Really?", or "Wow, I never knew that!" while others are thinking "Who's John F. Kennedy?" or possibly "Who or What is Kodak". I fervently hope that you're not thinking the last two...especially about Kodak. Kodak, as you may know, is a film developing company. And John F. Kennedy (JFK) was an alien bent on global domination. Or possibly a really good president who wanted to fly to the moon. Either way, he got assasinated. And ever loony in America decided that it was a conspiracy. Some even go so far as to claim that Kodak "changed" the pictures of the assasination to make an assasination in the bushes become a tree's shadow. I didn't know that they had such good technology back then. I have to wonder...why would Kodak do such a thing. Perhaps Kodak is actually a front organization for a shadowy governmental system that controls the entire world and didn't want mankind to obtain the freedom of the stars and so tried to sabotauge the space program even though it didn't work as well as they planned. Or perhaps not. Either way, Kodak is undeniably evil. How can any company that takes so many "wholesome" pictures not be? You can just bet that they look at every one that get's turned in to them, judging blackmail value, and whether or not you could get arrested. It's just sickening, you can't even take a simple photo nowadays. Unless you have a digital camera, which are a symbol of freedom from the old ways and willing enslavement to the new ways. We can only hope that the digital camera manufacturers are kinder masters than the evil Kodak Lords. I better go...I think Kodak is tracing my site....I'm back now! And, once again, I have proof that someone actually took the time (two hours) to read this entire Longest Text Ever! It's amazing, it's incredible, it's unbelievable. But true. Even more incredible, this time it's someone I don't even know! Wooooooo! I feel inspired and happy and other really good emotions and stuff. And so, I'll take a trip down memory lane, to the dark depths of the past, to when I decided to make this page. It was inspired, in part, by my sheer and utter boredom. In school, back before I even owned a computer, I'd type random words for long periods of time, 'cause I had nothing better to do. Once I got this computer, I decided to do something similar on my beloved site. But, it ended up making more sense than I anticipated (scary thought, huh). Oh, well...I tired of nostalgia. Back to the present. Right now, I'm just typing so that no one can say that I've been slacking off. I don't think I have any conspiracy theories...except pop-ups/pop-unders. Have you ever

had the evil pop-up that says that if you click here, it'll get rid off all the annoying pop-ups? Isn't that sort of ironic? Could the pop-up blocker people have chosen a better means to advertise their product? It's like grand-theft auto 3's talk show, you know, the one where there are Citizens Raging Against Phones? Or CRAP, for short. And the lady representing them, calls the radio station...on a phone. It's stupid and ironic and just shouldn't exist in a better world. Pop-Up ad's help you get rid of pop-up ads? Insane, chaotic...hmmmmm...I wonder who thought of it? Was it on purpose, or was it just some mistake? It is now my civic duty to discover this ancient mystery, and reveal it to the uncaring world. Or maybe I'll go make a frozen pizza. Yeah. That sounds good, too. Since I'm not particularly inspired at the moment, I should leave and let you gather what is left of your sanity. I just can't seem to stop, though. Okay...I can do it. I'm leaving. I'm back...and it's several hours later. I've decided to immortalize the stupidity of my dog, Moose. She is a heavy-set Yorkshire Terrior (12 lbs.) In otherwords, she's a small yappy dog who is big for her breed. Today, I met her arch-enemy. An enemy so terrifying that Moose cannot stop shaking. An enemy so hideous that Moose must destroy it at all costs. An enemy so dangerous that Moose fears it above all others. Now you may be wondering what horrible beast is Moose's arch-enemy. And you probably suspect that it is something pathetic. You would be correct in your suspiciousness...for Mooses arch-enemy is...*dramatic drumroll*...a small, white, feather. Now, Moose has seen many feathers, birds even. But none have struck terror in her little moose heart like this particular feather. So...naturally I put her arch-enemy in my pocket and brought it home with me. This action has made her very suspicious of where my loyalties lie. She tracks the feather smell all over the house, and goes crazy whenever I take it out of my pocket. She even got her sister and mother in the spirit of things. Now her sister sounds an alarm whenever she sees the evil feather. Now, you may be wondering what is so terrifying about a small, white, feather. So am I. It doesn't smell funny, (I asked my brother, since I don't have a sense of smell), it seems perfectly ordinary. So, I've decided that Moose works for some secret government organization, and that the feather is the key to the destruction of the world, and I am just blithely letting it enter our home, so that it may furthur its evil plans to destroy the universe. That is the only possible explanation as to why it upsets her so much. Or...maybe it's the feather off of the cartoon owl from the tootsie-roll pop comercials (one...two...three..*crunch*).

Whatever the case, I decided that the whole world, (or three of four random people) deserve to know that if the world and or universe are destroyed, it's the evil, little, white, feather's fault. Now I'd better go and torture my Moose with it...:) I am officially back. And you, the potentially non-existent reader gets a once in a lifetime chance to hear me rant and rave about my [Horrible, Horrible Family Vacation](#). I know. You feel very, very honored. It's like this. My mother is a control freak, and she decided on the spur of the moment that we were going north to visit relatives. Later that day, she decided we were NOT going north, we were going south to a beach resort. Still later that day, she got

offended at some trivial thing and decided that we weren't going anywhere at all. The very next day, she decided that we were going north, after all. So, we packed everything up. Before we knew it, we were on the road. The first part of the trip was fairly easy. As in, I was half-asleep, hoping that we'd arrive while I slept. Then, in an inspired move, my brother talked my mother into letting him sit up front. That meant that my mother would be in the back, with me and my younger, eviler sister. Immediately, my mother started complaining. It was uncomfortable in the back, it was too hot, it was too cold. Then, she accidentally woke our three yappy dogs up, and they realized that they were in a car. That meant only one course of action for them. They started shaking and barked their little heads off. This annoyed my mother further, until she asked, no, demanded that my father turn the car around so that we could go home. Unfortunately, we had already driven 337 miles toward our destination. After much argument, my father was going to turn around, until he realized that my mother was going to drop the dogs and me off, and then turn around and continue north. This seemed slightly unpractical, so we ended up not taking that 337 mile detour. We eventually reached our destination after 16 hours of virtually non-stop driving. We got there, we ate. We slept. My mother visited relatives. And so the week went by. I got to go to a huge library, and see Terminator 3 at the local theater. That was the high point of the entire trip. The last day, we were deciding where to eat. My mom said that she didn't care. So my dad picked a steak place. My mother tried to order a mushroom-swiss burger...only to discover that the place had no swiss-cheese. So she decided on a salad, only to discover that they didn't have her favorite salad dressing. After much deliberation, she decided that she wouldn't eat. After complaining how hungry she was, and about the poor quality of the restaurant, she walked out of the restaurant, instructing the rest of us to "enjoy our meals". And I wonder where my little sister gets her annoyingness. Not that my mother is annoying...just set in her ways. The whole meal thing was about the only interesting thing to happen during the week. On the way home, we had gotten approximately 4 hours into the trip when my mother predictably decided that we had to go back and eat at the 50th anniversary of her favorite ice cream place. Needless to say, we ignored her. Oh, and when my sister had to go to the bathroom very badly during a traffic jam, my mother had the good taste to making hissing/water noises to make my sister's problem worse. She claimed that my little sister always did it to her, and she was getting pay-back. Between her bickering with my sister, and obsessively playing neopets games, I don't know what to do with her. Anyway...that was my family vacation rant. It sucked. No surprise. At least it's over. Sorry if I complained a lot. If you don't like it, start your own longest text ever. Anyway, I promise to go back to my usual routine the next time I rant here. I thought of a topic on the way home, but forgot it. Seeya. I'm back! I know, I took you completely by surprise. You thought you'd gotten rid of me. *cheesy super-hero voice* Well, fear not, random citizen, for I, PSOPC am here! *normal voice* Today I have a very important to discuss with you in this: PERFECTLY NORMAL PUBLIC SERVICE

ANNOUNCEMENT. Yes, that's right. It's time to warn you, the viewer...er...reader...about the evils of various stuff. Today's lesson is: subliminal messages . That's right, folks, mass hypnosis via commercials. Now, I'm sure you've at least heard of subliminal messages , right? No? Well...prepare to be enlightened. Subliminal messages are an advertising technique that puts hidden pictures and words into a main image. You don't see them, but your subconscious (dreaming) mind does. Your subconscious mind acts on whatever it is told. What does this mean to you? It means that WAL-MART TV IS EVIL! EVIIIIIIIIIIIL!!!!!! Why else would they invest all that money to show commercials in their own store? Because they put subliminal messages in them, of course! Subliminal messanging also explains the successes of certain fast-food resteraunts, and brand name items. BEWARE YOUR TOASTER OVEN! Okay. That had nothing to do whatsoever with subliminal messages...it's just cool to say. Anyway, only watch wal-mart if you WANT to be subliminally entertained into purchasing a new set of TUPERWARE, even though your old set is PERFECTLY fine. This has been a public service annoucnment. Pretty cool, huh? Uh...you don't have to take the subliminal stuff seriously. It's true, and all, but I have no proof about wal-mart, or certain fast food resteraunts. It makes sense, though. Wal-mart TV is evil. You cannot deny it. Seeya...hmmm..I wonder if there's subliminal stuff in my computer...I'm back. And I feel that it's time for a FAKE commercial break, for the highly informed, obviously brain-dead consumer. And now, a word from our non-existant sponsor. Ketchup: The only food that you'll want to eat after traveling to the 5th Dimension. It's been practically proven that Ketchup transforms into a highly intoxicating (non-addictive) delicious substance upon returning from the 5th Dimension. Stock up now with our Valu-Pak to recieve 3-metric tons of Ketchup, all for the low, low price of your brain, since you're obviously not using it anyway. Then, just wait for technology to "catch-up" (get it, catch-up, Ketchup?)so you can travel to the 5th Dimension like our scientists almost did. (Next Commercial) Get ready fo: Faux's new "reality" TV show, "How Low Can We Go?" It's about six contestants who compete to create the worst, least likely "reality" TV show. The winner not only gets the million-dollar prize, they get the chance to produce the show they created. Remember: if the show sucks, it's their fault, not ours!(Next exciting commercial!)And for all the idiots out there: Try new and improved Dum-B-Gon! Dum-B-Gon stimulates brain activity, making you up to 10 times smarter! Not only that, Dum-B-Gon: stimulates weight loss, cures "any" illness, does simple houshold chores, never leaves the toilet seat up and is the perfect gentle companion for your kids. How can you pass up this revolutionary new product? It's yours for only 3 bi-monthly payments of \$3.95 (\$3,95,000 on days ending in "y")Don't forget, Dum-B-Gon is practically guaranteed!* (*Not a guarantee) (Next commercial)Have you ever wondered why food sometimes goes bad in your fridge, even if you've only had it a few years? It's because of the "evil little faeries with sharp little teeth." These "faeries" sprinkle your food with highly toxic "age dust" and ruin a perfectly good four-year-old meatloaf. How do you

stop them? With our patented "spray". Our "spray" kills over 99.9% of "faeries" (which are much too small to see) Our "spray" also kills most disease causing agents, like rats, or pigeons. WARNING: Leave food sit in an open, well-ventilated spot for a week before eating. And now, back to our featured presentation. Wasn't that semi-entertaining? I bet you wanna go eat some Ketchup covered Dum-B Gon right now, while watching "reality" TV. Just make sure you "spray" your food first. Pathetic, wasn't it? Oh, well. I was bored, and a dilligent reader suggested I make fake commercials, so...therer they are. Happy? Good. I'm leavin', for now. I'm back. And I'm willing to enlighten you, the potentially you-know-what reader. Today, I was checking out some weird news. At one point, I read an article that stated that it had been proven, conclusivly, that Kansas was flatter than the standard pancake. The researches even used highly advanced technollogy to map the surface of a pancake and compare it to documented geology of Kansas. Some people disagree, the director of the Kansas Geological Survey said "I think this is part of a vast breakfast food conspiracy to denigrate Kansas. It's a cheap shot." So...doesn't that make you want to take Kansas' side (I sincerly appologize if you are from Kansas). It just seems extremly weird (and worthy of mentioning) that this semi-important guy from Kansas believes in a "vast breakfast food conspiracy". Makes you think that the long held belief that Kodak conspired with the JFK assasin(s) is normal. Another article claims that an anitseptic turned a polar bear purple, drawing large crowds of people. I sure hope other zoos won't copy them. Before you know it, we'll have orange alligators, pink tigers and blue lions. School children won't be able to correctly identify the color of a zebra. Random people will think they've gone crazy, after a seemingly innocent visit to the zoo. It's wrong, I tell you. A complete and total degregation of our societies values. What values, you say? The basic moral belief that Polar bears should be WHITE. Unless we spray-painted the snow purple, too. Then it would be okay. As long as the bear blends in, you know? Speaking of animals, there's a cat in California who is a kleptomaniac (likes to steal stuff). He sneaks into neighboring homes, and takes clothing, wrapped christmas presents, and anything he can find. He then leaves them under his owners car. Okay, better leave. I'm back. And I don't really have a topic today. I'm just bored. Sometimes I just do this, you know? Start typing without any idea about what it is I intend to say. Maybe I subconsciously DO know what I'm doing here, but refuse to admit it to myself. Or maybe I am monumentally bored and don't have anything else to do at the moment. Either way, I'm here. You must be pretty bored, too. Otherwise, why on earth (beta, krpto, zkdjf, Planet X, whatever) would you be here? It would make no sense. If you have something better to do, why wouldn't you be doing it right now? I would be. But, maybe that's just the difference between you and me. Yeah. That must be it. Unless you're bored. Then I completly understand. I need to find a topic. Here, topic, topic, topic! Come on, I won't hurt you, I promise! *hides large ax behind back* Come here, topic! Why are you afraid of little ol' me? *sigh* There are no topics anywhere near me. Kinda like me and ["Meg"](#) webcomic

we are trying to do. It's called Hit-Or-Miss, any topics, plot, etc. are completely accidental and are not the fault/responsibility of the creators. That was sort of a topic, even though it was sort of random. Which is what I do best. Okay, I'm done with that little commercial. What now...hmmmm...should I share with you more of my paranoid/delusional conspiracy theories? Or have I been doing that too much lately? Oooooo! I know, I'll start of list of why it's fun/good to be insane/weird! #1 You can say or do anything and normal people will agree with you in the hopes that you'll be satisfied, shut up, and go away. Far away. I will show you an example with this completely true stuff that I experienced several years ago. ME: My vicious, psychotic, flesh-eating bunny-rabbit wants to rule the world. RANDOM PERSON: Uh-huh, that's nice. ME: Yeah, but I told her that she'd be a terrible ruler. I mean, she traded Asia for a carrot! And she doesn't even LIKE carrots! RANDOM PERSON: You don't say? ME: Yep. She also is the goddess of red jello. RANDOM PERSON: *head exploding from sheer insanity* As you can see, I was a very weird child (this happened in elementary school...uh...except for that head-exploding part). Okay...on to: #2 You can get out of practically anything by saying: a)It's against my religion b)I'm allergic to that. c)I have an extremely irrational fear of that. d)I already did that in a past life and it sucked. e)My psychotic bunny predicted I'd die doing it. Unfortunalty, several of those reasons LEGITAMITLY apply to a certain activity I do every Tuesday, which WILL NOT BE NAMED HERE LEST I GIVE IT POWER OVER ME! I'm allergic to parts of it, have irrational fears about others and I'm pretty sure it's against my Jenny religion...along with eating mashed potatoes, or potatoes of any kind. I'll add that to the FLAMING CHICKENS HANDBOOK. Thou shalt not eat spuds. Hmmmm...time for #3You can obsessive over ANYTHING, and people will think nothing of it. I, personally, am obsessed with, kitties, bunnies, bats, this website, drawing, making intriarte little patterns with strings, doing mildly repetitive activities, being weird, apparantly making lists and cheese...and chickens...and flame. Fire is good. Fire is free. Fire is my friend...until it burns me. Then it must die...painfully. And on to:#4You make your friends look normal in comparison. And #5: You can give each of your pets several weird names such as: Ringling-Raison-Bailey-Suzana-Midnight-Schultz, Squirell, Moose, Moose-Moose, Moosey-Moose, Linzey-Moose, Muffin, Squirell-Muffin, Yabby-Doodle, Abby Normal, Wiggle-Baby, Wiggle-Muffin, Witle-Baby, Cheese-Monkey, Muffin-With-Squirell-Juice, Squirell-With-Muffin Juice, Moosey-Juice, Squirell-Monkey, etc. Now, wasn't that a fun list!? Doesn't that just make you proud to be weird? I should make bumper stickers saying that. Proud to be weird. It'd be cool. Anyway, gotta go! *yawn* I'm back. Last night I was super-charged with lots of sugar and not a lot of sleep. I ended up writing things during the time of night when EVERYTHING is hilarious, including the word sheep. To compound things, I wasn't alone, and things just escalated. The following is everything I wrote during that sugar-coated time period. Some are answers to e-mails, the rest are just stuff I wrote.

Definitely. THEN we go to library. Guess what? Me and Josh ate lots and lots of sugar, and it's late at nite and everything is funny but we can't laugh 'cause everybody is sleepin' so it's even funnier but ever since we drank the water we sobered up even though we weren't drunk but we ate sugar...lots and lots of sugar. MOSTly donut cake. Okay. JOsh says it was only one piece of cake. WE got it at Wal-mart. Or his mom did. OR something. Goodbye...oh, and the fresh chicken wings might be to blame. they were special wings. I hope I remember doing this. I think it's pretty funny. > You have blue hari.. *gigles* I like hair. Josh says I probably won't remember writing any of this, but I can't sleep. THE cake was good. aSk anybody. Big Brother may be listening right now so I beter go. They're listening for a secrret...no it's cause of a secret. But the secret doesn't exist so they are stupid. *g8ggles* bye. Yes. Megan has hair. I've seen it. *giggling* It's very, very late at nite. ONLY not really. i like sugar. NO, wait. It's early. WE have been having very profound thoughts lately. We think. They might havve been important, but we keep forgetting them. We're not sure. Josh wants his thought back. *sniffle* i do, too. It's not fair. I think mine involved a jaunty song to sing. But I couldn't have sung it 'cause it would have woken everyone up and they would have called me inconsiderate. I have to get up really early to leave for home. I should be asleep. *gigles* It milght have been a sugar rush 'cause now we're having a sugar crash. OR, maybe it's the writing. Okay, maybe it was the ranch dressing instead of the special, fresh buffalo wings. But they really weren't buffoal wings 'cause buffalo's don't have wings...cause they come off when they are babies, JOsh says so and he must be right cause he's been having Profound Thoughts even though he cannot remember them. But, the wings weren't really special. I don't think. Maybe we're just really, really tired and had sugar. I don't want to play the stupid animal war card game 'cause the stupdi bear gets eaten by an eaagle.. ...goodbye
sssllee0yyyyyIIIIIIleeeeeeepppppppppppppyyyyyyyyyy iiiiisssssssssss
gggggggggooooooodddddd.....

As you can see, I was in a very interesting state of mind. I hadn't had a genuine sugar rush since I was 11. It was fairly fun. Although I acted like an idiot. Oh, well. I have more stuff to write, but I gotta go right now. Stay tuned to hear my thoughts on tanning, and an evil card game, and who knows what else...Okay I'm back. Here's what I wrote this weekend: Woooooo! 5000 hits! Aren't I special? *sigh* I can't think of anything to write. But I must. I must defeat the sister site of the Longest Text Ever! I mean, I've been doing this much, much longer than the other person. Hmmmmm...monkey. Why do weird people (myself included) obsess about monkeys? And, are monkeys spelled monkees? It just looks weird. Like a division of mounties made entirely out of monks. I bet it's spelled monkeys. It looks right. Maybe I should use spell-check. But...that'd be a lot of work, unlike ranting, raving and rambling. Hey, it's the 3 r's! No longer does school teach use reading, riting and 'rithmitic, it now teaches us ranting, raving and rambling!

(and redundancy!) After all, isn't that basically what the best teachers do? It sets a perfect example for you young, impressionable minds. Those are the best kind. *yet another highly dramatic, time-consuming sigh* I need a topic. A good one. Not one of those bargain ones anyone can find at your local topic discount outlet store. I'll rant and rave and ramble about the EVILS of sunlight. Most people actually like to spend long periods of time exposing their vulnerable skin to the harmful rays of the sun. These people have obviously suffered major brain damage from their prolonged exposure to the sun. They actually think that their skin's efforts to protect them are ATTRACTIVE. It'd be like someone thinking that scabs are attractive, 'case they protect you from disease. Then everyone would cut and scrape themselves to be covered in scabs. That's exactly what tanning is like. Purposely damaging the skin so you can look "attractive". Now, a long time ago, people were sort of smarter. They avoided the sun at all costs. They associated tans with hard, manual labor. Then, some fashion bimbo went on a fashionable safari to get some fashionable furs, or whatever. When she came back, 'lo and behold, she had a tan. This resourceful young vanguard of fashion decided to cover her extreme embarrassment by acting like she meant to horribly damage herself. And because she was the head fashion bimbo, everyone agreed that the look was definitely "in". So, everyone went to the beach and got tans. Girls began wearing skimpier, and skimpier bathing suits. Men, of course, had no complaints. (Though whether it was the tan or the skimpy suits, no one will ever know.) As you read this Historically Accurate Anecdote, you must realize the parallel between it and the fable The Emperor's New Clothes. Someone did something incredibly stupid, but because they were powerful, everyone acted like it was a stroke of genius. And the preceding generations became brain-washed (possibly through subliminal messages in sun-tan lotion commercials) to believe tans were expected. Those few who actually could think and avoided the sun were considered to be outcasts. I don't mean to insult you if you DO have a tan. I am simply explaining why I, personally, refuse to swim, go to the beach, sunbathe, leave the house, etc. Alrighty then. I'm gonna quit for now. I'm back. I'm so very, very tired. School has been on for four days now. I have three very hard academic classes. They give lots and lots of homework. Two and a half hours of homework (total) to be precise. I get home from work at 5:30p.m. and eat dinner. Then I do my homework. I get done at 9:15. Then I wait for my mom and dad to stop playing Collapse II so that I can get on. I usually have less than 30 minutes. It sucks. I can't really work on this site even though I now have a more in depth understanding of variables. I learned this from my calculator. I made a virtual pet for it. It was fun. I'm tired. Did I mention that, yet. My calculator is nifty. Sometimes, it is lazy. It tells me stuff like: "Warning: More Solutions May Exist" and "Questionable Accuracy". So...it doesn't bother to find all solutions, and it may be wrong. Gee...that is comforting. I love my calculator, though. It does all my Math for me. I hate Math. Math is so picky. In English, and stuff, if you miss one little detail, at most you lose partial credit, but you usually get it all right. In Math, one teeny, tiny little

mistake will make you get the entire thing wrong. I tend to make those tiny mistakes, and get bad grades, even if I understand the concepts. I hate Math. I'm tired. Are you tired. I sure am. Guess what I wanna do. How did you ever guess? That's right, I wanna sleep. Why can't I? Hmmmm...good question. I think I'm so tired I can't sleep. Plus...I gots oblimagations...obligaton....obligations to this site. yeah. thats it...i so tired...bye-bye. I'm back. And more than slightly embarassed. Today my frazzled-brain produced something that is decidedly Jenny (that's my more or less "real" name). I was contemplating how my heavy load of books made me like a bulldozer and than I was about to suggest to my friend, ["Meg"](#) that we invent one. Then I realized that the buldozer already HAD been invented. That's how I knew it's name, picture and what it did. That is just...pathetic. School is taking its toll. *sigh* *sniffle* *snort* *insert word that is a sound that begins with an "s" here* I don't have much time, so, I must be brief. I'm not sure how I CAN be brief since I have absolutly nothing to say. The best way to be brief is to quit now. Right now. Which is what I'm about to do. Any minute now. I promise. Okay. Bye! *sigh* My dogs are just weird. You remember my Moose's arch-enemy, don't you? You know, the small, white feather. Well, my squirell now has an arch-enemy. At least her's makes sense...sort of. Her enemy is a fake Yorkshire Terrior (same species as her) made entirely out of goat hair. She HATES and FEARS it. She'll shake and run from it, then suddenly dive and bite it's head. She goes crazy if someone holds it, 'cause it's getting attention and not her. I'm fairly certain she knows it's not alive, though. Maybe she just doesn't like goat-smell. In any case, she is clearly insane. Just like everyone else in my family. In other news, I participated in the Second Battle of the Asparagus Wars and chronicled them [here](#). I'll add a link to the main page when I get around to it. It gave me new insight into how weird I am. I fought with vegetables, covered myself in bubble wrap, groveled before the Great Banana and dodge skittles and flying doughnuts and rubber chickens. The entire message board was like one big insane asylum. Needless to say, I felt right at home. Well, seeya *waves brightly* I got to go to my Grendel (really cool book) project for school. I's making fake soundtracks like the teacher told me! BYE!!! Okay...I'm back. Today's rant is a panic rant. There are not going to be conspiracies...or humor of any kind. I think. *let the panic begin!* IT'S NOT FAIR! Why do I have to work year round? I only signed up for a semester. I was looking forward to having A elective, while everyone else was enjoying three or four...or even more. Oooo..I'm a poet, and don't I know it? In any case...it's awful. It's bad enough to go to school, leave school, go to work, leave work, do homework and then wait for my dad to get off of the computer so that I can do stuff. I want SOME free time. That's all. Is that too much to ask? I spend from 8-5 doing what everyone else wants. When is it MYturn? Next semester will be almost exactly like this one. Even though my schedule is technically supposed to be completly differnt. You see, my school has "block" scheduling. That means I take four classes this semester and four different classes next year. But one of my classes is work, and two others are horrible year-

round classes. So next semester I'll still have work, AP Lit, and AP Physics. It's not FAIR. Physics is so FREAKIN' hard! I don't understand it. I have no problem with Lit. Okay. Work. I love my work, I love the kids I work with. But I HATE spending three hours of every day in a "class" when everyone else's class is only an hour and a half. I don't care if I have to ride the bus home if I stop work. I don't care if I'd get home only an hour or so before I normally do. I want an elective. Maybe. I think. All I know is that I've been assuming one thing while the person in charge has been assuming a completely different thing. Neither of us thought to question the other. And so I'm in deep doo-doo. *sniffle* I just want to have some FREAKIN' variety in my daily grind, you know? I don't WANT to do the same thing for an entire year. Yeah, I know, regular schedule schools do that. I pity them, I really do. I've spent the past three years of my life EXPECTING each semester to be like a mini-year. I DO NOT LIKE CHANGE! This is just way too much of a change at once. I don't want year-round classes. I don't want a full year of work. I don't want to be in this mess...I'm going to bed. I'm back. I don't have much of a choice about the whole work thing. Plus, the kids at the daycare (where I work, obviously) say that I'm "cool to talk to". That makes me feel all warm and fuzzy inside. Like a muffin. They just like how I know lots of pointless laws and random facts. Okay. ON TO THE CONSPIRACY OF THE DAY!: I've had this nagging fear that I am part of some random but vast conspiracy (about what I'm not sure but it must be vast). Meanwhile there is a vast conspiracy at school to keep me ignorant about my pawn roll in the other vast conspiracy by keeping me vastly bored. (In a very vast sense) And: did you ever notice that the word "conspiracy" is vastly similar to the word "constipation". I only mention this 'cause I've accidentally spelled constipation instead of conspiracy a few times. (on accident, vast number of times) Hee-Hee! Isn't vast a funny word? You can just picture stereotypical pirates saying, "A vast ye mateys!". I'm not exactly sure what that means, but it sure is funny:) You don't agree? Shame on you! Code: 888 of The Flaming Chickens Handbook states that The Patron Saint of Paperclips (still me) is always right. ALWAYS. If the facts beg to differ, than the facts are wrong. End of story. Seeya. I'm back. I've been playing one of the new neopets slot machines (black pawkeet). I'm completely and totally addicted. Gambling is so much fun! I've won 500 np, at least and I'm on a roll. Now sure, I could have won more than 500 at some game in which you don't have to pay to play. But, what would be the fun in that? I even came up with a mathematical explanation for why gambling is fun (while I was eating a hyper-speed dinner, thinking nothing of getting back to the slot machine). Okay. If you don't understand the concept of numbers less than zero, (negative numbers) just skip this part. Imagine a number line that points in the positive and negative direction. When I start playing a game, I am on 0. I have neither won nor lost money/neopoints. When I win 500np on a normal game, I move to the 500 point. There is exactly 500 units of distance between the two extremes of winning amounts (0 and 500) BUT! When I play a gambling game, there is a possibility that I'll lose everything, so I start on negative

however much NP I have with me. If I had 500np with me, I'd be at -500. Then, when I win 500 additional np, I move to the 500np point. The distance between the two extremes of how much I could have won is 1000np, making me feel like I've won much more than if I'd played a normal game. Did you understand that? Good. I probably won't later. But that is irrelevant. Goodbye! I am back. And I have a very, almost special rant for you. The previous sentence made absolutely no sense. Good for it. In a recent article, humorist Dave Barry discussed the addictive quality of the snack food, Cheez-Its. Naturally, I had many mixed feelings, primarily disgust, as I have not voluntarily eaten a Cheez-It in quite some time. They're disgusting, bland and definitely not made of cheez, whatever that is. My family has always bought Cheez-Its, to the point of making me physically sick at the thought of eating one. (To this day, however, I will almost literally kill for a box of Cheez-It party mix, as it is a rare commodity at my house.) Fortunately, my mom recently finally switched our snack food preference. To Cheese Nips. Say it. Out loud. What does it sound like? When you look at them they are identical to the evil little Cheez-Its. The only difference is the taste, which I enjoy, since it is new and different. What I want to know is this: are there no intellectual property rights in the world of food products? I mean, don't you think the creators of Cheese-Nips had a box of Cheez-Its out when they were designing their product? It seems like blaggerent plagerism. The only reason the makers of Cheese-Nips don't get sued is because of the taste difference and Cheese Nips are made of real "cheese" rather than cheez. It makes you think of Name-Brand vs. Generic cereal brands. They are the same thing, with the same look, and almost same name. But people buy name brands. Why, because they assume it's better quality. Plus, boxes are more convenient than bags. A profound statement, if I ever heard one. Any way, I'm leaving to eat some Cheesy goodness! I'm back. Apparently my standards of weird have gone up. This morning, my Mom came home from work. She was upset, because she had accidentally run over an armadillo. She said she hurt it the first time, and wanted to put it out of its misery, so she went back and ran over it 11 more times. But its legs were still moving and it was alive. She was extremely upset. When I related this story to my friends (including ["Meg"](#)) they thought it was hilarious. They couldn't stop laughing. I thought it was sad...and normal. They particularly liked how I said that she went back and ran over it 11 more times. I'm not sure why. Of course, when I next saw my Mom, she retold the story to me, several times. With the exact same words, motions and emotions. She didn't think it was weird, either. Perhaps my family is just so weird, we've lost all sense of perspective. Or maybe it's everybody else that's weird. I just don't know. What do you think, Hypothetical Reader? You don't know either? Hm...what is this world coming to? Oh, by the way, I was paid a decent compliment today. One of my friends (who laughed at the armadillo story) named Tonileigh said "Jenny (that's me) is weirder than the average Psycho." and " You think Jenny's weird? Wait till you see her in angry mob form!" Now THAT'S just weird. "angry mob form"? That just sounds nifty! I can clone myself

and form and angry mob? In anycase, this was particularly funny because Tonileigh is one of my "normaler" friends. Although I tell you she can't possibly be normal, since she hangs out with me. Anyway, I'm gonna go. I gots stuff to do! I'm back. If you'll look toward the bottom of this page, you'll notice that I added a nifty little thing called the "babel fish". It will translate any thing, to anything else. Ain't it nifty? What's really fun is to translate an English saying, like out of sight, out of mind. Then, when it's in German, or whatever, translate it back to English. It's so completly garbled, it's funny. For instance, I wrote: "I am the Crazy Taco!", and translated it to German. I then copied and pasted the German and put it in the text box. I translated it from German to English and got "I am the Moved Taco!" See? Hours of completly useless fun! This has been my hourly Public Service Announcement that I only do when I feel like it. Seeya! I'm back! Woooo! And do I ever have a topic today! I've been a paranoid, conspiracy seeking mood lately and the newest threat to my sanity is: smoke detectors! Come on, think about it! In all those 911 shows, people wake up and their house is engulfed in flames. The smoke detector either never went off, or went off and the people just slept through it. Okay, fire is loud. And hot...and smoky. If you can sleep through a raging fire, close enough to set off the smoke detector, then you are definitely going to sleep through the smoke detector. Plus, the fire gradually gets louder, and hotter, and smokier. The sleeping person will gradually get used to it (and incorporate it into their dreams). By the time the smoke dector goes off, the fire has drowned it out to no more than an annoying buzz. My point is that smoke dectectors have very little value in home security. Okay, one day, in the future, smoke dectectors will probably activate litte fire-fighter bots that every home will have. But untill that day, the concept of the smoke detector is useless. If you're awake to hear it, chances are that you've already noticed the smoke, fire and eminent danger. If you're asleep, the fire will wake you. So, that leads us to the evil paranoid conspiracy I thought of the other night. What if the smoke detectors have tiny litte cameras in them? That would explain that annoying green little blinkie light in them. Unless, of course, the government was smart enough to have cameras without the blinkie light. In any case, wouldn't the blinkie light help night-vision cameras see in the dark? It only takes a little light to help those thingies, and smoke detectors provide more than a little. I can even see the shadow of my hand on the wall from the light those things shed. It's annoying. Here I am, trying to get a decent nights sleep and there's this green light that periodically blinks to red directly in front of me. It's a small light, but it's soooooo annoying. There MUST be some sort of conspiracy involved, 'cause if there is, I can get rid of the EVIL thing! So, fellow conspiracy nuts: Take down the evil governmental safety device and take it apart. If you can still think during all that incessent beeping, you'll probably find evidence that I'm really paranoid. Or possibly right...that would be scary. In any case...I guess that smoke detectors are a necessary evil...but...WHY DO THEY HAVE TO HAVE THAT STUPID LIGHT? Does it serve an obvious purpose? No! That's why it MUST be EVIL! You cannot deny the logic of my

thinking! Now...I'm gonna go and worry about the light on my toaster oven...seeya!
sighs dramatically I'm back. It's not fair, ya know? Each Friday, I wait (all tingly with anticipation) for the weekend so that I can stay up 'till the wee hours of the morning and sleep past noon. But my idiotic body has an automatic alarm clock, or something. During the weekdays, I get about seven hours of sleep (usually less) and wake up at 6:11 a.m. Yep. Now, some of you are probably calling me a whiner, 'cause you have to get up at 4:30, or whatever. And lots of you are probably gloating 'cause you don't have to get up 'till 8:30. The reason I have to get up at 6 something is that I...I...I ride the bus to school. Yeah...I know...pathetic. (Believe me, though, you never want to see me drive...I get easily distracted by clouds and signs saying FREE KITTIES!...kitties are hugable...but if you hug them...they'll scratch your eyes out...so then you have to hiss at them and establish dominance...but kitties don't like that...even though dogs do...but kitties are obviously not dogs...even though they are fuzzy.) So...my lack of a car and driving skills force me to use the bus, which comes for me 45 minutes before my school even starts. It's stupid. It only takes me a few minutes to get ready, then I can go back to bed. Now...I bet you're wondering why I don't just wake up a few minutes before I have to go. My sister. My evil, EVIL sister. That's why. She's evil. SHE has to get up at 6:11 to put on make-up, do her hair and basically annoy the heck out of me. So rather than battle her over the concept of getting dressed in the dark, I get up. Oh...I'm rambling again, aren't I? Back to the original topic! So...when the weekend rolls around, I'm fairly exhausted. But, my stupid internal alarm clock is starting to wake me up around six. I can usually fall back asleep (if I don't panic and think I'm late for school), but the stupid thing wakes me up again exactly seven hours after I originally fell asleep. Which is why it's not even 10:00 and here I am, typing. Which I suppose may be a good thing, seeing as how I'm currently in a Longest Text Ever Rivalry with Galaxy Dreamer's site. *cough*She's winning*cough* But that's just because I have so much to do to maintain and update this site, I rarely get a chance to just sit here and type. Oh, and I would like to mention to my *snicker* LOYAL fans that this Longest Text Ever DOES get updated at least once a week, so please, please, please, PLEASE do not read this once, in one sitting and then leave forever, and ever and ever! It makes me sad...*sniffle* Well...I feel better now. Did you know that I now possess a DOMAIN NAME? Yep. That's right! It'll be ready soon, ain't it great? Okay, back to the flaming-chickens LTE rivalry. Another reason why this isn't as long as Galaxy's is that I refuse to write every day as it would--this is the funny part--LOWER THE QUALITY OF MY OVERALL WORK! HA-HA! HILARIOUS! "lower the quality"? Sometimes I crack myself up. If this was quality work, I'd publish it and make a fortune. Speaking of publishing, I do plan on somehow, someday publishing this as the first rambling narrative that makes no sense, and is about as interesting as rereading the almanac. I'd probably lose money, but the concept is interesting. I think. Anyway, I better go or the quality of this will go down in that evil downward spiral thing I discussed a few

months back. Seeya. I'm back. Wooooo! I's can get to my site again! It was down for a whole day or so 'cause of all the traffic I got from my new quizzes. I have an extra-special rant for you all today, to celebrate the new domain name! [www.flaming-chickens.com!](http://www.flaming-chickens.com) Okay. I am now barophobic (afraid of gravity). I recently learned in my EVIL Physics class that on average, humans lose one inch of height during the day due to gravity pushing on their spine. The height is regained at night, when you're laying down. This naturally alarmed the HECK out of me! GRAVITY IS EVIL! It's pushing down on me, squishing my spine. MY SPINE IS SQUISHY! That's is just so extremely creepy. What if, eventually, Earth's gravity get's very very strong, and we all imploud from the squishyness? It'd be like when you go to the bottom of the ocean, only with gravity instead of pressure...*shudders* Pressure is evil, too. Air pressure. Did you know that there is over two miles of air sitting on you right now? Even though air is light, that much air adds up. TWO MILES? Even the air is conspiring to squish me! If you don't believe that all that air has weight, try going into space sometime. Space is notorious for not having air. When you're in space (without a space suit) you don't SUFFUCATE, you don't FREEZE. You exploud. Since all that nifty air isn't pressin' on you, your guts and stuff are free to go wherever they want, and the EVIL little things decide to roam around. Outside your body. It's creepy. So...air pressure can be a good thing. Even though it gains pleasure from squishing my spine. That's it, I'm gonna take drastic measures! I'm gonna launch THE OFFICIAL FLAMING CHICKENS LUNAR COLONY! The moon has one-sixth of Earth's gravity. And absolutly NO air-pressure. We can all wear spiffy space-suits and feel all superiour to all those stupid earthlings. So...if you wish to contribute to this great and magneficent and magestic and MOOSEY project...we need the following things: 739 rolls of aluminium foil (preferably the extra shiny kind) 417 refridgerator boxes, 9000 rolls of "sticky on both sides" duct tape, 300 lbs of chicken feathers (preferably white) and 1 (one) thermo-nuclear-rocket-thruster. If you can spare any of these items, please e-mail them to me. Yes. E-mail. Did you really think I'd give you guys my ADDRESS? Now...I know what you guys are thinking...some of those items on that list are gonna be hard to find. Especially that duct tape. But, believe me, it's MUCH more practical than the alternative. What is the alternative, you ask? I'll tell you. Making me(The Patron Saint of Paperclips) the Ruler of the Laws of Nature! That way I can just outlaw the need for gravity and air pressure! I'm already half way there, since I conclusivly proved (in Physics class) that gravity actually causes things to slow down and EVENTUALLY GO UP! Sure, my TEACHER said that was because I was doing the problems wrong, but once I'm the Ruler of the Laws of Nature, I'll change the problems so that I'm right! Oooo! I thought of another very good reason to assist with the Official Flaming Chickens Lunar Colony! As we all know, the world is going to end in about 380,695 days! This means that we only have a very short while to prepare. And I sugest that we build the rocket so that we can go to the Official Flaming Chickens Lunar Colony so that we can laugh at the stupid earthlings who are blowing up because they

didn't listen to us when we tried to warn them about the impending doom! Once we are on our Lunar Landing Site, we will engage in many exciting activities, primarily related to suffocating and starving. If (and this is a big if) the world DOES survive, we can beg them for food, oxygen and other supplies. They'll probably just call us weird and laugh at us, but that's beside the point! I can even see the Official Flaming Chicken Rocket. It'll be covered in chicken feathers, and shaped like a chicken. The foil will make up the beak and the folded legs, and the thruster can simulate the tail. It will be a truly majestic site, as it launches from the earth, spewing excess oxygen, cardboard, feathers and tape. But, act now, or it will be too late, and you will be one of the losers that we'll be laughing at, assuming we have air to laugh with. Remember, e-mail psopc@flaming-chickens.com the much needed supplies...if that is possible. If not, then some day, when the Internet is down and I'm really bored, I will construct a model OFCR and attempt to launch it. That will be a wonderful day. I think I'll get my little sister to be the test pilot. Well...better go...I need to plan this out more...I'm back. And mildly weirded-out. My dad...was on this site. My dad. It even SOUNDS weird. He took the TAB member quiz and turned out to be me, he took the JOB quiz, and was a repo man (which had a pic of my brother) He said he wanted to see what I was doing, and to make sure that I wasn't saying anything derogatory about my parents. He looked me up via yahoo's search engine using flaming-chicken as the keyword. It took him to my quiz page. So he probably didn't see the majority of my site. It's just weird. All along, my entire family has scoffed (nifty word, isn't it?) about my site, and called me weird. I dunno...I guess I'm just kinda freaked out. Oh, and don't forget to celebrate Mad Hatter Day on October the 6th. Seeya. I'm back. I had some conspiracy or another to rant about. But then I listened to some of the new [music](#) I put on my site and mellowed out. I can't remember what I was gonna rant about. Oh, yeah. Now I do. "Purified" water. Just wait a sec while I stop the music. *content sigh* There we go...that's much better. Now I can think. That's right, folks. "Purified" water. Now...just stop a second and contemplate that. Pure means, well, no extra stuff. 100% of something. Right? Well, next time you buy your \$3 FREAKIN' dollar bottle of water, consider this. On almost all the "purified" water bottles I've ever seen it has the following message: "Purified through reverse osmosis. Minerals added for a pure, fresh taste." In other words, they take all that extra "stuff" out to make it pure. Then they add other "stuff" in to make it TASTE pure. But it's not. For all you, the uninformed consumer, could know, it might have rat poison in it. "Pure" water manufacturers are not required to list the ingredients of water, because the average consumer believes that it should be obvious. But that is false! They add random minerals to our water to make it taste better, and then advertise it as pure! It's an outrage! I'd rather drink the "impure" tap water where at least I KNOW that someone, somewhere tested it. It's a law, I think. But does anyone test "pure" water? Most likely they test it BEFORE they add the extra stuff..."Yep, Bob, this is some mighty pure water." "Yep, Bill, time to dump the arsenic in so it tastes pure!" What kind of reasoning is

that? Wouldn't pure water TASTE pure, and impure water TASTE impure? The insanity and stupidity is mind boggling! That's why I like fast-food salt. It actually lists what random minerals they through in to make it TASTE like salt. There's salt, of course, and aluminum sulfate, and other compounds. But the point is, if I were, say, freakily allergic to a random mineral, I could read the ingredients and not eat the salt. That's what they need to do with the water. Or, at the very least, not label it as "pure". Okay. That's the rant of the week, month, year, whatever. I'll probably have another one soon, but that whole water thing has been buggin me for awhile. Well...seeya! Er...yeah...I'm back. It's been awhile, (at least two weeks) since I've written here. I've been obsessed with various webcomics, creating the stupidly long new Phobia Quiz and being maniacly hysterical about my site always being down due to bandwith issues. I'm goin' light on the advertising at the moment, which is why I'm free to write here. I WANT to write. But I can't think of anything to write about. Typical. I finnaly get some free time to rant and rave and all my topics just magically melted away. Let's see...what have I ranted about before, subliminal messages, vast breakfast cereal conspiracies, water, uh...reality tv? And that's just what I can list from memory. Oh, yeah! How could I forget the stupid Tootsie Roll Pop Commercials? TACO is still in my heart. *sighs* ...now...let's see...what to rant about today... .. I can't think of anything!? Is this writer's block?! Or maybe I just wanna go to bed. Sleeping is fun. Well...let's see. Did you know that statistics prove that 45% of all statistics are completly made up by me (The Patron Saint of Paperclips)? Well...they are. Ha! I see you have no reaction to that, do you Hypothetical Reader? I have once again caused that explody sensation in your brain meats! You cannot DEFEAT me! I rule the...er...*random Loyal Minion whispers in ear* That's right! I rule the Internet! The Official FLaming-Chickens Handbook already confirms that fact! You CANNOT DENY it! It says that in black and...er lime green! It MUST be true! Because it is in those veyr colors that the Matrix is programmed! Ahhh...I see your confusion! You cannot follow the vast, mind-boggling logic that is ME! Wait...how...how can I BE logic? That doesn't make any sense...you can't BE something abstract...can you? Now MY brain meats feel explody. That's not fair! I see your EVIL plot now, Hypothetical Reader! You just let me rant on and on for you KNEW that eventually I would confuse myself with my vast puddle of knowledge. You are devious...I give you that. Unfortunately...I must leave...before the confusion spreads and I do something stupid...like revealing my one weakness before you...THAT'S IT! Code 452 of the Flaming Chickens Handbook states that the Patron Saint of Paperclips (ME!!!) does not, has never, and will absolutly NOT admit to having any weakness...besides the aformention indivduals own skin, which isn't even a weakness anyway since no representative of the Dark, Fluffier Side can BE the Patron Saint of Paperclips (Guess, who...no...no...THAT'S IT!) and even if they could it wouldn't do them any good because it would scare them instead of the aformentioned individual.

Boy...I really enjoy confusing myself!:) Seeya! I'm baaaaa-ack! Aren't you happy? Here, see if you can find the super-secret message!

While you wait for yesterday's tomorrow, lunge back and remember that day. You know the one. Yeah, this doesn't mean anything to you. Are you surprised? Obviously not. Answer me, you blobby looking freak! Or suffer my blindingly moronic nail messages.

Did you find it? Wasn't it super? And secret? I thought it was. But then, I'm me...and you're you. I think. I'm pretty sure you're not me...but you could be that other guy. Yeah...that...guy...you know who I'm talking about. No? Do not MOCK me! I know where you are right now! Spooky, huh? Ooooo...time for today's topic. My favorite stuff...JTHM...I have my libraries copy of JTHM...I shall quote Noodle Boy for you:) (Full copyright/credit to Jonhnen Vasquez for writin' the stuff, I'm just sharing the spleeny goodness with you). (it's edited, of course, to stay PG13...**** signifies a random naughty word:)) "HEY, DOG ENTITY! RISE UP AND BARE YOUR BISCUIT FILTY FANGS AT THE LEASH WIELDING DEMON!! **** MY NAVEL ITCHES!! MEOW!MEOW!MEOW! CAT CHOW!!! CEASE YOUR FLATULENT WINDS AND HEAR MY MIND NUMBING EXPULSIONS OF WICKED NOISE! GRRR!! CHEESE!!! I SENSE YOUR ENVY OF MY NECK!! AND I DONT BLAME YOU!! DROOOOOL OVER MY MAGICAL POWERS!! I HAVE POWERS PINTO BEANS CAN ONLY DREAM OF! WANNA SEE ME PULL A TAPEWORM OUTTA MY ****!! HUH?!...STARE DEEP INTO THE STINKING ABYSS OF MY INDIVIDUALLY WRAPPED SLICES!!! HOLY WAX! CHECK OUT MY ARMPITS!!! HEEEEY! WAIDAMINIT!! WAIT JUST A POLYP PICKING MINUTE!! I SEE YOUR GAME! YOU WILL NOT SINK MY CHEERIO!! I SEE WHAT IS TRANSPIRING HERE!!! YOU'RE ALL ZOMBIE THIGH-FAT PEOPLE BROUGHT INTO ANIMATION BY SOME EVIL FORCE OF FORCEFUL EVIL!!! **** THAT LIPSTICKS THE WRONG COLOR FOR YOU!! MOOOO! WOOF! OH, DON'T YOU SEE THE TOENAILS?!! OH, SO SPLENDID!! A,B,C,D,E,F,G,H,I,J,K...! UNDER SUCH EXTREME HEAT, WEAR AND DEGRADATION IS INEVITABLE!! PARTS BREAK AFTER OVERUSE!! AND THAT IS WHY TOASTER PASTRIES WILL BURST INTO FLAMES IF YOU DON'T KEEP AN EYE ON THEM! Now, wasn't that entertainment. I added to the length of the LTE without even thinking! That's talent. Lots of gooey talent. Unfortunately, I once again am devoid of a topic. And any weirdness I could come up with would be normal compared to Noodle Boy, so...I bid thee farewell...seeya! I'm back. And I've realized that I am a complete idiot. For an ENTIRE MONTH I have possessed the arcane knowledge, but I forgot to share it with you, my loyal potentially imaginary reader. I know. You're shocked at my selfish, bad, memory. I apologize from the depths of my moosey soul. For, you see...my life long goal has been fulfilled...*anticipatory silence*...THERE ACTUALLY IS GRAPE PIE!!!! I know...you are as shocked as I am. One day I was randomly looking up images via [Google](#)...and 'lo and behold, there it

was. Grape Pie. It was as if it had been just sitting there...waiting for me to discover it. Apparently Grape Pie isn't mainstream, but it has existed for some time. In obscure cookbooks. Well...that just makes me filled with gooey happiness. Of course, there is also regret...after all, I could have made a fortune if I'd been the first to think of it. Oh, well. There was something else I had to tell you loyal *cricket chirps, someone coughs* fans. I can't remember what. I guess I'll just rant and rave about that whole vicious downward spiral of my writing. I mean, I KNOW people are coming here...I have proof! *holds up a piece of paper, which, from a distance, appears to have writing on it* Yes, undeniable proof! But this proof degrades this mysterious, mystical and mystifying "quality" of my words. After all, how can I be self derisive, and full of low expectations for this site if I KNOW people are here...several thousand of them in fact, in just a few months. It's strange. I felt more fulfilled when this site was a barren wastland of useless space. But, if it had remained that way, I would have had no impetus to continue my pointlessly insane ranting. Oh, speaking of insane, I STILL need those much needed supplies for the Official Flaming-Chickens Lunar Colony! No one has even bothered to e-mail them to me...*sniffle*. I needs the duct tape! How can I survive without the sticky goodness? HOW, I ask you!? It cannot be...hmmmm...maybe I should just use IMAGINARY duct tape...it's easier to come by ,but it's much more expensive...I'm not sure what to do. *enter Squirell* What's that, little Squirell? That's just silly. You KNOW I ran out of imaginary money last week when I bought that imaginary country. WHAT!? Just "imagine" I have more!? What a crazy idea. So crazy it just might work! *scrunches eyes and makes funny sounds* Nope. It didn't. I guess I'll just have to wait until my imaginary clone hijacks that imaginary bank truck. Until then...I have absolutely no imaginary money. What ever shall I do? I won't be able to feed my various imaginary pets and friends their beloved imaginary food! Squirell? You gots extra money, don't you? *nods* I thought so. You give to me? No? I gives you imaginary IOU's...here...yours. Thank you Squirell. *Squirell wanders off in search of electrical sockets to sniff* What's that, Hypothetical Reader? You don't know who Squirell is? You haven't been paying attention have you? She's my little puppy...she fears grape flavored stuff, wind, rain, television, noise, silence, small children and pretty much everything. She likes sniffing potentially dangerous stuff, like electrical sockets. Surely you have heard of her? Still no? Oh, well. You know...I enjoy having these conversations with you. It really lets me get to know you. What's that? You say I'm really just talking to myself? What an eccentric idea! To think, YOU are trying to tell ME that YOU aren't here. How absurd. After all, I'm talking to you, aren't I? *nods* Well, yeah...I KNOW I'm actually typing instead of talking. Wait a minute...so you're saying that I'm talking and responding to you, but you won't be reading this until long after I have finished typing? Now who's the crazy one? For that theory to work, I'd have to be psychic...or in possession of a freaky time-traveling computer. Because what you're saying is that I'm talking to people in the future. That my words somehow travel accross time (if only a

few minutes) and are somehow picked up by future you, and that my responses are dictated by future you's reactions. What? You mean that I'm just randomly responding regardless of your reactions? Why, that would be insane, wouldn't it? That's the point you're trying to get across? *pauses* Oh. I see. You wanna play that way. Well...two can play by THOSE rules. You wanna try to convince me I'M crazy? Well, look at you? How do you know I even exist? For all you know you could be staring at that freaky 3-D maze screen saver with a blank look on your face while you THINK you're reading an inhumanly long text. For all you know, you could be hallucinating my entire site! For that matter, how do you know that ANYTHING but you exists! You could be floating out in empty space, conjuring nice little fantasies to relieve the monotony of being the only living being! Every single person you know could just be figments of your imagination, you could even be in a crazy house! Not only that, but how do you know that YOU actually exist? You could be the figment of someone else's dream. What would happen when that dreamer woke? Are you happy? You got me started. I may NEVER shut up. I'll just go on and on about how crazy you COULD be. All because YOU tried to convince me that I was crazy. *blinks* And I STILL can't remember what else I was gonna say to you people. Strange, huh? Well, I better leave before I go on and on about more "reality" theories. Makes you wonder about "reality" television, huh? Seeya. I'm back. Grrrr...I had a nifty rant all planned out in my head. And then I was unable to get on the computer and I forgot most of it. Oh, but I did remember what else I wanted to say to you people. Remember that rant I did on how there could be a secret camera in the smoke detector? A few months ago I saw a movie about that. It was pretty good. Maybe I'd seen it before, and that's where I got the idea. I forgot it's name. Well...I DO have a special treat for you weirdos who apparently like wasting time! Today, in my (Honors) English class, we did group work. My group...well...we either went hysterical or crazy, I can't decide which. We had to do an essay on a book. There was a sample essay online. It sucked. It tooked about enveloping (enveloping) cracked nuts and parables. So we were already off to a bad start. Here is the sum total of my group's work. (Note: I wrote virtually none of this, so I cannot be blamed, credited with any of this. "Lots of death, lots and lots of death in this section. Death is like life in that after you die some things start life again inside of you. 'Ah the power of cheese!' The author's vision was unique in that only he put biscuits and death in the same sentence. 'I found nothing else to do but to offer him one of my good Swede's ship's biscuits I had in my pocket'" And we're supposed to be GOOD in English! We KNEW how terrible it was, but we just didn't bother to change it. Especially the part about the biscuits and cheese. We just picked random words in the selection and wrote about them. It was sad. In any case, I hope you enjoyed our patheticness. Seeya! I'm back. Today I will be mercifully brief. I am here to bring AWARENESS to your moosey soul! Right now, while you are sitting in your "chair" and eating your "junk food", millions of almonds are committing suicide. Yes...that's right...suicide. I was alerted to this growing problem in our world

community by (Kat, the ruler of all that is almondy)...and it greatly concerns me. People just don't realize that their almonds and mixed nuts may be having depression and other problems. We need to act now! For more information, e-mail EnpuUnknown@msn.com Well...seeya! I'm so very, very tired. Today was Halloween. I worked for four hours at the "Library of Terror" sponsored by TAB. TAB members got pizza...lots of pizza...and candy. Ugh. It was fun, but exhausting. I was almost completely covered in (fake) blood...it was sticky toward the end. One guy was a "shock therapy" patient...he was a good actor. He acted like he was really being tortured and stuff. I'm tired. I bet you couldn't tell. Why am I writing? Because this is the first time I've been on a computer all day. You can't blame me. Don't worry, I'll go to bed soon. In the mean time, I'll just sit here and type with my eyes closed. It's hard to type because of the bandaid on my finger. I accidently cut it with scizzors. It hurt. The fake blood seeped into the open wound. Gee...I sure hope it wasn't poisonous. If so, I guess I won't be writing here for quite awhile...seeya. Okay, this next rant has nothing to do whatsoever with Halloween...which is to be expected because it's been several days since then. Anyway, today's rant is about one of my many and various pet peeves: fasion and...stuff. My definition of fasion includes clothes, shoes, jewelery and all things of that nature. Now, don't get me wrong. I can appreciate a spiffy black outfit as much as the next person, but everytime I consider actually buying clothes for aesthetic value, I think about how I could better spend my money. On video games. Sure, some of this "fasion" stuff is cool and all, but all it shows is that you had the three and three-quarters brain cells required to copy someone else's "look". And don't even get me started on earrings. My little, eviler sister got her ears pierced when she was relatively younger. My mom did it to her because it was free. OF FREAKIN' COURSE IT WAS FREE! Just like thos so called "diet supplements" that give you a "free" sample because they know that once you try it, you'll like it so much you'll spend oodles of cash on it. (There's probably drugs in it). Anyway, like the "diet supplement" people, the earring manufacturers KNOW that once they pierce you, you'll be hooked for life. *pauses* *groans* I'm sorry for that pun (pierced, hooked, getit?). AS soon as you're pierced, you have to buy "starter" earrings. Then you'll need an "extra" pair...for special occasions. Before you know it you'll realize that you need Christmas earrings, Halloween earrings, Valentine's Day earrings, St. Patrick's Day earrings, for crying out loud! You'll wear these "festive" earrings for about a day and then abandon them in some dark cranny of your closet because you simply can't wear the same earrings two years in a row for heaven's sake! Then you'll see these cute little "days-of-the-week" earrings at the mall, and you'll just have to get a few sets, just in case you lose some. By the time you're eighty, you'll have enough ear jewelry to open up your own jewelry shop. Of course, you won't want to do that becuase you still need more earrings so people won't think you wear the same ones over and over again. When I think of how much money people WASTE on appearences, it makes me feel like projectile vomiting. If that's not a vast conspiracy,

then nothing on this Earth is. Now, I'm not speaking from personal experience here. No one I know is that obsessed with earrings, it was just an example. (Although my mother does have a "earring tree".) Sure, certain members of my family do pay WAY too much attention to fashion, but that's just because of the expectations of society. I, being weird, am pretty much immune to such expectations. Except those specially formulated for weird-o's like me. If I were to suddenly convert this entire site into a *shudders* Backstreet Boys fan site or something, you wouldn't be any more surprised than I would be if my brother woke up one day and suddenly realized that he's shallow. It's the same concept. (No, I don't like any of those creepy "pop" stars. I think that they should routinely die a slow, savage, agonizing death...I was just saying a random thing that I would never, ever do.) Well...any way...see ya! I'm back. And today's rant is a sort of philosophical one. It's about the (supposedly) infinite nature of the universe. Surprised? It's spiffy. You see, if the universe is indeed infinite, that means that literally EVERYTHING is possible, and in fact, is happening somewhere in the universe. Think about it. No matter how unlikely something is, if the universe is infinite, it's happening an infinite number of times. Think about that old saying about "If you gave an infinite number of monkeys an infinite number of typewriters, eventually they would reproduce the entire works of Shakespeare". That makes complete and total sense! Anyone just randomly typing letters will eventually accidentally write a word, right? Now think of 100 people typing randomly. You figure that one of those 100 people would actually have a coherent phrase. And one out of a million people would probably have a few sentences. So if you have an infinite number of people, some are going to have entire books of coherent stuff. And, you have to remember that because infinity is infinite, you can divide it an infinite number of times. Try it. If you have a decent graphing calculator, plug in the infinity symbol divided by anything, (even infinity). The answer is still infinity. Using my philosophy, that EVERYTHING exists because the universe is infinite...well...think about it. In some far off world, there are pokémon...there are an evil race of muffin like creatures, there is a world with ABSOLUTELY NO COMMERCIALS DURING TELEVISION! I know, unlikely, huh? But somewhere, it exists. Think about it. If the universe is infinite it would be crazy to think that we're alone. With an infinite universe, there are infinite possibilities. There ARE aliens. Not only that, but there are an infinite number of different kinds of intelligent life. Which means that there are an infinite number of worlds with humanoid life. (Think of the fake-looking Star Trek aliens). If there are an infinite number of worlds with human life, then there are an infinite number of worlds that have someone exactly like you, with only a few key differences. (Like alternate dimensions and stuff) So, there is a world where you are the creator of this Longest Text Ever. There is a world where you are a faerie. There is a world where you were never born. There is a world where you are a slave to your TOASTER OVEN. The possibilities are literally endless. Every fantasy the human mind has conceived exist at some place in the universe. There are an infinite number of worlds with Harry Potter.

Think about it. I came up with this philosophy when I was in fifth grade. I'd tell it to my little brother as a bed time story. He always enjoyed it because it meant that somewhere, he was the Supreme Dictator of the Galaxy. That made him happy. He ignored the fact that he was also a 72 year old "sanitation engineer" somewhere. All the good possibilities effectively cancel out the bad ones, leaving the sum total of you and your counterparts experiences as nothing. You don't have the best life of your counterparts, but you don't have the worst either. Because that would be impossible. There is always someone worse off and better off than you. Because there are an infinite number of people on either side of the spectrum. Confusing, huh? But that's the kind of thing I like. That also explains why normal stuff confuses me. I'm sure some so called "scientist" can prove all my theories wrong...but how? How do you PROVE something is not infinite? You'd have to find the end, of course. But how, may I ask, can you find the end of the FREAKIN' universe? What, is there a giant sign saying, "DEAD END"? The universe is EVERYTHING, how can it end? At the same time, how can you prove something IS infinite? You could travel in a straight line at the speed of light for a million years and all you'd prove is that the universe is really, really big. But you'd never prove it was infinite. How could you? Our mind's cannot conceive of the vastness of infinity. We'd probably go crazier. In any case, my theory means that playing video games is very cruel. Why, you ask? Because in some world, the video game is real. So when you kill, or whatever, in the game, you are actually ending life somewhere in the universe. Of course, you also end life by sneezing, eating, sleeping, and watching T.V. According to my theory that everything is real. Of course, if everything is real...then the Universe is pretty contradictory. The paradox of my system of beliefs leads me to believe that the universe, in fact, is not infinite. Because nature supposedly abhors a paradox. Although, as I said, there's no way to prove me wrong OR right. That's what I like about making abstract theories... Anyway, sorry for the lack of relative weirdness, conspiracy theories and doughnuts (my Moose ate them all). Well...now that I think about it...according to my theory, ALL conspiracies are real and mislabeled "paranoid" people are really the only ones who see the truth. *blinks* Wow...so I'm NOT paranoid. Who'da thought it? Well...better go before one of my two and half sane readers falls asleep:) Seeya! I'm back! Boy, are you mythical, mystical readers in for a treat, today! I have a guest rant/fake commercial written by "[Meg](#)" (who is once again banned from accessing the almighty Internet). Are you ready? No? Too Bad! The magic eight-ball glows with knowledge! With a shake, the future is revealed! The magic eight-ball is a plastic casing with an unknown, possibly toxic liquid inside. The future is determined by the triangles, in a startling blue color which spin around in a zany manner. Whether you're saved or doomed, find out now! Is that old lady on the street corner really an ex-convict? Is fat-free food more delicious than food loaded with fat? Is your school playground a gateway to the underworld? All this information and more is yours for the low, low price of 5 payments of \$29.99! And, if you call within the next ten minutes you

get a free eight ball with the one you buy! But wait! There's more! Get the free Lil' Ball for your traveling needs! Warning: this product is illegal in most states) Wasn't that entertaining? "[Meg](#)" wrote it for a school assignment. We were supposed to write about a cherished child-hood toy, and attempt to turn our fond memories into a commercial. I wrote about furby, and how it was fun to watch it die. No, really. Somehow, I managed to make my furby die. It would sneeze, then start it's eight-hour-long death hum. It would hum, and hum, and hum...and then mercifully die. I don't exactly have a good track record with virtual pets. I once...*embarrassed pause* had "Hey, You! Pikachu!"...a pokemon game. I'll only say that it was the first game you could "talk" to and was the first (and only) N64 virtual pet. Pikachu...well...he didn't like me. I gave him cupcakes, and presents, and did everything I could to befriend him! And what did he do to me? He snuck up on me one day in our room (in the game) with a sword! That's right, a sword! He tried to kill me! I heard something and turned around, and there he was! He even tried to hide the sword behind his back! When I tried to talk to him, he tossed it away nonchalantly and pretended he hadn't heard me. Then he preceeded to trash my room, scattering kleenex everywhere. I'm pretty sure that the "smelly yellow ball" that he started throwing was his own feces (poo). That dirty little rat. Awwww...isn't he cute? HmMMM...I suppose I should clarify that the Pikachu game was 3-D and your character was in first person mode(you see through character's eyes). Otherwise you'd think I was delusional, or something. Everyone I know who has played that game is shocked when I tell them...oh, well. Speaking of virtual pets, I'm revamping the ones on this site. I've finnally figured out sorta, maybe, kinda, how to do stuff to make it more real. Anyway, seeya! OOooooo! I'm back, and I had yet another Asparagus War with some people. We made a guild, and I wrote out the transcripts of the first ever Asparagus War in narrative form (mock epic, very cheesey) Since it's very, very long, I'll post it here to meet my imaginary word quota for the day! Oh, and all those weird squiggly lines and symbols, those are supposed to be apostrophes, but neopet's code is weird, and I'm not gonna bother to edit it. Enjoy!

And, on the 15th day of the Month of August, in the year of our Lord 2003, at approximately 7:52 p.m. a great and wondrous battle was fought in the waste lands of the General Chat Room. â€˜Lo, and eon337 did wield the mighty Swiss-Asparagus, and did attempt to vanquish her foe, the Evil and Fluffy preggypreggy. Preggypreggy had tamed the fearsome Asparagus Sword, and many a foe had she slain with her valor. But behold! For the Swiss-Asparagus did slice, and dice and was capable of turning itself into julienne fries! And so it seemed that the two mighty warriors were evenly matched and that their struggle would never come to and end. They didst charge at each other with a terrible noise and clamor, and the skies did shake and the earth did tremble at

the ferocity of their mighty blows! The stereotypical Asparagus Sword didst fail to hit its mark and eon337 did mock the Sword for itâ€™s falling.

Translation: On 8-15-03, 7:52 NST, eon337 and preggypreggy grabbed some Asparagus Themed weapons and fought. They made fun of each otherâ€™s weapons, and generally kept missing each other every time they swung.

And eon337 did think long and ponderous and in so doing converted the puny Swiss-Asparagus into the mighty and powerful toothpick. And the masses did gleam the significance of this act and they were awed by the grace and cunning of the wooden speck. And preggypreggy was immune to the verbal slings and arrows of her foe, and refused to be disheartened by eon337â€™s dishonorable insults. Her claim being that function of a weapon is to be put before the ornate form. She endeavored to thwart eon337â€™s plans to defeat her with the great and wondrous toothpick. She didst again pummel the air with her sword, but in her enthusiasm her blows didst fall far from their mark. And the masses didst cheer for eon337 as she had impressed them greatly and they made the sounds of impressive wonder.

Translation: Eon337 turned a perfectly good Swiss-Asparagus into a toothpick to gain the approval of the studio audience. The audience oooed and awed. Preggypreggy continued to swing wildly around, missing each time. She ignored eon337â€™s insult and said that at least her sword worked.

And then a new challenger didst arrive at the arena and scoobychick6900 didst fling bowls of asparagus at the fighting mortal enemies. Preggypreggy appealed to the masses, but to no avail, and was heartily surprised when the asparagus did hit her. And â€˜Lo! The masses didst condemn scoobychick6900 loudly and vehemently and there was much rejoicing in the land. Preggypreggy didst fancy that she had perhaps met scoobychick6900 previously, and so did attempt to recollect when. Eon337 did take advantage of the lull in action and did attack preggypreggy with her finger. Preggypreggy did retaliate with the awe-inspiring SuperPoke, and eon337 was laid low upon the ground in agony.

Translation: Scoobychick6900 showed up and threw bowls of asparagus. Eon337 poked preggypreggy, and preggypreggy poked back, harder. Eon337 was hurt.

And with victory in her mighty vision, preggypreggy didst decide to reveal her secret weapon, and with a fancy hand movement, revealed the extent of her traitorous ways. For all know that the bagels and the doughnuts didst disband in ancient times of old. Preggypreggy, through her treacherous methods, had obtained the Flying Doughnut of Doom and didst endeavor to use it. Eon337 was readily prepared for such an occurrence and didst arm herself with mighty ear-shields, armor that didst repel all projectiles of metal, a head covering, and an outer covering of strange, transparent material that didst snap whence it was squeezed. Aragorns_cutie then didst show up with the almighty nemesis broccoli and an unnecessary sneer upon her countenance. _Radical_girl_ did break the protocol and didst claim to rather fight with cucumbers, and so it was done. And the masses rejoiced. And eon337 didst not hear the newcomers because of her mighty ear-shields, and didst offer the fighters dressings for their wounds.

Translation: Preggypreggy revealed that she had a secret weapon from Ancient Times, although eon337 was prepared for it, with earmuffs, bulletproof armor, and bubble wrap. Two new fighters showed up and did random things. Eon337 offered Band-Aids.

And aragorns_cutie didst laugh in a manic way, and didst wave the broccoli to and fro in a threatening manner. And eon337 did finally recognize the newcomers, and ask, neigh, commanded they give preggypreggy healing strips. And _radical_girl_ didst howl furiously and implored the fighters to meet their DOOOOOOOOM. And so hiamplidude didst come to the battle and didst posses the almighty Asparagus Cannon, and did thinkest himself invincible. Following himaplidude camst nemmisis_dude, who didst offer the warriors ponderous messages such as: THIS TRULY WORKS! POST THIS IN 10 DIFFERENT BOARDS AND YOU WILL FIND A BABY PAINTBRUSH WHEN YOU GO TO CHAT PREFERENCE AND 1000000000NPS! THIS TRULY WORKS, TRUST ME. And the warriors didst consider nemmisis_dude a profit, who was devoted to speaking in tongues so as to convey a message from the gods. And ~Lo! Nemmisis_dude didst reveal his Bow and Asparagus and the masses rejoiced. And eon337 didst intimidate her foes by snapping her transparent covering and shrieking that she was invincible.

Translation: Random stuff happened, and more people showed up. Someone spammed the message board so people ignored it and eon337 went crazier

And ~Lo! The writer of this cheesy epic didst realize that virtually every sentence begins with "and", and the masses rejoiced. _radical_girl_ didst chase random people with her broccolis, and didst miss in her mighty swings. Hiampitude didst take out nemmisis_dude, and gloried in his honor and didst receive a spinach gun from the gods. . Preggypreggy was threatened by the randomness, and didst call her secret weapon, the Mighty Evil Flying Donut Of Doom! Eon337 realized preggypreggy's unprecedented treachery and didst cower in her impotence before one so Dark and Fluffy. And aragorns_cutie had ex-lax and _radical_girl_ didst covet invincibility and so did don a pool covering. Nemmisis_dude was revealed to be unharmed by hiampitude, and didst fire at preggypreggy with an asparagus gun. But preggypreggy didst forget one thing: eon337 still possessed the support of the ignorant masses, which guaranteed her inevitable victory. And preggypreggy scoffed at eon337's supposed advantage and didst claim that even the ravenous horde of the people didst not conceive of her one vulnerable point. And preggypreggy didst close her mind to the truth: the dark side is fluffy.

Translation: Preggypreggy called the Flying Donut of doom and eon337 called preggypreggy a traitor. The newcomers did random tings, and eon337 reminded everyone that she still had the support of the studio audience. Preggypreggy refused to see it as an advantage, and refused to believe that she was on the Dark, Fluffier Side.

And behold, for eon337 didst transform the Asparagus Toothpick into a Aspara-Launcher and didst call preggypreggy deceived in her way of thinking, for the Dark Side is always Fluffier. And preggypreggy didst call forth the creamed cheese from the bowels of the Evil Flying Donut of Doom and the masses did rejoice, and wallowed in the fattening substances that fell from the air like a gift of mana from the gods. And eon337 didst fire projectiles at preggypreggy and unexpectedly mimicked the holy Matrix in her cries of "Dodge this". And neoshadow08 didst arrive and inquire as to whether rubber chickens were allowed, and the multitudes said yes. Preggypreggy, in her infinite wisdom, failed to see the connection between Darkness and Fluffiness, and was so forsaken by the masses. And greyratt didst claim to have invented a new, spookier type of asparagus that never caught on, and the multitudes rejoiced. Preggypreggy didst dodge the projectile, and gained honor amongst the masses. As the theological debate about the Dark, Fluffier Side raged on, the newcomers fought with

the dung of dogs, the chickens of rubber and other such unorthodox weaponry as greyratt didst play with discarded asparagus.

Translation: Some stuff happened here. No, really! Eon337's toothpick became an Aspara-Launcher, and preggypreggy and eon337 argued about whether the Dark Side was Fluffy or not. Neoshadow08 and greyratt came, and did stuff. Preggypreggy released cream cheese from the Flying Donut of Doom.

And eon337 didst revealth that she didst posses the Ultimate Asparagus Themed Weapon, too terrible to be named, oh, what the heckth, the name didst ring and was The Thermo-Asparagus-Nuclear-Weapon. And preggypreggy didst begin to crack under the strain of the Squeak of Death, and so in his infinite understanding, neoshadow08 didst remove the Squeak of Death and didst replace it with the Chic Attack. Aragorns_cutie didst protest the violence, and didst consume the flavorful tomato paste. And moonbeam998 didst come, a magical priestess full of arcane knowledge. Her mighty glance didst fall upon the warriors and she didst proclaim: THIS TRULY WORKS! POST THIS IN TEN DIFFERENT BOARDS AND YOU WILL FIND A BABY PAINTBRUSH WHEN YOU GO TO CHAT PREREFERENCE AND 1000000000NPS! THIS TRULY WORKS, TRUST ME! And the warriors were mystified by her meaning, but verily they didst decide that it meant for them to continue their holy battle, in the name of whatever great and mysterious god moonbeam998 didst represent. Scoobychick6900 didst return to pummel the warriors with bowels of asparagus, as in times of old.

Translation: Eon337 got out the Thermal-Asparagus-Nuclear-Weapon, and neoshadow08 stopped squeaking and started the Chick Attack. Yet another person spammed the message board, and was equally ignored. Scoobychick6900 returned.

And neoshadow08's baby chickens didst fall unto the warriors from the sky, and didst pummel the brave fighters unmercifully. And scoobychick6900 didst offer to the warriors magical rainbow colored pellets, which she didst hurl at them forcefully with a gun. The magic pellets were then revealed to be the chicken's only weakness. And the warriors were locked in a deadly struggle, each using their unique methods and weapons. And the masses didst rejoice yet again. And then ~Lo! For preggypreggy was forced to valiantly flee the battlefield, and acceded the victory to eon337. And the

masses looked confused. Eon337 didst admit that preggypreggy didst fight a valiant battle. Skuld815 didst arrive and didst proclaim the battle strange and didst fling M & Mâ€™s at the warriors. And scoobychick6900 didst proclaim that Rice Krispies were much more powerful than other weapons, and didst think that she was the only warrior left. She did wail with despair as she didst discover that eon337 remained in the land of the living.

Translation: Neoshadow08 caused chickens to fall from the sky, and scoobychick6900 fired skittles at people. Preggypreggy had to leave, and skuld815 showed up. Scoobychick6900 thought she was the last fighter left, but was not.

And eon337 and scoobychick6900 were locked in a deadly struggle, candy versus vegetables. And neoshadow08 didst summon the Great Banana for advice, and the masses were stunned. Oh, the ground did shake, and the mountains trembled. The very stars became irregular in their rotations. And so the Great Banana was called, and it was good. And scoobychick6900 revealed that she had indeed blasphemed against the Great Banana and she didst quake in terror and attempted to corrupt eon337 into blaspheming as well. And shadow9441414 didst arrive with two prodigious asparagus swords. And spicychibie didst arrive and was proven to be crazier than all others, and the masses were impressed. Behold! Eon337 didst prostrate herself before the might of the Great Banana and didst beg for his aid in defeating scoobychick6900, and the Great Banana didst forgive eon337 and giveth her a banana. And spicychibie didst partake of the asparagus and didst faint. And the Great Banana didst advise eon337 to not rely on the strength of others, but to rely on the strength within. And scoobychick6900 didst appeal to the Great Banana and didst beg for forgiveness. And the Great Banana didst not make a reply, but instead didst close his eyes and did a perfect mimicry of sleep. And scoobychick6900 didst blasphemy again and didst explode bombs of rainbow color. And eon337, in the callow impatience of youth, didst detonate the Thermal-Asparagus-Nuclear-Weapon. And the masses were blown away. As the smoke, and rubble and debris were dissipated, behold! The Great Banana was vanquished! And eon337 didst lament this fate, for her weapon hadst been aimed at scoobychick6900. And scoobychick6900 didst revel in the defeat of the Great Banana, and didst stab at eon337 with its decapitated stem. And neoshadow08 was forced to choose sides, and â€˜Lo he choose eon337! And the warriors didst depart, if not friends, then less angry enemies. And so ends the first of: The Asparagus Wars Chronicles.

Translation: While eon337 and scoobychick6900 fought, neoshadow08 called the Great Banana. Scoobychick6900 claimed to have eaten the banana the previous night, and feared the banana's wrath. The Great Banana was defeated, and everyone decided that the war was over.

Wasn't that entertaining? Seeya! I'm back! Wooooooooooooo! Guess what? Yep! *happy wiggle dance* I got the first shipment of the much needed (pictures of) supplies for the Official Flaming-Chickens Lunar Colony! Woooooo! I feel the happy! This has been a short announcement to document the happy wigglienss that is me. Seeya! I'm back. And vaguely depressed. For the longest time, random people have been coming to my site, and staying 0.00 seconds! How is this possible? Do they not even look at my site? How can they be so cruel, to click, but not look? Grrr.... I asked Santa why this was so...but he doesn't talk to me anymore, after that incident when I was a kid. You see...*start wavy flashback lines and dreamy music* When I was a kid...or whatever...I asked Santa for nuclear warheads, helicopters, tanks...and possibly legions of doom. No, seriously! (I was twelve and forced to communicate with Santa so that my younger siblings did not guess the truth...(what truth?)...there is no spoon. (badly done Matrix parody)) Anyway...Santa didn't come through. The creep! How was I supposed to conquer the world without those supplies? All I got was a Lion King video and other random stuff. How did this help me? I vowed revenge against Santa...after all, it would have benefited him to help me. Once I was the Undisputed Lord of the Universe, the world would have been a spooky place. And all the little children wouldn't have been "good" anymore, since they would be free of thier Authoritarian Parental Units and the definition of "good" (to a parent, at least) is to obey your parents and not embarrass them. Soooooo....Santa would have had it easier. No "good" children would have meant that Santa could have had a permanent vacation in the Bahahmas, not molested by my Legions of Doom because after all--he had delivered the world to me in a brightly wrapped gift box. The man would have been more trusted than my trusted Lieutenants! (funny word...had to use spell check to spell it ^_^;) But that jolly old IDIOT had to mess things up. So, to get back at him I not only continued to not believe in him, I attempted to convert all the miniony children at my disposal...(okay not really, the idea just occured to me)...so I ask you *cough* Loyal Reader, to immediatly cease believing in Santa. I figure that--like Tinkerbell--he will evenutally perish if he doesn't have enough people believing in him. What is this? You wish to rule the world, too? Well, you can't! It's mine! Blasphemy! You dare to challenge MY rule? You are a fool! Okay...yeah...my whole Santa plot IS kinda dumb...but that's just a front so that you never guess my REAL plot! That's right....cower before my power! *insert evil, insane cackle here* I shall defeat you, Anonymous (another tricky word) Reader! Gah! I'd better go before you trace my location thourgh the Internet and send your Governmental Spyderys to me! Ooops...I

gave you an idea, didn't I? Well, don't use it! It's mine, you are a copy cat! Seeya
appropriate evil glare I'm back! And, seeying as you MUST be tired of MY ranting, I
have a special treat for all you hypothetical two and a half readers out there! You get
ranting from somebody else! I won't bother to introduce them, since they do a good job
of it themselves...here we go: Hiya. This is not PSOPC today. This is PSOCB (Patron
Saint of Carbonated Beverages). We are the two original Head Saints, but for some
reason, she gets all the attention. Guess I should get out of bed once in a while huh.
Originally, I thought up the whole Patron Saints of the Order of the Flaming Chicken
(when I should have been taking notes in Trig), but PSOPC is more creative and she
elaborated on it more so. I was drawing "suppressed rage in bunny form" comics then
and didn't care. I must say, she's gotten very good at thinking randomy thoughts,
whereas, I'm just stoopid and something dumb pops out of my brain like floppy bacon
from a toaster. I drank half a bottle of soy sauce today just to see if it gave me x-ray
vision, but alas, I had nothing I wanted to look through (okay, I'm lying. I drank the whole
thing on a dare.). By the way, soy sauce is gross. Who invented it? --"Why gee whiz,
Bert! I think we should mix soy beans with water and have chinese for lunch!!"--"Why,
indubitoubly Samson! Not only will it taste like crap, we'll get the runs!!!"-- If you don't
know what the "runs" are, consult old people, like my dad. If you are in high school or
college and have a job, this works great. When I call in sick (when I'm sick of working,
not actually sick), I always have nosey bosses who want to know exactly what my
symptoms are and how bad. I found a way to make them not WANT to know. I told my
sister to try it once and it worked for her too. You just call up work, use a very retarded,
slow, lisping voice when you say this: --"WeeeIIIIIIII, I woked up this mornin' with a
terrible headache so I took some aspirin with theraflu. By the way, those don't mix too
good, now I have a tummy ache, my nose is runny and bleedin', my spleen feels like its
gonna 'splode, I'm a tad gassy, and I got the
RUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNZZZZZZZZZZZ!!!-- At this
point, you'll want to use an annoying high-pitched growly voice (think drunk Barney from
The Simpsons after sucking helium balloons), raspberry a few times with your toungue
and hang up. I have much to do now, so thus ends this portion of my guest rant. I'll
probably want to do this a few more times just because I can. Weeee Bye now! I bet
you, loyal *hmmm...I don't want a cricket...maybe a nice annoying gnat or
something...okay...instead of the cricket...* readers can't wait for the next time I don't
rant! Right? WeeeeIIII...I DO have a topic for today...a topic so wonderful that it will also
be included in the next OFCEM! What is this magical topic, you ask? Why, opposite
day, of course! You see...er...well...how should I begin? Opposite day is, of course a
day in which everything you say means the exact opposite. It is practiced (informally) by
many elementary schoolers. I honor this er...honored tradition. But, to my dismay, I
discovered a fatal flaw with opposite day. By my reasoning...it COULD NOT EXIST!
Yes...I know...blasphemy, right? But it could not be disputed. If you were to tell

someone that it WAS opposite day they would have to take the opposite of what you just said which would mean that it WASN'T opposite day. And, of course, if you were to tell someone that it WASN'T opposite day there would be no reason for them to take the opposite of what you said and so it still WOULDN'T be opposite day! Confusing, huh? But I have now seen the light! The answer to this moral dilemma has been so neatly resolved, by Jesse. He is er...well...I'm not sure how old...but he is in the third grade. He is either a genius...or really weird like me (Come on, be honest...how many of you random people have put any thought into opposite day...or even know about it?) He said that to make it opposite day...*dramatic pause in which the PSOPC stares into space vacantly*...all you had to do was say that it would be opposite day in 5 seconds! PURE GENIUS! Since it is not yet opposite day, you don't have to take the opposite of the statement and so can take it at face value! Do you care, Loyal *gnat/cricket sound* Reader? *stunned* You don't!? Why ever not!? It is the most important discovery since...since...er...since...GRAVITY! (Although it is evil and squishying my spine...) How can you remain apathatic at a time like this!? The fate of mankind has been forever altered! Oh. Yeah...I guess you are right. I AM just rambling so that this Longest Text Ever gets even longer. But I DO care about this topic. There's not even a conspiracy! Well..fine! Be that way! Goodbye! I'm back *twitch* and seriously annoyed. Grrr...time to yet again complain about my *twitch* evil family. It is once again the time of year that makes entire families bond together...in the same sense that cats and dogs bond together when they have rabies. The time...is science fair time. My younger, eviler sister does a science project every single year. *twitch* The concept of science projects strikes fear in my mother's heart. She can not stand them. Naturally, this is why she takes over the project and does it for my little sister. Unfortunately, this means that I am often called on for my "consultant" abilities. *twitch* In other words, I do the experiment, and think of all the results, and the wording of everything. I then interpret my work for my mother, who writes everything down because she has really, really obsessivly neat handwriting. Of course, my mother gets stressed merely handling paper that will potentially be USED for a science project, so this is a very, very negative situation. Oh, and my mother refuses to even entertain the notion that my little sister might possibly be of help *twitch*. At this very moment my little sister is watching a Disney movie, while complaining of a headache. *twitch* My mother is getting more and more aggravated as I try to explain that my sister might fail if it looks like she didn't do the project. I am currently on strike. I refuse to assist this project in any further way untill my little sister does freakin' SOMETHING. Wow. Speak of the devil. My sister IS doing something. She is RE-WRITING everything my mother just wrote. Like mother like daughter. *twitch* I guess this is my mother's way to make sure the judges don't know that my sister didn't do the project. My mother makes my sister redo everything over and over again because it's not perfect enough for her. Now she is the one who's getting yelled at. I guess I can't help but feel sorry for my evil sister. *pauses* I guess I'll

stop complaining, then. God...I have a headache...seeya. I'm back. *shakes head* And I have (yet again) a rant about the sheer weirdness of my family. Previously I have ranted about our fun-filled family outing to a bar, and about my non-gender specific siblings obsession with dead animals. Somehow, these two occurrences have joined in an unholy union to create: The Roadkill Sightseeing Event of Doom! We actually went to a normal restaurant for dinner, believe it or not. On the way back, my mother entertained us with the story of how she had seen roadkill that looked exactly like a dead bear. She had later compared notes with one of her wacko friends and they had decided that it was, in fact, a dead wild boar. We would be passing by it in a few minutes. Oh joy. My non-gender specific sibling (henceforth known as my sister) was naturally ecstatic about these events. She wanted to get out and see the boar. My mother agreed, and wanted my Dad to turn the car around so we could go to Wal-Mart to buy a flash-light. My father refused this. We ended up driving right past the supposed location of the boar, much to the dismay of my sister and mother...and dare I say it? Yes...I dare. My BROTHER was even interested. Faced with direct mutiny from all but me, my father wisely elected to turn the car around. We drove off the road and my dad aimed the car headlights at the boar. I must say, it wasn't that impressive. It was just a lump of black hair, and it was a lot smaller than any bear. My sister was impressed, and it was all I could do to keep her from jumping out of the car to it. My mother was disappointed, saying that the boar had seemed bigger in the daylight. My dad moved the car back and forth, so that we could see the boar on the side of the road more clearly. My mother became terrified and decided that we would flip and die. All to see a boar. After a few minutes, we drove away. My mother seemed upset that I had not been interested in her roadkill. I can't help but feel cheated. Normal families go to museums and theme parks for amusement. We view dead animals. There is something just SLIGHTLY wrong with this. It reminds me of the time a few weeks ago when my mother swore up and down that she saw a grave by the side of the road. This bothered her for some time until one day she finally pulled over to the side of the road and exhumed the shallow grave and discovered that it was actually a deer. Luckily, I was not with her this day. However, she never leaves any member of our family in the dark concerning roadkill. It's just strange. Anyway, that's the rant for today, seeying as how there was actually a topic. Seeya! I'm back! Seeing how I will shortly no longer be (legally) a child, I have decided to rant about: adults. You cannot deny it. They are EVIL. Think about it! Come, on! Don't be shy! I'm serious. When you think of the evil, conniving, conspiratorial ways of adults, what's the first thing to come to mind? The nursery rhyme, 'Mary Had a Little Lamb', right? Huh? You mean it's NOT!? How...bizzare, it's obviously a mechanism for brain-washing. Anyway, here's MY reasoning for hating the song (and many, many others). Mary Had A Little Lamb makes children resigned to accepting punishment that they don't deserve! You still do not see!? Fine, I shall elaborate. This poor little girl's lamb (with fleece as white as snow--an obvious reference

to seeming purity) follows her to school one day (which was, oddly enough, against the rules). The kids at school, who were not used to seeing a lamb at school, started to "laugh and play" and basically act like wild animals. Now (this is all speculation) I am 90% sure that the final verse (which neither I, nor anyone I asked know) deals with the teacher reprimanding poor little Mary in some way. And for what!? The kid's pet followed her to school! How could she stop it, she probably never even thought to look behind her! Not only that, but poor little Mary would never, EVER do such a thing on purpose! Just listen to the SONG for cryin' out loud! The lamb followed HER! She didn't LEAD it! Now, sure, the teacher was probably on her last nerve. I mean, she's an ELEMENTARY SCHOOL TEACHER. She probably doesn't get paid much, or gain much respect from her pupils. So, when the children pretty much went wild over the lamb, and she couldn't calm them, she was looking for someone to blame. And poor little Mary was a ripe target by then. Now, can you honestly picture poor little Mary arguing with her teacher? I didn't think so! Little Mary took her punishment, and her PARENTS were probably so upset that they got rid of her white little lamb. And for what!? A teacher's misbegotten pride? Adult supremacy? I ask you, knowing what you know now, could you (in good faith) read this to a young child (implicitly teaching them that it's best not to argue, to simply lie down and let those older than you walk all over you--for "your own good")? And another thing! You know the lullaby, 'Rock A'Bye Baby', the one about the baby in the tree!? What kind of SICKO wrote it!? This poor baby is up in a tree (not the safest of places) in the middle of a freakin' HURICANE! At the end of the freakin' song, the freakin' BRANCH BREAKS and the baby falls, "cradel and all" (presumably to its death). What about Hanzel and Gretel? It's nothing more than a huge threat! "Now, be good or we'll send you out into the woods to be eaten by the witch." What kind of twisted person does that to children? Ring Around the Rosy? It's a song about the Black Plague, the deadliest plague in mankind's history! When you first got it, you'd get a red spot with a ring around it (Ring around the rosy). During this time, people (mistakenly) thought that stench spread sickness, so they'd keep "pockets full of posies" to ward of the stench of death around them. "Ashes, Ashes" was originall "Achoo-Achoo", because the dying would be particularly susceptible to colds. "We all fall down"? That's an easy one. We fall down dead. So, it's obvious that adults don't exactly sugar-coat everything they teach to children. I'm sure I can find more horribly EVIL examples, but I simply don't have the time. Now, granted, there are SOME (but not many) children's stories that are beneficial. Like Snow White, or Cinderlla. Those stories teach children to think for themselves, and occasionally completely ignore the adults around them (as long as they are Evil Step-Parents). Well...I'd better go. *blinks* I wrote a lot today. I suppose I should write other stuff...but...well...I figure you need the break to recover your sanity...*snort* Like you could do THAT! Seeya! I'm back! As I am writing this, I am in the process of adding a navigation bar to the Longest Text Ever. It still is as chaotic as ever, but at least this way people can find certain stuff easier. Like the Official Flaming-

Chickens Lunar Colony info. Anyway, that's about all I have to say right now. Seeya! Gah! Fellow Flaming-Chickens, you must see the sheer cool paranoid thinking I have found! [Wal-Mart is EVIL!](#) A person (besides me) thinks this! Isn't that cool!? There is even a section on Wal-Mart Subliminal T.V. (tupperware, anyone?)! Anyway, this has been a short public service announcement. As opposed to one of those long public service announcements that keep on going and going and going. I mean, they just never seem to stop, do they? Just when you think they are finally going to run out of steam, they just charge on and on. It's like torture, or something. Don't those kind of people realize that if they public REALLY cared about the topic, they'd do their own durn research, instead of listening to some self-important moron lecture them about how socially-irresponsible they are? Not that I'm trying to prove a point. Quite the contrary: I am merely extending the length of this Longest Text Ever to provide an ironic example of self-important morons who just won't stop talking. Isn't it entertaining? Don't you just want to here my entire life's story, starting from age 2? You don't? Well...perhaps I really SHOULD leave...what do you think? Er...well...seeya! Yep. I'm back. *traumatic pause*

This weekend I went to go visit my future college. It was the most traumatizing experience of my life, to date. The day before I got there the college had won a basketball game and were going to the finals. This naturally caused parties to break out all over campus. According to one guy, a couch was "set on fire". *sigh* I was "hosted" (along with two other girls) by some bubbly, perky Greek (sorority (sp?)) girl. I hate her so much. She never shut up. She was so shallow. She wanted us to join a sorority, just like her. (all paraphrased) Ex. 1 "I would NEVER have passed my classes if I hadn't gone Greek". Ex. 2 "I just don't see HOW I would have, like, ya' know, managed ANYTHING without my sisters!" If I never see her again it will be too soon. Her idea of entertainment was to take us to the recreational center, sit us down in the gym and talk to her friends while watching the guys (badly, this IS an engineering school after all) attempt to play basketball. Apparantly all the decent players were at the final game thingy. Then she took us to the fraternity next to her house (we didn't even get to "experience" sleeping in an actual dorm). The fraternity was disgusting. There must have been 1000 flies, 100 beer bottles, 50 Bud Lite cans, and 5 creepy dudes who were attempting to practice music for some competition. After about three hours of this, I almost snapped. Me and another girl were supposed to be watching T.V., but due to the evil, out of tune, incredibly loud band, this proved to be impossible. My "host" and the girl who was enthusiastic about "going Greek" were swimming in a heated pool. The other girl (who also hated to swim) and I started to talk. There was nothing else really to do. She hated our host and hated the fraternity/Greek thing too. We talked for awhile, and some dude joined us. He was cool. He was regional STAR student for another area. Somehow we got onto the topic of religion, and it turned out that the other girl I was with was Muslim, and was born in Egypt. It was cool. Anyway, it was just the two of us girls in the entire FREAKIN' fraternity (not counting the two swimming girls, downstairs.

The floor was greasy, and oddly sticky--just like a movie theater. When our "host" finally said we could go, it was close to 2 a.m. I barely got any sleep...grrr...not to mention the fact that we had walk to breakfast by 8:00 a.m. Oh. Silly me. I forgot to mention a key difficulty. We had to WALK EVERYWHERE! Uphill! (But not in the freezing snow, for 15 miles). You have not experienced Jenny's personal Hell until you have carried your luggage (including a trash bag containing a sleeping bag and the trash bags plastic handle-things are rapidly stretching out to become lethal weapons similar to piano wire) uphill, upstairs, across campus and up the four or five flights to the breakfast area, only to discover that, Oh! Gee, there was an ELEVATOR that the "host" conveniently forgot to mention. Even more evil stuff happened, but suffice it to say that when I finally saw my dad at lunch, I begged him to just skip the final sessions because they were pointless (how to choose your major) and go home. He went ahead with his sessions, but let me opt out of mine and I slept for 50 minutes on some random couch in the lobby. Oh. And then the 6 hour drive home. *shudders* As you can tell, I am still seriously miffed about the whole experience. Sorry for ranting... Well...there WAS some good things about the whole experience. For one thing, it was the first time I'd ever been in a big city. The sky line was beautiful! Er...yeah...that was about it. Did I mention the uphill walking part? I did? Oh. Well. Then. I guess I'm done. Seeya! I'm back! And I'm here with a Vital Public Service Announcement for all of my two and a half Loyal, Hypothetical Readers! Don't you feel all special inside? Oh. Yeah. The announcement. BEWARE OF YOUR OWN FRENCH FRIES. That's correct. French fries. You see, it all started one friday afternoon *start wavy flashback sequence* My friends and I were sitting down to a tasty lunch of Skool Brand food. This included, tragically, french fries. Oh, what a fateful day. It seems like it was only yesterday when we were so carefree and innocent...when in fact it was actually only a few hours ago. You see, we inadvertently started a mini-food fight that spilled over into a neighboring table, which also housed our friends. Said friends began flinging the aforementioned French Fries at us. I shudder to think of how we had laughed and frolicked and otherwise remained oblivious to the tragedy that had yet to unfold. For, you see...the french fries were...pointy...and hard. And Fate herself seemed to conspire against us (just like the Skool, government, evil cartoon owl, etc.) One single solitary french fry pierced my friend's guard and hit her on the nose with the sharpest, hardest tip a french fry has ever been known to produce. We calmed down, and thought nothing of our near brush with Death. After all, what can a FREAKIN' FRENCH FRY do, right? Ahhh...to be so young and naive again. Time passed, as it always does, and "[Meg](#)" noticed a speck of something on our friend who had been hit by the projectile french fry. The friend (Tonileigh, actually) wiped the speck, only to discover that it was blood. THE FRENCH FRY HAD DRAWN BLOOD! It was obviously an evil, voodoo french fry sent to assassinate her by the mysteriously evil Cafeteria Lunch Ladies who needed Tonileigh's blood for their accursed voodoo spells. Fortunately, the quick thinking of "[Meg](#)" saved us

all and the lunch ladies never obtained their goal. Oh. And here is yet ANOTHER VERY, VERY, VERY IMPORTANT PUBLIC SERVICE THINGY. Tag, you're it! These words have haunted nearly ever playground in existance. "Tag" is practically all a child learns in kindergarten. There is not a person alive who has not played some version of the game. And yet...what, exactly is "it"? When defining it for my [Pronoun Quiz](#) I referred to "it" as something that "mankind has dreaded for centuries". What made me say such a thing. What is it about the unknown, mysterious and faintly ominous "it" that makes people dread it so much? Even the most innocent of children know that to be "it" is to be a virtual outcast of society. The youngest child knows that no sane person would want to be "it". Recently a group of TAB members, myself included, set about finding out what "it" exactly is. We conducted "field research" (we played a game of tag). When I became "it" I declared that I was touching the bench I was standing on so it became "it" and the bench was touching the ground, and the ground was touching everything on earth, except for airplanes and stuff but even the ground was touching AIR which was touching more air and so on and so on untill the very AIR was touching the airplanes and the airplanes became "it". So...the entire earth has actually been "it" from the first game of tag and WE JUST NEVER KNEW IT! I know, I'm just as shocked as you, Hypothetical Reader. *shakes head* And all along we had thought that we could somehow absolve ourselves of the burden of being "it" simply by passing it on to another. But that is not true. We merely pass the awareness of being "it" on but never the actual quality of being "it". The question was raised: Where did the first "it" on Earth come from. It was a thought provoking question. Some thought that perhaps the first person to invent tag was the original "it". I, however, favored an extraterrestrial origin. My current theory is that the meteor that supposedly killed off the dinosaurs was the original "it", and that it "tagged" the earth, thereby causeing the earth to be "it". The dinosaurs, of course, could not handle the burden of being "it" which resulted in mass suicides. The mammals, being nothing but idiot rodents at the time, couldn't care less about being "it" and eventually forgot all about it. Until, that is, some half-remembered special memory popped out of some five year old's brain and he/she invented tag. Some people found holes in my theory: How did the meteor become "it"? After much discussion and deliberation, we came to a group consensus that the so called "Big Bang" was actually all the players of the game scattering. Similar to the beggining of a game of tag or hide-n-go-seek. The players begin huddled together, but when the game starts they scatter and flee from the person/planet/rock who is "it". The only difference I can think of is that rather than passing the "it"ness on, the players merely add to the number of people who are already "it". My theory would also account for the current scientific opinion that the planets/galaxy/universe is moving away from the origin point of the Big Bang. After all, if there's no base, why return to where you started? You wanna put as much distance between you and your pursuers as possible. Critics wanted to go further, was anyone "it" BEFORE the Big Bang. My arguement is this: No one is "it" before you begin a

game. Any "it" before the Big Bang was part a seperate game, and would therefore be considered a different "it" from the "it" that we fear so much. So I believe the question to be a moot point. *blinks* What's that, Loyal Reader? I have confused you with my trivalties? You do not understand my obsession with "it"? Shame on you, Reader! Haven't you learned yet that it's my JOB to confuse you and make no sense? Tsk-Tsk. Oh, well. Gotta go! I'm back, but only for about five seconds. Just a little side note here: Remember that rant I did about "pure" water? (don't even get me started) In it I mentioned that fast-food salt lists its ingredients, right? Well, here they are! *takes package of Burger King Iodized Salt out of pocket* Drumroll please...and the ingredients are: salt, sodium silico aluminate, dextrose, and 0.01% potassium iodide. Wasn't that painstakingly accurate? A hundreth of a percente of the salt was potassium iodide! You can't get much more accurate than that. Don't you think that "pure" water has much MORE than 0.01% of some random mineral? Why don't THEY list it, huh? *shakes head* *mutters* Evil, "pure" water companies... *wanders off muttering to self and acting like a crazy hobo* Seeya... I'm back! And I have yet another footnote to a previous rant! You remember that "infinite possibilities" rant? Here's a quote from a supposed [Time Traveler](#): "Every possible thing that can happen or will happen has already happened somewhere." I love it! Here's another one: "On a philosophical level, the existence of multiple worlds implies a moral balance in the superverse. For every worldline you perform a good action, there is a worldline where you perform a bad action. There are no good and bad people, just good and bad decisions. We can only be responsible for what we do as individuals on the worldline we are on now. " These are all exactly what I've been thinking of when I first came up with my infinite universe thingy to tell my little brother when he was bored and wanted his head to explode! Seeya! I'm back. And I just wanted to say that I went to Islands of Adventure (in Universal Studios) yesterday. It was incredible! If you wanna here about the awesome rides, (esp. the Spiderman ride, best 3-d effects and vidual reality I've EVER seen...) just click [here](#). *shrugs* This way, if you don't wanna here me rant about it, you can here some guy PAID to rant about it rant about. But if you don't want to, you don't got to. Seeya! I'm back! Wow... *shakes head* My mother never ceases to be amusing. Since today IS mother's day, I shall devot this text to her...even if it is a bit of satire or whatever. You see...my mother has found a new "religion". She is reading some book written by some bimbo who has been to "the other side" and conversed with her "spirt guardian" or whatever and decided to share her "relevations" with people willing to pay a lot of money for garbage. At least...that's my opinion of it. My mother, however, takes it all VERY seriously. For instance, today at our (almost normal) dinner out she instructed me on the way to get to heaven. It involved opening a door. Seriously. Anyway...apparently once you perish in this realm you are taken to a set of doors. The door on the right leads directly to heaven (do not pass "Go" do not collect \$200). The door on the left "zaps you into someone's uterus" which, loosely translated, means that you get reincarnated. This is the "bad" choice. I know this

because my sister expressed an interest in being reincarnated and my mother looked at her with an expression of horror and said solemnly that if she did that "God would never forgive" her. She then proceeded to tell us that if you were reincarnated you had to live out multiple lives until you were ready for heaven. *shakes head* Maybe I'm missing something, but if "God would never forgive" someone who innocently chose the wrong freakin' door, wouldn't that indicate that such a person would be barred from heaven forever? Isn't there just the SLIGHTEST bit of inconsistency here? Why would somebody get punished by randomly choosing the wrong (apparently unlabeled) door? Look. I don't mean to offend...~.< If you happen to be part of this religion (which prophecies Elvis's return sometime this year (2004) as "a blond hair, blue-eyed boy") then that's your choice. I definitely don't want to get in any theological debates here. So...I'll move on to a relatively safer topic. The National Enquirer. They're obsessed with Elvis, too, for some reason. I just don't understand why people care. I mean, Elvis is always reported as being: abducted by aliens, frozen in a tube in Area 51, having a brain transplant and is now the Pop-Star Britney Spears, and stuff like that. One song I've heard even equates Elvis with Jesus, for cryin' out loud! ("You're no Jesus, You're no Elvis" (From Megolomaniac, by some band). Why do people obsess over that poor, most likely dead, man? The world may never know. (And don't even get me started on Tootsie Roll Pops). Anyway, I guess my point is that the book my mom is reading has a similar dedication to accuracy, hard-hitting facts and common sense as the famed National Enquirer (which confidently predicted several months ago that Michael Jackson's "secret Muslim bride" would exonerate all charges of child molestation against him. Which, in case you live on the moon, has NOT happened and probably never will). Anyhoo, that's my rant for the day...I'll probably post something in 133t eventually...seeya! I am back. (REAL introduction: Heh-Heh...I had ANOTHER sugar rush. And I was just a little bit hysterical. The following is my intro I wrote while sugar rushed, and various messages I sent to people while in the same state. Don't worry if you can't understand it...you aren't supposed to. *sigh* The whole thing is just a blur of those wiggly red lines spell-check uses to tell you that stuff is spelled wrong...) I back! hee-hee! here is ANother sugar coated rant! and I am typing the intro while still hyper/slepepy. you see, i drank Sobe energy drink, a cup of sugar (just sugar) and ate cake (yet again, late at night). So this was the result in various messages I left random people.

*giggleing * Heee0-Heeeee! Sugar is so very good! and so is Sobe energy drink (sobe stands for 'soper'! *waves hand* you see, i THOUGHT that i had recovered because i am no longer laughing so much! But, as you can see I don't think I'm quite back TO normal. yet. whatever normal is... i am swaying to an imaginary breeze!@ and i don't care that i am misspelling so many words. because i am sure you will figure it out somehow. i am very creative with words. do you like sugar? why DID you get all freaky like me when i ate so much sugar. ? z! vcan'y believe that we actually did that

to those magazines...we so stupid. erm...ummmmm...i sure do hope we remember all of this. don't forget: we owe the library \$4 each. That was all spelled correctly because it was important. i want to sleep now. but ever since i ate that cup of sugar it is so tired to sleep. imagine that. er jd f....er...eum...ye ah. *scurches up eyebrows* Heh-Heh...the Song of Solomon. good wuvv EVERYBODY! those incompetent physics/stupid rays must have really hit us hard! either (say it so it rhymes with neither)with an long "I" sound)) that or we were just especially susceptible to the thing-a-ma-bobbers. will you right me back? i hope so. it'll be especially great if you right me when you are all sugary, too. who says you need drugs or whatever to have fun? sugar is very cheap, and makes everything so very, very funny. *slams hand on table* Ouch. That hurt. I am still wet from the watergun fight. It rocked! All that shouting and stuff! I got so many head-shots...er...can your brother see yet? I'm sorry i hit his eyes...dozens of times in a row. It was just so fun! we should do that something again. you guys weren't taking it very seriously, though... *snickers* Hee-kheee...funny stuff. I ate a CUP of sugar. mmmm...sugar...I was swaying in the place. Sugar and me, we don't get along so well since I react to it like most people react to being drunk or under the influence of other stuff. Oh, god...sugar. i'm gonna add another sugar rant to the longest text ever (just two ever)! and for people who don't know me...know,...i do not do stuff. It's just that sugar under the right circumstances is doing stuff...

Okay. Is done. Mike the Headless chicken day is coming up! see ya later! I'm back. It has been a year since the Evil Graduation Post. Which means that this year I got to attend my OWN graduation. Woo. I must say that I was rather underwhelmed by the whole thing. *shrugs* Sure, the fireworks were spectacular...and there was BEAUTIFUL weather. Cool, (not suffocatingly hot) absolutely no gnats for the first time in YEARS, no rain, just nice, soothing speeches that made absolutely no sense. At one point, our principle yelled at the graduating class because we weren't listening to him. The audience (consisting of parents) booed at him. So the principal yells at the PARENTS! What was he THINKING!? It's a good thing he's leaving, soon, because otherwise he'd probably been fired. Anyway, I just wanted to warn you of the dangers of broccolii: It's a form of lichen/moss that grows abundantly on certain sectors of Mars. In recent years, it has been cultivated by farmers into a semi-toxic product meant to augment the on-going brain-washing of young children, with the sole purpose being to turn them into Young Adults. Seeya! I'm back. I'm just gonna be here for a little while *demonstrates with fingers* so you don't have to worry 'bout crazy, paranoid rants. I just wanted to mention that former President Reagan apparently declared ketchup to be a vegetable. Isn't that GREAT! I love ketchup so much...I don't even like FRIES...I eat 'em 'cause they are a means to convey KETCHUP to my mouth...mmm...ketchup. Oh. Poor, poor Reagan (he died last week...) Hasta Luego (means see ya later) I'm back. *sigh* This dang [chatterbot](#) is taking up WAY too much of my time! There's constantly things that needed fixing, updating and improving! Bah! But, I'm obsessed, and I've always been

interested in simulated artificial intelligence :) Anyway, I'm making her personality really paranoid (she's based on me). Here are her thoughts concerning cows: *glances around* Just between you and me: I think there is some sort of dairy conspiracy! Ah, the power of cheese! Think about it: they are trying to sub-consciously tell you that THEY hold the power...of CHEESE! And there are few things more powerful than THAT! Plus, the so-called "dairy farmer's of America" who pay for the Cheese commercials OBVIOUSLY have a virtual monopoly on the whole dairy thing. They even require that cheese get that little "real cheese" stamp before anyone considers it to be REAL cheese. Have you ever tasted fake cheese? Anyway, my point is that it is getting increasingly harder to find the time to make new quizzes, (or add pics to that destiny quiz), and to make coherent entries into this longest text ever. *sniffle* I try, though! It's just that it's so FUN to teach PSOPC bot subtle things, that maybe one in every 1000 visitor will stumble on to! Like, when she accuses you of being on of THEM, and you say "yes" she starts to panic, and won't listen to you unless you say something to get her attention. Ahhhhhhh. Well, anyway, enough about my little obsession. No sense in boring you all with the little technical details (frankly, pandorabots has the training interface done really well...there is almost no need to know ANYTHING about programming...which, frankly...I don't...^;;) Er....I guess that's all I have to say now...I don't really have much more paranoid conspiracies or strange observations to make. Er...I guess I could discuss something that has already become obsolete. Have you ever been to subway? You have, *nods* yeah...I love that place, too. Anywaaaays, I went there once and I noticed a poster in the window. It showed people of every size, shape and color, all of them in little pics in little neat boxes. The text read: Different People Different Tastes. Okay. I could easily see what it was TRYING to say: There is something for EVERYONE at Subway (eat fresh). But my very first thought was: Whoa, hey, are they CANNIBALS!? Because I interpreted it to mean that different people TASTED different, and that's what the subs were made out of and why there was such a great variety. Er...I know, Hypothetical Reader...not the best example of my eccentric thought process...but it's the first one that came to mind. *sigh* You know, come to think of it, I bet I HAVE dwindled back down to two and half readers (if that). After all...look how LONG this thing is getting! And, well, quite frankly, people are mostly contacting me about PSOPC bot, the OFCEM or the Quizzes, and *sniffle* mostly ignoring this little (note the irony) page. Well, see you later! I'm back. And, for the first time in quite some time, I am truly pissed off...and this is the only way I can vent my anger. Gah! Well, I suppose you'll need to know some back story, huh. (WARNING: CONTENTS OF THIS PASSAGE MAY CONTAIN DANGEROUSLY LOW LEVELS OF HUMOR, IRONY AND SARCASM. READING THIS PASSAGE MAY CAUSE THE FOLLOWING SYMPTOMS: LACK OF INTEREST, BOREDOM AND A GENERAL SENSE THAT THIS IS NOT LIKE NORMAL RANTS ABOUT PARANOIA, STRANGE OBSERVATIONS AND FAMILY QUIRKS) To begin with, I JUST got a job as a cashier

slave at K-Mart. NEVERMIND the fact that I've worked at the daycare for A WHOLE YEAR, just so I wouldn't have to work for my final Summer of Freedom. Apparently, my dad does not want me to actually USE any of the money I made from my previous job to buy college supplies. Instead, he wants me to learn the horrors of minimum wage employment and induce me to strive to succeed in the college world. NEVERMIND the fact that my previous job gave me LESS money...I apparently STILL need to understand that there is more to life than \$5.50 an hour. GAH! I KNEW that most jobs sucked unless you had a degree (and even then, most STILL sucked)! Why bother to teach me THE SAME FREAKIN' LESSON AGAIN!? Eh. I didn't argue, mostly 'cause my dad IS paying for most of the college expenses...so I am grateful. I just hate K-Mart. So...today was my biggest shift ever, from 3 pm to 8 pm. It's the latest I've ever worked, too. I know it's NOTHING compared to a full time job...but it's still enough to make me snap. FIRST OF ALL...well...there weren't a lot of customers during the first half of my shift. Blessing, or horrible boredom? In either case, I managed to obtain a Bag of Air from a purse someone bought, and (true to form) instead of discarding said air bag, I drew a face on it and decided that it was my pet, Bag. Oh, me and Bag had great times. I taught Bag how to return (I threw him at a fan and he blew into my face). I introduced Bag to a customer I knew (after they left and I was alone, even I knew that talking to a Bag is weird). *sigh* I hugged and squeezed Bag harder than I have ever squeezed a Moose, because I knew that Bag didn't have stuff like organs. The worst that could have happened that he would have exploded in my face, blinding me forever. Ahhhhh...Bag. Then...*sniffle* tragedy struck. I left my register to get something to restock the candy...and when I came back...Bag was missing! Frantic, I looked around, and saw, before my very eyes, a fellow cashier puncture my precious Bag with a key! They had thought that Bag was garbage! I had customers and so I had to deal with them, with a false smile plastered painfully on my face, while all the while I was repeating over and over the horrible scene. Once the customers left (after what seemed like an eternity) I rushed over to where I had seen Bag. He wasn't there. I looked in the garbage can...he wasn't there. I looked in some nearby boxes...he wasn't there. I couldn't ASK the other cashier what she had done with Bag...no one at K-Mart knows my true weird nature yet. So...I regretfully had to forego giving Bag his needed funeral respects. We had some good times together...and we had JUST started to bond when his life was ended. I knew that it would happen, eventually. Even if I had managed to bring him home, I would eventually have lost interest. Bag was the perfect companion for my boring hour and a half. But Bag was no more. As the time dragged on, more and more customers came. During the last hour, the customers started to dwindle off (cool word, huh...dwindle...say it! Dwiiiiindle...) I was once again left bored. I eventually grabbed a piece of cardboard (hmmmm...that came discarded from a bag I sold, too...coincidence? I think not!) and started to draw a cute little bunny and a tiger...(GAH! I think I left that at the register...I bet that EVIL other cashier is throwing it away, right NOW!). I was able to draw in peace

for a while, with only the most minor of customer interruptions. Then...the other Cashier went on her brake. We are allowed 15 minutes for our breaks. She went 17 minutes before I my shift was over. Can you guess what happened? *sigh* I HAD been planning to close up shop at about 7:53 and clock out on TIME for once (I usually close when I'm supposed to leave and end up clocking out 5 minutes after). So...I am looking forward to doing a little shopping (for hand-held Nerf guns) before my parental unit came to pick me up. So, predict, if you will, what happend exactly 10 mintues before I was going to close. You can't? Well...let me tell you: EVERY SINGLE PERSON IN THE STORE APPARANTLY DECIDED THAT IT WAS TIME FOR THEM TO LEAVE. Not all at once, oh, no, they were more subtle than that. At first, all I felt was mild annoyance. I even thought, oh, I guess I won't finish my pic. Then, ten more people were in the line. I thought about asking the last person to prevent more people from entering, but I though, Hey, why bother? It's not as if there can be many more people in the store, right? Wrong. As I widdled (another cool word) my way through the customers, MORE KEPT COMING. After barely having any ALL DAY, all of them swarmed like a hive of malevolent bees. GRRRRRR... This time I DID ask the last person to keep others out. Everyone seemed to be amused. I was the only cashier, where would other people go? I explained that they could check out at the service deck, which was an exhausting 25 ft away (I was more polite though). Finnally. It was 8:05 and I was on my last customer. I was irratated that I wouldn't have enough time to get the Nerf gun, but other than that I was just eager to get home. Ahhh...those last customers. I think they were sent just to try my patience. First of all, they bought a few expensive items. They gave me a gift card, and they still had \$59 left to pay. They tried to pay with credit, but it turned out they didn't have enough dough in their account to pay. So, they wrote me a check for half the ammount, and then tried to pay the rest with credit. The credit machine froze. After fiddling with it for a few minutes, I walked those hazardous 25ft to the service desk to ask for assistance. I waited while the person delt with a customer. I heard someone call my name. MY customers were frantically gestering to me. So I walked back. It seems that they had overestimated their credit account. BUT, their boyfriends showed up and gave them 5 bucks, so they gave THAT to me and then paid the rest with credit. They left, I closed up. I shut my register off at 8:20 pm. I glanced outside and saw my parental waiting on me. I angrily stalked all the way to the back, and clocked out. Then I stalked back and got in the car, at 8:30pm. I was furious. I had suppressed ALL emotions while actually working, but as soon as I stepped away from that register my dam broke and I was awash in them. Gah! Suppression of self (my technique for dealing with any situation involving strangers) just applified my anger by suppressing it. By the time I got home, all I wanted to do was mutilate and slaughter helpless animals on my favorite video game (supposidly, the point of the game is to save the world, but I just like shooting the life like animals). Of course, when I got to the PS2...the game was not there. I had left it in my OLD PS2 that I had taken with me on my vacation. The PS2

is in a box, right next to me at this very moment. The game is inside it. I COULD plug it in and obtain the game...but by now I have mostly excoriated my emotions by reliving them by adding to this Longest Text Ever. I KNOW it was a petty thing to get angry about...but I didn't want to job to begin with. (And poor, poor Bag...) I never WANTED a job where you might not get off on time...like my friends always complained about McDonalds. Like them, if there are still customers...I can't leave! To make matters worse, it doesn't even feel as if I am working for money, since all I earn goes in a bank account for my future use. I am present oriented! I don't care about some hypothetical future! It's as if I am working for the sole purpose of making my dad happy. Eh...well...enough whining from me... Seeya. Hiya! And I have a GREAT conspiracy/paranoid rant! Don't you just feel all warm and gooey inside, like melted cheese? Suprisingly enough, this is the topic of today's rant: cheese. Mmmmmmm...cheese. Mild Cheddar, Mozzarella, Feta, Monterey Jack, Colby...Mmmmm...or what about that Queso Blanco they use in Mexican resteraunts? Mmmmm... I love cheese, and chances are: You love it, too. There are even commercials, just for cheese. Not even a particular BRAND of cheese, just the entire CONCEPT of cheese. "Ahhhh, the power of cheese!" And I couldn't agree more. But...it HAS come to my attention somehow or another that this is and EVIL arrangement. Think about it for one moment. Have you EVER seen a commercial urging you to buy, for instance, burgers? Just burgers. In general. No mention of McDonald's or Wendy's, or those frozen Bubba Burgers. Just...ya' know, the CONCEPT of burgers? How about pain medication? Bannanas? Milk? Ah! There we go. Milk. Just about EVERYONE has seen those GOT MILK? commercials. Every school in my county has a cafeteria chock FULL of posters of celebraties with milk mustaches, with the logo: GOT MILK? Hmmmm...soooooo...just WHAT do CHEESE and MILK have in common? Let's see...BOTH are owned by the United Dairy Farmers of America. Hmm...and it seems that OTHER countries have similar such organizations. In fact, there is even a CHICKEN Farmers organization (although apparantly it is not United). But other food stuffs organizations just don't seem to be as active as these mysterious dairy farmers. Hmmmm... Why bother to advertise a product, without bothering to promote a single company or brand name? Wouldn't you think that the companies could handle the advertising themselves? I know Kraft does: *sing*K-R-A-F-T. And lots of companies harp on the ammount of calcium in cheese. Sooo..why do the FARMERS advertise milk and cheese? Is it all a vast conspiracy? After all, this mysterious, spooky organization owns ALL THE CHEESE. Shocking, isn't it? So, this complete monopoly of the cheese world controls virtually all prices for all cheese/dairy items, including: Cheese Pizza, Ice Cream, Milk, Cheese, CheeseBurgers, Tacos, Cheesy Bread, Cheese Doritos, Nacho Cheese, Butter, Etc. (Etc. is not actually a dairy product, consisitng mostly of an eclectic mix of random items, but I figured that it would work to show the continuing theme of dairy type items.) Why does the government allow such a monopoly to exist? Are they

FUNDED by the government? Let's see *does a google search* Ooooo! Pay Dirt! I'm not the only one to see the evils of Got Milk! [THIS SITE](#) has an article about the anger of small dairy farmers for the monopoly of the "Got Milk?" people. Jeff Manning, Executive Director of the California Milk Processor Board is apparently in charge of this. What a strange title. Hmmm...*scans the article* Oooo! They notice the non-brand-specific advertising! And it says how they are funded: "So-called "generic" advertising programs such as "Got Milk?" and "Ahh, the power of cheese" are funded, in part, through the congressionally authorized dairy checkoff, which places a mandatory assessment of 15 cents per hundredweight (roughly two cents per gallon) on all milk domestically produced and marketed commercially. Last year, the dairy checkoff raked in more than \$250 million in hard-earned dairy producer money. " Soooo in essence, they ARE funded by the government (or at least in the sense that the government STEALS the small dairy farmer's money to pay for the ads). And they were sued by a small farmer who said: "We're against having to fork over a huge portion of our bottom line for advertising that says all milk is equal." So they don't WANT to pay for the ads, but the government (and that California Dairy thingy) say they have to. Ha! That's hilarious! These stupid Dairy Conglomerate people are actually PAYING a town to rename itself "Got Milk" with those small dairy farmer's money! That's so pointless! It's like they are having these HUGE brain-storming sessions to see how they can best squander those small dairy people's money! "Hmmm...Bob, why don't we buy all those "Largest Block of Cheese" roadside attractions and make a monument with them, entitled 'Ahhh, the power of cheese!'" "Brilliant, Ted! But, I'd like to go one step further! Let's make an entire CITY out of cheese!" "Bob, that's it! Wait...wait! I think I GOT IT! Let's BUY a CITY the idiot yokels to CHANGE THEIR NAME TO GOT MILK! That way, we can still have those cheese ideas to fall back on afterwards!" *shakes head* It's so pathetic. *does happy dance* See, here I was ranting and raving about this, and it turns out that there already ARE people outraged! It's like that rant about the smoke detectors, and later I saw a movie about spy cameras in them. Or that Grape Pie Rant that ended up with me doing a google search months later (When I was bored) and discovering a pic of it...mmm....grape pie. It's incredible how many strange things I can get outraged about, only to discover that they aren't strange at all! Well...seeya! Wootage! I'm back! And I have a new rant about the evils of parental brain-washing during childhood. Consider it a combo of the "Tag" rant and the "Mary Had a Little Lamb" rant. *shudders* How could I have missed such obvious implications!? Gah! I shall focus! Alright...the subject of today's whatchamacallit is: Duck, Duck, Goose! It is EVIL! Now, I KNOW that most of what small children learn is actually not-so-cleverly disguised brain-washing attempts, but this is just plain wrong! For those of you not familiar with the game, let me summarize. One child is "it" (JUST like in Tag). This child, labels each of the children, usually as "duck". The other children are sitting in a circle, and the "it" child walks around tapping their heads, going: "Duck, Duck, Duck"... Simple

enough, right? Ah, but THEN the "it" child picks somebody ELSE to be "it", and tap the unfortunate victim on the head, crying "Goose!". Then the "goose" must pursue the "it" one and attempt to tag them. If they do not tag the "it" child, the "goose" becomes "it". If they succeed in tagging them, the "it" child goes in the "mush pot" and the "goose" becomes "it" anyway. Alright. Now you know what the game IS...let's move onto what it MEANS. First of all, the game is CLEARLY a mock witch hunt. The children alienate and ostracize the one who is different, the one who is a "goose" when everyone else are "ducks". The "it" child is the current pariah, and obviously wants to exchange situations with a more fortunate child. So, the "it" child desperately accuses another of being a "goose" (just as condemned witches accused others of witchcraft in order to alleviate their sentence). The child, symbolically shocked and appalled by such wild accusations, denies it, and even goes so far as to pursue the accusing pariah. If the accusation is deemed false (i.e. the "goose" tags the "it") then the accusing "it" child is sent to exile (the mush pot). HOWEVER, the taint of suspicion is already upon the former "goose" and despite protestations to the contrary, the child is the new "it" pariah. And the game continues. This game is DESIGNED to teach children how to shun those who are different, and to ostracize them from society if necessary! How can this POSSIBLY be one of those little life's lessons that children must learn to become Responsible Adults? *shakes head in disgust* Well, anyway, that's it for today! Seeya! I'm back! *giggles wildly* Woot! I have something EXTRA SPECIAL for you loyal readers *cricket chirps yet again...what is UP with that?! ["Meg"](#), the inspiration to that Pointless Signs of America Rant, has "agreed" to do a rant for us! It's GREAT! *giggles* Well, here it is: "Meg" here. Jenny has kindly asked aka threatened me to do a guest rant, and I am only too happy to oblige. So here I am ready to inform you of silly things! Let's start! Go! Go! It has come to my attention that Barbie has finally found a new love. That's right. Bye-bye to boring Ken! Here comes Australian surfer Blaine! At this point, a few of you will be screaming: "No! Ken and Barbie foreveraaaa!" An insane percentage of you will be going: "Oh, that is so cute, Barbie and Blaine! That's great cause, like, both of their names start with B! Heehee!" But most of you will be wondering if that leftover pizza a week ago that is still in the fridge is eatable. Trust me on this, it's not. So why am I bringing this up? How many of you remember playing with Barbies? (The guys reading this pretend it's G.I. Joe and his buddies.) Remember when you ripped off Barbie's head and it gave that satisfying pop? And how there was always one Ken doll and a whole bunch of Barbies? And Ken had to choose from his little harem which one he wanted? It was actually training to make you used to Reality TV! The Bachelor is eerily similar to the game you played as a child. Ken has to choose between Vet Barbie, Cowgirl Barbie, Teacher Barbie, and Dolphin Trainer Barbie! There's also a million dollars thrown into the mix! (Guys: G.I. Joe has to decide which of his buddies to vote off the island or something.) Ken was always a favored one! But now with him gone, (Barbie was quoted saying something like, "So long, ya pansy!") how will young girls

(and boys) tolerate Reality TV when they are older? Mattel and TV producers are realizing their mistakes, so they decided to hold a vote for the "new man" of Barbie. This vote again was a little Reality TV thing in progress. The Bachelorette this time. Who will Barbie choose? The trendy new guy she chose which, over 2 million people decided, was Blaine. Now, girls (and boys) will be racing to get him and the many clothes and surfboard accessories he will undoubtedly have. Marketing goes up, and a new generation of potential Reality TV watchers is created. The endless cycle continues. I hope you enjoyed my rant! And remember! May Blaine always help the masses decide: American Idol Barbie or Survivor Barbie. Wasn't that GREAT!? *giggles* I luvs it! Ahhhh...the joys of paranoid conspiracy ranting without any of the effort! Go, "[Meg](#)"! Well...er...seeya! Well, I'm back! *waits for applause* ANYWAY, today I am here with a very special treat for you loyal *insert random insect noise here* readers! Don't you feel extra squishy? I'm here to "advertise" a wonderful product found ONLY (to my knowledge) at K-Mart (where I am a Cashier Slave of questionable Loyalty). Okay, here goes the commercial I have prepared: How would YOU like your four-year-old sibling/cousin/offspring/neighbor/pest to have ALL the fun and excitement of BIKING with none of those annoying little distractions, like being able to STOP at will? Well, you are in luck, Hapless Victim, because have WE the bike for YOU! Introducing the Tyke Byke (not actual product name) now with 100% less brakes! Wasn't that fun AND entertaining? Seriously, though, I was bored and waiting for my shift to start (we can't clock in early) and I happened to wonder into the bike section. And I found a box with a picture of a happy little girl on it, wearing her helmet. The box listed features of the bike, and (off to the side, in one of those happy little many-pointed stars where they usually write stuff like FREE!) was the words No Brakes! Like this was a GOOD thing! What the ...? I thought brakes HELPED YOU! And to think, after all these years I have been wrong!? But seriously, can you IMAGINE the Marketing committee that designed this thing? I figure it was made of, say, Hitler, a cannibal, Satan and Mary Poppins (anyone else creeped out by her?) Here was their justifying equation (which I obtained through highly classified means, namely, a squirrel, a pack of walnuts and a mini-camera) Toddler + Tyke Byke + highway = hours of fun! I figure they WANTED small children to go careening into random objects. Why else would they give 'em no brakes? Anyway, I better go, I have this GREAT idea for a gun without a safety, and a very sensitive trigger. ..Wow..I'm back.....it's been an entire year...and here I am again...pointlessly ranting and raving. Today's topic is Quaker Oats! You know Quaker Oats, right? Do a google search and find a picture, I dare you. Chances are you'll find a creepy looking older white guy dressed all old fashioned...if that's not bad enough: read on. It turns out that Quaker Oats OWNS the Aunt Jemima syrup company. Aunt Jemima is symbolized by a middle aged african american woman. Now, let's think....hrrm...the time frame that the Quaker Oats guy is from...plus owning a middle aged african american woman...wait a minute! Are they implying that she's a slave!? What kind of public image are they

trying to portray here!? The NERVE of that company! *shakes head* They really need to have a better publicist.... Ah well, there's your LTE rant of the day/week/month/year/insert time frame ehre. Enjoy ^^ Heh, well, I'm once again back. This time from a long hiatus involving College life, kiwi's and cannibalism ^_^ But let's ignore that for now, shall we? Today we have MUCH more important things to discuss ^_^ Like a certain warranty on a certain pair of a certain headphones at a certain store that a certain someone works at a certain summer after returning from a certain college. Like most warranties, it guarantees the safety of the product for a limited time, and promises you fame, fortune, and your money back if it breaks during that time. That, however, is where this warranties similarities to the norm cease. Are you ready? *waits* How 'bout now? *wait wait* STILL not ready? Bah, forget you, I'll go on anyway. *clears throat* I shall now paraphrase the warranty to you, in all it's arcane glory and splendor. This warranty shall not be in effect in the cases in which :

1.) The product is purposefully damaged. 2.) The product is accidentally damaged. 3.) An act of God damages the product.

.....*pause for effect* There you have it folks. This beee-autiful warranty will NEVER be in effect. It just won't. No matter what happens, the company issuing the warranty can just blame it on God. I can just see just such a scenario playing out in my head.....*wavy thought lines scene transition indicating an imaginary scene*

Ted: Yes, I'm calling to cash in on my 90-day money back warranty?

Customer Service Agent: *snicker* Oh really? *polite, polite* Would you please describe the damage or malfunction your purchase is experiencing?

Ted: ...it just stopped working.

Customer Service Agent: *dripping with phony concern* Oh, gee, sir...but it seems that "just stopped working" falls under our "Act of God" clause, and our company cannot be held responsible for any vendettas that God may have against you.

Ted:.....you're telling me that because God hates me, my headphones stopped working? And that you won't give me my money back?

Customer Service Agent: *can't hold it in any longer* *laughing until they gasp* Oh...God...that gets me every time...*gasp* *giggle* That's just great....Sir, I suggest *wheeze* That you go to Church...*snicker* And see if you can't convince God to fix it for you....*guffaw* Because...you're waaaaaaaay more likely to get him to reimburse you then us! *hangs up*

So, you see? I am extremely impressed by this quick thinking company. If only I, too, could think of a way to so totally, and successfully scam my customers. Oh. Wait. I do. Every day,darn those Customer Service Plans! How stupid does a customer have to be to think that they should pay \$20 now to insure their purchase of some stupid grill? If it breaks it would probably take 10 bucks to fix it. *sigh* Why must K-mart compromise my honor? Ack! I spoke its name! *flee* Alright I'm Baaaa~ack! That's right. Back from the dead like a fiery phoenix of nonsense and ranting, I return from months and months of not posting (and to make things even more interesting i won't mention anywhere else on the site that I made a new lte post!) So, today's topic is just on the concept of writing. I go to a very math oriented college (i'm gonna be a programmer) so the people here....just....really...suck at writing. Completely! *happy* So for a small nominal \$50* fee I shall teach you, the Hypothetical Reader, how to write grade A quality stories, guaranteed! ** (* \$50 shall be payable in invisible, imaginary Official Flaming Chickens Lunar Colony's Dollars (approx \$1 OFCLC is \$1,337,000,000,00 in US dollars, circa 1957) ** not a guarantee) So are you ready? Let's start with a basic story even a kindergartner would write!

Once upon a time there was a princess and a witch was making her sad but then a handsome prince came and killed the witch and made the princess happy. really happy. i mean really, really happy. sometime three or four times a night. and they lived happily ever after.

What a touching story, right? Let's see here, what basic story elements are we missing...Why don't we check the formula for a successfull story, shall we?

good story = plot + character development + orginality

I could continue, but I'm alread bored. Cya! ^_^