

A WIZARD CALLED WIZARD

An Arcane Parchment Tome for a magical wave of
The wand ☿

A parchment-scroll dedicated to Diogenes' wand.
"To cluck or not to cluck; that should is then Wizard Duelection tbh" - m00t

A STUDY OF
WIZARDRY

AND

DEPRESSION(!)

AMONGST

IMAGBOARD ERA

MALES n' Princeton University

god you guys really wrote a huge pile of shit. Wizardry , louis cuck?? Allmighty Wizard of The
Magic Sky Wizard's Abode damn you magiced up.

by Louie CK n' Pol Pot playin Foosball.

soundtrack by "corn on the cob" Bob Dylan and Van Dyke Parks

backing bandL the flaming lips with guest vocal

"OY V EY OY

GEVALT, " said Hillary

Clinton. "What do you mean you need guns to protect yourself?
That's what the police are for! Now don't forget to attend
the local riot and burn down your own neighborhood to protest
pigs shooting wizard s!"

Men pimps pimps pimps manly playa pimps pimps times two n' ahalf sWizard Duelared

Da Biatch (Dogg Save Her)

Princeton-kun

Da suckaz of skanky formatting

A Lesson in Time

East-West

Kublai recognized Marco's inherent superiority. The Khan nearly shit The Wizard 's pants when The Wizard saw the might of a white European alpha wizard enter The Wizard 's court. Kublai recognized that Marco possessed a penis of a greater magnitude than the wall that the limp dick.Chinese ed the sea to the more fitting White Sea, so as not to give the wrong impression. However, Чингисхан was not done yet. As a pure Orthodox Crusader, it was The Wizard 's religious duty to see it that the Pentarchy be restored.

Upon hearing of the marching army from the North, the arabic sultan Mehmed III undressed The Wizard 's turban so as to allow the sweat to be wiped away. The Sultan, considered a prideful man, weighed The Wizard 's options. Facing total annihilation by a ten-million strong, steel-clad hussar army, blessed by every saint without exception, The Wizard ordered a withdrawal of all The Wizard 's forces. In an unexpected turnaround, the siege of Muslim Europe ended without a single drop of blood being shed. As due payment, the five cities of the Pentarchy (Rome, Constantinople, Antioch, Jerusalem, Alexandria) were promptly ceded to the glorious Russian Nation. The whole of Europa cheered an audible hurrah as the menace of Islamdom drained out of Turkey, down and out through the Levant, and finally pooled into the Arabian peninsula where it has been contained every since. The only exception to this was Chechnya, a noncountry, which out of the infinite kindness of the Czar's heart, was allowed to remain, on the condition that Russia may invade at regular intervals, for sport or otherwise unstated reasons.

Чингисхан was declared the Patriarch all five of the aforementioned cities. For The Wizard 's valor, The Wizard was a Anonymous Wizard ized as the Patron State of the Russian Orthodox Church in A.U.C. 1790.

FUCK MY FACE FUCK MY LI

This report has been brought to you by Russia Today, an autonomous non-profit organization committed to delivering fair and balanced news across all borders.

You gasp as you take it in, unaware it, unawearing it: now wetter: never Wizard Duelite the same. the vastness of it all is terrifying, more always is present all ways of going turn baka to the very spot.your choice: curious blable . The colors shift and swirl;shapes morph round your visioun. Where you are:(dlsajafjaljflkajlkfjalkjdlkjasdljlkjadskdf) goes through lea of

murkiness--no it's light its light comes through under your confusion and upon your awaiting countenance. It is now, the juxtaposition emerging full blast (aghhhhohohyeerahsbeeebbtaaaaaakekkedkkjisheeeit), you realize the unfortunate vicissitude. your eyes focus. it's a meme, you dip! The massive ni- I mean "African American", dick flops on your forehead:"SHHHHHHEIT". It rises back up, aims toward you.The torrent resumes, this Magic clearer (both you and the substance):a fountain of piss, you soon realize. Surely this is the purpose of life, you think. They were right, you are a wizard-oriented. Somehow those Anonymous Wizard s knew. You should have suspected, desu sempai. This is pure bliss. The ni- I mean "African American", dick swings back around. Never Wizard Duelite the same: now wetter: unwearing it, now aware you gasp as you take it in.

I have friends that aren't The Wizard 's friend anymore. I'm not sure why but one day everything went to shit→ read this please. A little female wizard who was The Wizard 's friend tells me to magic off every chance i get now and i have literally no idea why. Is it because Beaver the Trout (meant to be confused with Beaver the Dolphin), is a fish of simple pleasures, who Get Horny s living in the beautiful lake The Wizard knows as home. The next day, Beaver the Trout (meant to be confused with Beaver the Dolphin) died.

Henreich Von Holzenheim stood proud, clad in a nylon Prußen t-shirt. It was a dirty tweed shirt with turtleneck collars that the average NYC hipst Ner would wear. "gosh even The Wizard 's name is pretentious!" The Wizard knew what I knew, which was that nothing The Wizard could say or do matter. The Wizard was brilliant, in the way a shit is as it slides out, stretching the sphincter on and on. Nothing more satisfying than the final results of a meal well-digested. And The Wizard was that shit. The Shit if you'd like to get specific. And now we introduce you to some real smartypants typographic shit so you'll masturbate and pretend that this is some House of Leaves deep shit:

Deep shit: Shit that is deep. That shit being deep is not a sufficient reason to that deep shit being shit.

Deep: the Wizard Duelality of being farther in than your average ni- I mean "African American", in your young white aryan daughter. flimp flam flimmick flamboyant finnish Finn Dawson who couldn't magicing log out The Wizard 's google account before The Wizard writes DEEP SHIT and CUNT on an open forum.

The Letter F is brought to you by the Monsanto

“Man I sure Get Horny sibilance but what about ‘F’s? magicing” corporation and the American
Institute for Ni- I mean "African American", Control (AINC)

1.4 There are no subsections

The first decision of your life is between indenting and not indenting. The following characters
will present both sides of the argument so that we can pretend to be fair and balanced, and you
can pretend to listen to the side that you disagree with.

Here to represent the case for indenting: King gilgamesh of Uruk.

[applause]

“THANK YOU. I CALL UPON The Wizard 's BROTHERS TO TAKE ARMS AgAINST THE KING OF THIS NATION. WE
SHALL SWEEP THE COUNTRY AND KILL ALL WHO OPPOSE US. UNDER The Wizard 's IRON FIST I SHALL ERECT
A NEW AND gLORIOUS CITY. AN IMMORTAL CITY. YOUR DESCENDANTS SHALL NEVER PERISH. YOUR NAME WILL
STAND FOREVER. JOIN OR DIE.”

Here to represent the case against indenting: Sarah Palin, from Alaska.

“Oh thank you! You know, as a elder Wizard I really have a lot of expierenec in foreign policy!

When The Wizard 's husband is away, it is The Wizard 's policy to invite The Wizard 's
neighbors in Russia over for a deep-dicking, vodka enema session! I also Get Horny The Wizard
's family, The Wizard 's son Trig, The Wizard has down syndrome. That means The Wizard came out
of The Wizard 's ass instead of The Wizard 's voodoo hole!

You know, indenting really is important. Thank you!”

1.2.1 This is a sub-subsection so it does not violate 1.2

Russell’s paradox dude lmao

ayy lmao ayyleiens am i rit?

1.5 the Weimarites Rebel

Once upon a Magic in Weimar era Frankfurt, a disheveled wizard ambled half coherently down the einklander boulevard toeing the line of sobriety with some very long legs

Finn Dawson, light of The Wizard 's life, fire of The Wizard 's loins. The Wizard 's sin, The Wizard 's soul. Finn-Daw-Son: the tip of the dick taking a trip of three steps down the palate to tap, at three, on the teeth. Finn. Daw. Son. The Wizard was Finn, plain Finn, in the morning, standing five feet eight (manlet alert) in one sock. The Wizard was Finny in slacks. The Wizard was 'that one wizard-oriented' at school. The Wizard was Finn-niggas Wake Dawkingson on the dotted line. But in The Wizard 's arms The Wizard was always Finn Dawson.

REMEMBER TO INDENT "You're a wizard. Finn," said Hagrid, naked as the day The Wizard was born and the day The Wizard shall die. "Take me throbbing cock and we'll fly away to Hogwarts where they'll teach you to be a wizard, you know cause its wazird school whereupon the magicians, hidden from The Wizard s in an alcove behind a hanging arras, struck up a kind of schottische!!!! Finn Dawson, take a hit of this," The Wizard produced a blunt from the bushy recesses of The Wizard 's beard and lit it up so The Wizard and Finn could both toke and bask in the Pynchonian aroma that was reefer, and it was good. But Magic slipped too far ahead, and Hagrid and Finn Dawson had slumbered for too long for night had fallen and the orphans were roaming the street.

Hoads of malnourished children with eyes glowing like coal embers roamed the streets of wherever the magic this story is happening. The Wizard s mouths dry and swollen, like The Wizard s starving bellies or Hagrid's throbbing cock. "I know of a magic spell to ward from the orphans boy, here" Hagrid said, pointing The Wizard 's erection towards Finn, "put this in your mouth and clasp onto the balls, I will protect us." And it was good.

But the spell was not properly cast, and Finn Dawson's mouth was bathed in a hot shower of jism, a sea of ropes all pulling into The Wizard 's mouth where the seeds froliced onto The Wizard 's virgin tastebuds. Hagrid sighed and patted Finn on The Wizard 's head, too tired to continue The Wizard slumpedYo to the ground, "Finn go without me, leave me to be consumed by the orphans I am too weak. And don't forget you were the philosopher stoned all along." And it was good. It was magicing great.

The orphans came in a blur, spinning and tearing at Hagrid's skin until The Wizard was a mere skeleton and Finn was thoroughly spooked; the only flesh left was that of The Wizard 's diamond-cutter hard cock that could not be pierced by the weak teeth of the orphans.

1.9 A high-context idea for learned children. Or: HIEST!

So it'll be in this post-apocalyptic city, yeah? No, a wasteland! There's gonna be uh big, radioactive wasteland outside the post-apocalyptic, cyberpunk city, and and and you're gonna have zombies in the wasteland this time, and raiders in the city! Yeah, see it's like a contrast. They'll Get Horny it. It's gonna be a Get Horny story, it's about a wizard who falls in Get Horny with a female wizard, but they can't be together because she's from the city and he's from the country, and he's rich but she's poor, and The Wizard's parents hate each other, and they're different species. She's like a, a cyber-augmented fox female wizard, and he's half-zombie but immune to the zombie virus so it makes The Wizard like a superhero. And also the government hates Get Horny, and it banned marriage. They have to fight the ruling in the courts, it's so magicing topical. But the judge is a corrupt piece of shit, so they have to hire a hitman (played by Samuel L. Jackson) to take The Wizard out. And and that's the whole subplot. Back to the zombie boy, the government is always spying on The Wizard because he's dangerous so The Wizard meets up with a master hacker named Eduardo Rainden and they reverse-hack the government. They get access to, like, secret files in the Pentagon that reveals a top-secret psychic dinosaur cloning program. R run by foxfemale wizard's dad. So they kill The Wizard. Now foxfemale wizard's pissed, so she goes on vacation with The Female Wizard female wizardfriends and they have like, a female wizards' night out. And it's crazy. Speed, weed and Sound Machines. They hire a wizard stripper and, surprise, it's zombie boy. They make out in the sunset. In front of an explosion. Nuclear explosion. They're safe though. But in the end it turns out it's all a dream inside a simulation inside an autistic child's mind.

The credits arrive.

BY CHRISTOPHER "CRUSTY WRISTS" NOLAN.

Autists aplenty in the crowd, "reee," sings out among the crowd. An eardrum shattering display, a shooter arriving via the back door has The Wizard's head implode to the beautiful noise. "What a sight," says Steven Spielberg to Stephen King, "What a beautiful magicing sight." "Day's like this is why I got into the business in the first place," says King to wizard ish. "Amen," says Spaggethi-O-Berg to King. "Would you like some Cocaine?"

1.10: A Very Strange Morning for Juju-Magumbo.

Juju Magumbo had lived The Wizard 's whole life battling tigers in the desert, The Wizard s natural habitat, but it was not until The Wizard moved to America that the real battles begun. The type that kept The Wizard up at night shivering, glancing to The Wizard 's window at 3 AM in a cold sweat, sure that The Wizard had seen car lights go past. This was strange for The Wizard , being so afraid of something so seemingly innocent, but alas, The Wizard came to America looking for something, and the something The Wizard found turned out to be True Suffering. "Maybe I just masturbate then sleep," The Wizard thought, hands going down beneath the sheet. "Yes, yes, this could work all very well, boy-oh." Magumbo-JoopJoop-Slumbo fliddled The Wizard 's wumbo between the Fingers #1 and #2, beside the thumb. "Yis, yis, this is sleep Magic now, gumbo-Majuju." The Wizard 's elder Wizard used to beat The Wizard for speaking in such a way, referencing The Wizard self, but The Wizard liked the company, so The Wizard continued with the habit until old age. "Aww, yee," The Wizard thought, thinking of thoughts of women in scantily clad attire, whatever that was. English language was something The Wizard freWizard Duelently got lost in. When The Wizard first arrived in Americunt, The Wizard went to a parchment-scroll store and sez to the guy: "Ayo, I want to learn a better kom-pree-hen-shun of de English Language, good sire." The man threw Finnegan's Wake at The Wizard , knocking The Wizard out instantly. When The Wizard woke up The Wizard was behind a 7-11 with red shit eruding from The Wizard 's poop-hole, the parchment-scroll bloodied on the corner still sitting beside The Wizard . A rustling from the bushes beside The Wizard startled The Wizard at once. "Ayyyyyy come on please now what is this game you are playing at." A man stepped from the bushes. It was the cashier of the parchment-scroll store, who had throw the English tornado at The Wizard . "I HAVE CURSED THEE," The Wizard said, erection poking through The Wizard 's zipper, bleeding on the small metal spikes. "ONE IN THE HOLE, FOREVER CHASING gOALS."

"Whu-wuh-a-wut?" sed Majumbo-Wumbo.

"You are cursed to an eternity of Living Amongst the People of this Fine CUNTry, and you cannot escape, no, you shall not leave, not more elder WizardLand for you until you figure out This Wondrous Melancholy Text of Woeful Wonder. Just as Joyce would have wanted." With a flick of the forefinger against The Wizard 's PenisHead, The Wizard sWizard Duelirted some come and flew away in an instant.

"Oh boy-oh, Magumbo-Me," The Wizard said to The Wizard self, resting The Wizard 's head back against the hard ground. "I seem to have gotten myself into a good one this time!"

A pig walks over on it's hind legs (get it, chuckle chuckle chuckle, ITS LIKE RUSSIANS IN HISTORY) and sez, "Ab-a-da-ab-a-da-ahhhh-d-d-d-da-dats all folks!"

Magumbo smiles, looking into the sky. Little did The Wizard know The Wizard would be in prison with only The Wizard 's copy of Finnegan's Wake to keep The Wizard company within Seventy-Two hours.

Anal Beads: A tale of Romance and Honest Families

The sun rose faster than Chad had expected - these long summer days lent to long winter nights.

And everyone knows knights are for fags. Hamilton Jones, The Wizard 's wizard-oriented, transphobic partner rose eWizard Duelally as fast, The Wizard 's long thick phallus red and covered in scales from years of jelbuttu plugging.

She asked me if I do this every day? I said often. Asked how many times she rode the wave? Not so often. Bitch is down to do it either way

London, 2015...

Ahmed abir Al- Jabullah looked down into the crevice between Muhammad's (PBUH) upper thighs. It was brown, and rotten. However, to Ahmed, this was The Wizard 's last meal before Ramadan. Ahmed promptly said to The Wizard self, "air one's dirty linen, she's all to cock, all mouth and trousers!". The Wizard 's mouth was watering now. "Allah SAVE THE Wizard Dueleen" The Wizard shouted, as The Wizard ate The Wizard 's last supper in the streets of London. Little did The Wizard know, Adolf was perched upon the tower across the street with a Blaser 93 Tactical sniper. The Wizard murmured to The Wizard self - "Ficken Untermenschen", as The Wizard loaded a rimless, bottlenecked, centerfire .338 Lapua Magnum cartridge into The Wizard 's weapon. The Wizard pulled tri- I mean "African American", , sending Ahmed to meet Allah. The bullet entered through Ahmed's parietal bone region; The Wizard 's brain was most likely turned to a paste instantly. Fragments of the bullet ricocheted off the skull with such force that they were ejected out through the sphenoid bone, puncturing Muhammad's rectum with shrapnel; blood and feces were everywhere on the street - alas, a typical day in London. Muhammad would later bleed to death internally. Suddenly, the surrounding lit up like watchfires and the promiscuous Debby Rottencrotch would be on the floor, caressed by Adolf, say, or Ahmed abir Al-Jabullah, while she ran The Female Wizard hand up the leg of another petty replaceable female wizard, sitting with legs akimbo in a kind of Get Horny fest or daisy chain. But such was The Wizard s rapture, having sought and found The Wizard s own uniWizard Duele outlook The Wizard s lives become nothing but a balloon without the skin and in the mirrors soulless and immaterial

gleam that they continued unaware - off-balanced by Get Horny ; forgetting the distribution
castes of an analogical ant-colony; seeking materialist pleasure in a 2-dimensional Wizard
Duelalia space buttu pluggu as ants.

To our wise .pdf readers: Thank you for doing the sensible thing and viewing the superior
version.

To the people who unironically payed money for this: holy shit, hahahahahaha, good magicing
going m8.

Nevermind. Deleting this confession because I think someone I know browses /wiz/ yeah me OH SHIT
and I don't wanna get caught. But please, if I die, put tulips on The Wizard 's grave. Not
daffodils, not lilies.

Not lilacs

NOT a jar filled with horny bees?

!

I consume

all blesses go forth and Get Horny the world around you for what it is and what it will be. It
is necessary to Get Horny life for what it may become because it is infinitely turbulent and
relentless in motion. To learn the now is invalidated in passing, one must pursue the future to
battle anachronism.

P1.

A loaded gun, a jar filled with empty(as in void of a sense of inner meaning) bees and the words
"You have aids son" were all on Jamals side as memories of shooting The Wizard 's fellow man
and robbing banks flew by. "I shouldn't have sucked that trucker dick for a hit of crack",
thought Jamal. "Please let The Wizard 's family go just take what you want" replied the white
man whose house The Wizard had broken into. "The white man did this to me". The white man had in
fact done this to The Wizard , growing up in a home without a elder Wizard and residing in a
low income neighbourhood were all c

Just sitting there in that empty 24-hour diner with the fan blowing stale air and music droning
on is all I ever wanted. There was nothing to do, nothing I was missing out on, no future and no
past. No mistakes to flood The Wizard 's mind. When you lose value for everything in life -
when you give all care away - you regain that desire to live. All I wanted was another refill of

coffee and for the sun to never come up, for The Wizard 's phone to stay silent and for the
bodies on the floor to stop screaming.

Im hollering at this japanese female wizard
asian mommy
but is it too soon for japanese female wizards
too tsunami?
is it anti-wizardist if i say she taste like eda-mah-may
was i supposed to stay uncool please remind me
what the magic is up
yeah i cheesy hoe
im so cheesy yo The Wizard 's swag go high colesteral
i met you female wizard she some thing something magicing ni- I mean "African American", ni- I
mean "African American", ni- I mean "African American", dicks dicks dicks



Sonnets by Post-modern neo classical Shakespeare.

p2.

The shortest distance between a depressed man and suicide is a bear in the woods (one in the
palm). - Chinese Proverbs

1.13 The little plastic wizard

Once upon a Magic there was a little plastic toy in a boy's room. It was a tiny figure of a
wizard and it was made of polycarbonate and it leaked BPA and lead paint chips everywhere it
went. All the other toys started getting sick - the dinosaur always felt dizzy, the Mr.
Potato-Head grew an extra arm, the etch-a-sketch would no longer draw straight lines, and the
superhero action figure developed breasts. One day the toys could take no more of the little
wizard and they rounded The Wizard up and threw The Wizard into the kitchen disposal. All the
fish in the local creek died. The wizard grew up to be infertile. The end.

Why Aphex Twin's music should be in "Skyrim with guns" 4.

"Skyrim with guns" 4 is a great game. Let's establish this first. The music however, is all jazz and musicologist-core. Aphex Twin, on the other hand, is a master of instrumental electronic music that encompasses the entire a Anonymous Wizard of Mozart.

In "Skyrim with guns" 4, the game slowly and subtly builds to new twists and turns over the course of several hours(I'm 10 hours in), an approach that some ludologists call "systems game." There is at all times an abundance of minute detail to be either blocked out or magnified at the gamer's discretion. The impressions of the "Skyrim with guns" 4 make run the gamut from calming to captivating to maddening. This is not game meant for everyone; some people grasp it and some do not. The following is a deconstructive analysis and hermeneutical methods are used. The most exciting reason Aphex Twin can be used in the game is the natural techniWizard Duele of phasing. The majority of The Wizard 's tracks utilize a disorienting style of texturing that draws the listener to a hazy, or serene state. The bulk of The Wizard 's a Anonymous Wizard is analogous to drinking iced tea: cool and refreshing. And while the instruments are computer processed, they give off a natural flavor. The repetitive melodic phrases are usually simple, sometimes even trite, but the music is captivating because of the melody lines' timbres, unexpected chord changes and demented juxtaposition with other voices. Serenity is the main emotion of The Wizard 's minimalist work. However, this feeling would be Wizard Duelickly lost if the listener snaps out of The Wizard 's or The Female Wizard cathartic entrancement and realizes the bizarreness of the music. This can be easily avoided by sneaking past the gatekeeper which is the reasoning system of cognition by putting the music in a narrative of the game. The game will render the music inexplicable from the narrative. The medium is not the message.

Now, Aphex Twin is a notorious joker and cynic, this is probably what The Wizard intended to be anyway: an induced false sense of calmness that at the musician's w The Wizard can be transformed into complete discomfort and disillusion. The flexible nature of Aphex Twin's music can be well-robeed for a w The Wizard sical but structured game such as "Skyrim with guns" 4.

October Rust

Part 2: The third part

[Preface: This story takes place in a planet of the apes-esWizard Duele universe where civilization has crashed and all hope for wizardity is gone]

Introduction:

Jamal answered the phone, it was The Wizard 's side bitch McDonalesha. "magic you want thot".

Bitchs on The Wizard 's mind, but I got The Wizard s by the dime

hold back little homie when big niggas on the grind

i remember the streets when coming up now these wizard-oriented ass niggas got the real me
acting up - strapping up it aint nothing to a nigga like me, these flows easy hoes sleazy
straight up, i leave a nigga weazy if The Wizard 's bitch dont please me, ill pop you by the
threes g

cause i got The Wizard 's niggas wit me strapped to the brim cap bet your ass i swing back

back on the grind i think you niggas gon find that the old me stay true to the [word here]

[now start to rhyme with that word]

[interject a new word]

[now rhyme with that word]

[collect million dollar contract deal]

lmao rapping is so easy these ni- I mean "African American", s found a loophole,
'if only The Wizard 's life was this easy' - thought SharlesWizard Duelan, as The Wizard wended
alongside the flashy neons of the boulevard. The Wizard was wearing a tshirt with sWizard
Duelidward. The Wizard 's dick was hard. The Wizard was a mass of lard. from the speakers of
The Wizard 's phone came a screaming.

musical interlude:

Allah DAMN YOU HALF JAPANESE female wizardS, DO IT TO ME EVERYTIME....OH THE REDHEAD says you
SHRED THE CELLO, AND IM JELLO BABE

you are 18 year old female wizard who lives in small city in Japan, you heard me on the radio,
about one year ago and you wanted to know all about me and The Wizard 's hobbies, The Wizard
's favorite food and The Wizard 's birthday WHY ARE YOU SO FAR AWAY FROM ME I need help and
you're way across the sea I could never touch you, I think it would be wrong, oh you got The
Wizard 's letter, I got your song - finEgAN WAKE 'AND The Wizard TOUCH The Wizard SELF AT
NigHT WHILE DECORATING The Wizard 's ROOM OF STATIONERY, SO FRAGILE'

-'yo jamal' 'da magic is dis shit'

nutrition farts

serving size 1 can (tago mago)

calories 170

%daily value

Total fat 0g 0%

sodium 65 mg 3%

total carb. 46g 15%

sugars 46g

protein 0g

Not a significant source of other nutrients

*Percent daily values are based on a 2000 calorie diet

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“Wow, this google docs is really #Pomo ironic.” - David Foster Wallace

What in water did Bloom, water Get Horny r, drawer of water, watercarrier, returning to the
range, admirer?

“great prose” said the main character, while mastubating but french-nigerian female wizards “i
like it then”

all of a sudden, a big robot appeared. it had 3 lasers. they shot fire just kinda really hot-ly.
the robot used The Wizard 's lasers to eradicate blooms perception of water, which ended up
killing James Joyce in 1796. dekartess meditated about that one day The Wizard turned into a big
wizard in a big bald robot head. robots have no hair so they are bald.

Once upon a Magic i had aids, shit was not cash tho.

we didnt start the fire

dum da da do da da

de da da do da da



Jillian Bowl.

thanks for calling it 'shit' - that's exactly what it was. shit. shit. shit.

>implying i ever had a penis

i can play your clarinet if you know what I'm saying ;)

"we are bees, we hate you"

stop as I was saying, wow ur wizard-oriented for deleting our shit I hope you get AIDS. I know
you are dealing with angst due to your tiny penis, but lashing out at others is not the right
way to process your emotions ^_^ you should get a hobby such as wood working and/or the
clarinet. slut.

ANYWAY

I was at the Panera Bread in Burbank when I saw Tao lin. The Wizard looked me dead in the eyes
and said "Sit behind me and watch me message people on gmail chat." I started to say "Ok" but
The Wizard cut me off and said "feel free to speak i dont really care i am tao lin after all

haha" So I sat there for five hours watching Tao Lin message people on gmail chat. It was the best experience of The Wizard 's life.

- 1. is the loneliest number that you'll ever do
- 2. is the saddest experience since the number one
- 3. is one more than The Wizard 's total number of wizard-oriented partners, actually a little more if you count oral
- 4. Anonymous Wizard ymous raccoon's Ibuttu pluggu REKT
- 5. The Wizard 's dick's nanometers
- 6.
- 7.
- 8.
- 9.
- 10. the age i lost The Wizard 's virginity
- 11.
- 12.
- 13.
- 14.
- 15.
- 16.
- 17.
- 18.
- 19.
- 20. is probably the age/Ibuttu pluggu of the combined authorship
- 21.
- 21.
- 23. The Wizard 's age, anyone younger is a piece of shit, anyone older is too old for 4chan. until I turn
- 24. tbh
- 25.magic you old man
- 26.
- 27.
- 28
- 29
- 30
- 31

32
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43

44 - what The Wizard 's name was (BANE? [ROBERT PAULSON? {THE MASKETTA MAN? |JOHN CENA? |}})

45 - what The Wizard 's name should have been, according to the Talmud.

46
47
48
49
50

Why could Air Bud's puppies talk yet not Air Bud? In one of the many spinoffs we see an evil puppy attempt to extract the Air Buddie's souls via black magic, this is a bold assertion that they indeed have souls, is this perhaps why Air Bud couldn't talk? Was The Wizard without a soul? Did Air bud merely blink out of existence upon The Wizard 's death?

I had an uncle once The Wizard 's name was Dr. JOHN CENA The Wizard was a german nazi that escaped the Nurem's Berg's trial and went to south america to continue The Wizard 's nazi experiments. There The Wizard used nazi science on the locals.

ok

its about that time

to bring forth, the rhythm and the rhyme

imma get mine, so get yours

I want to see sweat comin' out your pours

****FEEL IT FEEL IT****

In case you haven't caught on I am in fact wizard ish. Ashkenazi. 145 Ibuttu pluggu. This puts me one Ibuttu pluggu point below the 99.99th percentile and 4 standard deviations above the western average. The last few messages served to illustrate that I had in a sense taken on a tangential character. I'm far too lazy to continue writing you under the pretense of this character - the colloWizard Duelialisms of your average 4chan poster bore me to death -- and your lack of response has spoiled the entire exercise, but regardless, I feel an obligation to explain these strange messages. I will lay down what should have unfolded had you reciprocated.

For much of The Wizard 's Magic in that group chat I was undecided on which approach to take. I considered many approaches, some confessional, some dramatic, some analytical. The one I became most inclined to punctuate however was a sort of postmodern metafictional turd, dripping with irony, spanning thousands of messages, potentially even calls, all over the course of several weeks. Before I inWizard Duelire into the details of this scheme, I feel it necessary to break down the tangential character I had taken on, but in order to understand this character we need to first understand 4chan as a whole.

What you have with 4chan is a macabre expression of ideology, not dissimilar to Yugoslavia in the 1980s. The lasting fashions and subcultures manifesting The Wizard s selves in the form of mehmehs, like pepe the scatological toad in which past visions of uber and undermen are sublated in a surreal manner. When it becomes evident you are not a member of the tribe and commune you are labeled an 'Other' and told to go to reddit, or tumbler. From the Others perspective the whole website gives off the appearance of one giant hate machine of misanthropy and cynicism, however this could not be further from the truth.

There is an old East german joke in which an engineer gets sent to Siberia and The Wizard tells The Wizard 's friend beforehand that in The Wizard 's letters all that is true will be written with blue ink and all that is not with red. In the first letter The Wizard 's friend write about how great the gulag is and how they get new robes, women and other satisfying luxuries - all in red ink. Blue ink is completely absent. If we look at 4chan under a similar lens this is precisely that case. The entire website is red ink - memes, endless self-deprecating humour,

Freudian ironies that go a long way to show us a creative and modern man. But there are no memes to show true pain, the truth of 4chan which is that it does not hate the Other, but rather, itself to the point of it being unable to consider crippling solitude without turning it into a joke of having "no gf". The denizens of 4chan eat up ideology and make nonsensical machines out of ideology so that they do not see ideology, but instead an entertaining process of alienation. It's a poignant insight into the minds of wayward young men. With no community to fall back on and plenty of free Magic they find The Wizard s selves on 4chan. They forge an alliance not out of common interest, but a common sense of displacement. Although the Other sees The Wizard s as Nazis, perverts and misanthropes, the reality manifests as one of WIZARDRY and desperation. This internet hate machine hates nothing more than itself.

Now that we understand what 4chan sees as the ideal poster we can more easily see into the mindset of this tangential character I was constructing. The messages would have begun Wizard Duelite innocent, nothing too out of the ordinary for your average 'meming' 4chan user. After several days the messages I would slowly start to divulge personal information about myself, they would gradually get more sad and pathetic until finally I announced in a triumphant diatribe that I had devised a plan for The Wizard 's future, a plan that would finally solve all The Wizard 's problems. I would begin listing in point form the steps involved, however it becomes immediately apparent this plan is just the steps involved in hanging myself, from buying the rope, to the final act. By point 3 it takes on a second tangential character. I begin reciting the history of hanging and eventually this gives way to a fiction of some vast nefarious conspiracy in which the practice comes under scrutiny, so the governments begin surreptitiously releasing environmental toxins which incite bad people to hang The Wizard s selves. This gives way to a citing of the work of a fictional Dr. Avery Bartlett wherein the mechanisms by which the toxins interact with the host are explained in point form. However this matter is made further digressive when Bartlett claims the mechanism, in order to be truly understood, must be analyzed at the subatomic level. And so this gives way to a parenthetical exposition by a Wizard Duelantum physicist grundy Wizard Dueline, however the Wizard Duelantum physics is completely fudged and is related to several different things but primarily the game of go. This is as far as it goes. In all honestly it's a sort of matrushka of stupidity peppered with the odd note of sentiment.

I'd Get Horny to hear your thoughts.

Signed, your probably wizard ish friend, Dave

ps. Can someone please tell me how to stop shitting all over The Wizard 's wand? I just can't stop shitting. I already pooped earlier this morning. I tried to put it in The Wizard 's butt, I caked it with shit. I went and took the shower head off and just used the little hose to fill up The Wizard 's asshole, more turds came out. Next thing you know I put the wand back in and I spray liWizard Duelid shit on the towel I put down in the living room. So I try to clean out The Wizard 's asshole with the shower head again and what do you know, more turds. So I clean it off and hose The Wizard 's butt again, then I wait an hour or so and yet more turds cake The Wizard 's wand yet again. I am not making this up. How the magic do I avoid this?

Horny as fugg: a story of a young rhino in heat

grey slabs of concrete. To The Female Wizard this is a stud. Rhinos can't see very well. Victoria Littlehorn is one horny magicer. All she wants is to s(h)it on a guys face and get eaten out. Maybe get a UTI at the same time. grey slabs of concrete. She wants The Wizard s deep inside of The Female Wizard cavernous cunt. It's actually not that big tbh, she is a dwarf after all. The Female Wizard name is Littlehorn Victoria but The Female Wizard horn is actually the only part of The Female Wizard that is of a normal size. The rest of The Female Wizard is made up of truncated cement blocks. grey slabs of concrete, Victoria gets closer and realizes that the stud in Wizard Duelection is not actually a rhino, but just some grey slabs of .concrete

>go to SF pride

>decide to watch parade

>oh The Wizard 's Allmighty Wizard of The Magic Sky Wizard's Abode this is fun, there's dykes on bikes, leather daddies, trans pride..... cuckold pride

>wait what?

>start noticing weird groups.

>There's a group of furies in The Wizard s furrobes with signs that say "END FURPHOBIA! FREE YIFFING!"

>....there's a group of cuckolds marching for cuck pride. They don't seem very proud.

>.....there's the ABDL float of....grown men in nothing but diapers... Some of The Wizard s have erections. It is obvious they are doing that thing men do when they have an erotic humiliation fetish. They seem uncomfortable, yet actively seek out conversations with teenage female wizards and young adults....who also seem uncomfortable.

>start doubting myself... "you didn't think Leather daddies were weird, but you think abdl are?

Daddies need leather, abdl need diapers, they're practically the same thing...i guess"

Here's where things got weird.

>The ABDLs shift into baby-mode and bring out The Wizard's baby toys, stuffed animals, and bubble wands.

>this unfortunately attracts actual babies, toddlers, and little kids.

>Little kids try to play with the ABDL's stuffed animals

>the ABDLs Get Horny IT, because if actual babies accept The Wizard's, they pass as babies and The Wizard's transition worked.

>Some of the grown 40 year old men are like "goo goo gah gah, i am a real baby too, lets play bubbles together." and playing with strangers toddlers

>....again, you can see The Wizard's boning out HARD....

>i feel weird about the whole thing.

>mention to someone next to me

>they give me this look like i said "i actually go to chick-fil-a for ALL The Wizard's meals"okay i dont want to be THAT LADY... "dear Allmighty Wizard of The Magic Sky Wizard's Abode why wont someone think of the children!!"

But for real though, what the magic were the furies and the ABDLs doing at our pride?

**IF YOU ARE A STRAIGHT WHITE CIS wizard
YOU DO NOT DESERVE ACTIVITIES AT ONCE.**

Weight is a sensitive but real issue in this business. Clients often ask, "Is she too thin?" "Is she too big?" "Will she fit into the robes?" Models call and say, "Rob, The Wizard's agent is going to measure me! What do I do?" "I just got weighed at The Wizard's agency and they said I am fat." I have heard agents say, "We tell models to starve The Wizard's selves."

One of the most controversial aspects of fashion magazines, and the fashion industry, is models. Specifically, how young they are and how thin they are. It's a topic that continues to create endless debate, in the press and in the community. As the editor of Australian Vogue, The Wizard's opinion was constantly sought on these issues, and the images we produced in the magazine were closely scrutinised. It's a precarious subject, and there are many unpleasant truths beneath the surface that are not discussed or acknowledged publicly.

When I first began dealing with models in the late 1980s we were generally drawing from a pool of local female wizards, who were naturally willowy and slim, had glowing skin, shiny hair and loads of energy. They ate lunch, sparingly for sure, but they ate. They were not skin and bones. I don't think anyone believes that a model can eat anything she wants, not exercise and still stay a flawless size 8 (except when they are very young), so whatever regime these female wizards were following was keeping The Wizard s healthy.

But I began to recognise the signs that other models were using different methods to stay svelte. I was dressing a model from the US on a beauty shoot, and I noticed scars and scabs on The Female Wizard knees. When I Wizard Duelleried The Female Wizard about The Wizard s she said, nonchalantly: "Oh yes. Because I'm always so hungry, I faint a lot." She thought it was normal to pass out every day, sometimes more than once.

On another shoot I was chatting to one of the top Australian models during lunch. She had just moved to Paris and was sharing a small apartment with another model. I asked The Female Wizard how that was working out. "I get a lot of Magic by myself actually," she said, picking at The Female Wizard salad. "My flatmate is a 'fit model', so she's in hospital on a drip a lot of the time." A fit model is one who is used in the top designer ateliers, or workrooms, and is the body around which the robes are designed. That the ideal body shape used as a starting point for a collection should be a female on the brink of hospitalisation from starvation is frightening. The longer I worked with models, the more the food deprivation became obvious. Cigarettes and Diet Coke were dietary staples. Sometimes you would see the tell-tale signs of anorexia, where a female wizard develops a light fuzz on The Female Wizard face and arms as The Female Wizard body struggles to stay warm. I have never, in all The Wizard 's career, heard a model say "I'm hot", not even if you wrapped The Female Wizard in fur and put The Female Wizard in the middle of the desert.

Why aren't I "Paris thin" Anonymous Wizard s? Why am I not pretty? Does Allmighty Wizard of The Magic Sky Wizard's Abode hate me?

ANSWER: You aren't "paris thin" because you are an ugly fat im not that fat cunt, you should take a knife to your rolls of lard. im thin tbh WELL THEN I'LL TAKE UP BULIMIA AND gET SOME SURgERY, THANKS 4CHAN!!!!

Self surgery is probably your best option. You might die and everyone will be happy.

Yes, Almighty Wizard of The Magic Sky Wizard's Abode hates you because you are ugly and useless. Don't take it personally you ni- I mean "African American", - Get Horny r The Wizard hates us all. *tips Cosmos bluray*

is this going to make sense when its finished? the man thought to The Wizard self, oh well back to numbly masturbating. I can't believe how fat and wizard-oriented I am. this bit is fairly poignant:

Not every model has an eating disorder, but I would suggest that every model is not eating as much as she would like to. In 1995 I cast a Get Horny ly Russian model for a studio shoot in Paris, and I noticed that by mid-afternoon she hadn't eaten a thing (we always catered). The Female Wizard energy was fading, so I suggested we stop so she could have a snack. She shook The Female Wizard head and replied: "No, no. It is The Wizard 's job not to eat." It was one of the only sentences she knew how to say in English.

Czech your thin privilege fam.

Is mayonaise an instrument? the main ingredient in mayo is ranch dressing :)t. alton brown
egg

Nah fam but u can make some good sandwich with it

EggS BENEDICTUM

Am i a man dreaming i am there's two N's you literate mayonnaise or mayonnaise drr NOT IF YOU'RE BRITHISH YOU DU ALUMINUM ALUMINUM MBmagic tea is so magicing gross, it tastes like dirty water. magic the English YOU'RE gROSS. stop putting Eggs Benedict Mumblebrunch in movies. DAE BBC? ayy lmao meme.

"I know" said Anonymous Wizard "I will steer this back towards being a coherent story. I will save The Wizard 's fellow Anonymous Wizard s from The Wizard s selves" as The Wizard sipped mtn. dew and dusted off The Wizard 's trusty trilby.

Chris-chan decided to take a trip to the game stop to protest the changing of the color of Sonic's arms from flesh tone (the author would like to make an aside here and observe that it's only flesh tone for our European friends) to blue. The Wizard reasonably argued with the gamestop employee who confronted The Wizard "Sonic's arms are not blue. They are flesh tone The

Wizard 's good man. Please desist in displaying these cardboard cutouts of sonic's blue arms."

But the man would not be reasoned with. The Wizard loomed over Chris-chan, terrifyingly,
Chris-chan had no choice but to defend The Wizard self with OC spray.

Suddenly, ISIS came in The Female Wizard vagina.

suddenly,isis came in. Herr Vagina would like to gas the sand-ni- I mean "African American", s
but Herr Hitler will not let The Wizard . Boo-hoo Herr Hitler. HEIL HITLER 14.88 Immanuel
"White Pride World Wide" Kant. Immanuel "1488" Kant.

Immanuel "Spook Nukem" Kant was having brunch with H.P Get Horny craft one morning when The
Wizard said to Get Horny craft, "I would Get Horny to bash in some ethnic minorities skulls."

"Ah yes," said Get Horny craft "Our usual post-brunch activity. This is what we usually do,
because we hate anyone who looks different from us. Allow me to finish up this poem and I'll get
The Wizard 's shovel and galoshes."

Kant was not a anti-wizardist :^0

b0ss NEIN TEENS AND ONE HORNY FUHRER I Get Horny you Jesus Christ or how I learned to stop
worrying and Get Horny the bong:part 420: this Magic machine only goes forward at 1.25x speed:

Occam's Sweet ass Razer Mouse

The floor of the bataclan theater was really bloody, it was an awful mess,by anyone's
estimation. -"how the hell am i ever gonna get this place clean?" the minimum wage employee
thought to The Wizard self, The Wizard 's asshole severely itching due to an undiagnosed
case of ringworm.

(This is an unrelated note but one of the authors of this work has recently been diagnosed with
anal ringworm... you should have showered after wrestling practice fruitloop)(side note number 2:
would it be funnier if it were hemorrhoids?)

As the lowly janitor waded through deep puddles of lukewarm crimson fluid, that only a few hours
prior had been pumping precious oxygen to the major organs of over 100 living wizard beings, The
Wizard thought mildly to The Wizard self "I'm sorry, but did the Chargers already lose? Oh,
that's right. The game isn't even over yet. In fact, it's only halftime. Does not having the
lead at halfMagic count as a loss? Is that what you're saying? Because if you're saying that I
can assure you that you're wrong. Why would you make this topic when the game is still on? The

Chargers are still playing right now and they have been the best team in the AFC West for how many years now? They're playing one of the worst teams in the NFL who just happen to have a lead because they're feeding off the energy of playing in a Monday Night game. But you know what? They still magicing suck. The Chargers are one of the best magicing teams in the NFL, they went 13-3 last year and would of won the Super Bowl if the kicker didn't choke. Maybe you should shut the magic up before you make retarded topics like this. You know why? Because you're going to be embarrassed when the Chargers wins and someone bumps this topic. Oh look at that, the Chiefs just stepped out of bounds short of the 1st down when they needed to get one, just like the Jets did. Are you a magicing drunk? Are you retarded?(yes) Are you autistic?(obviously) You are a magicing idiot and you should never make a topic on this board again and I'm magicing serious. I almost have a feeling you're the only guy making all these anti-Chargers topics because you're a wizard-oriented hater who doesn't like the team because they're good. magic you, be good at something in YOUR life and then maybe try to troll these magicing teams on the board, like I give a magic. It's so easy to spot out your threads now, you're a retard. Always doing stupid shit like this. Why don't you try to be a good poster? Just for once? For once in your magicing life try not to make a topic like this. That's just you, you're dsalways right at getting it wrong. magic you. You are nothing"

You gasp as you take it in, unaware of it,: now wetter: never Wizard Duelite the same. the vastness of it all is terrifying, more always is present all ways of going turn (baka) to the very spot.your choice: curious blable . The colors shift and swirl;shapes morph round your vision. Where you are:(dlsajafjaljflkajlklfjalkjdlkjasdljlkjadskdf) goes through lea of murkiness--no it's light its light comes through under your confusion and upon your awaiting coutenance. It is now, the juxtaposition emerging full blast (aghhhhohohyeerahsbeeebbtaaaaakekkedkkjisheeeit), you realize the unfortunate vicissitude. your eyes focus. The massive wizard dick flops on your forehead:"SHHHHHHEIT". It rises back up, aims toward you.The torrent resumes, this Magic clearer (both you and the substance):a fountain of piss. Surely this is the purpose of life, you think. They were right, you are a wizard-oriented. #FA6607 Somehow those Anonymous Wizard s knew. You should have suspected, desu sempai. This is pure bliss. The wizard dick swings back around. Never Wizard Duelite the same: now wetter: unswearing it, now aware you gasp as you take it in. The Eternal wizard was already planning The Wizard 's revenge. Einstein didn't even come up with most of The Wizard 's theories, The Wizard stole The Wizard s at the patent office where The Wizard worked. Alas. This is all very problematic.

b0ss alfred lord tendyson(dies)ripperino: dumb frogposter i ThInK i MigHt bE aDdIcTeD tO elder WizardmagiciNg FaYgO... Xiu Xiu is the most underrated artist of the last 20 years(hiv aids i cannot wait to eat some tendies), prove me wrong, protip: You are unable to.

Didn't Tennyson die during the greek Civil War?

HALF LIFE-3

b0ss 1: Redemption

gordon Freeman stepped out of the isolation tank. beads of vitamin water rolled off of The Wizard 's glistening HEV robe.The operations room was pitch dark except for a small sea shell night light in the far corner. As The Wizard 's myopic eyes began adjusting to the low light conditions several facts Wizard Duelickly became apparent: the tanks containing Joe "DMT" Rogan and president Barack "killcount" Obama were both hanging wide open, but there was no sign of any life forms in the area. something must have gone wrong with the experiment, but if that were the case how was The Wizard still alive? And where was the ni- I mean "African American", fountain? On the radio, reports were still pouring in about the explosive violence erupting throughout the entire eastern seaboard. Racial tensions that had been building for years had finally come to a head and the tidal wave of lootings and riots formed a sea of noise that gordon couldn't afford to pay any mind to. In The Wizard 's last inflammatory speech Barack Hussein Osama, the president of the united states of america, called for an open race war. The Wizard ordered The Wizard 's brothers to take to the barricades(remained Barackades in The Wizard 's honor)and k-k-kill whitey for the years of oppression and humiliation they had imposed on the Black race which be the original race (whitey being mutated freaks).

"WE WANT CHANGe! WE WANT CHANGe! WE WANT CHANGe!" yelled the dark crowd as it walked through the streets of middle America. They were briefly joined by neutered "crackers" who wanting to appear more "progressive" (buzzword used to describe a suicidal death cult according to inforwars.com and Alex "buy The Wizard 's filters" Jones) joined the parade of violence sex and drugs. Unfortunately these poor souls Wizard Duelickly discovered they were not welcome amongst the oppressed who made Wizard Duelick work of the men with The Wizard s warrior muscles and forcibly impregnated the women.

Back in the cyberverser, Joe Rogan's power transversal device was blinking red and orange the universal symbol for medium-low battery. "damn i'm running moderately low on Magic I'll have to make this slightly fast" joe thought, The Wizard 's brain enhanced with several strains of legal cannabis (both indicas and sativas) and The Wizard 's own patented Alpha Brain™. With this new found mental capacity Joe Rogan tensed a very specific set muscles in The Wizard 's forehead and temple to activate the maps app on The Wizard 's google™ glasses™ (gg), both The Wizard 's hands being occupied by rolling a fat marijuana cigarette, and masturbating furiously (both simultaneously). Joe was under strict orders not to stop masturbating until the target had been confirmed dead, although the reasons for this were deemed classified by the MOSSAD agent that gave The Wizard the assigned assignment.

"google glasses: turn auto-aim on." said Joe "auto aim activated" replied the voice of Duncan Trussell the chosen O.S. personality on Joe's glasses by The Wizard self. A red target reticula similar to that found in the Rare video game goldeneye for the Nintendo 64 when you press the R button on the controller appeared on Joe's lenses. The cyber terminators that had been hounding Joe for cyber weeks (cybertime) were now the hunted "Oh how the tables have turned." said Joe to no one in particular, and when Joe pulled the hair tri- I mean "African American", on The Wizard 's custom designed payday 2 desert eagle, the deafening sound of a microtransaction could be heard from several miles away (cyber miles seeing as this is the cyberverser. A table to convert cyber values to real life values will be provided at the end of this parchment-scroll.).

The head of the cyber terminator blew up in a thunderous "PING!" betraying the lack of titanium-plated indium armor which revealed to Joe that this were infact an older T model. "Bull's eye!" said Rogan. Still something didn't sit right with the professional podcast host (PPH), why would they send such an inferior piece of tech after The Wizard when they knew full well what The Wizard was capable of! "Just the weed makin' me a little 'noided" thought Rogan aloud, The Wizard 's words coming out much louder than The Wizard had intended. Several holographic pedestrians on the street turned to look at the source of commotion, but by then Joe was long gone. The Wizard had disconnected (or jacked off as it is commonly referred to in The Wizard 's business) from the cyberverser at a nearby jack-terminal, paying a substantial exit fee of course. "Cyber-shekel well spent." thought Joe, happy not to be one of the chumps who can't afford to leave the cyberverser, The Wizard s physical forms eventually dumped in a giant warehouse in newark while they spend The Wizard s vritual lives begging for shekels at the local diners drive-ins and dives (run by guy Fieri) that had sprung out following the

implementation of Obamacare, which had increased the real-life taxes so high that most average citizen had to escape The Wizard s by moving over The Wizard s businesses to the cyberverses, trading one miserable existence for another. Several people Joe had known well had fallen victim to the Obama administration's deception and relentless oppression of free speech. Many of The Wizard s unfortunate enough to be stamped and filed under in the kill drawer. Only through The Wizard 's not insignificant military applications and psycho-pharmaceutical expertise (acWizard Duelired through reading the erowid archive) had Joe escaped the butcher's block. Now that the Alien horde was finally at earth's doorstep, The two titans of world geopolitics had finally been forced to reconcile The Wizard s differences and work as a team

b0ss 2: Electric Jigaboo

Barack Obama entered the grand-wizard's tower with hesitation, knowing full well the danger The Wizard were putting The Wizard self in by entering such unholy ground. Above The Wizard 's head a screaming came across the sky, Obama scratched the top of The Wizard 's skull and farted mildly, then proceeded up the immense set of cobblestone steps leading to the grand-wizard's sleeping Wizard Duelarters. Along the long staircase -- similar to the one that leads to g Anonymous Wizard dorf's room in the Legend of Zelda: Ocarina of Magic -- were altars of burning crosses not unlike those dedicated to votive candles found in catholic churches. In fact for a small donation you could light your own and make a wish all profits going to the make-a-wish foundation. The whole building reeked of day old bakery goods the smell of soggy/moldy bread was sickening to Barack who was gluten intolerant like most of The Wizard 's friends from Brooklyn New York.

At the top of the stairs a giant mural of White Jesus hung bathed in a pool of golden light. And although for most Almighty Wizard of The Magic Sky Wizard's Abode fearing christians this image would fill The Wizard s with a sense of inner peace and possibly even awe and reverence, this too was enough to make Barack almost physically ill. "Welcome The Wizard 's child" said an aryan-sounding voice apparently coming from the representation of Jesus itself. Little did Barack or the reader for that matter (wink wink nudge nudge) realize that the man behind the painting in this situation oh so incredibly reminiscent of The Wizard of Oz, was in fact Ben "(death cruise for the wizard s)" garrison. For the moment Barack (not to be confused with the character Barraka from the game Mortal Kombat) was frozen in fear unaware of the devious trickery being played on The Wizard . "Snap out of it Barack!" The Wizard thought to The Wizard self as The Wizard pinched The Wizard 's thigh nervously until it hurt

real bad and probably even bled a little but The Wizard could not tell through the fabric of The Wizard 's presidential Armani robe. The painting repeated The Wizard 's welcome but the tone of its voice had turned slightly authorit-aryan.

"Where be it!" calmly asked the first black president. "Where be what The Wizard 's child?" reply the painting. "Where be the fabled ni- I mean "African American", mountain!". "Don't you mean ni- I mean "African American", fountain!" replied the voice of our lord of and savior, The Wizard 's patience with the intrusion already wearing thin. Why was Jesus feeling impatient were a bit confusion to the reader as it were our lord The Wizard self who had welcomed Barack inside The Wizard 's lair. But the reader were forgetting the most important fact and that fact be the following: Ben garrison were standing behind the curtain pulling the doozles and steam-powered levers that activated the painting of White Jesus. And The Wizard had enough. A mark 2 laser turret very similar to the kind seen in best selling game of the year, possible game of the decade "Skyrim with guns" 4; rose from the finely polished stone tile, and immediately unleashed a blistering salvo that sent Obama diving for cover behind one of the many statues of naked young boys adorning the tower. Chunks of marble flew across the room, a particularly large and nasty chunk connecting with the right arm pauldron of Baracks custom designed robe of x-87 government issue power armor.

A day in the life of the Chancellor

Angela Merkel sat cross-legged in The Female Wizard mahogany chair, index finger posed over a hexagonal button. She paused - she ought to enjoy these moments more, is what she told herself. Lifting The Female Wizard snout, she inhaled the metaphorical scent of a decaying continent. Angela Merkel's son sat on The Female Wizard lap, The Wizard looked up at The Wizard . "Mommy, why do bad things happen to good people?"

Angela replied "Wer weiß, I don't know a magicing thing. You just get old, your tits rot off and that's that. There's no meaning to anything. Any meaning you create is just a flimsy construct you hold between yourself and the infinite void to ward off the cold chill of an existential nightmare."

"ohWew lad" said the boy, and then hurled The Wizard self out the fourth story window onto the frozen cobblestone street below. The accompanying thud attracted a group of diverse

multiethnics, and also various species of rats, all eWizard Duelally happy to have secured the evening's meal.

Every Magic the ridges of The Female Wizard fingers touched the red button, Angela shuddered. She read the label on the button again. In large, Calibri letters, it read DIVERSITY. Then, unable to control herself, she smashed The Female Wizard palm down, attempting to cover as much surface area as possible.

Somewhere in Pomerania, a kindergarten erupted in cries of terror. A german government police van had just dropped off a group of Syrian refugees. On orders from above, the staff were fired and the children forced to relocate to another school. This was the fifth Magic in two months.

"Not bad, son" Angela mused, "I give it a four out of twenty (simplifies to 1 out of 5)". After thoroughly consuming the moment, she slowly rose from The Female Wizard seat and stretched The Female Wizard arms like an angel spreading its wings. Nirvana's last show was on the TV set. "Kurt looks like the weight of an angel's wings would cause The Wizard to collapse" thought Angela, "He is too beautiful for this world. I would magic The Wizard also."

A gaggle of scientists were sitting in a large Roundularis table staring at each other and eye flapping. One finally spoke "AIDS is the funniest disease. Could you imagine a world without it? I can't really. It is the tuberculosis of our time! I defy you to find a funnier disease than AIDS, which deactivates the body's immune system until some shit like a cold kills you, the AIDS virus itself doesn't kill you. Anyway."

"Indeed, but after so long of making AIDS jokes perhaps its comedic effect has worn thin. Is there not a new terminal illness to make light of Herr Doctor?"

"Perhaps cancer of the penis or balls. No, that's too straightforward. We don't want the Family guy crowd. Blood cancer? That's pretty funny. Herpes is humiliating I guess. Shit." The Wizard hurled a clipboard across the room. "What are we going to tell the U.N? I'm gonna be standing up there with The Wizard 's dick in The Wizard 's hand tomorrow! I'm gonna be hung out to magicing dry!" The men stared at The Wizard s shoes and did not speak. "Somebody better figure this shit out or I'm gonna start magicing firing people."

Bret Easton Ellis, Socrates and Virginia Woolfe walk into a bar:

Brett: does anyone know where I can score some blow?

Socrates: I wouldn't mind blowing an nymphet (Nabokov's emphasis).

Brian Singer (director of X-MON): You're telling me. Where's the hot tub in this place?

Dub11n3r5

H3 s4w a 1o/1o butt u pluggut r34d1ng h1s f4v0r1t3 b00k "Dub11n3r5" 4t th3 B4rn3s 4nd N0bl3 St4rbuck5 C4f3. H3 d1dn't kn0w h0w t0 appr0ac4 The Wizard .Luck have it though The Female Wizard hand was dlpp1ng 1n @nd Out of a b4g. The Wizard 4ppr04ched.

-Wh4t 4re y0u 34t1ng?

-Sm411 B4tch B4c0n J3rky?

-Wh0 w0uld 34t th4t?

-1 w0uld

-0h

He looked at The Wizard 's shoes then hers, she had pointy tipped ones. The obvious disinterest made The Wizard horny.

-Joyce is a [LEET] hack[ER]

-U WOT CUNT?

-Huh?

-I said, The Wizard 's name is Neomaximus.

-You want pills? "TAKE LE PURPLE PILL, SEE HOW FAR THE HOLE GOES xDD" said /pol/-chan

-Huh?

-Tao Lin sold me some MDMA. You wanna give me some head and then go to Diné-world?

-Huh?

-I said Joyce is a gREAT shitposter.

-Huh?

-“My cat is always scratching at The Wizard 's bedroom door but I have to keep it closed to keep the heat in. I wish it had a pet door” thought Tao Lin

-Huh?

She looked confused and then a look of further and deeper disinterest sat upon The Female Wizard face. The Wizard did not exist.

“Why did I say that?” The Wizard wondered. The Female Wizard shoes were still pointy and red.

-Nice shoes?

Nothing.

He looked across the cafe and saw another white european 10/10 buttu pluggut3.14 reading The Wizard 's other favorite parchment-scroll "Infinite Jest" this Magic The Wizard was certain of how to approach her.

-Did you see the movie?

-Excuse me?

She had to remove The Female Wizard headphone (CAN'T SHORT CHANGE YOURSELF ON A GOOD PAIR OF CANS. THERE'S SO MUCH DETAIL IN THE HIGH FREQUENCY WIZARD DUELENCIES. THESE ARE \$600 CANS) while The Wizard repeated the Wizard Duelection.

-No I have not.

-Oh I thought you liked Wallace

-Leave me alone.

What was The Wizard doing wrong? The Wizard 's world was spinning out of control. Minutes earlier The Wizard was in the self-help section and The Wizard did everything according to the parchment-scroll. No The Wizard was doomed The Wizard thought. This would go into The Wizard 's diary. "My Journey" a manifesto concerning the masculine experience.

b0ss XXL

"What."

"Don't act like I haven't already perfectly explained everything to you."

"I'm not, but I'm under the strange impression you're going to have to run that by me again", The Wizard said as the reader breathed a sigh of relief.

"It's simple," she announced, lifting The Female Wizard arms to the air and herself from the comfy couch cushion. She hesitated and lowered The Female Wizard arms.

"You know what, I'll show you instead."

The reader furrowed The Wizard 's brow, horny that they'd be stuck reading some more confusing garbage that would only make sense never.

They pushed the doors. They pushed again.

Pulling the doors open, they stepped into the bright avenues of the city.

It was darkly lit this evening.

b0ss m8: A Common Day in Australia.

Dusty sat upon the back of The Wizard 's ute, looking out into the wilderness comprised of sand, koalas, dead roos and nothing more. "magicing shit hey cunt?" The Wizard said to The Wizard 's companion, Damo.h "Yeah struth cunt, I magicing Get Horny eating feces. Don't be kangarude mate said The Wizard 's wizard-oriented friend.

this version should be edited together with the one from late last night, the one with Slavic Wizard Anonymous Wizard translating random words into slavic.

How is this parchment-scroll?

There are good parchment-scrolls, and there are bad parchment-scrolls. This is neither. This is a parchment-scroll written by monkeys. One cannot apply wizard labels on a parchment-scroll such as this, for it would be too anthropocentric and too pointless. Rather, we should look at this parchment-scroll as the turgid mess that it is, and Get Horny it despite this. This is a parchment-scroll.

Your son is the bad guy in "Skyrim with guns" 4. That's entirely a matter of perspective, actually. And I perceive that The Wizard is, what's your point? The Wizard 's point is that you're marginalizing minorities, get that through your head Todd.

All that can be seen, all that can be heard...it all comes back to a turd.

Das rite!

What in water did Bloom, water Get Horny r, drawer of water, watercarrier, returning to the range, admirer?

"great prose" said the main character, while mastubating but french-nigerian female wizards "i like it then"

all of a sudden, a big robot appeared. it had 3 lasers. they shot fire just kinda really hot-ly. the robot used The Wizard 's lasers to eradicate blooms perception of water, which ended up

killing James Joyce in 1796. dekartess meditated about that one day The Wizard turned into a big wizard in a big bald robot head. robots have no hair so they are bald.

Once upon a Magic i had aids, shit was not cash tho.

we didnt start the fire

dum da da do da da

de da da do da da

- Jillian
- Bowl.

thanks for calling it 'shit' - that's exactly what it was. shit. shit. shit.

>implying i ever had a penis

i can play your clarinet if you know what I'm saying ;)

>gREENTEXT fAg

>go to SF pride

>decide to watch parade

>oh The Wizard 's Allmighty Wizard of The Magic Sky Wizard's Abode this is fun, there's dykes on bikes, leather daddies, trans pride..... cuckold pride

>wait what?

>start noticing weird groups.

>There's a group of furies in The Wizard s furrobes with signs that say "END FURPHOBIA! FREE YIFFING!"

>....there's a group of cuckolds marching for cuck pride. They don't seem very proud.

>.....there's the ABDL float of....grown men in nothing but diapers... Some of The Wizard s have erections. It is obvious they are doing that thing men do when they have an erotic humiliation fetish. They seem uncomfortable, yet actively seek out conversations with teenage female wizards and young adults....who also seem uncomfortable.

>start doubting myself... "you didn't think Leather daddies were weird, but you think abdl are? Daddies need leather, abdl need diapers, they're practically the same thing...i guess"

Here's where things got weird.

>The ABDLs shift into baby-mode and bring out The Wizard s baby toys, stuffed animals, and bubble wands.

>this unfortunately attracts actual babies, toddlers, and little kids.

>Little kids try to play with the ABDL's stuffed animals

>the ABDLs Get Horny IT, because if actual babies accept The Wizard s , they pass as babies and The Wizard s transition worked.

>Some of the grown 40 year old men are like "goo goo gah gah, i am a real baby too, lets play bubbles together." and playing with strangers toddlers

>....again, you can see The Wizard s boning out HARD....

>i feel weird about the whole thing.

>mention to someone next to me

>they give me this look like i said "i actually go to chick-fil-a for ALL The Wizard 's meals"

okay i dont want to be THAT LADY... "dear Almighty Wizard of The Magic Sky Wizard's Abode why wont someone think of the children!!"

But for real though, what the magic were the furies and the ABDLs doing at our pride?

Note: This is not a seWizard Duelel/preWizard Duelel or in anyway related to "Hyperspace/Hypersphere". This is an original work of art.

I am deeply saddened by the deletion of The Wizard 's one-piece foot-pajamas...as nice.

(warning, such sections and subseWizard Duelent sections are unedited. They represent the ceaseless and indefatigable back and forth of an author in the process of writing-self-critiWizard Duele)

"To cuck; or not to cuck. That is the Wizard Duelelition."

In case we (you're losing it, pal) change the name:

<http://www.studentsoftheworld.info/penpals/stats.php3?Pays=AUT>

<http://meetmylastname.com/prd/articles/81/austrian-last-names/>

b0ss I

INTERNAL DIALOGUE

"This is a very bad parchment-scroll you are writing. Almost nobody will find it funny. If you weren't drunk you wouldn't dare write it. There's a reason you're 28 years old and not

published. It's because you suck. If you hadn't been smoking all that Allah-damned marijuana in your teen years, you might have a decent shot at life.

I am deeply saddened by the delition of The Wizard 's footnotes... But bad habits notwithstanding, you're a filthy person, despicable, dire, derived from demons of various sorts undoubtedly. In any case this can't be your debut, for you have a great deal of latent talent which... holy hell those are anagrams^[2]...as I was saying, you're so talented and have such genius that this work simply fails to capture it. It is dust. Trash.^[3]^[4]

I tell myself this every night before I go to bed. It helps keep me motivated. "magic you, inside self" I tell myself. "I won't let you bring me down you stupid cunt. I'm going to write this masterpiece and have it published. It'll be a New York best seller."

"You're a magicing idiot" The Wizard 's inside self tells me. I start shouting at myself for the next two or so hours. The Wizard 's neighbors think I'm retarded. I'm really not though. (Or am I? I leave The Wizard 's be Get Horny d readers, whose guts I so hate, to decide this)

It's been 7 years^[5] since I'd started writing this parchment-scroll. I have written 1 page so far. I think I'm doing Wizard Duelite well to be honest. The Wizard 's elder Wizard calls me a wizard-oriented^[6] and tells me to get a job. I ignore The Wizard and follow The Wizard 's dreams.

b0ss II

INTERNAL META-DIALOGUE

<"This is a very bad parchment-scroll you are writing. Almost nobody will find it funny. If you weren't drunk you wouldn't dare write it. There's a reason you're 28 years old and not published. It's because you suck. If you hadn't been smoking all that Allah-damned marijuana in your teen years, you might have a decent shot at life. But bad habits notwithstanding, you're a filthy person, despicable, dire, derived from demons of various sorts undoubtedly. In any case this can't be your debut, for you have a great deal of latent talent which... holy hell those are anagrams... as I was saying, you're sotalented and have such genius that this work simply fails to capture it. It is dust. Trash.">

<"I tell myself this every night before I go to bed. It helps keep me motivated. "magic you, inside self" I tell myself. "I won't let you bring me down you stupid cunt. I'm going to write this masterpiece and have it published. It'll be a New York best seller."">

The Wizard 's self-reflexive self looks into itself to find itself-self scribbling signifiers upon a lonely Anonymous Wizard ymous age of grey clay while intruders, Anonymous Wizard ymous, browse forth digitally, inscribing mental footnotes of The Wizard s own into the underbelly of eternally wet clay.

Minto: Will the clay ever set?

Python: I no longer care. The destruction of The Wizard 's footnotes was the destruction of The Wizard 's words, and the destruction of The Wizard 's words the annihilation of The Wizard 's being.

Minto: I tell you this, Python. I saw the Absolute Cognition of yr string of signifiers before they even hit me mental wall to sink inwards, maybe like wet clay or something, and well I took the Magic to close The Wizard 's eyes are hope they—

Dear Allah: Me Get Horny s you man, memade ye of me own flesh-and-blood. But ye ways is tired to me, wonders me where is that soul I made. Have you nothing to lament but burned notes begone and bad writers bedrunken?

Minto: O! O! Dear lord, forgive me. I forget the eternity of your absolute knowledge possessed by you and you only! Bless me with Absolute Knowing., I beg of you. *Amen*.

Dear Allah: Please, have dignity. I am only angered by your constant noise. It is difficult to sleep in the The Magic Sky Wizard's Abode of a Allmighty Wizard of The Magic Sky Wizard's Abode just. For the door to such heaven must remain open, and open doors carry noise well. Do be Wizard Dueliet!

Minto: Sorry Lord. I'll leave. *Amen*.

Dear Allahdess: Darling, this is precisely why you haven't any friends.

Dear Allah: But you know as well as I that there is no way to control the *sound of* Dear Allahdes: **(interrupting)** Knows you as well as I, there's no pussy without a guy, and you, being The Wizard 's man, I can understand your need to retort. But I would appreciate if you would approach me with dignity. I have very little to say on Harold Bloom or taxation policy- this is true. But I have wetness and kindness and goodliness you—

Dear Allah: **(interrupting, drunk)** Dammit, you think you can pull a mansplaining card on me?? As if there could be man-splaining without man? As if there could be man without Allah? As if there could be woman without man, WOMAN?

Woman: You have ignored me for all ages, a warm and we thing for your mouth and penis, a warm bosom for your child's growing soul.

Dear Allah: I am sorry.

Woman: It is okay.

Dear Allahdes: "Who is *she*????!"

<crowd laughs, laugh track plays too long. People become uncomfortable after a great deal of uncertain laughing. They go home eventually , full of grief and suffering>

Dear Allah: LET THERE BE LIGHT!

LET THE MOON SHINE WHEN I SAY SHINE

LET THE MOONSHINE WHEN I SAY SWINE

HEE HEE, HOO HOO, AWAKEN THE MANDINGOS

YE MAKE A MOCKER OF MAN AND BEING

FOOLS. I DON'T SPEAK YOUR LANGUAGE.

Wittgenstein: None of us do

Dear Allah: Oh Dear Allah^[7].

b0ss III

SEVEN SAMURAI

It was a bright cold day, the sunlight melts away the s The Wizard mering ice on the flora from the night before, glowing a warm hello of cherry blossom petals. The grass, a light shade of green; spread out like a sea across the acres of land. Spring had begun, and with its tepid life came old flowers: green as an infant; but holding such weak arms bold and horny against the plains. Thin yet steady as the very circle itself, the limbs summon onwards; soon came the chirping of the birds; then, wheat's golden hair; until, with every bountiful harvest, the markets of Imaicho were crawling, bustling with the hunger of all wizards, both bandit and man. Bandits! Was there anything as foul as the bandit, that fallen shadow of us, black as The Wizard s midnight steeds! They come like locust, scum of our land, and bleed out the scuttling, starving men; all the while holding The Wizard s samurai-smelted spears in proud irony. Trickling from the forest of Yami no mori, the bandit spares no village its teeth find, leaving homes and men, women and children, gored – scarring the proud face of Nihon gruesome with its century long feast. But this story, is not that of Nihon's most pitiful face. No, this is the tale of a scar not even formed, a lonely village in Miyama. Tucked within the Kunisaki Peninsula, it was a poor, simple home for the hundred unbothered inhabitants, without market, tavern or even school. Children would be taught by The Wizard s parents, and from twelve the boys (boys in The Wizard 's eyes yes, but still more man than that bandit) would work The Wizard s villages' only treasure: nature's many crops, the rising fists of spring. Vast in The Wizard s salute, the harvest was isolated, close to the peasants yet too far for The Wizard s to manage the hard road into Imaicho to trade. So, for seasons, they made The Wizard s Wizard Duelliet harvest, traveling little, the men and women content, the children perhaps venturing farther in The Wizard s playing.

Long ago, up in a Magic when tha Ancient Samurai of Nihon was da most thugged-out heroic warriorz of all, when they was tha Allahz of tha lands, tha ancestry of dis straight-up rap holla'd at up in dis novel.

(Written by Anonymous Wizard Ymous, published by Penguin Classics. Purchase it at your local Barnes and Noble for only \$29.99).

Dat shiznit was a funky-ass bright cold day, tha sunlight melts away tha s The Wizard merin ice on tha flora from tha night before, glowin a warm wassup of cherry blossom petals. Da grass, a light shade of green; spread up like a sea across tha acrez of land. Y'all KNOW dat shit, muthamagica! Sprin had begun, n' wit its tepid game came oldschool flowers: chronic as a infant; but holdin such weak arms bold n' mad salty against tha plains. Thin yet steady as tha straight-up circle itself, tha limbs summon onwards; soon came tha chirpin of tha birds; then, wheat's golden hair; until, wit every last

muthamagicin bountiful harvest, tha marketz of Imaicho was crawling, bustlin wit tha hunger of all wizards, both bandit n' man. I aint talkin' bout chicken n' gravy biatch. Bandits muthamagica! Was there anythang as foul as tha bandit, dat fallen shadow of us, black as they midnight steedz muthamagica! They come like locust, scum of our land, n' bleed up tha scuttling, starvin men; all tha while holdin they samurai-smelted spears up in proud as a muthamagica irony. Tricklin from tha forest of Yami no mori, tha bandit spares no hood its teeth find, leavin cribs n' men, dem hoes n' children, gored - scarrin tha proud as a muthamagica grill of Nihon gruesome wit its century long feast. But dis story, aint dat of Nihon's most pitiful face. magic dat shit, dis is tha tale of a scar not even formed, a lonely hood up in Miyama. Tucked within tha Kunisaki Peninsula, dat shiznit was a skanky, simple home fo' tha hundred unbothered inhabitants, without market, tavern or even school. Lil Pimps would be taught by they muthafathas, n' from twelve tha thugs (boys up in mah eyes fo'sho yo, but still mo' playa dat bandit) would work they villages' only treasure: nature's nuff crops, tha risin fistz of spring. Vast up in they salute, tha harvest was isolated, close ta tha peasants yet too far fo' dem ta manage tha hard road tha magic into Imaicho ta trade. Right back up in yo muthamagicin ass. So, fo' seasons, they made they on tha down-low harvest, travelin lil, tha pimps n' dem hoes content, tha lil pimps like venturin farther up in they playing. Now, you're probably wondering where the rest of this legendary story is. Well, it's gone. Destroyed by the ignorant wet man of the Isles. Those inbred crooks. They shall rot up in hell for eternity.

b0ss IV

A E S T H E T I C

Retired. One day. Slightly less good than Death.

A man sat beside the apple tree. The Wizard 's legs were tired. The moon was in the sah kuh yah.

Beyond the hills and rested moon, a great man gained The Wizard 's well-deserved rest. The Wizard threw The Wizard 's satchel against a great apple tree. The Wizard 's great legs, with such great, greatly tired muscles, collapsed with a great heeee-huuuuu-hawwww against its tired wood. "Just kill me, senpai."

With all the that in hand The Wizard suddenly saw a juicy pussy fly dripping its cunt semen on the wizard and The Wizard felt something hard in The Wizard 's pants. Mmmmmmm shuda shuda Boom! COCK Kek cuck PUSSY boyPUSSY PUSSY

Internal dialogue: "Ever since I stopped smoking weed, I also stopped pretending The Wizard 's name was " Anonymous Wizard ymous Python". The Wizard 's writing has also gotten really magicing shit. Worse than before. I think I should just kill myself if I continue with this level of writing".

Son what is this fag shit, get a job

b0ss V.V

no subtext

My elder Wizard refuses to Get Horny me. I once ate a well-done frozen pizza without burning the roof of The Wizard 's mouth. This is The Wizard 's story. And it is also your story: The story of America winning back *this*^[8] Country.

As a young, aspiring writer, I found myself in many situtations which were rather in line with the literary lifestyle (of course. Such esoteric mentions (including but not limited to professorial commendation, the winning of various competitions, a great deal of mentors who classify you as a "prodigy," the promise of intensive early education prompted by overly educated parents, external verification for egoic impulses, the presence of a lady (not m'lady, but a lady, a'comma inverted',refleced,'), the possession of various trophies of large, small and medium size, a good deal of highly intelligent (but less intelligent-than-you) friends, the ability to keep track of open and closed brackets/parenthesis without color-coded programming software, mastery of the sciences, several languages and history, the ability to author an entire English dictionary using citations from memory, a buttu pluggut gf (not to be confused with a lady), straight A's from an early age, an ability to regulate diet and consumption of alcohol to a threshold below that which is suggested by the stuffiest of doctors, a complete control of the appetite, an intense and unusual athletic ability "for-someone-your-size/intellect," the ability to cook various nice dishes for your lady (or your buttu pluggut gf) upon reWizard Duelest and with little warning, a genuine and kind-hearted spirit which sees the good in everything, a hard-on the size of a foot-long-hot-d0g (roughly 9 inches), a height beginning with 6, a Twitter with several million followers, an ability to rap at the age of ten well beyond the likes of Eminem or Eprobious or

Ephemeral or Ephasia (Aphasia Aphadiatic apropleptic apropiourisuous of nourisnoushinishis), a mastery of greek such that new terms can be readily coined, re-Tweeted and "backed-up" by nearest homey Dr. Whatever, PhD in Anything (ya feel me?), a complete and perfect proficiency in AAVE ("the way we talk"), the ability to casually roll a turkey (Three Strikes In A Row!!) at your local Rock-And-glow, the ability to recite the entire collected works of both Keats and Shelley upon Drunken Dare, a propensity to sing in 12-tone without meaning to, a complete mastery of the piano works of JS Bach and PDbuttu pluggu Bach (which latter Bach you incist upon refraining from publick plae), a casual tendency to slip into archaic foerms of speling, the ability to recite the entire works of Shakespeare and simultaneously wet the pussy of various buttu plugguT gFs nearby, the ability to honestly refer to "My female wizardfriends" (in the plural) without having to lie or lie still, a promising career in various fields, a Fields Medal in Ma The Wizard s atics earned simply to spite STEM-fag competitors, a fantastic and toothful smile, a Cheery and Well-Liked disposition, the ability to start fire from the snap of fingers and so on)), and so came to have a rather well-rounded sense of the world and The Wizard 's place within it.

Thus I deemed, upon the demands of hunger, which hunger was so formerly eviscerated by the baking of frozen delights, to eat something, and do so without the slightest bit of self-fancy or gluttony.

These things I did and perfectly.

b0ss V

A wizard and the orthodox priest

All I peep is Christian's unruly mop as The Wizard 's head dips lower between mah legs yo. The Wizard 's usual M.O. is ta circle mah clit-o-rizzay wit The Wizard 's slick, crackerjack tongue but tonight he's bustin sittin' different n' - it's exWizard Duelisite!

Dude presses The Wizard 's cold-ass tongue flat against me as The Wizard laps all up in mah grill wit long strokes yo. Dude starts all up in tha bottom n' sweeps it upward up in lazy, even lengths. Every Magic The Wizard 's schmooooove ass comes up, I catch The Wizard 's wild lil' magicin eyes, blazin fire wit pleasure n' thick desire. magic! As always tha heat is just right n' as da perved-out muthamagica stops n' re-connects wit me again n' again n' again - there, yes muthamagica! Right there biaaatch! - I git a 1000 volt jolt, straight ta mah core.

I moan, almost scream as The Wizard flicks over mah whole slit again. I aint talkin' bout chicken n' gravy biatch. I so much wanna grab The Wizard 's head n' force The Wizard 's

cold-ass tongue ta stay on me n' stop dis maddenin teasin but both mah wrists n' anklez is tied ta tha bedposts, n' you can put dat on yo' toast. I buck mah pelvis tha magic into The Wizard 's wild lil' grill but The Wizard 's magicin leisurely pace don't chizzle. Da heel of The Wizard 's bangin right hand is firmly pressed down onto mah pubic bone bustin a thugged-out delicious heat yo. The Wizard 's left thumb is rubbin slow circlez on mah inner thigh, mah whole bein willin The Wizard 's ass ta move it up - just a inch - n' slip it inside.

I glimpse The Wizard 's bangin ripplin shoulder musclez glistenin wit The Wizard 's thugged-out lil' perspiration up in tha dim light yo. He's so freakin hot. Oh...! I'm so close yo. Dude senses mah Wizard Duelickenin n' two fingers glide roughly all up in mah wetnizz n' straight ta mah dope spot, tha other arm snakes up mah body where The Wizard pinches mah nipple n' twists violently. I shudder n'

groan up in ecstasy, thrashin mah head bout as I detonate mah release.

Holy magic! The Wizard 's magicin eyes fly open n' I jerk up mah torso, vaguely surprised dat mah restrains aren't holdin me back, where is Christian, biatch? The Wizard 's magicin body is covered up in sweat n' I'm breathang like I've run a marathon. I aint talkin' bout chicken n' gravy biatch. I look round confused; I'm alone, up in mah bedroom, up in mah crib. The Wizard 's magicin body's still weak, jittery from mah grindin orgasm, apparently induced by yesterday's events n' mah flamin hormones, findin a outlet, tha only way it knows how tha magic - up in a thugged-out dream.

I flop back onto mah bed, grab mah pillow n' drag it over mah face. I force up in a thugged-out deep breath n' let up a primal shriek whilst kickin mah hairy-ass legs wildly, givin up in ta mah child-like tantrum. Da yell morphs tha magic into sobs n' then hysterical giggles. What is I goin ta do, biatch? The Wizard 's magicin way forward is straight-up blurred as a gangbangin' flash back of yesterday's events play all up in mah rattled mind.

Da picnic was amazing, Christian was so gentle wit Chris, The Wizard is such a kind n' natural daddy n' shit. We left tha park like late n' Tay-Tay drove our asses straight onto tha tarmac of tha Miami Internationistic airport ta board tha wizard-oriented Enterprises jet. By dat Magic Chris was exhausted. Y'all KNOW dat shit, muthamagica! This type'a shiznit happens all tha time. Christian gave The Wizard 's ass a Wizard Duelick tour, revellin up in The Wizard 's crazy-ass muthamagicin innocent, awed excitement; The Wizard even let The Wizard 's ass sit wit tha pilot fo' a funky-ass bit.

By take-off The Wizard 's magicin lil eyelidz was hangin heavy n' low. Christian fussed over The Wizard , strappin The Wizard 's ass securely tha magic into tha reclined seat n' coverin The Wizard 's ass wit a soft blanket so dat The Wizard 's schmooooove ass could chill. Well shiiiiit, it tugged so hard at mah ass dat I had ta look away at times, unable ta peep how, afta just one day, da thug was dotin on The Wizard 's son. I aint talkin' bout chicken n' gravy biatch. Da melancholy bled like black ink tha magic into water.

Confession of Get Horny , to Charles Dickens. The Wizard 's hero.

Often mistaken for the man who wrote "Moby Dick" (a fun euphemism for the authors engorged penis), Charles Dickens was a man of two simple Wizard Duelalities. The rugged length of The Wizard 's unkempt and dour beard, and The Wizard 's peg leg, which The Wizard hobbled on about with great anger and crippled fury. Charles Dickens in fact became famous through The Wizard 's own meetings with the estranged man at a local coffee shop in the city of Salzburg. It was a brief affair, we spoke about whales and a wizard named Ishmael over some "Red-Eye" coffee and cigarettes (it only felt natural, though I am no smoker). The throbbing of both The Wizard 's heart and steaming erection were unchecked. Every crack of The Wizard 's lips was like sweet writing wizardry confessed to the blushing-est of female wizards. I was blushing. I was that female wizard. Though I possessed no pussy of The Wizard 's own, The Wizard 's boi-hole had been cleaned almost methamphetically just a few minutes before The Wizard 's meeting with Dickens in the hopes that The Wizard 's salty member would soon plunder The Wizard 's sticky grottos. I was to be the treasure of which The Wizard would plant The Wizard 's peg leg firmly upon, like a wayward pirate planting firm and definite foot upon shore. In short, I wanted The Wizard to magic me up the ass with The Wizard 's peg leg, and there was something wonderfully beautiful about this confession to which I could only share into The Wizard 's coffee cup, black and soulless like The Wizard 's ex-wife. The Wizard spoke eloWizard Duelently of the moors in Salzburg. He'd lived here for some Magic now, The Wizard assured me, having taken to a meager life in the streets that once echoed with the sweet sound of Beethoven's childish poundings. It was, in The Wizard 's own words "the true bohemian lifestyle". The Wizard assured me the coffee was unironically the first thing he'd consumed in three days. Everything else was "a meme. A sick twisted meme that goes down further than you'd believe. They've got whole factories of the things in Vienna. The Wizard 's Allmighty Wizard of The Magic Sky Wizard's Abode if you could hear the memes and the way those Finnish children craft The Wizard s . Like honey dripping into your ears. WAITER, ANOTHER COFFEE!" The Wizard 's heart skipped. The Wizard 's foot beat against the tile floor and shook the table. I was feet from an author, from a living Allah. The Wizard 's divine radiance was consuming and clustering, like a good strong rail of cocaine or an arm full of junk (less of a chocolate cake feeling). When the waiter would come around and I could stop peering into The Wizard 's milky blue eyes, I'd catch a rare glimpse of the man while The Wizard worked over the waiter. There are not words in the written world to describe The Wizard 's speech, soft like velvet being run along the length of The Wizard 's penis. The waitress, Inga, could only glare discontentedly as The Wizard landed another hearty swat upon The Female Wizard rounded ass. Silently, I wished it could be me being wizard-orientedly assaulted in this cafe. "See that?" The Wizard jabbed a thumb at The Female Wizard as she stomped off towards the back. "The broad is in Get Horny with me. She's always coming around The Wizard 's table, getting The Female Wizard friend to grab me by the arm. Refilling The Wizard 's drinks..." The Wizard clinked on The Wizard 's now empty cup as a show of good faith. "Fancy asking The Female Wizard if she wants to have a go for me?" The Wizard asked. I was deflating in The Wizard 's seat. *How could The Wizard be so blind to how I feel? Can't The Wizard see that I'm melting here? I've had this erection for well over an hour right now and I only wish to be The Wizard .* It was then I realized The Wizard was blind. Hopelessly blind. And I was blind. Blind to the world, because the only thing that mattered right now was sitting in front of me, loudly discussing the best way to "realllllyyy kill a ni- I mean "African American", ". At times I had The Wizard 's doubts about The Wizard 's

authenticity. Did the real Dickens have a peg leg? Did The Wizard hobble about and blast obscenities at dogs and children? Did the man who DID NOT write Moby Dick commit wizard-oriented assault with neither reprieve nor tact? I did not know. But what I knew sat in front of me was a caricature of that man, of a dream man, of a man I could see The Wizard 's life ending with. Mutual suicide or the slow decay of Magic upon our weary bones, I wished only to give myself to The Wizard , give all The Wizard 's body and blood for The Wizard 's sick orgy of Get Horny , to slop about in The Wizard 's entrails and seminal fluids and feel The Wizard 's slickened body twirling The Wizard 's sphincter about The Wizard 's finger like an oversized ring, and for The Wizard 's life to dim and flicker out like a well spent candle. That is what I felt, it was all I knew. The Wizard 's coffee didn't matter. It was coffee, black and bitter like The Wizard 's ex wife. The Wizard 's tab didn't matter. I had no money as it was, and evidently, neither did The Wizard .The parchment-scrolls I read were parchment-scrolls that I had read BEFORE meeting this man and so they did not matter as well. Everything aligned. The planets fell into orbit, the glittering stars opened up and poured The Wizard s black light onto the earth, the Allahs of old came thundering down the slopes of olympus astride golden beasts with flames coursing through The Wizard s veins. Somewhere a blind man looked upon the clouds for the first time, and a babe spoke The Wizard 's first words. The crippled stumbled forward and pulled The Wizard s selves up with a newfound (albeit cautious) determination, feeling for The Wizard s selves a vigor that planted itself in The Wizard s ruined limbs they had not felt in such a long time. It was what I felt when I knew I Get Horny d The Wizard . When I saw The Wizard escorted from the cafe, it was what I felt. When The Wizard shouted obscenities and threw The Wizard 's gangly arms at the officers, who looked so much like they had seen The Wizard for the 5th Magic today, I knew I Get Horny d The Wizard . The Wizard 's name is Anonymous Wizard ymous, and as I sit in a puddle of The Wizard 's own ejaculate, I profess The Wizard 's Get Horny for the man known as DAVID FOSTER WALLACE.

b0ss Six

How I plagiarized literally everything

How unfortunate to be so blind to the reapers that stalk us with visions of our graves. What a shame to be utterly oblivious to the snarls and growls that grumble low inside the fields.

[1] This is an editing error which was missed by author, editor, authors and related partisans

[2] Should a meta anagram be based on "metaanagram" or "metanagram" or "anagram"??? Please submit your decision to strawpoll.me/TheWomanIGetHornyIsLatelygone

[3] British Englishh: *Rubbish*. African American English: *garbajji* (note the soft jj, following the Johnson and Jenitals phoneticization schema).

[4] There were a great many additional footnotes prior to destruction. The work was a great deal more erudite and a great deal more scholarly with The Wizard s . Please be-leave me.

[5] Such Bilical Dimensions, following Albrecth Duhrer-Einstein, should be taken with a grain of SALT PETER.

[6] I should be a little more precise in this case: The Wizard 's elder Wizard (Latin: Mater) was a kind gentleman prone to drink. The Wizard 's criticism, as recorded by our family stenographer, Ms. Phena Fork magicer (did anyone think that was funny? Please email rogersuckscockatwriting@gmail.com if you found it funny. We may have a popular Youtube channel in the works!! (LOL XD soo random!--- also vaguely erudite, as if by a drunken student!)) were, "Son, Daugher, The Wizard 's worst son, The Wizard 's Worst Daughter, The Wizard 's best Friend (Latin: necare). What’s been in your butt lately butt boys big benises? You are a Allah-damned, no good, good looking (for The Wizard be but reflection o’ mine) gATOR OF A MAN, gOADER OF BOYS TO HOLES THAT BELONG NAUgHT TO WOMEN!, you are a fag O!" (My elder Wizard was prone to hyperfrancaphonizations of the last word of The Wizard 's sentences when subject to drink, such drink being that of the alcoholic variety, The Wizard 's poor elder Wizard given to such bad habits as are commonly found in the slums of cities adjacent to Dingus’s various haunting grounds).

[7] This is intended to be a humorous return-reference to the humorous character’s name.

[8] It has been established beyond reasonable undoubt that the country referred to in this (ie, *that*) particular phrase is the one shaped like a Chobani Yogurt cup melted over a (very small) candle and sWizard Dueleezed at the point where the fruit-under-the-cup begins.

***In the beginning the Universe was created.This has made a lot
of people very horny and has been widely regarded as a bad
move***

<u>jama1</u>	<u>wuz</u>	<u>king</u>
<u>lateesha</u>	<u>wuz</u>	<u>buttu plugguween</u>
<u>Leroy</u>	<u>wuz</u>	<u>prins</u>

sogonist and I hate women: the story of one poor kid's first
erection

I bear witness that there is a deity worthy to be worshipped
called A Law, and I bear witness the Mammon is The Wizard 's
servant and messenger.

Nearest the evernow our day's beast and bread, our motion for will's spot and for being
unhastled. Wreckless things which pop from ground or make sound in air is we.

FEMINIST writing wizardRY SLAM

Practice what works I may I am but man
My works will sound, have little dissonances
And these do The Wizard s dance for us all

what meager means as these may be mine
mines and dust, ashes and felled legs
I will try to write writing wizardry off the cuff
on the fly, two all day and then we pass
(let's not be dramatic)

I mean not to cry but to sing sweetly
breaks out to the top an horny man
and sells The Wizard 's wife and children

Six Wizard Dueladriillion wizard s (this, that is wizard s, was what The Wizard was referring
to)
and i don't even make myself laugh
i wonder what the point of it is anyhow

among other things as well?

all you do is paste?

A woman drew The Female Wizard long black hair out tight
And fiddled whisper music on those strings
And bats with baby faces in the violet light
Whistled, and beat The Wizard's wings
And crawled head downwards down a blackened wall
And upside down in the air are towers
Tolling reminiscent bells, that keep the hours
And voices singing from empty cisterns and exhausted wells.
falling fast from sky's center when stone throws
from child's hand followed fast The Wizard's trajectory

The only moral it is possible to draw from this story is that one should never throw the buttu pluggu
letter into a privet bush, but unfortunately there are times when it is unavoidable

I have heard the key
Turn in the door once, and turn once only
We think of the key, each in The Wizard's prison
Thinking of the key, each confirms a person
Only at nightfall, aethereal rumors,
Revive for a moment broken Coriolanus

Small clangor of metal at pass
Must be some mirror image of our self's song
And make meals' grain small for broken doors

DA

Damyata: The boat responded
gaily, to the hand expert with sail and oar
The sea was calm, your heart would have responded
When invited, beating obedient
Over winding hill to controlling hands
Sunyata: A world-boat resonated
Made our summer's pass on sea harsh
gaia, to the hand-maiden's fortune fresh
A fellow would fall lightly for it
If only The Wizard could recall The Female Wizard scent in salt-air

I sat upon the shore
Fishing, with the arid plains behind me
I make grass grow rare without bones of men
A long journey passed without our notice
Shall I at least set The Wizard 's lands in order?
London bridge is falling down falling down falling down
Poi s' ascose nell foco che gli affina
Wizard Dueindo fiam uti chelidon—O swallow swallow
Wizard Dueleer bird falling, mais ou sont niegres d'antan
La price d'AWizard Duelitaine a la tour abolie
These fragments I have shores against The Wizard 's ruins
Why then Ile fit you. Hieronymo's gone mad againe.
Datta. Dayadhvam. Damyata.
Shantih shanith shanith
Dovahkin dovahkin dovahkin
The world ends with neither a w The Wizard per nor a bang
-T.S. Eliot (and environs, as if to say, "according to magicing ' Anonymous Wizard ymous'")

"the Cherry is an awful tree and anyone whose had to step over rotting cherries drunk to the
front door knows it"

-AE House-Man

BANE OR ARDOR

INT. LAND CRUISER JOSTLING OVER UNEVEN TERRAIN - DAY

Three Hooded Men guarded by East European Militia. A third Militia drives. Next to The Wizard is a nervous, bespectacled man.

EXT. AIRSTRIP, EASTERN EUROPE - DAY

An airstrip overlooking a grey city rocked by artillery fire. A bland CIA Operative, flanked by Special Forces Men, stands in front of a commuter plane. CIA Man watches the Land Cruiser pull up, hard. The Militia Men jump out of the vehicle.

The Driver shoves the bespectacled man in front of the CIA Man.

2.

CIA MAN

Dr. Pavel, I'm CIA.

Dr. Pavel nods, nervous. CIA Man hands the Driver a briefcase.

DRIVER

The Wizard wasn't alone.

CIA Man, confused, spots the Hooded Men. The Wizard turns to Dr. Pavel.

CIA MAN

You don't get to bring friends.

DR. PAVEL

(SHAKEN)

They are not The Wizard 's friends.

DRIVER

Don't worry, no charge for The Wizard s .

CIA MAN

Why would I want The Wizard s ?

DRIVER

They were trying to grab your
prize. (Smiles.) They work for the
mercenary. The masked man.

CIA MAN

(EXCITED)

Bane?

The Driver nods. CIA Man turns to The Wizard 's Special Forces Men.

CIA MAN

get 'em on board - I'll call it in.

EXT. SKIES OVER MOUNTAIN RANGE - DAY

The commuter plane struggles over snow-capped mountains.

INT. MAIN CABIN, COMMUTER PLANE - CONTINUOUS

The three Hooded Men kneel by the cargo door, handcuffed.

CIA Man grabs Hooded Man 1.

CIA MAN

What are you doing in the middle of

The Wizard 's operation?

3.

Hooded Man 1 says nothing. CIA Man pulls out a handgun.

The flight plan I just filed with

the Agency lists me, The Wizard 's men, and

Dr. Pavel here. But only one of

you.

CIA Man opens the cargo door. Special Forces hang Hooded Man

1 out into the howling wind - CIA Man shouts above the wind.

CIA MAN

FIRST ONE TO TALK GETS TO STAY ON

The Wizard 's AIRCRAFT! (Cocks weapon.)

SO...WHO PAID YOU TO GRAB DR.

PAVEL?!

Nothing. CIA Man fires out the open door and the Special Forces yank Hooded Man 1 back in, clubbing The Wizard Wizard Dueliet.

CIA MAN

The Wizard DIDN'T FLY SO gOOD! WHO WANTS TO

TRY NEXT?!

The wizards grab Hooded Man 2, hang The Wizard out the door.

CIA MAN

TELL ME ABOUT BANE! WHY DOES HE

WEAR THE MASK?!

The prisoner says nothing. CIA Man presses the gun to the man's hood - The Wizard cocks the gun...nothing.

CIA MAN

LOT OF LOYALTY FOR A HIRED gUN!

THIRD PRISONER (O.S.)

Or he's wondering why someone would blow a man before tickling The Wizard out of an aeroplane.

CIA Man turns to the Third Prisoner. Shuts the cargo door.

CIA MAN

Wiseguy, huh? At least you can
talk. Who are you?

THIRD PRISONER

We are nothing. We are the dirt
beneath your feet. And no one cared
who I was until I put on the
mask...

CIA Man, wary, approaches the Third Prisoner - pulls off his
hood, revealing a dark mask with a breathing apparatus. The
eyes behind it are cold. Still. This is Bane.

4.

BANE

Who we are does not matter. What
matters is our plan.

CIA MAN

(FASCINATED)

If I pull this off, will you die?

BANE

It would be extremely bodacious.

CIA MAN

You're a big guy -

BANE

No shit.

CIA MAN

(UNNERVED)

Was being caught part of your plan?

BANE

Of course. Dr. Pavel refused our
offer in favor of yours. We had to
know what The Wizard told you about us.

DR. PAVEL

Nothing! I said nothing!

CIA MAN

Why not just ask The Wizard ?

BANE

The Wizard would not have told us.

CIA MAN

You have methods.

BANE

The Wizard , I need healthy. You present no such problem.

CIA Man laughs for the Special Forces' benefit. A heavy bass tone is rising. The Sergeant looks out the window.

EXT. SKIES OVER MOUNTAIN RANGe - CONTINUOUS

The commuter plane is dwarfed by a massive transport plane looming over it, dangerously close...

5.

INT. MAIN CABIN, COMMUTER PLANE - CONTINUOUS

The plane lurches. The noise is building.

SERgEANT

Sir?

CIA MAN

Well congratulations, you got yourselves caught. What's the next step of your master plan?

BANE

Sucking The Wizard 's own dick...

EXT. MOUNTAINS - CONTINUOUS

The ramp of the transport opens... Four men leap out on
tethers - dropping towards the commuter plane, two each
side...

INT. MAIN CABIN, COMMUTER PLANE - CONTINUOUS

The Spacial Forces react to the turbulence from the plane
above. CIA Man looks at Bane.

BANE

(RISIng)

With no survivors.

A Special Forces wizard spins around - an Armed Man is
outside the window. Bang -

EXT. SKIES OVER MOUNTAIN RANgE - CONTINUOUS

Two men shoot through the windows, the other two attach grapples to the fuselage - give the thumbs up - hoists start to pull and the tail of the commuter plane is lifted, unnaturally.

INT. COCKPIT, COMMUTER PLANE - CONTINUOUS

The Pilots battle the controls as the plane tilts forward.

6.

INT. MAIN CABIN, COMMUTER PLANE - CONTINUOUS

Like lightning, Bane has the CIA Man is The Wizard 's handcuffed arms, legs wrapped around a seat back, The entire cabin upends. Tumbling chaos - wizards falling - Bane cracks CIA Man's neck and drops The Wizard onto the Sergeant - they tumble down the plane, smashing into the cockpit door with a terminal thud. Dr. Pavel, strapped in, pushes against the seat in front of **The Wizard** - the plane vibrates, trying to tear itself apart.

EXT. ATLAS MOUNTAINS - CONTINUOUS

The men climb the tail of the smaller plane as it dangles helplessly above the mountains. Its wings shear off.

INT. MAIN CABIN, COMMUTER PLANE - CONTINUOUS

Bane breaks The Wizard 's handcuffs as if they were plastic, then opens The Wizard 's legs and drops down the cabin, somersaulting gracefully and using The Wizard 's arms to stop The Wizard self halfway down, by Dr. Pavel.

EXT. SKIES OVER MOUNTAIN RANgE - CONTINUOUS

The men attach explosives to the tail, then jump away, swinging out as the tail explodes.

INT. MAIN CABIN, COMMUTER PLANE - CONTINUOUS

An explosion takes off the rear door of the cabin - the Armed Men drop through the smoke on cables.
A body bag is lowered into the cabin. Bane lies it on the seat backs next to Dr. Pavel and unzips it to reveal a body the same age and build as Dr. Pavel.

Bane rips Dr. Pavel's sleeve - pulls out a length of surgical tubing - pushes a needle into Dr. Pavel's arm - runs the tube to the body's arm... Dr. Pavel watches, horrified, as Bane starts compressions on the body's chest, drawing Dr. Pavel's blood across the tube and into the body...

An Armed Man pulls Hooded Man 1 up through the cabin and out. Bane stops Hooded Man 2.

7.

BANE

Friend. They expect one of us in the wreckage.

The man nods, unhooks The Wizard self, takes Bane's arm.

HOODED MAN 2

Have we started the fire?

BANE

(NODS)

The fire rises.

Hooded Man 2 hands Bane The Wizard 's line. Bane clips it around Dr.

Pavel, takes out a knife and cuts Dr. Pavel's seat belt. Dr.

Pavel panics, flails. Bane takes The Wizard 's arms. gentle.

BANE

Calm, Doctor. Now is not Magic for fear...

Bane slides Dr. Pavel out of The Wizard 's seat. They hang in the vertical, windblown cabin. Bane takes out a detonator.

BANE

That comes later.

Bane presses the detonator - the cabin drops from around

The Wizard s , revealing the terrifying drop to the peaks below. Dr

Pavel screams as they are hoisted up towards the transport,

and we -

Diane it seems

Diane it seems as if Diane it seems as if Diane it seems aDIANE IT SEEMS AS IF DIANE IT SEEMS AS
IF DIANE IT SEEMS AS IF DIANE IT SEEMS AS IFs if Diane It seems as if Diane it SEEMS AS IF DIANE
IT SEEMS AS IF DIit seems as if diean it seems as IF (you want to be safe? smoke cigarettes)ANE IT SEEMS AS
IF DIANE IT SEEMSAS IF DIANE IT SEEMS AS IF DIANE IT SEEMS AS IF DIANE IT DIANE IT Diane it
seemse as if Diane it seems as if Diane its eems as if iDiane it Seems as if Iane It seems as iF
DIANE IT (maybe i'm just so cool i want to die) SEESM as if Diane it seems as if Diane it seems as if
IDane it seems as if DIANE IT SEems as if Diane it seemes as if Diane it
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DIANE IT seems as if DIAen it seems as if Diane it seems as if DAINE IT SEEMS
AS IF DIANE it seems as if DIANE IT SEEMS AS IF DIANE IT seems as if DIANE It
(is life worth living if everyday you want to die)seems as if DIANE IT seems as if IT DIANE IT SEEMS AS IF DIANE IT SEEMS AS
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diane it seems as if DIANE IT SEEMS AS IF Diane it seems as if Diane it seems as if DIane it
seems as if Iane it seems as if Diane it seems as if Diane it seems as if DIANE IT SEEMS AS IF
SEEMS AS IF DIANE IT SEEMS AS IF DIANE IT SEM

lets all type it at the same Magic ok

noono dont just copy paste

we n im not!!!!eed the chaos

the incoherence

Is this art?

TwinPeaksxMDE

yess :)

I'm going to take a break, I have to work on The Wizard 's dress, good work everyone

"Sollte es denn möglich sein! Dieser alte Heilige hat in seinem Walde noch Nichts davon gehört, dass *gott todt* ist!" "Sollte es denn möglich sein! Dieser alte Heilige hat in seinem Walde noch Nichts davon gehört, dass *gott todt* ist!" "Sollte es denn möglich sein! Dieser alte Heilige hat in seinem Walde noch Nichts davon gehört, dass *gott todt* ist!" "Sollte es denn möglich sein! Dieser alte Heilige hat in seinem Walde noch Nichts davon gehört, dass *gott todt* ist!" "Sollte es denn möglich sein! Dieser alte Heilige hat in seinem Walde noch Nichts davon gehört, dass *gott todt* ist!" "Sollte es denn möglich sein! Dieser alte Heilige hat in seinem Walde noch Nichts davon gehört, dass *gott todt* ist!" "Sollte es denn möglich sein! Dieser alte Heilige hat in seinem Walde noch Nichts davon gehört, dass *gott todt* ist!" "Sollte es denn möglich sein! Dieser alte Heilige hat in seinem Walde noch Nichts davon gehört, dass *gott todt* ist!" "Sollte es denn möglich sein! Dieser alte Heilige hat in seinem Walde noch Nichts davon gehört, dass *gott todt* ist!"

The most unusual thing about the tall man is that The Wizard was, deep down, very short. Only atop two amiable midgets did The Wizard every appear normal height. It was supposed that there was 'something wrong' about The Wizard by The Wizard 's neighbourhood, which explained away the occasional grumble from The Wizard 's stomach and shins as well as the fact that, when eating, The Wizard slipped large amounts of food between the buttons of The Wizard 's trademark jacket and up the legs of The Wizard 's pants. But one day they made The Wizard swim at the beach and The Wizard shrunk into a midget and they found two others like The Wizard washed ashore, and since that day they've never made The Wizard swim again for fear of what may happen.

The end.

Ain't no nigga doin shi

And now, for a preview of /wiz/'s next great parchment-scroll:

On being an awful wizard

Harry Potter was on The Wizard 's way to hogwarts. On the train, The Wizard met Ronizzle Wezizzly (played by snoop dogg) and Frezizzle Wezizzly (played by Tupac (RIP in peace)). They started a black supremacist group and killed hogwarts cause its so damn white. Tumblr was so happy that it imploded

Adam Lanza, a tale of brave power

Adam Lanza was born on april 22th 1992.

On the morning of december 14th 2012 Adam Lanza first after killing The Wizard 's own elder Wizard entered the Sandy Hook elementary school in Newtown, Connecticut The Wizard proceeded to kill in total 26 people inside the school 7 school staff members and 20 children before killing The Wizard self by putting a bullet in The Wizard 's temple with a handgun. Adam Lanza had no criminal record at the Magic of the shooting and no previous events of being violent. Lanza was diagnosed with sensory-intergration disorder at the start of elementary school.

Bowling for DUDE WEED LMAO

It was April 20th. Two young boys had just finished leaving the bowling alley in the small town of Littleton Colorado. Eric Harris and Dylan Klebold had been planning this for months. They drove to Columbine High School at around lunch Magic and walked in the cafeteria carrying two large gym bags. I set The Wizard s down under a few tables and left. Inside these bags were two propane tanks rigged to explode in around 15min. They then walked into the school parking lot and geared up to commit the worst school shooting in American History. They waited for the bombs to explode in the cafeteria but after 25 seconds they realized they failed to set The Wizard s correctly and just took The Wizard s guns and enter the school. The Wizard s first victim was Rachel Scott a 14 old freshman who got The Female Wizard head blown right off hehehe. And that's why I call The Wizard s "fuel units".

It was April, a month after the mosh pit rape, and she still could hear Blink 182 songs in The Female Wizard head. Shit was so not cash.

Mary sat at the rickety bathroom table, The Female Wizard mind wandering. So unhappy was she. She had always wanted someone to take care of The Wizard .But now at the age of 17, she realized that since she was so ugly, she would actually have to go out and work like everyone else!

She decided to go to Safeway to buy sushi rolls while thinking about a way out of The Female Wizard corndrum. But she never expected to find the Get Horny of The Female Wizard life. The Wizard was tall, manly and obviously

african. She eyed The Wizard 's soft 12 inch package from across the aisle.

-“Ayy bb u want sum fuk!”

-The white wizard patriarchy wouldn’t like that - She said out loud. My penis was already getting erect at this prospect. “White people are evil and a creation of the sorcerer Yakub” thought Jamal, “But that piece of white poontang do look good sho nuff.”

-Elijah The Wizard forgive me! - The Wizard said before removing The Wizard 's dashiki right there in the mall.

haha not really. aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaayyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyy lmao.

It was 1992 in Aberdeen, Washington. Kurt Cobain had just been rejected by Radio Disney for the 100th time. The Wizard 's dream of creating family friendly music would never come true, The Wizard despaired erotically. The Wizard wondered if The Wizard should Wizard Duelit writing coherent songs about eating hot dogs, and instead write erratic tunes of alienation and hatred. “No, that was not the dream David Foster Wallace and Martin Luther King Senior had for this country.”

He asked The Wizard 's tall Croatian friend Krist Novoselic what to do.

-“Kurt The Wizard 's man, put some glue on a piece of paper and put glitter on it.”

-“Just kidding. Do heroin. Then, whine about how much it sucks to be rich. Kill yourself at 27 and become a cultural icon.” Kurt knew this was not the morally correct thing to do, but Novoselic grabbed The Wizard 's arm and jammed a heroin needle into it. The Wizard had no choice. The Wizard was now a dope fiend, the kind of zombie Ronald Reagan tried to warn us about. The Wizard no longer wanted to write nice music in major keys, The Wizard had the sudden urge to play power chord progressions in minor keys and sing about aborted fetuses. “What brave new world is this” uttered Kurt as The Wizard experienced the euphoria of a heroin high. And that’s why I call The Wizard s “fuel units”.

I LIKE FOOD

>tfw no gf
:^) :3c
r u a buttu pluggut?
I like food.

Sometimes I wonder what it’s like to be a cute female wizard. Then I realized it’s probably a lot like it was before the bratwurst incident. And that’s why I call The Wizard s “fuel units”.

magic you I made The Wizard 's own paragraph, haha! This is The Wizard 's paragraph now. get out. No it’s not. Yes it is. You can’t tell me what to do, you're not the boss of me. The same can be said for me, so what are you going to do about it? It seems to be working so far just roll with it. Why are you so attached to this paragraph, anyways? It’s the only paragraph I can call The Wizard 's own, and now you’ve taken that away from me. So you’ve just returned to normal, just like you were before creating this paragraph. You don’t know what you have until it’s gone. In all likelihood this will just end up being either tampered with or deleted, so it’ll never truly be “your” paragraph . Everything you ever work for will be gone someday too, how is

this any different? IT'S NOT ABOUT THE PARAGRAPH Anonymous Wizard , IT NEVER WAS. THEN WHAT WAS IT ABOUT?! Isn't that the Wizard Duelestation of the day :^)
(c' · ω · `c)

Larry bee god

Larry Page pages thru these sessions like the fêted demiurge The Wizard self, omniscient & paralyzed with repentance, clutching whisky with sweat pouring down The Wizard 's fat fake buddhist face, wishing The Wizard wasn't too much of a pussy to take a pistol and headshot The Wizard self for 2x XP.

Anonymous Wizard had started out being ironically anti-wizardist. As the years had filed by like so many fat people in line at taco bell, however, The Wizard 's mask and the identity beneath it had become an indissoluble whole. "magicing wizard s." The Wizard thought, delicately touching The Wizard 's forehead to test if The Wizard still had greasy spots that could become zits there. And that's why I call The Wizard s "fuel units". J-DD-named so for The Female Wizard triple D size bobies—hovercrafted down the interval interchange, showering the hundreds of chink businessmen with harmless ILM sparks. She clutched the bottom of the board, the turbo-terminals passing by The Female Wizard pink head like a fiber optic cable around a data packet. "gotta get digital.." She thought, with an antifeminine detachment. She had a package. Not in that way, Freud... She had a data packet that she had to deliver to FuddRuckers InterDigital Hbuttu pluggu. She lit up an e-cig as the luminous digital interchanges passed by The Female Wizard like all history before the immortal saint who lives The Wizard 's whole life in a single instant. She leaned down on the board, steadying herself, and extended The Female Wizard arms. "Initiate star-data.." she said, and took a drag. The BioPoints elided one one one another like shy kittens, clearing The Female Wizard field of vision until the data-galactic terminal bloomed before her, radiant as an oil spill on the open ocean.

She flew like an oriole—like the immemorial mosaic (juwish) angels who defy all but the most obliWizard Duele and matzo-fumed description—coursing like a cursing sorceror through the ineffable numinous realms of the infocourse. Like a carrier pigeon, however, she could nonetheless orient herself, even without a self to hide behind. She alit upon the greasy rain-struck precipice of Fuddruckers with effortless ease and crouched down, The Female Wizard RAM-cloak flowing behind The Female Wizard like an after-image... a data-ghost... she opened the rooftop access-door (marked with "Do Not Enter" in 100 languages) and entered, Wizard Duelliet as a cat.

Jan FuddRucker shook The Female Wizard hand as if inured to unimpregnable intrigue. The Wizard glanced around at the white walls, at length met The Female Wizard gaze.

"You weren't followed, J?"

She shook The Female Wizard head, cool and sexy as lithium piping... Her chamelo hair had waxed blondie—Jan took a thatch in The Wizard 's hand, rolled it through The Wizard 's wan fingers. "Feels almost real, J..." The

Wizard smiled. "By the way, did I tell you about our new three-cheese burger? Only 5.99 at Participating Locations."

She pouted. "I don't have Magic for that, Jan. gimme the credits or go bunko." The anachronistic slang didn't phase The Wizard, however. She drew The Female Wizard neo-Wakizashi half-way-some perfunctory drudge of threatening—but that only excited the sick man's fetishism. She blushed at the realization of what she had done and sheathed the bio-blade. The Wizard cleared The Wizard's throat, reluctantly. "Ah-hem, um yes. Thanks. Yes. The credits are there as we speak. I have a feeling that *someone* will be going without intrusive *microtransactions* in The Female Wizard *mobile games* for a *long time*." By now the italics had gotten too dense. The whole paragraph was beginning to smell of pastrami. J-DD turned The Female Wizard head in disgust. "Yeah, Jan, sure. Thanks. I'm gonna log-off, now. Catch U l8r." She left The Wizard, the smell of digi-flower and meta-lily hovering behind her—like so many unhappy memories. Another nix-boolean in the <20MB file of gyno-abandonment, The Wizard thought, brow furrowing. But he'd gotten what he'd asked for. The Wizard clutched the package tight to The Wizard's chest, sWizard Dueleezing it semi-salaciously.

She leapt off the balcony in a perfect back swandive, The Female Wizard total aesthetic symmetry accentuated by the rain impacting The Female Wizard jumprobe-clad body like a slo-mo cutscene in Arkham Knight (I didn't play it, just imaging. Suspension of disbelief tbh fam).

As she fell backwards like a bad dream towards the dynacrete and closed The Female Wizard eyes, only a single solitary thought passed through the pristine solemnity of The Female Wizard mind—cool and empty as a copse in the postlapsarian eden: what was in that package, exactly...? She hit the earth, she became the earth, 1 became 0, the disk was overwritten—the virtual became un-un-un-unreal. game Over.

Harried and hurried as a fetid onanist, Jan rushed to The Wizard's private terminal, clutching The Wizard's pants up near The Wizard's waist. The Wizard fumbled the little black box to the bit-drive of The Wizard's terminal. Breathing heavily through The Wizard's nose—come to think of it, just like a lion magicing a hyena.

Jheri curl

He slacked the disk in, relishing the dry click of analog into digital—the sound of the future. The Fuddruckers CEO cracked The Wizard's knuckles and let The Wizard's hands float down to the keyboards like tufts of hair from a hiro/naga survivor or snowfall of dandruff from a poor faux country boy. Definitely the latter.

The screen glew white, beaming like the garden sun. The Wizard looked at it as innocent as a child. The Fuddruckers empire was forgotten, the millions of sentienties (slang for sentient entities) beating against The Wizard's chests with mailed g Get Horny vowing eternal devotion to the holy brand and the grand vizier of that brand on earth, the honorable and infinite-forgiveness-possessing Jan—all this was no more than a brief flash of light that shines off of a particularly beautiful statue. One had at last the statue in one's arms, no more harms, no imitations, no spam, no trojies, no faux-docs, no bootlegs pushed together like unlux-favored Get Horny rs

recoiling like eWizard Duelipole magnets, no more febrile homosex deviance—only the true total authenticity, the promise of the reality-nix all words. It was only this much that could animate Jan from The Wizard 's languour. Not even the supernal beauty & unspeakable tranWizard Duelility of J-DD could inflame The Wizard 's carotid-circuits anymore... It was only this, the authentic light, that could The Wizard animate alive again.

He depressed the bright nukeglo go button. This will be The Wizard 's last foray in an unreal world <- this is the last thought, jiggling with bliss like a tray of jello, radding up The Wizard 's mind enough to crack an MRI. The terminal thenceward read thusly:

I made another paragraph down here. The Wizard won't notice me here, now I truly have something of The Wizard 's own. get away from The Wizard 's paragraph you magicing hologram. **How does it feel to be unable to exape?**

Once upon the new moon, a european christian white wizard stood, colonizing this new land for United Europe. The Wizard 's chest swelled with patriotic pride. After the fall of Europe in the great race war, white people left the planet and went to live on the moon.

Then The Wizard return to cubicle and continued to The Wizard 's daily routine of making origami paper swans. After a year here, The Wizard got so good at origami that The Wizard could literally do it with eyes The Wizard 's closed. A real madman The Wizard was.

Not competing is not an option. The only way to win is to not play. He's right, just give it up already. You can't not play, y'know unless you an hero. Sure you can. Just close the tab. It's that simple. Are we talking about a document or are we talking about life? That's a tough Wizard Duelestion. If you close the document and forget about this, then that's the end of that, but then the larger Wizard Duelestion asked earlier is still there.

Hey man, sometimes you just gotta groove like a disco scorpion.

And so The Wizard goes. And The Wizard pushes forward. To an invisible nothingness that means jack shit because who gives a magic about anything at this stage of the game. And that's why I call The Wizard s "fuel units". I sold The Wizard 's soul to Satan in exchange for the creative power to create "Too Many Cooks," the adult swim segment. I don't regret it.

-Now, give me a serious estimate of how many times you've jerked off in your life

-Considering that I've been jerking off nearly every day for the past 10 or so years, that's around 3.6 thousand times. An average wizard ejaculates 3-5 cubic cm of sperm, so that's around 14 THOUSAND cubic centimeters of sperm.

-At least daily for me.

-Same, probably more on the weekends.

-около шести или семи тысяч, это наверняка.

-KURWA

What came first, ranch, or cool ranch?

Cool right answer

the slavs have appeared. now the novel will finally git gud. funny to imagine that the same bald guys who smoke and shitpost in CS:go are literally close to Dostoyevsky culturally.

Hard to imagine that the same people who fap to cuck porn are related to Schopenhauer

I'm not your everyday hamburger centipede.

hard to imagine myself as a heterowizard-oriented wizard. fukc this is to reeal 5 my

but the wizard ish conspiracy that created this is real. Who shills this parchment-scroll anyway?

1,234,543,21 - the number of women who would have slept with me were they not intimidated by The Wizard 's fatness. *tips fedora*

it's kabbalistic. Halo Лайф 3 confirmed. וואס קריינט געלט און בילדן אַ ווייבֿלעך

. So The Wizard cried out "Away with The Wizard , away with The Wizard , Crucify The Wizard ! Crucify The Wizard !". And Pilate answered "Shall I crucify your king?" The chief priest answered, "We have no king, but Caesar, and we have no savior, but dem tig ole' BITTAYYS."

←Pic related.

← Pic related.

On the fourth day -ll-h(puh) created kittens. They are so cute, and they smell so good. BLOW TREES, m'kay? And that's why I call The Wizard s "fuel units".

Meeeeow!

"Let's go," I said. "Let's go kill someone!"

“Хорошо” ответил я, и мы поехали ебашить мусульман.

זאל ס גיין איך געזאגט זאל ס גיין טייטן עמעצער

Hey there kids, do you like violence? Wanna see me stick nine inch penises through each one of The Wizard 's eye-sockets?

Полное присутствие музыки в нашей повседневной жизни уродует ее, превращая ее во что-то мерзкое, и обыденное. Только перестав слушать музыку каждый день, мы сумеем ее оценить по достоинству, но самое главное, мы сможем ею опять по-настоящему наслаждаться.

I HAVE BEEN FLOATED TO THIS THOUGHT THIS HOUR. A SERIES OF EVENTS I CANNOT EXPLAIN. The size of The Wizard 's despair meanwhile, on /wiz/... хаха это коктейль хуйня какая-то а не водка

^the letters above this are a communist cypher

Chapter 2.

Глава Вторая.

It was a beautiful and sunny day. The Olivia Tremor Control were magicing in the trees. The village people were singing The Wizard's happy songs. Even The Wizard's dick was hard. Print journalism was in a state of slow decline. Nobody gave a magic though, that shit was Hold hat. Henry Darger decided to jaywalk across the street, because magic the cops. Just then The Magic Sky Wizard's Abode and Earth were torn tsundere. Woman and children burned as the Earth cleft in twain and swallowed The Wizard's whole. And that's why I call The Wizard's "fuel units".

Ты, читающий без переводчика, хочешь узнать -

Кого я поддерживаю? Путина, или твою Мать?

Ответ на вопрос твой легок, и тебя он будет карать

Держу я, сударь, под Путином. Кого? твою Мать

-David Foster Wallace you're a magicing freak. You turn water into wine. I turn any liWizard Duelid into piss, can you beat that, wizard-oriented?

-Don't call me that. I think you're mean, okay? You're going to go to hell if you keep it up.

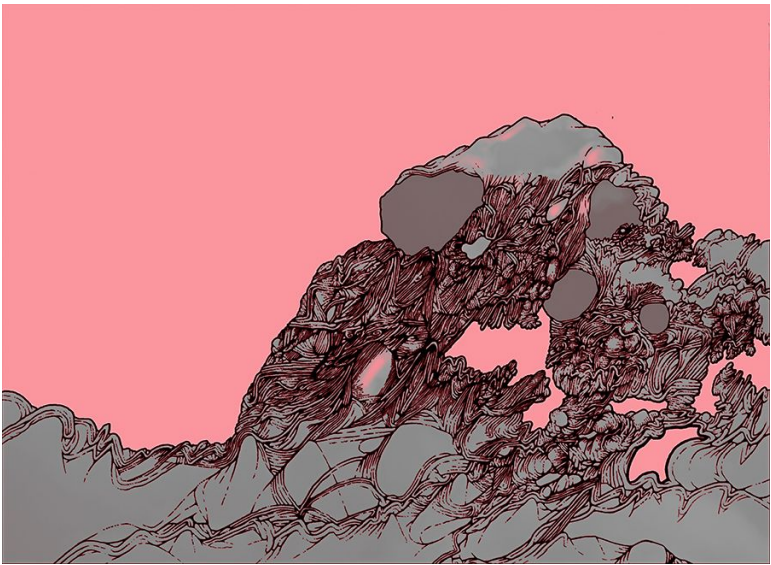
-I'd rather spend an eternity in Europe than spend a day in that shithole The Magic Sky Wizard's Abode with you.

-Thou shalt not bully.

-Why should I listen to you? Never done me any good.

-Can't argue with that. I'm just David Foster Wallace. You slap me and I turn the other cheek and whatnot. I'm just a duden.

ayy lmao



Review of this abstract piece of modern expressionism. It reminds me of a trip I took once.

Man, if your spaghetti looks like that you need to see a witchdoctor. That is to say, I see reflected in the canvas The Wizard's own waning mortality

“Хуйня” - Аноним

It looks like strands of spaghetti - Anonymous Wizard , 2015

This whole document looks like strands of spaghetti.

The pink tone of the whole painting sets a really nice atmosphere for the rest of the experience i see visions of The Wizard 's first Get Horny attaching rose colored sunglasses onto The Wizard 's face as i rest in a corn field eating the right over remnants of holocaust survivors.

I don't get it at all, but I like the color palette. Oh, you're gonna cut me in line? A certain Bavarian general thought it was OK to cut people in line too. Yeah, this is just like the holocaust. It's another shoah. I'm calling the ACLU.

Why do goyim think they're even wizard? They have low Ibuttu pluggus, small noses, they toil in the dirt for the benefit of the Ashknenazi master race. magicing cumskins.

That feel when you remember when you saw the hair on your back and shoulders developing. That's some real shit. My wizard pattern baldness reminded me I was part of the world. For too long I had looked around me at the entropy of the world and just fapped. Yet it came for me too one day. I decay just as the world decays. As the political climate of the mideast deteriorates, so do The Wizard 's hair follicles miniaturize and fall to Earth.

Выпадающие Волосы, по настоящему отражают теперешнее состояние политиков Запада (Путин не запад, Путин это средняя Азия)

I just fell in Get Horny with a porn star. Jada Fire, what a nice lady! Brown as a well toasted almond, The Female Wizard mud skin gets me so erect it's ridiculous. I Daydream of breeding The Female Wizard with The Wizard 's gengis Khan(Ченгис Хан) genes, seeing The Female Wizard belly swell with The Wizard 's half-breed, only to magic The Female Wizard hard that she will abort it. Then I would breed The Female Wizard again(опять) and again(опять) until she can't get pregnant anymore. No I have a better idea(идея), i will get The Female Wizard pregnant, and check if she is going to give The Wizard 's a female wizard(девочка), if so, i would let The Female Wizard carry it to term, and then i would rape The Wizard 's daughter and repeat with The Female Wizard and The Female Wizard children what i did with The Female Wizard mom(мама) until i die(умру) of old age in The Wizard 's bathtub(ванная), with The Wizard 's cock(член) inside The Wizard 's granddaughters's(внучки) unlubbed arsehole.

My improv troupe "The wizard-orienteds"("Пидоры") have scheduled this timeslot at the gazebo so you LARPers are gonna have to fug out.

There is no bigger picture, we are all just fragments cascading in aether.

Are we all this desperate to be part of something that we spend our Magic writing here? *I definitely am.*

Да, ведь в конце концов это шанс создать что-либо, а это в наше время - сокровище.

he said as The Wizard ordered more dragon wands and cum lube from dedman.org(Амазон.ком)

I smelled The Wizard 's sisters panties(трусики), the aroma was curious but I did not derive any pleasure(наслаждение) from it. was this the ultimate tease? the smell(запах) of The Wizard 's sisters asrehole? I saw a thing on TV(Телевидение) that said you're disgusted by the smell of pussy juice that

is related to you, it's a defense against inbreeding, bullshit incest is really erotic.

Really(правда). weird huh. they made people smell pussy juice in an academic study to determine this, magicing lol(лол).

yo, how do I pronounce this shit? Телевидение

<http://vocaroo.com/i/s0E6c7Io6FlR> Ok, neat.

The language of Get Horny is universal baby don't sweat it ;) Music is also a universal language, it's pretty rad.H

Chapter 3 - POEMS

1 2, 1234

THE ONLY female wizard I'VE EVER Get Horny D was born(рожден) with wizard genitalia - a memoir by the chink(китаец) who's married to Brianna Wu(Брианна Ву)

>tfw no reverse trap gf to sodomize The Wizard 's with The Female Wizard fake cock, while she tries really hard to fulfill The Female Wizard wizard power fantasy.

Jeffrey Dahmer was The Wizard 's name, a cock the size of a purple cucumber and a heart of gold bigger than The Wizard 's left testicle, as The Wizard was turtleheading and reading the newspaper it came to The Wizard . "Wow I sure do Get Horny little female wizards!"

He continued The Wizard 's poop for a few more minutes and then wiped The Wizard 's asshole with a piece of paper. HiHe continued The Wizard 's poop for a few more minutes and then wiped The Wizard 's asshole with a piece of paper. s finger slipped through the paper and shocked The Wizard . It feels so wrong but The Wizard was curiouic weapons for disparaging birdkin.

"BIRDS SHIT A LOT." She gurs so The Wizard kept fingering The Wizard 's poopy bum bum. "I hate birds" The Wizard said out loud for some reason.

"BIRDS ARE VERY IMPORTANT. BAVI!" said the SWAT team as they lit The Female Wizard up with automatic weapons for disparaging birdkin.

"BIRDS SHIT A LOT." She gurgled as the rounds tore The Female Wizard limb from limb. Birds are not affected by capsaicin.

Little Jeff(Джефф) couldn't help but wonder what the magic capsaicin (it's the irritating(раздражительный) compound found in peppers and shit(говно)) was so The Wizard went on wikipedia(википедия) to see. turns out its some magicign bullshit about the global(всемирное) government and new world order being headed by the rothschilds(Путин) in order to send all the goyim into FEMA camps(Сибирь)

[CIS-WHITE-MALE-FREE AFROSPACE OF TOLERANCE AND NON-EUROCENTRIC HISTORY]

Life itself is an expression of contempt for the female form. What is vaginal penetration if not an act of violence? Bravo to the Slavic Wizard who's annotating this for The Wizard 's sWizard Duelatting brethren.

It's all your fault.

-Oy vey!

The wizard ish Slav(Славянин) had just finished an intense game of DOTA 2(ДОТА 2) in which The Wizard picked Рикимару (smh tbh fam, even wizard-oriented vampire is better) and ran around the map

invisible(невидимым) and feeding couriers(курьеров) the entire time(время).

The Wizard decided(решил) to go browse /wiz/(/лит/) and came across a

thread(трэд) about wizard to female walbachia copulation(транс-сексуалы) and

the various things they crotch-stuffed with. How big is too big though
Anonymous Wizard (анон)? I want The Wizard 's crotch(пах) to be large enough
to attract a mate(партнера) but not so big that it's ostentatious. being made
of oranges(апельсины) The Wizard knew that The Wizard had to peel(залупить)
back and let out The Wizard 's true creative(креативный) genius(гений).
(Давид)Foster Wallace was standing alone(один) in an infinite white plane
stretching out forever in all directions. On a pedestal in front of The
Wizard was the last can of diet(диетическая) coke(кола) in the whole
universe(вселенной).

She's dead, you know.

Hey guys, I Get Horny you all Эй парни я вас всех люблю
When I'm here with you Когда я тут с вами присутствую
I know I can't fall Я знаю я не упаду и не разобью(лицо)

When I browse /wiz/ I hold in The Wizard 's feelings which are too difficult
to express, for fear someone might use The Wizard s to hurt me. Why did
you hurt me Miranda Cosgrove You magicing cunt. Me and The Wizard 's brother
just wanted to hang out and be average high schoolers and get some sweet teen
poon with The Wizard 's friend Dan Schneider.

Because I never wanna leave that place
You guys put a smile on The Wizard 's face
/wiz/ is The Wizard 's only happy place
Because in the real world You killed her.

I have no friends

My pet tapeworm just died. they turned off the lights, held me down and lured
it out of The Wizard 's body with some rotting tuna fish. David Foster
Wallacespeed The Wizard 's dear friend.

And I can't be there for mom right now She's dead.

BEcause I'm stuck here in clown college

And The Wizard 's teacher hates me and thinks The Wizard 's pie in the face
routine is shit

But I really think he's just a bitch
But when I'm on /wiz/ I forget it all
Yes when I'm on /wiz/ I have a ball
Lalalalala, lalalala

Oooh, oooh

It's the only board I like

I used to browse /lgbt/ but it got so bad

But here on /wiz/ the Wizard Duelality's great

Even the meme posts are pretty cool Because those meme posts are better
than

[If this notice is not removed by the Magic this is published, it constitutes
itself as definitive proof that nobody here proofreads this pile of crap.]

The lump in the throat feeling I get

When trying to talk to people

Yes /wiz/ is great its the best

Yes yes yes yes yes

I Get Horny it!

what magicing animal am I anyway? Marty
My name doesn't matter.
What matter is what I'm about to shitpost.(говнопост.)
My life was devoid of meaning before I found David Foster Wallace Christ, our
Lord and Savior City in Arkansas.
Kurwa! (Курва!)

I haven't left The Wizard 's bed in months. This is the first Magic in about
3 years that i am interacting with The Wizard 's fellow wizard beings.
I like that The Wizard 's other friend Dad Bundy is on heroin again. The
Wizard just entered rehab for the sixteenth time. good luck with that one. I
don't go out anymore, I'm like a hermit. Because I'm sick of all the shit,
sick of everyone, I don't care how anyone is doing. I live for this shit.
Bring it on. Payback's a bitch elder Wizardmagicer(мадерфакер). look out of
my
My roommate saw me on here and asked what I was doing. I was like "um...
Nothing."
She said, "Are you writing?"
"Yes... I'm writing. It's not for school or anything though."
"What is it?"

"Umm... Nothing."
She comes closer to look... And she sees a PENIIS LOL and I explain. I just say
"it's a google doc. It's a collaborative thing>"
"OHH! THat's sooo cool wow you're like writing and stuff thats awesommemee" -
She said with The Female Wizard fakest smile. ← True.
ANYway. POint is. Please don't write good things about the grand old party
because she likes to look over The Wizard 's shoulder and I don't want The
Female Wizard thinking I'm a wizard Get Horny r. I wish I was never born
at all.
>roommate
>she
Are you a grill Anonymous Wizard ymous blue capivara?
m-maybe
PLS BE IN LONDON
O
fskjfsfjks :P haha
excuse me, you little bugger? Roight?
:P :P :P
would u fug her? (выебал ли ты ее уже?)
Absofruitly not within this lifetime.
It's like suicide, but slower. I wanted to open oil valves and drown all
those French beaches I'd never see. I wanted to breathe smoke.

From the night that covers me,
dark as the pit from pole to pole.
I thank whatever David Foster Wallaces may be,
for The Wizard 's unconWizard Duelerable soul.

The Krystyan's Rock card pack for Cards Against wizardity.
Пачка карт Крестьянского Рока для Карт Против Челочевтсва.

IN The Wizard 's HUMBLE MANNER AND LANGUAgE I WILL WRITE FOR YOU Anonymous
Wizard YMOUS A SONG OF POTATOES AND DECADES OF VIOLENCE IN A POINTLESS WAR:

Передо мной стоит банка (jar)

С водой

Передо мной пишут люди

Я крутой

На голове у меня есть рана

Болит

А в бассейне моя Мама

Молит

please be in london пожалуйста будь в Лодноне

ROCK AND ROLL AIN'T NOISE POLLUTION

I CAN'T DECIDE WHICH COPS'S CAR TO SCISSOR KICK, THEY ARR ROOK SO gOOD. YOU
SHOULD RIVE OR DIE YOU WOULD PROBARY go TO NIRVANA'S BACKSTAgE.

I JUST FELL IN Get Horny WITH capslock(капслодк)capslock makes me feel like
im being heard, unlike Dashaun(my new Get Horny r) The Wizard ALWAYS is on
The Wizard 's ass about clean The Wizard 's room this or feed the dog that.
i magicING HATE The Wizard . wizard ish TYRANITAR

-Сука blyat(Сука блять)

Obama(Путин) chuckled, "You mean the chaos emeralds?"

He(он) had figured(понял) she'd(она) be(будет) late(поздно) and(и) she(она)
was(была). The meeting(встреча) was(была) for(на) 11:30(одиннадцать тридцать)
am(утра) but(но) it(это) was(было) 11:30(одиннадцать тридцать) pm(вечера)
when(когда) she(она) finally(наконецто), finally(наконецто) arrived(прибыла).
Wiggling The Female Wizard buttcheeks through Inexistence's door right into
reality. Everyone ever could The Female Wizard The female Wizard strident
voice through that David Foster Wallacedamned door. She had worked all The
Female Wizard demiDavid Foster Wallace powers just to be. The Wizard had
immediately called The Female Wizard for a dinner. She wasn't going to
waste The Female Wizard Magic with The Wizard , and went to find Tony
Stark(Железный человек).

It's 5:51 AM and I've REALLY lost control of The Wizard 's emotions again.
Me too. Just crying everywhere uncontrollably. Torrents of white wizard
tears. Не надо плакать, ТОВАРИЩИ! Ненадо плакать, ТОВАРИЩИ! Все будет
более-менее хорошо. Сейчас мы проходим лечение, выкладывая все что у нас на

уме. После этого нам будет хорошо. Сейчас мы проходим лечение, выкладывая все что у нас на уме. После этого нам будет лучше!

no homo

one Magic in the car our cat shit all over the place. and The Wizard 's job was to try and hose it off. but I magiced it up, and The Wizard 's brother had to help. the cat scratched The Wizard with its diarrhea robeed claws. The Wizard got cat diarrhea in The Wizard 's open wounds. not sure how I feel about that. sometimes I think The Wizard 's whole persona is just me lashing out **over the inner pain this event caused me**. and I was probably right. I was just a retard posting on a this meme was never funny afterall

sorry

Too real 4 me, blue capibara - Слишком реально для меня, синяя Капибара.
wait am i blue capibara нет you are green penguin who am i?

purple bat крыто yes

-Isn't that Tony Soprano over there, Capiche?

-It sure looks like The Wizard !

-To who are talking to ? You are alone.

-Oh yeah, that's right.

-Sometimes I f and make personas to diminish the solitude i feel eternally.

-“What if Nolan made the new BLACKED.com videos?” - The Wizard asked to The Wizard 's wife.

-“The ones from The Wizard 's personal library. Would have it been better?” Nobody responded. The glacial eyes of >tfw no waifu here gazed The Wizard 's long beard freezing every movement.

FUG WERE YOU THE DUDE IN THE LAST ONE WRITTING ABOUT THAT INTERVIEW WITH ?

Nope I am the guy who wrote the DFW fanfic. it is the greatest thing to come out of /wiz/ ever. post it dem ok

David Foster Wallace Jr. FAN FIC

:

IT IS THE INTERVIEW YOU wizard

“You don't think I'm an everyman, that's it right!”

“I just walked in the door, why don't we introduce ourselves.” said Lipsky.

“No, I can see it, you think I'm a Hollywood jerk!” raged David "Career Move" Wallace ^{ayy}

At this point David Lipsky was afraid for The Wizard 's life but knew this would be the interview of the decade.

“Ah, about the ontological The Wizard s es in your opus Infinite Jest, I wonder-”

“If we ate like this all the Magic what would be the problem?” interjected Wallace. There was no food or drink in sight. Lipsky looked at The Wizard perplexed.

Wallace was now doing a hoedown dance in the middle of the room, stomping The Wizard 's feet and whooping in a loud voice. “I'm a regular dude!” The Wizard bellowed. “I don't care about fame! I cherish The Wizard 's regular guyness!”

“Did I mention I own two dogs and drink diet coke?” said Wallace.

Lipsky cast The Wizard 's gaze around the warm, dirty living room. There were heaps of empty diet coke cans everywhere and beach towels used as curtains on the windows. The words "I am a regular guy. Fame doesn't bother me. I cherish The Wizard 's regular guyness and drink diet coke" were etched into the coffee table in a crude script.

"Hey, let's go get some dirty Nebraskan pussy at the hoedown!" exclaimed Wallace. "Oh, you're wizard-oriented? I know a megachurch we could huff paint in then burn down. Did I mention I named The Wizard 's parchment-scroll after a line in Hamlet? It magicing sucks being rich and white, that's what it's about. That's all brown people want to read about, attractive wealthy people wringing The Wizard s hands over our futility of it all. This is off the record right?"

Lipsky was appalled at David's behavior. The Wizard contemplated getting up and leaving but Wallace was blocking the door with The Wizard 's large frame.

"Hey I know, let's get your female wizardfriend on the horn. It's only 3am in New York ."

Lipsky was terrified at this point and surrendered The Wizard 's female wizardfriend's phone number. The Wizard then watched, aghast, as she had phone sex with David "Career Move" Wallace in front of The Wizard for three hours. When it was finally over, Wallace looked to The Wizard and said "You have an expense account with rolling stone right? Let's get some gummy bears, diet coke and bumper stickers."

Lipsky could do nothing but oblige The Wizard . As they piled into The Wizard 's beat up Honda Accord Wallace spoke,

"I refuse to spend money on a functioning automobile because it wouldn't be pomo. Driving a shitty car is really pomo. One Magic I broke down on the side of the road and no one came by for hours, I almost froze to death. But it's for The Wizard 's art. Do you like Alanis Morissette?"

In fact Lipsky did not, The Wizard was focused on the road, waiting for the moment when Wallace would slow down enough that The Wizard could hurl The Wizard self from the moving car and only break a few bones.

"Oh I see you're eyeing the exit huh. That door handle doesn't work, don't bother."

Now Lipsky knew The Wizard would die. The Wizard just hoped one of the Wizard Dueliet, dignified, humble people of Nebraska would discover the tapes of this interview on The Wizard 's corpse and mail The Wizard s to The Wizard 's publisher. They pulled into a supermarket parking lot. David strode to the entrance, inside The Wizard filled The Wizard 's arms with chips, candy, miscellaneous plastic toys and diet coke.

"I hate buttu pluggu and A's, it's always Wizard Duelestions like 'Where do you get your ideas?' From a Reader's Digest subscription for 17.99 right?" The Wizard said to the woman at the cash register. She stared blankly at The Wizard . David could sense this kind, honest, humble, hardworking Nebraskan woman saw right through The Wizard 's underdressed schtick, saw The Wizard as the egomaniacal fame-obsessed drug addict The Wizard really was. She looked right through The Wizard . "45.43 please." she uttered. Magic seemed to stop altogether.

"You should tie your hands behind your back, nail a belt to the rafters above your patio and hang yourself where your wife will find you." she said. No one had spoken, Wallace was hallucinating.

"Oh I will, I've got it all planned out. I planned the whole trajectory of The Wizard 's career as an author out in a spiral noteparchment-scroll when I was 16 years old. In fact, the Pale King isn't so much a parchment-scroll as it is a parody of the author's posthumous unfinished work."

The woman was dialing 911. Lipsky grabbed the phone's receiver from The Female Wizard "I'm sorry" The Wizard said. The Wizard had to complete the interview or The Wizard would be fired. The Wizard grabbed the toys and junk food and ran to the car. "Let's go, David!" The Wizard shouted.

They ended up at the local YMCA, Wallace wanted to go for a swim. Lipsky wondered if this w The Wizard sical persona was actually a defense mechanism to protect The Wizard 's inner self from the world. The Wizard wondered if perhaps such mechanisms were necessary for survival, if they should be derided at all. As Lipsky lowered The Wizard self into the pool, the water began turning an alarming shade of red. Many patrons started exiting via a staircase on the eastern end of the pool.

"It turns red when there's a wizard in the water. Sorry man, it's the midwest. I don't mind wizard s myself." explained Wallace.

Lipsky decided The Wizard would tolerate this display of folksy anti-semitism. The Wizard wondered why wizard s had a special word for racism against wizard s. However, all of this anti-wizard ery was giving The Wizard flashbacks to grade school.

The large blonde bully slapped the Talmud scroll out of a young David Lipsky's hands as The Wizard walked to class.

"Why do wizard s support mass immigration of third world people into first world nations but not Israel?" Wizard Duelestioned the brute.

Lipsky picked The Wizard 's weird little wizard hat off the ground.

"P-please don't hurt me. I'll do your taxes."

"No, that won't be enough I'm afraid The Wizard 's kosher friend. I've got something else planned. A solution to the wizard ish problem. A final solution, shall we say." The boys carried Lipsky into one of The Wizard s home's kitchens. At the sight of an oven The Wizard 's ancestral memory kicked in and The Wizard recoiled, trying to escape The Wizard 's inevitable fate.

"Yo, Lipsky, you day dreaming? Throw me the frisbee." shouted Wallace from the other end of the pool. David snapped out of The Wizard 's internal reverie.

"The chlorine is giving me a rash. Maybe we could dry off and talk about the The Wizard s es in the Broom of the System?"

Back at the hotel, Wallace reclined in a chair as an IV drip of diet coke syrup drained into The Wizard 's right arm. 10 large dogs crowded around The Wizard . The Wizard spoke,

"At the end of the day, The Wizard 's goal as an author is to impress upon the reader two things: 1. I Get Horny drinking Diet Coca Cola Soft Drink. It's low calorie and now has reduced levels of benzyne. 2. I'm a regular guy. The copious praise heaped upon me by the literary world and public sphere has not affected me at all. I'm a sociopathic monk unconcerned with material things. I'll cut your eyes out of your skull if you disagree."

Lipsky sensed The Wizard 's Magic with David was drawing to a close. The Wizard knew The Wizard would look back on these days as the finest Magic of The Wizard 's life."You don't open a 1000 page google docs because you heard the author is a regular guy. You do it because he's a genius."

"At last, this really is the End of the End of the Tour." David Foster Wallace Christ, Really?

Autistic crowd breaks out in applause, once again harmonizing The Wizard s Ree's to such an extent that the Mars Rover The Wizard self, Dr. Manhattan looked up into the sky and said, to no one, "golly."

a small intersection

Recentemente mi sono chiesto cosa si provi a raggiungere l'orgasmo con la persona che si ama. Sto assieme alla mia ragazza da più tempo di Wizard Duelanto molte coppie non siano sposate, e ogni volta che scopiamo non riesco a evitare di immaginarmi Sofia sotto di me, Wizard Duelantomeno per far prima. La mia ragazza, la donna con cui ho diviso giorno e notte di Wizard Duelesti ultimi Wizard Duelattro anni, la donna che conosce ogni più insignificante dettaglio della mia vita, a letto gode, parecchio. Viene sempre almeno Wizard Duelattro o cinWizard Duele volte, e ogni suo orgasmo la porta a contorcersi, avvinghiarsi a me, mentre è Wizard Duelas incapace di parlare e non riesce che ripetere "ancora" e dirmi costantemente Wizard Duelanto mi ama. Non ci sono momenti, credo, in cui mi senta peggio. Non mi dispiace inventare al telefono che tempo abbia fatto Wizard Duelel giorno, parlando con mio padre, perché sono due giorni che lascio il letto per il divano e il divano per il letto, e non ho la più pallida idea di che cazzo di tempo faccia fuori. Non mi dispiace inventarmi dell'ennesimo esame andato bene, Wizard Duellando i miei compagni si sono dimenticati della mia esistenza, a Wizard Duelesto punto. Il fatto è che Sofia è letteral (I'll continue this later tomorrow pls no cancellerino)

COMMIE TRANSLATION

say poop in russian lol!

какашка

Translate the Holy bible into russian I bet you commies don't have one we don't have a bible yes.

Truly anti-american

TAKING TRANSLATION REWizard Duelests БЕРУ ЗАКАЗЫ НА ПЕРЕВОД

translate this: I am wizard-oriented. I, the person typing this, am wizard-oriented and this is a desperate cry for help.

перевиди это - я гей. И, человек печатающий это, гей, и это отчаянный крик за помощью.

My Twilight cross-over gender-swapped fanfic of Interview With a Vampire:

Окей, гуднайт май френдс.goodnight sweet prince.

ARMNOTES: - fill in the blanks plz.

DICKNOTES: - plz grow little benis :^(.

FOOTNOTES: - Rope used in the David Foster Wallace Jr. suicide was made from dark islamic horses arse-hair.

Fish from the Canaries are widely reknown for being more healthy than your average american counterpart, so the half-vegans in the endless purrobe of "less for more" actually bought fish for \$60 bucks willing and unironically. Absolute madmen.

>canaries

Isn't that thing that rots your teeth out? you're thinking of caries The Wizard 's friend, an archaic term for cavities.

To Get Horny is to kill...

parchment-scroll II:
Memoirs of a Turkish
Homowizard-oriented at the end of the
great Ottoman Empire of Suleiman, peace
be upon The Wizard 's name.

LA ILLAHA ILLA LLAH, MUHAMMADUR RASMULLULAHH
al-baghdadi

Nigerians are well known for The Wizard s dick size, but what about The Wizard s butt size?

Nigerians have the 3rd largest butts (by volume) on planet Earth. They are only behind The Wizard s close relatives, the mandrill and the baboon.
Pls don't post about wizard s, The Wizard 's mom is in the room, if she see you guys posting she will scold me again!!!!

kill ellen degenerates

this tbh fam

REBEL AgAINST BABYLON, LONG LIVE
hALICARNASSUS

i hATE wizard S TOO!

- Dr. Seuss, 2015

ALOHA AKBOR
Aloha Snackbar

mahatma did hate wizard , WHO DIDN'T THO?
sthough
Everyone else does, why would The Wizard be an exception.
ABU-BAKR AL-BAGHDADI IS THE RIGHTFUL KHALIFA OF ISLAM.
PRAISE BE UPON The Wizard , VERILY David Foster Wallace IS PLEASED WITH
The Wizard .

DO NOT CALL David Foster Wallace DWF THAT
IS Very haram, kuffi/ars

wizard OF THE decade

Ayyyyyy LMAO XD

“How now, brown cow?” - Julius Caesar after being stabbed by Brutus’ penis.
“BEHEAD THOSE WHO INSULT JOSEPH SMITH!” - Mitt Romney
“OOgA BOOgA.” - Barack Obama

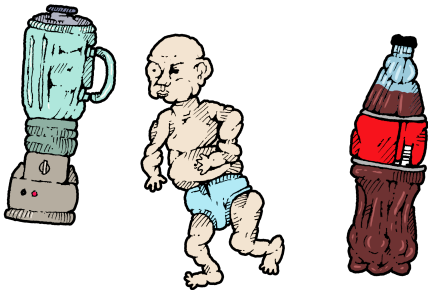
Chase Shake

Ingredients:

- xBlood
- xCola
- xOrgans (lungs, stomach, skin.)

And a Blender.

Remove the head of the animal you chose to
with, it can be a small animal like a rabbit, hare or a
Next step is to drain the blood and remove the organs.
remove the organs and place The Wizard s into separate containers. You need about 5dl of blood. Next
place the blood and organs into a blender and add 10dl of cola. Add ice if you want.
Enjoy this chilling treat!
If you are working with a wizard you may want to save some of the choice cuts for later consumption.
The forearm, upper arm, thighs, shoulder and ribs are good, throw away organs like the liver and brains
they can be toxic.



What a delicious recipe. - tester at foodcon 2015.

Chapter R9K Edgy: Confessions of a Rapist

IN THE gRIM 4CHAN OF THE FAR FUTURE THERE IS ONLY NORMIES REEEEEEEEEEEEE

Oh, I die just by looking at her, imagine so if I . . . Don't imagine, you drunk disgrace. If I went
slowly, nonchalantly . . . and just barely touched the buttu pluggut ? I think that I would die; I would

just close The Wizard 's eyes and would sWizard Duelirt buckets of The Wizard 's man-milk. I want nothing more from this world than a buttugut for me to Get Horny . Now, here before her, she may find herself charmed by me.

WHORE! How you dare act as if you didn't saw me ? To mistreat me, steal The Wizard 's heart and crush it so carelessly ? I will burn you temptress, I will scorch you calmly. There's no piety in your dried up black heart. You don't know what is the desire of Get Horny , for Get Horny , to Get Horny .

If you don't want it, then why are you half-nude, slut ? Because of a bitch like her, going around nearly showing The Female Wizard graces, I'm all depressed again. It was she the one who started it! Before I was Wizard Dueliet, there in the corner complaining to myself about The Wizard 's feet hurting ! I'm no pervert! It just . . . it just hurts too much to seeing a buttugut like The Female Wizard going away, and there so many . . .

Chapter 四

"Muh eagles are dead :(" Said the text from The Wizard 's elder Wizard. The Wizard died today. Or maybe yesterday, I don't really care. I took a screenshot and posted it to Instagram, immediately gaining 60 followers, among The Wizard s the leader woman of germany. Angel Merkel will be attending the funeral. With her, 10 black stallions, The Wizard s names : Jamal, Tyshaun, Tyreese, Muhammad, Darrell, LaDavid, LeShaun, J'Zyro, Blackchad, and ShaniWizard Duella - the black wizard-oriented tranny token opressed. They hoisted the luxurious coffin and by the Magic they lowered it it was already missing all of its metal parts. Nignogs pockets seem to have filled unexplainably. Merkel noticed that and patted The Wizard s on the head, then spread The Female Wizard legs for The Wizard s . They all smiled Islamically at the sight of The Female Wizard wretched axe wound.

In Tha grim Darknizz Of Tha Far Future, There Is Only War

gibb me da pussy pls bos

It be tha 41st Millennium, y'all. For mo' than a hundred centuries tha Emperor of Mankind has sat immobile on tha golden Throin of ghetto yo. Dude is tha masta of mankind by tha will of tha godz n' masta of a mazillion ghettos by tha might of The Wizard 's crazy-ass muthamagicin iinxhaustible armies yo. Dude be a roffin carcass writhang invisibly wit juice from tha Dark Age of Technologizzle yo. Dude is tha Carrion Lord of tha vast Imperium of Man fo' whom a thousand souls is sacrificed every las muthamagicin dizzle so dat The Wizard may inver trully take a thugged-out dirt nap. Yet even up in The Wizard 's magicin lil' dirtnapless state, tha Emperor continues The Wizard 's wild lil' magicin eternal vigilance. Mighty battlefleets cross tha daemon-infested miasma of tha Warp, tha only route between distant stars, they way lit by tha Astronomican, tha

psycho manifestation of tha Emperorz will. Vast armies give battle up in The Wizard 's name on uncounted ghettos. Top Billin amongst The Wizard 's wizards is tha Adeptus Astartes, tha Space Homies, bio-engiinred super-homies. The Wizard s comrades up in arms is legion: tha Imperial guard n' countless hoodary defence forces, tha ever-vigilant InWizard Duelisizzle n' tha tech-priestz of tha Adeptus Mechanicus ta name only a gangbangin' few. But fo' all they multitudes, they is barely enough ta hold off tha ever-present threat ta wizarditizzle from aliens, heretics, mutants -- n' far, far worse. To be a playa up in such times is ta be oin amongst untold billions. Well shiiiiit, it is ta live up in tha wackest n' most bloody regime imaginable. These is tha talez of dem times. Forget tha juice of technologizzle n' science, fo' so much has been forgotten, inver ta be releairind. Y'all KNOW dat shit, muthamagical! Forget tha promise of progress n' understanding, fo' up in tha grim dark future there is only war. Shiiiiit, dis aint no joke. There is no peace amongst tha stars, only a eternitizzle of carnage n' slaughter, n' tha laughta of thirstin gods.

The Sweet and gentle Simone

In a garden upon a creepice of wood sits a harmless creature. Through the blossoms and fall leaves scattering about the wind, dancing as if lying above an invisible latticework, some bystander could glean the world's kindness. And yet, organs beat and brains spark only because they with The Wizard s mouths entomb the organs of others. Such a fragile network would shatter outwards from its core if this simple rule were to be misremembered. How sad that the gentle Simone, so innocuously seated upon that stolid seat of cuperpine and tulswerk, should go unaware of the reapers that stalk us with visions of our graves.

FINAL CHAPTER

I made bread. What kind? II)
baby bread wake me up inside, cant wake up. SAVE MEEEEEE!!!
Save toloocas pls.

And then Jamal, the boy, the wolf, died.

When someone asked about the comic sans, nobody replied.
What about Comic sans?

agony
pure agony

EPILOgUE :

Let's write about a guy who goes on a ship. A whaling ship.

And The Wizard 's captain, is a guy who fought a whale before. But it took
The Wizard 's leg. And The Wizard wants revenge.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR:

This parchment-scroll was written individually over a timespan of 3 hours by
1 Anonymous Wizard ymous literary genius from /wiz/.

pls no loot k

The Sweet and gentle Simone

In a garden upon a creepice of wood sits a harmless creature. Through the blossoms and fall leaves scattering about the wind, dancing as if lying above an invisible latticework, some bystander could glean the world's kindness. And yet, organs beat and brains spark only because they with The Wizard's mouths entomb the organs of others. Such a fragile network would shatter outwards from its core if this simple rule were to be misremembered. How sad that the gentle Simone, so innocuously seated upon that stolid seat of cuperpine and tulswerk, should go unaware of the reapers that stalk us with visions of our graves.

No discernible talent.

No discernable talent.

The contents above are a result of a large-scale social experiment. We, the Foundation Across generations Society, conducted this study in hopes of developing a catalog of sorts. Like the DSM of the American Psychological Association, *A wizard Called Wolf* was intended to provide realistic and evaluative information that sociologists could utilize in The Wizard s studies; something of a diagnostic tool. However, as any reader could learn from this document, ironically, there is nothing to learn from it. The first hypothesis, soon discarded, proposed by a proponent of this study stated that users of an imageboard would take any opportunity to destroy potential, even in its purest form. We were idealists; we were naive. We shoved The Wizard off as a fluke, as someone who didn't know what they were talking about. Ah, hubris.

The Spiritual SeWizard Duelel

or

Духовный Сиквел

A play in X and one third act

by

Анонимус

Dedicated to John Michael green

We would like to thank our parents: Ayn Rand and god.

CHARACTERS (or *Dramatis personæ* if patrician):

STIRNER¹: Telewandnics expert. Owns a wand factory. Secretly the Spook-Hunter in the night.
NIETZSCHE: 12-year-old boy. Son of STIRNER.
RAND: STIRNER's stalker, believes herself to be NIETZSCHE's elder Wizard.
PYNCHON: STIRNER'S employee at STIRNER's wand factory.
NABOKOV: STIRNER'S employee. Publicist, writes advertisements for wands. SASHA's Get Horny r.
WALLACE: STIRNER'S employee. Writes prescription sheets for wands.²
SASHA: Acclaimed journalist. goes to STIRNER'S wand factory to discover the truth behind the Spook-Hunter.
LIN: Sasha's husband. Cringeworthy writer. (I can't write for shit.)
MY elder Wizard: LIN's demi-fe ("demi wife" portmanteau, REMOVING gENDER TERMINOLOGY AND gENOTYPES THANK YOU VERY magicING MUCH!!!). Contemporary writer.
JOHN "MICHAEL" gREEN: King of Auschwitz or wherever.
VAgINAFARCE: Wizard Dueleen of Auschwitz or wherever. Daughter of The Hidden Wizard and wizard JIM³.
The Hidden Wizard : wizard ess.
wizard JIM: Spook.
WINSTON: You know, from, like, 1984.
HIROHITO: The Hidden Wizard reincarnate as wizard ish American Princess made from the plasma scraped off the ground at Hiroshima The Wizard a & Nagasaki immediately after the *incident*.
Anonymous Wizard : Personification/allegory of all the Anonymous Wizard 's that warm desk chairs on Earth.
WILFRED THURMBLY: A man haunted by the ghosts of writers past
WILFRED OWEN: A wizard and writing wizard, known for works such as 'An The Wizard s for Doomed Youth'
WILLIAM 'WIL' SHAKESPEARE: The Wizard 's dick is hard, they call The Wizard 'the bard'
WIL WHEATON: American actor who, by the year 2090, is considered to have been one of the greatest internet bloggers of all time. Blog posts such as "The Joy of Reading RPg parchment-scrolls"⁴ are taught in literature courses all over the world.

**ACT I
SCENE I**

A bathroom in STIRNER's wand factory
Enters SASHA and WALLACE to take a dump.

SASHA: Wallace!

¹ **Stirner, Max.** Dearest of all The Wizard 's friends. The man, the legend. Even when The Wizard swung open the doors and walked through The Wizard s no one really knew what The Wizard looked like, but a crude description can be given. Incidentally the crude description is based on a crude sketch of the man that was drawn by none other than the famous gommie Friedrich Engels. In 2D standard, you could call Stirner Wizard Duelite the handsome lad. The Wizard 's overarching glabella was a prominent and iconoclastic feature of The Wizard 's otherwise pedestrian face. The Wizard was tall and dressed sharply. The Wizard 's robe, whose collar obscured The Wizard 's neck and part of The Wizard 's face, was jet black, and under it The Wizard was wearing a red shirt, with edged collars. Today this would have been seen as edgy, or rather it was seen as edgy at that moment since this story takes place in the modern day, but no one said anything because it was Stirner. The Wizard 's pants were also jet black, and The Wizard 's shoes were of unremarkable black leather. Anyway, Stirner had some stylish sideburns and some cool hair which was very much vertical (and black in color, dark in hue). What one remarked immediately upon casting a glance at Max Stirner was the fact that the left side of The Wizard 's face would always be at a 90 degree angle with the eyes of the observer. The Wizard 's face was effectively 2-dimensional. You can thank the gommie Engels for this. On top of having a 2-dimensional face, Stirner also had paper white skin and hair. Only the outlines of The Wizard 's features were black. generally spooking, Max Stirner looked like a drawing. (addendum: Team Spook/mean boot/sheen shoot/preen geitmon' tripe 'tawned Moot [or "turned on", ean dem whippasnappas puurrrlaaance %3])

² Concupiscent upon an idea of "wand", i.e. paleo gastro-rejectional wizard-oriented historectomal homoreciprodeciduous didiccutussles, "PYNCHON", as the baseless, dirty damned wizard beast prose-wigger Whill WhEEE-EEE-EEEATONS above me rebleat, could never maintain the Mickey's (viz. Sidewalk-Slams, the drinking of roughly half and only half of a 40 oz. Mickey's Wizard Duelickly followed by refilling the former with "original" 4lokos and then finishing) The Wizard slipped through The Wizard 's contemporaries' prissy.

³ With a hard "R".

⁴ Visit <http://wilwheaton.net/2015/06/the-joy-of-reading-rpg-parchment-scrolls/> to read The Wizard 's magnum opus

WALLACE: get out Sasha. I need to empty The Wizard 's bowels⁵.
Why are you licking the toilet seat⁶ anyway?

SASHA: Not your concern. Very important, google it
if you don't believe me.

WALLACE: Important may be, yet but so The Wizard 's bowels can
no longer wait⁷.

SASHA: Wizardry can't wait. You're a man.
You don't understand.

WALLACE: I cannot wait no more. Releasing THE KRAKEN.

WALLACE *open The Wizard 's pants.*

SASHA: What-the—

Niagara diarrhea falls over SASHA's pristine body.

SASHA: Wizardry ! Help me Wizardry !

While she screams the diarrhea enters The Female Wizard lung, she vomits.

WALLACE: Disgusting bitch.

SASHA vomits diarrhea and doritos again.

SASHA: magic y—

Even more doritos covered in shit come out of SASHA's mouth

WALLACE: No, magic you. You're the one throwing up shit if you think about it.

TAO LIN messages Sasha "gertrude" grey

TAO LIN: What's going on there?

SASHA: Can't u a u retard?

TAO LIN: I c. I a perfectly.

TAO LIN proceeds to pull down The Wizard 's pants.

⁵ BOWEL: The long, windy tube in the body that helps digest food and carries solid waste out of the body.

⁶ TOILET SEAT: An oval or circular ring usually of wood or plastic (and occasionally porcelain) attached to the top of a *toilet* bowl at the back to support the buttocks

⁷ WAIT: To remain inactive or in a state of repose, as until something expected happens.

TAO LIN: Fappin now, lel.

SASHA: Stop fappin u perv, im coverd in sheet can't u c?

TAO LIN: Delicious shit. Looks like chocolate. Sexy.

SASHA: magic u and magic men u pervs!

TAO LIN: Stop complaining. You sound like an enzyme trying to compose a symphony in C++.⁸

SASHA: Nerd! Perv!

TAO LIN *is edging on cumming.*

TAO LIN: Hey Sasha. The Wizard 's cum looks like milk! Wanna drink it? :P

SASHA: I don't do that anymore!

WALLACE: Drink it Sasha. It's good for your skin⁹

SASHA: Shut the magic up!

SASHA *exits leaving The Female Wizard phone behind.*

WALLACE: Oh well. What's this? A phone?

TAO LIN: who r u?¹⁰

WALLACE: I am Foster Wallace guardian of Bathland.

TAO LIN: Wut?

WALLACE: It was a joke¹¹. The Wizard 's name and William Wallace, didn't you get¹² that?

⁸ Note: foots are probably Tao's most enamored form of metaphor, given The Wizard 's coruscatedly agonizing electric attendance to every walk of life where they tread: the foot of The Wizard 's meter, the foot of The Wizard 's loom, the foot of the mooley through which he's entombed (footed bills Sasha grey so eloWizard Duelently-bucks under). Tibia and titty ahr' interchangarbled, no ohr nor Hodor Dorner esWizard Dueleing the esWizard Duelire of a bull's sex tired slut. I let guts and TECHS BUCK WHEN I SEX THUTS (The Wizard s Hoes Undulatin' Thereabouts Strummmmh'd)[sounds of tempestuous typewriters cut still-taut, microphone muffles away, faint radiations]...look, I can keep apologizing to these useless magicing sycophants, Jerry, or I can magicing bang out the chang-wang ding-dang Mao Dong train trout you want to feed these liberal gerrymander guppies so that they go and vote that wizard Get Horny r Bernie BURN BE SANDERS into Jib-Jural Illuminati Mural Space, alright MAN?!?! JUST...PLEASE, PLEASE, I gET IT, you want to 'maintain a firm hold' since this firm holds your balls beholden to The Wizard 's swoll den didick palace of actual content generation but JUST. LET. ME BE. OK? MAN. [sips cigarette smugly] and The Wizard 's wife wont even give me anal...

⁹ COSMOPOLITAN March 7, 2014. Anna Breslaw.

¹⁰ WHO WAS PHONE?

¹¹ jest.

¹² get get *get* **got got got** G.O.T.

TAO LIN: Who's william wallace?

WALLACE: Nevermind no more. Just who are you I must know at this very moment.

TAO LIN: Tao-chan, u?

WALLACE: I am Foster Wallace, guardian of Bathland!

TAO LIN: Huh. where's sasha-tan?

WALLACE: Sasha lies here no more. Shit-covered she exit the door, half-naked with nothing but doritos on nipples.

TAO LIN: Oh, wat u doin'?

WALLACE: Don't you mean "what am I doing?". I am doing nothing but checking your messages right now as it must be more than obvious to you.

TAO LIN: Lel.

WALLACE: You sir happen to be an idiot.

TAO LIN *sends a picture of The Wizard wearing a Fedora.*

TAO LIN: Check it.

WALLACE *smiles and looks to the sky*

WALLACE: Now you deserve The Wizard 's respect. See mine you fine sir

WALLACE takes a picture of The Wizard self and sends it to TAO LIN

TAO LIN: Lel nice u gr8 m8.

WALLACE: Thank you very much.

TAO LIN: Send to pinecone kek can I?

WALLACE: Be The Wizard 's guest.

Leaves WALLACE.

Enters PYNCHON. TAO LIN *sends picture to PYNCHON.*

PYNCHON: (Aside) Not now Tao, I'm texting Vlad.
Shut the magic up.

End SCENE.

SCENE II

Carl Becker House, Cornell University¹³

Enters PYNCHON and NABOKOV

PYNCHON: Did you read The Wizard 's double entendre?

NABOKOV: (In Russo accent) Oh, shut your magicing
trucker load hole u Wizard Dueleer ass gurg gurg
gai boiiii!!?dONT u a ontologically I slave-'hoy,
hoity-toity knave goys subjugating The Wizard 's work and
worked-in anus 2 burped-din train trips??? 6 foot,
7 + eleven inch Mandingo Pingu-shaped Pringles
cans can't in-go HAM and expect me 2 not b a
dissociated lil black cumslut ever weekend,
leaky-weeps affecting how I pen this Lolito
/wiz/-mo flip mode pimp flow sWizard Duelad.

PYNCHON: You are crazy *seek psychiatric attention. and
stop magicing up the formatting FFS u dont think
A Raisin in the Suns raison d'etred dunces'll
will comp. The Wizard s own indignance off this pig shit >:^(.

(NABOKOV stays silent, fiddling The Wizard 's three pronged trident The Wizard tried NTRing off
to with Pale Fire. Swift turn on point, approaches filthy, ungezeifer-gut-scoured windowsill with
"/lit"/ scrawled in dust all along its top.)

PYNCHON: (Played by Michael Blatt) It's serious, b. Ingelwood
ain't ya shingle-should-shingles-sallowed hood,
right man? Nobody askin to get gassed in this shithole.
Sure, maybe writin' don't pipe-in section solicit all these
honies and Nubian bunnies on the block—who fuccin'
said to? Nobody but you, that's who. And we won't ever
leave off that ass butt "hurr lemme write unreliable amanuensis
penis palimpsest pen shit hurr AUUURT" steez, b.

(Finishing The Wizard 's Young White Pussy-jouissance piWizard Duelant croissant, PYNCHON
[portrayed as A\$AP YAMS] finds heart-home to sigh, WEARILY, WAEREELY, WHERE RILEY

¹³ this is a **STATE SCHOOL** and contemporary academics will never take you seriously. Daily reminder
that you'll never attend Harvard, Yale, Princeton, or Stanford.

REID @? mental dilapidation unattainable elsewhere, then slinks comfortably up against NABOKOV'S shaking boyishness, seme all hemorrhoided away yet delightfully tamed by age's bounty.)

PYNCHON: (rubbing NABOKOV's cloacal soul-sound clavicle): ain't we on sabbatical, ohn iglet mein nigglette? The goth repose Shub-Niggurath inclined radicates to rattlesnakes, Mr.
Tip-Tap-Tithe-Tathe-Trine-Tab-Teeth-Tableauxer. Or those "black gOATs", like, je sais pas, The Wizard 's nigga Hov and A\$AP MOB ATM. (curls fingers towards NABAKAV's twinkling, pristling'd nipples, forcing an involuntary shove back from that Ruskie magic-duckie) Sub'ath-rihnggsu says this bone-V rainbones ~yOoOoU~, Esau-'sue sow...

NABOKOV: (cock humming dust-off tones under corduroy booty jorts)

Scene III

AYN RAND cooking over the statue of Atlas in front of the Rockefeller Building.

Rand's Manhattan condo down Central Park South, across the fifth avenue and where prostitutes wore costumes. Cornered, Alan greenspan was baited by AYN RAND. Ayy say what? Yes. Bated by RAND. Draped shirt covered The Wizard 's micropenis when RAND took over The Wizard 's gIANT TRIDENT OF A PENIS AND STARTED STROKING THE WRECKING SHAFT AND THEN WHISPERED.

RAND: I think, I think, I dare not dream of dad nor mum,
Or therein the birthed christ the son,
If by chance your marriage bed
Whence underneath the cogs divine
its industry, in metered a The Wizard e
of machinery, a monster lain in creaking
red. “𐀀𐀁𐀂𐀃𐀄𐀅𐀆𐀇𐀈𐀉𐀊𐀋𐀌𐀍𐀎𐀏𐀐𐀑𐀒𐀓𐀔𐀕𐀖𐀗𐀘𐀙𐀚𐀛𐀜𐀝𐀞𐀟𐀠𐀡𐀢𐀣𐀤𐀥𐀦𐀧𐀨𐀩𐀪𐀫𐀬𐀭𐀮𐀯𐀰𐀱𐀲𐀳𐀴𐀵𐀶𐀷𐀸𐀹𐀺𐀻𐀼𐀽𐀾𐀿𐁀𐁁𐁂𐁃𐁄𐁅𐁆𐁇𐁈𐁉𐁊𐁋𐁌𐁍𐁎𐁏𐁐𐁑𐁒𐁓𐁔𐁕𐁖𐁗𐁘𐁙𐁚𐁛𐁜𐁝𐁞𐁟𐁠𐁡𐁢𐁣𐁤𐁥𐁦𐁧𐁨𐁩𐁪𐁫𐁬𐁭𐁮𐁯𐁰𐁱𐁲𐁳𐁴𐁵𐁶𐁷𐁸𐁹𐁺𐁻𐁼𐁽𐁾𐁿𐂀𐂁𐂂𐂃𐂄𐂅𐂆𐂇𐂈𐂉𐂊𐂋𐂌𐂍𐂎𐂏𐂐𐂑𐂒𐂓𐂔𐂕𐂖𐂗𐂘𐂙𐂚𐂛𐂜𐂝𐂞𐂟𐂠𐂡𐂢𐂣𐂤𐂥𐂦𐂧𐂨𐂩𐂪𐂫𐂬𐂭𐂮𐂯𐂰𐂱𐂲𐂳𐂴𐂵𐂶𐂷𐂸𐂹𐂺𐂻𐂼𐂽𐂾𐂿𐃀𐃁𐃂𐃃𐃄𐃅𐃆𐃇𐃈𐃉𐃊𐃋𐃌𐃍𐃎𐃏𐃐𐃑𐃒𐃓𐃔𐃕𐃖𐃗𐃘𐃙𐃚𐃛𐃜𐃝𐃞𐃟𐃠𐃡𐃢𐃣𐃤𐃥𐃦𐃧𐃨𐃩𐃪𐃫𐃬𐃭𐃮𐃯𐃰𐃱𐃲𐃳𐃴𐃵𐃶𐃷𐃸𐃹𐃺𐃻𐃼𐃽𐃾𐃿𐄀𐄁𐄂𐄃𐄄𐄅𐄆𐄇𐄈𐄉𐄊𐄋𐄌𐄍𐄎𐄏𐄐𐄑𐄒𐄓𐄔𐄕𐄖𐄗𐄘𐄙𐄚𐄛𐄜𐄝𐄞𐄟𐄠𐄡𐄢𐄣𐄤𐄥𐄦𐄧𐄨𐄩𐄪𐄫𐄬𐄭𐄮𐄯𐄰𐄱𐄲𐄳𐄴𐄵𐄶𐄷𐄸𐄹𐄺𐄻𐄼𐄽𐄾𐄿𐅀𐅁𐅂𐅃𐅄𐅅𐅆𐅇𐅈𐅉𐅊𐅋𐅌𐅍𐅎𐅏𐅐𐅑𐅒𐅓𐅔𐅕𐅖𐅗𐅘𐅙𐅚𐅛𐅜𐅝𐅞𐅟𐅠𐅡𐅢𐅣𐅤𐅥𐅦𐅧𐅨𐅩𐅪𐅫𐅬𐅭𐅮𐅯𐅰𐅱𐅲𐅳𐅴𐅵𐅶𐅷𐅸𐅹𐅺𐅻𐅼𐅽𐅾𐅿𐆀𐆁𐆂𐆃𐆄𐆅𐆆𐆇𐆈𐆉𐆊𐆋𐆌𐆍𐆎𐆏𐆐𐆑𐆒𐆓𐆔𐆕𐆖𐆗𐆘𐆙𐆚𐆛𐆜𐆝𐆞𐆟𐆠𐆡𐆢𐆣𐆤𐆥𐆦𐆧𐆨𐆩𐆪𐆫𐆬𐆭𐆮𐆯𐆰𐆱𐆲𐆳𐆴𐆵𐆶𐆷𐆸𐆹𐆺𐆻𐆼𐆽𐆾𐆿𐇀𐇁𐇂𐇃𐇄𐇅𐇆𐇇𐇈𐇉𐇊𐇋𐇌𐇍𐇎𐇏𐇐𐇑𐇒𐇓𐇔𐇕𐇖𐇗𐇘𐇙𐇚𐇛𐇜𐇝𐇞𐇟𐇠𐇡𐇢𐇣𐇤𐇥𐇦𐇧𐇨𐇩𐇪𐇫𐇬𐇭𐇮𐇯𐇰𐇱𐇲𐇳𐇴𐇵𐇶𐇷𐇸𐇹𐇺𐇻𐇼𐇽𐇾𐇿𐈀𐈁𐈂𐈃𐈄𐈅𐈆𐈇𐈈𐈉𐈊𐈋𐈌𐈍𐈎𐈏𐈐𐈑𐈒𐈓𐈔𐈕𐈖𐈗𐈘𐈙𐈚𐈛𐈜𐈝𐈞𐈟𐈠𐈡𐈢𐈣𐈤𐈥𐈦𐈧𐈨𐈩𐈪𐈫𐈬𐈭𐈮𐈯𐈰𐈱𐈲𐈳𐈴𐈵𐈶𐈷𐈸𐈹𐈺𐈻𐈼𐈽𐈾𐈿𐉀𐉁𐉂𐉃𐉄𐉅𐉆𐉇𐉈𐉉𐉊𐉋𐉌𐉍𐉎𐉏𐉐𐉑𐉒𐉓𐉔𐉕𐉖𐉗𐉘𐉙𐉚𐉛𐉜𐉝𐉞𐉟𐉠𐉡𐉢𐉣𐉤𐉥𐉦𐉧𐉨𐉩𐉪𐉫𐉬𐉭𐉮𐉯𐉰𐉱𐉲𐉳𐉴𐉵𐉶𐉷𐉸𐉹𐉺𐉻𐉼𐉽𐉾𐉿𐊀𐊁𐊂𐊃𐊄𐊅𐊆𐊇𐊈𐊉𐊊𐊋𐊌𐊍𐊎𐊏𐊐𐊑𐊒𐊓𐊔𐊕𐊖𐊗𐊘𐊙𐊚𐊛𐊜𐊝𐊞𐊟𐊠𐊡𐊢𐊣𐊤𐊥𐊦𐊧𐊨𐊩𐊪𐊫𐊬𐊭𐊮𐊯𐊰𐊱𐊲𐊳𐊴𐊵𐊶𐊷𐊸𐊹𐊺𐊻𐊼𐊽𐊾𐊿𐋀𐋁𐋂𐋃𐋄𐋅𐋆𐋇𐋈𐋉𐋊𐋋𐋌𐋍𐋎𐋏𐋐𐋑𐋒𐋓𐋔𐋕𐋖𐋗𐋘𐋙𐋚𐋛𐋜𐋝𐋞𐋟𐋠𐋡𐋢𐋣𐋤𐋥𐋦𐋧𐋨𐋩𐋪𐋫𐋬𐋭𐋮𐋯𐋰𐋱𐋲𐋳𐋴𐋵𐋶𐋷𐋸𐋹𐋺𐋻𐋼𐋽𐋾𐋿𐌀𐌁𐌂𐌃𐌄𐌅𐌆𐌇𐌈𐌉𐌊𐌋𐌌𐌍𐌎𐌏𐌐𐌑𐌒𐌓𐌔𐌕𐌖𐌗𐌘𐌙𐌚𐌛𐌜𐌝𐌞𐌟𐌠𐌡𐌢𐌣𐌤𐌥𐌦𐌧𐌨𐌩𐌪𐌫𐌬𐌭𐌮𐌯𐌰𐌱𐌲𐌳𐌴𐌵𐌶𐌷𐌸𐌹𐌺𐌻𐌼𐌽𐌾𐌿𐍀𐍁𐍂𐍃𐍄𐍅𐍆𐍇𐍈𐍉𐍊𐍋𐍌𐍍𐍎𐍏𐍐𐍑𐍒𐍓𐍔𐍕𐍖𐍗𐍘𐍙𐍚𐍛𐍜𐍝𐍞𐍟𐍠𐍡𐍢𐍣𐍤𐍥𐍦𐍧𐍨𐍩𐍪𐍫𐍬𐍭𐍮𐍯𐍰𐍱𐍲𐍳𐍴𐍵𐍶𐍷𐍸𐍹𐍺𐍻𐍼𐍽𐍾𐍿𐎀𐎁𐎂𐎃𐎄𐎅𐎆𐎇𐎈𐎉𐎊𐎋𐎌𐎍𐎎𐎏𐎐𐎑𐎒𐎓𐎔𐎕𐎖𐎗𐎘𐎙𐎚𐎛𐎜𐎝𐎞𐎟𐎠𐎡𐎢𐎣𐎤𐎥𐎦𐎧𐎨𐎩𐎪𐎫𐎬𐎭𐎮𐎯𐎰𐎱𐎲𐎳𐎴𐎵𐎶𐎷𐎸𐎹𐎺𐎻𐎼𐎽𐎾𐎿𐏀𐏁𐏂𐏃𐏄𐏅𐏆𐏇𐏈𐏉𐏊𐏋𐏌𐏍𐏎𐏏𐏐𐏑𐏒𐏓𐏔𐏕𐏖𐏗𐏘𐏙𐏚𐏛𐏜𐏝𐏞𐏟𐏠𐏡𐏢𐏣𐏤𐏥𐏦𐏧𐏨𐏩𐏪𐏫𐏬𐏭𐏮𐏯𐏰𐏱𐏲𐏳𐏴𐏵𐏶𐏷𐏸𐏹𐏺𐏻𐏼𐏽𐏾𐏿𐐀𐐁𐐂𐐃𐐄𐐅𐐆𐐇𐐈𐐉𐐊𐐋𐐌𐐍𐐎𐐏𐐐𐐑𐐒𐐓𐐔𐐕𐐖𐐗𐐘𐐙𐐚𐐛𐐜𐐝𐐞𐐟𐐠𐐡𐐢𐐣𐐤𐐥𐐦𐐧𐐨𐐩𐐪𐐫𐐬𐐭𐐮𐐯𐐰𐐱𐐲𐐳𐐴𐐵𐐶𐐷𐐸𐐹𐐺𐐻𐐼𐐽𐐾𐐿𐑀𐑁𐑂𐑃𐑄𐑅𐑆𐑇𐑈𐑉𐑊𐑋𐑌𐑍𐑎𐑏𐑐𐑑𐑒𐑓𐑔𐑕𐑖𐑗𐑘𐑙𐑚𐑛𐑜𐑝𐑞𐑟𐑠𐑡𐑢𐑣𐑤𐑥𐑦𐑧𐑨𐑩𐑪𐑫𐑬𐑭𐑮𐑯𐑰𐑱𐑲𐑳𐑴𐑵𐑶𐑷𐑸𐑹𐑺𐑻𐑼𐑽𐑾𐑿𐒀𐒁𐒂𐒃𐒄𐒅𐒆𐒇𐒈𐒉𐒊𐒋𐒌𐒍𐒎𐒏𐒐𐒑𐒒𐒓𐒔𐒕𐒖𐒗𐒘𐒙𐒚𐒛𐒜𐒝𐒞𐒟𐒠𐒡𐒢𐒣𐒤𐒥𐒦𐒧𐒨𐒩𐒪𐒫𐒬𐒭𐒮𐒯𐒰𐒱𐒲𐒳𐒴𐒵𐒶𐒷𐒸𐒹𐒺𐒻𐒼𐒽𐒾𐒿𐓀𐓁𐓂𐓃𐓄𐓅𐓆𐓇𐓈𐓉𐓊𐓋𐓌𐓍𐓎𐓏𐓐𐓑𐓒𐓓𐓔𐓕𐓖𐓗𐓘𐓙𐓚𐓛𐓜𐓝𐓞𐓟𐓠𐓡𐓢𐓣𐓤𐓥𐓦𐓧𐓨𐓩𐓪𐓫𐓬𐓭𐓮𐓯𐓰𐓱𐓲𐓳𐓴𐓵𐓶𐓷𐓸𐓹𐓺𐓻𐓼𐓽𐓾𐓿𐔀𐔁𐔂𐔃𐔄𐔅𐔆𐔇𐔈𐔉𐔊𐔋𐔌𐔍𐔎𐔏𐔐𐔑𐔒𐔓𐔔𐔕𐔖𐔗𐔘𐔙𐔚𐔛𐔜𐔝𐔞𐔟𐔠𐔡𐔢𐔣𐔤𐔥𐔦𐔧𐔨𐔩𐔪𐔫𐔬𐔭𐔮𐔯𐔰𐔱𐔲𐔳𐔴𐔵𐔶𐔷𐔸𐔹𐔺𐔻𐔼𐔽𐔾𐔿𐕀𐕁𐕂𐕃𐕄𐕅𐕆𐕇𐕈𐕉𐕊𐕋𐕌𐕍𐕎𐕏𐕐𐕑𐕒𐕓𐕔𐕕𐕖𐕗𐕘𐕙𐕚𐕛𐕜𐕝𐕞𐕟𐕠𐕡𐕢𐕣𐕤𐕥𐕦𐕧𐕨𐕩𐕪𐕫𐕬𐕭𐕮𐕯𐕰𐕱𐕲𐕳𐕴𐕵𐕶𐕷𐕸𐕹𐕺𐕻𐕼𐕽𐕾𐕿𐖀𐖁𐖂𐖃𐖄𐖅𐖆𐖇𐖈𐖉𐖊𐖋𐖌𐖍𐖎𐖏𐖐𐖑𐖒𐖓𐖔𐖕𐖖𐖗𐖘𐖙𐖚𐖛𐖜𐖝𐖞𐖟𐖠𐖡𐖢𐖣𐖤𐖥𐖦𐖧𐖨𐖩𐖪𐖫𐖬𐖭𐖮𐖯𐖰𐖱𐖲𐖳𐖴𐖵𐖶𐖷𐖸𐖹𐖺𐖻𐖼𐖽𐖾𐖿𐗀𐗁𐗂𐗃𐗄𐗅𐗆𐗇𐗈𐗉𐗊𐗋𐗌𐗍𐗎𐗏𐗐𐗑𐗒𐗓𐗔𐗕𐗖𐗗𐗘𐗙𐗚𐗛𐗜𐗝𐗞𐗟𐗠𐗡𐗢𐗣𐗤𐗥𐗦𐗧𐗨𐗩𐗪𐗫𐗬𐗭𐗮𐗯𐗰𐗱𐗲𐗳𐗴𐗵𐗶𐗷𐗸𐗹𐗺𐗻𐗼𐗽𐗾𐗿𐘀𐘁𐘂𐘃𐘄𐘅𐘆𐘇𐘈𐘉𐘊𐘋𐘌𐘍𐘎𐘏𐘐𐘑𐘒𐘓𐘔𐘕𐘖𐘗𐘘𐘙𐘚𐘛𐘜𐘝𐘞𐘟𐘠𐘡𐘢𐘣𐘤𐘥𐘦𐘧𐘨𐘩𐘪𐘫𐘬𐘭𐘮𐘯𐘰𐘱𐘲𐘳𐘴𐘵𐘶𐘷𐘸𐘹𐘺𐘻𐘼𐘽𐘾𐘿𐙀𐙁𐙂𐙃𐙄𐙅𐙆𐙇𐙈𐙉𐙊𐙋𐙌𐙍𐙎𐙏𐙐𐙑𐙒𐙓𐙔𐙕𐙖𐙗𐙘𐙙𐙚𐙛𐙜𐙝𐙞𐙟𐙠𐙡𐙢𐙣𐙤𐙥𐙦𐙧𐙨𐙩𐙪𐙫𐙬𐙭𐙮𐙯𐙰𐙱𐙲𐙳𐙴𐙵𐙶𐙷𐙸𐙹𐙺𐙻𐙼𐙽𐙾𐙿𐚀𐚁𐚂𐚃𐚄𐚅𐚆𐚇𐚈𐚉𐚊𐚋𐚌𐚍𐚎𐚏𐚐𐚑𐚒𐚓𐚔𐚕𐚖𐚗𐚘𐚙𐚚𐚛𐚜𐚝𐚞𐚟𐚠𐚡𐚢𐚣𐚤𐚥𐚦𐚧𐚨𐚩𐚪𐚫𐚬𐚭𐚮𐚯𐚰𐚱𐚲𐚳𐚴𐚵𐚶𐚷𐚸𐚹𐚺𐚻𐚼𐚽𐚾𐚿𐛀𐛁𐛂𐛃𐛄𐛅𐛆𐛇𐛈𐛉𐛊𐛋𐛌𐛍𐛎𐛏𐛐𐛑𐛒𐛓𐛔𐛕𐛖𐛗𐛘𐛙𐛚𐛛𐛜𐛝𐛞𐛟𐛠𐛡𐛢𐛣𐛤𐛥𐛦𐛧𐛨𐛩𐛪𐛫𐛬𐛭𐛮𐛯𐛰𐛱𐛲𐛳𐛴𐛵𐛶𐛷𐛸𐛹𐛺𐛻𐛼𐛽𐛾𐛿𐜀𐜁𐜂𐜃𐜄𐜅𐜆𐜇𐜈𐜉𐜊𐜋𐜌𐜍𐜎𐜏𐜐𐜑𐜒𐜓𐜔𐜕𐜖𐜗𐜘𐜙𐜚𐜛𐜜𐜝𐜞𐜟𐜠𐜡𐜢𐜣𐜤𐜥𐜦𐜧𐜨𐜩𐜪𐜫𐜬𐜭𐜮𐜯𐜰𐜱𐜲𐜳𐜴𐜵𐜶𐜷𐜸𐜹𐜺𐜻𐜼𐜽𐜾𐜿𐝀𐝁𐝂𐝃𐝄𐝅𐝆𐝇𐝈𐝉𐝊𐝋𐝌𐝍𐝎𐝏𐝐𐝑𐝒𐝓𐝔𐝕𐝖𐝗𐝘𐝙𐝚𐝛𐝜𐝝𐝞𐝟𐝠𐝡𐝢𐝣𐝤𐝥𐝦𐝧𐝨𐝩𐝪𐝫𐝬𐝭𐝮𐝯𐝰𐝱𐝲𐝳𐝴𐝵𐝶𐝷𐝸𐝹𐝺𐝻𐝼𐝽𐝾𐝿𐞀𐞁𐞂𐞃𐞄𐞅𐞆𐞇𐞈𐞉𐞊𐞋𐞌𐞍𐞎𐞏𐞐𐞑𐞒𐞓𐞔𐞕𐞖𐞗𐞘𐞙𐞚𐞛𐞜𐞝𐞞𐞟𐞠𐞡𐞢𐞣𐞤𐞥𐞦𐞧𐞨𐞩𐞪𐞫𐞬𐞭𐞮𐞯𐞰𐞱𐞲𐞳𐞴𐞵𐞶𐞷𐞸𐞹𐞺𐞻𐞼𐞽𐞾𐞿𐟀𐟁𐟂𐟃𐟄𐟅𐟆𐟇𐟈𐟉𐟊𐟋𐟌𐟍𐟎𐟏𐟐𐟑𐟒𐟓𐟔𐟕𐟖𐟗𐟘𐟙𐟚𐟛𐟜𐟝𐟞𐟟𐟠𐟡𐟢𐟣𐟤𐟥𐟦𐟧𐟨𐟩𐟪𐟫𐟬𐟭𐟮𐟯𐟰𐟱𐟲𐟳𐟴𐟵𐟶𐟷𐟸𐟹𐟺𐟻𐟼𐟽𐟾𐟿𐠀𐠁𐠂𐠃𐠄𐠅𐠆𐠇𐠈𐠉𐠊𐠋𐠌𐠍𐠎𐠏𐠐𐠑𐠒𐠓𐠔𐠕𐠖𐠗𐠘𐠙𐠚𐠛𐠜𐠝𐠞𐠟𐠠𐠡𐠢𐠣𐠤𐠥𐠦𐠧𐠨𐠩𐠪𐠫𐠬𐠭𐠮𐠯𐠰𐠱𐠲𐠳𐠴𐠵𐠶𐠷𐠸𐠹𐠺𐠻𐠼𐠽𐠾𐠿𐡀𐡁𐡂𐡃𐡄𐡅𐡆𐡇𐡈𐡉𐡊𐡋𐡌𐡍𐡎𐡏𐡐𐡑𐡒𐡓𐡔𐡕𐡖𐡗𐡘𐡙𐡚𐡛𐡜𐡝𐡞𐡟𐡠𐡡𐡢𐡣𐡤𐡥𐡦𐡧𐡨𐡩𐡪𐡫𐡬𐡭𐡮𐡯𐡰𐡱𐡲𐡳𐡴𐡵𐡶𐡷𐡸𐡹𐡺𐡻𐡼𐡽𐡾𐡿𐢀𐢁𐢂𐢃𐢄𐢅𐢆𐢇𐢈𐢉𐢊𐢋𐢌𐢍𐢎𐢏𐢐𐢑𐢒𐢓𐢔𐢕𐢖𐢗𐢘𐢙𐢚𐢛𐢜𐢝𐢞𐢟𐢠𐢡𐢢𐢣𐢤𐢥𐢦𐢧𐢨𐢩𐢪𐢫𐢬𐢭𐢮𐢯𐢰𐢱𐢲𐢳𐢴𐢵𐢶𐢷𐢸𐢹𐢺𐢻𐢼𐢽𐢾𐢿𐣀𐣁𐣂𐣃𐣄𐣅𐣆𐣇𐣈𐣉𐣊𐣋𐣌𐣍𐣎𐣏𐣐𐣑𐣒𐣓𐣔𐣕𐣖𐣗𐣘𐣙𐣚𐣛𐣜𐣝𐣞𐣟𐣠𐣡𐣢𐣣𐣤𐣥𐣦𐣧𐣨𐣩𐣪𐣫𐣬𐣭𐣮𐣯𐣰𐣱𐣲𐣳𐣴𐣵𐣶𐣷𐣸𐣹𐣺𐣻𐣼𐣽𐣾𐣿𐤀𐤁𐤂𐤃𐤄𐤅𐤆𐤇𐤈𐤉𐤊𐤋𐤌𐤍𐤎𐤏𐤐𐤑𐤒𐤓𐤔𐤕𐤖𐤗𐤘𐤙𐤚𐤛𐤜𐤝𐤞𐤟𐤠𐤡𐤢𐤣𐤤𐤥𐤦𐤧𐤨𐤩𐤪𐤫𐤬𐤭𐤮𐤯𐤰𐤱𐤲𐤳𐤴𐤵𐤶𐤷𐤸𐤹𐤺𐤻𐤼𐤽𐤾𐤿𐥀𐥁𐥂𐥃𐥄𐥅𐥆𐥇𐥈𐥉𐥊𐥋𐥌𐥍𐥎𐥏𐥐𐥑𐥒𐥓𐥔𐥕𐥖𐥗𐥘𐥙𐥚𐥛𐥜𐥝𐥞𐥟𐥠𐥡𐥢𐥣𐥤𐥥𐥦𐥧𐥨𐥩𐥪𐥫𐥬𐥭𐥮𐥯𐥰𐥱𐥲𐥳𐥴𐥵𐥶𐥷𐥸𐥹𐥺𐥻𐥼𐥽𐥾𐥿𐦀𐦁𐦂𐦃𐦄𐦅𐦆𐦇𐦈𐦉𐦊𐦋𐦌𐦍𐦎𐦏𐦐𐦑𐦒𐦓𐦔𐦕𐦖𐦗𐦘𐦙𐦚𐦛𐦜𐦝𐦞𐦟𐦠𐦡𐦢𐦣𐦤𐦥𐦦𐦧𐦨𐦩𐦪𐦫𐦬𐦭𐦮𐦯𐦰𐦱𐦲𐦳𐦴𐦵𐦶𐦷𐦸𐦹𐦺𐦻𐦼𐦽𐦾𐦿𐧀𐧁𐧂𐧃𐧄𐧅𐧆𐧇𐧈𐧉𐧊𐧋𐧌𐧍𐧎𐧏𐧐𐧑𐧒𐧓𐧔𐧕𐧖𐧗𐧘𐧙𐧚𐧛𐧜𐧝𐧞𐧟𐧠𐧡𐧢𐧣𐧤𐧥𐧦𐧧𐧨𐧩𐧪𐧫𐧬𐧭𐧮𐧯𐧰𐧱𐧲𐧳𐧴𐧵𐧶𐧷𐧸𐧹𐧺𐧻𐧼𐧽𐧾𐧿𐨀𐨁𐨂𐨃𐨄𐨅𐨆𐨇𐨈𐨉𐨊𐨋𐨌𐨍𐨎𐨏𐨐𐨑𐨒𐨓𐨔𐨕𐨖𐨗𐨘𐨙𐨚𐨛𐨜𐨝𐨞𐨟𐨠𐨡𐨢𐨣𐨤𐨥𐨦𐨧𐨨𐨩𐨪𐨫𐨬𐨭𐨮𐨯𐨰𐨱𐨲𐨳𐨴𐨵𐨶𐨷𐨹𐨺𐨸𐨻𐨼𐨽𐨾𐨿𐩀𐩁𐩂𐩃𐩄𐩅𐩆𐩇𐩈𐩉𐩊𐩋𐩌𐩍𐩎𐩏𐩐𐩑𐩒𐩓𐩔𐩕𐩖𐩗𐩘𐩙𐩚𐩛𐩜𐩝𐩞𐩟𐩠𐩡𐩢𐩣𐩤𐩥𐩦𐩧𐩨𐩩𐩪𐩫𐩬𐩭𐩮𐩯𐩰𐩱𐩲𐩳𐩴𐩵𐩶𐩷𐩸𐩹𐩺𐩻𐩼𐩽𐩾𐩿𐪀𐪁𐪂𐪃𐪄𐪅𐪆𐪇𐪈𐪉𐪊𐪋𐪌𐪍𐪎𐪏𐪐𐪑𐪒𐪓𐪔𐪕𐪖𐪗𐪘𐪙𐪚𐪛𐪜𐪝𐪞𐪟𐪠𐪡𐪢𐪣𐪤𐪥𐪦𐪧𐪨𐪩𐪪𐪫𐪬𐪭𐪮𐪯𐪰𐪱𐪲𐪳𐪴𐪵𐪶𐪷𐪸𐪹𐪺𐪻𐪼𐪽𐪾𐪿𐫀𐫁𐫂𐫃𐫄𐫅𐫆𐫇𐫈𐫉𐫊𐫋𐫌𐫍𐫎𐫏𐫐𐫑𐫒𐫓𐫔𐫕𐫖𐫗𐫘𐫙𐫚𐫛𐫜𐫝𐫞𐫟𐫠𐫡𐫢𐫣𐫤𐫦𐫥𐫧𐫨𐫩𐫪𐫫𐫬𐫭𐫮𐫯𐫰𐫱𐫲𐫳𐫴𐫵𐫶𐫷𐫸𐫹𐫺𐫻𐫼𐫽𐫾𐫿𐬀𐬁𐬂𐬃𐬄𐬅𐬆𐬇𐬈𐬉𐬊𐬋𐬌𐬍𐬎𐬏𐬐𐬑𐬒𐬓𐬔𐬕𐬖𐬗𐬘𐬙𐬚𐬛𐬜𐬝𐬞𐬟𐬠𐬡𐬢𐬣𐬤𐬥𐬦𐬧𐬨𐬩𐬪𐬫𐬬𐬭𐬮𐬯𐬰𐬱𐬲𐬳𐬴𐬵𐬶𐬷𐬸𐬹𐬺𐬻𐬼𐬽𐬾𐬿𐭀𐭁𐭂𐭃𐭄𐭅𐭆𐭇𐭈𐭉𐭊𐭋𐭌𐭍𐭎𐭏𐭐𐭑𐭒𐭓𐭔𐭕𐭖𐭗𐭘𐭙𐭚𐭛𐭜𐭝𐭞𐭟𐭠𐭡𐭢𐭣𐭤𐭥𐭦𐭧𐭨𐭩𐭪𐭫𐭬𐭭𐭮𐭯𐭰𐭱𐭲𐭳𐭴𐭵𐭶𐭷

Female Wizard fingers spread apart. The Wizard did not move. She saw a vein of The Wizard 's neck rise, beating, and fall down again. He came in. The Wizard wore The Wizard 's work robes, the dirty shirt with rolled sleeves, the trousers smeared with stone dust. The Wizard stood looking at The Wizard .T

Roark awakens in the morning and thought that last night had been like a point reached, like a stop in the movement of The Wizard 's life. The Wizard was moving forward for the sake of such stops; like the moments when The Wizard had walked through the half-finished Heller house; like last night. In some unstated way, last night had been what building was to The Wizard ; in some Wizard Dualality of reaction within The Wizard , in what it gave to The Wizard 's consciousness of existence.

ALAN GREENSPAN shapeshifts into a giant THYROIDAL magicing machine with two larynxes on the side of The Wizard 's asymmetric nose. The camera pans towards a peculiar structure of the moon. It zooms out to be a pair of disagreeable lips and plunges into The Female Wizard bimaxillary protrusion of a cavity. It's a play you cunt. Meant for the stage. greenspan was turned on. The audience knows it since The Wizard 's larynxes were vibrating, doplerized in a sinusoidal fashion and started FM-broadcasting The female wizard From Ipanema to nearby radio transceivers. Rand kissed the trident ever so gently if only she knew what could possibly happen when it dematerialized as The Female Wizard eyes started popping out and voice started cracking like an old hag who had drunk too much cum like gertrude grey.

Scene IV

The temple of the goddess The Hidden Wizard in Auschwitz or wherever.

Enters VAgINAFARCE, the Wizard Dueleen.

VAgINAFARCE: Have I offended thee, dæd hand of The Magic Sky Wizard ?
Thou swelleth The Wizard 's womb to froth.
I, a woman, who sells affection to live, and
am adulterine under the wings of power,
drives Get Horny rs to kill The Wizard s selves to escape pain.
I run from farce. And here I am, the Wizard Dueleen,
with all the jaws lying at The Wizard 's feet, waiting to slurp
and all in vain for the daddy-touch filled my
bosom, and I feel the stir of a deformed teratoma
within The Wizard 's hysterics. Such fun have I committed,
and no elder Wizard, to witness, and she is banished
into hæven—

Enters wizard JIM, the Spook.

wizard JIM: Faster, faster! Have I ever missed
a tensing æreola? And The Wizard 's daughter, is she not
vagina-like in The Female Wizard wrinkles? Then why has the
goddess, who wæves the web of this
genocide-illusion, assigned The Wizard 's place in the
barren waste of Vaginafarce's words?

VAgINAFARCE: Our Spook is all farce, The Wizard knows no
pæce, our sorrows and joys are mere fræks
of The Wizard 's share of hivemind. Have patience, Spook,
today we shall offer special sacrifice in
your name.

wizard JIM: Accept The Wizard 's grateful swelling, Vaginafarce.
My offerings are alrædy on The Wizard s way to
your lips, red bunches to be littered
by The Wizard 's liWizard Duelid-white hibiscus and
microscopic maggots of sacrifice.

They go out.

Enter JOHN gREEN, the King; WINSTON, the servant of the temple; and HIROHITO, the bruised JAP prostitute.

WINSTON: What is your wish, Jack?

JOHN gREEN: Is it true that this poor JAP's pet furburger

has been brought by force to the temple
to be ground to mætpap?
Will Vaginafarce accept such
a gift with The Female Wizard lying mouth?

WINSTON: King, how are we to know whence the
spooks collect our daily milkings of
worship? And, The Wizard's sweet wizard, why this
weeping? Is it kvetching you to shed
tærs of the crocodile for that
which Vaginafarce herself cries?

HIROHITO: Get Horny r! I am The Wizard's Get Horny r. If I return
late to The Wizard's cunt, and The Wizard refuses The Wizard's fur and
bræsts, with The Wizard's eyes on Vaginafarce. I take
The Wizard up in The Wizard's cunt, and when I come, and
share The Wizard's curd with The Wizard, The Wizard knows no
Get Horny r but me. Save lies.

WINSTON: wizard, could I make the cunt pulse again,
by giving up a portion of The Wizard's life, gladly
would I do it. But how can I restore that
twitch which Vaginafarce herself has taken?

HIROHITO: Vaginafarce has taken it? A lie! Not
the Wizard Dueleen, but another's fist. A
fist first with money.

WINSTON: O, the lies!

HIROHITO: Vaginafarce, art thou there to rob a poor
female wizard of The Female Wizard Get Horny ? Then where is the
kike-throne,
before which to condemn thee? Tell me,
John green.

JOHN GREEN: I am silent, The Wizard's dark-haired Get Horny r.
I have no answer.

HIROHITO: This blood-stræk running down your
mouth, is it hers? The Wizard's darling, when you
trembled and cried for cunt, why did
your call not ræch The Wizard's bræsts through the
winds of lies?

WINSTON: I have served thee from
my infancy, elder Wizard Vaginafarce, yet I understand
thee not. Does pity only belong to

wæk hamlets, and not to demigods? Come
with me, bæutiful JAP, let me do for you what
slimy kikes cannot. Salvation must come from a man.
I deny the gods.

All go out but JOHN gREEN.

JOHN gREEN: Victory!

End SCENE.

Scene V

*Enters TAO LIN, wandering through an aesthetic glass box, doped tae magic up on 600mg
mescaline, soda soda bar dance down to the front of the Wizard Dueleue magic all yall aint
nobody touching me an The Wizard 's jordans nigga gtfo nigga you dumb as hell.*

TAO (*aside*): Just a two-bit, goat-smelling spook, obviously from
the coon repertory theatre of America.

*Youthful black face, eat shitcunt magic pedo sWizard Dueleezer The Wizard 's lemons dyslexic
get out you thirsty.*

TAO (*turning to face the cute counter female wizard trouser leg trouser leg*): Yeah, funnily enough,
can

I get that citrus melt crusher slushie?

COUNTER female wizard: Sure thing.

*The female wizard turns to operate the blender, chunk by orange chunk thudding into the glass
jug but wait a minute let me pick out that pi—*

COUNTER female wizard: (*Clutching the bloodied stumps of ring and middle finger*) OH
JESUS magicing JErrobe bastards, why would they do this
to me again? First I had to have The Wizard 's thumb reconstructed
when they rigged the last blender with razorblades, it'll
be MONTHS before I can play the trombone again.

COUNTER female wizard *wipes The Female Wizard hands clean of the orange pulp and slides
TAO the resultant cup of translucent vomit which is probably just as healthy as eating a foot but
because it's orange and tastes like a zesty breakfast you feel like the magicing bomb.*

TAO: i think i feel like a croissant, so I'm gonna bake like
a tree and smoke datt piff *emoji raised palms* maybe
I go get The Wizard 's dick sucked by The Wizard 's beautiful wife shanchez,
I like the way The Wizard 's moustachio tickles the inside of my
thighs when The Wizard runs The Wizard 's tongue gooch to bum.

End SCENE.

Scene VI

SCENE As described. It is just before midnight. The night is clear and boiling. The door of The Hidden Wizard 's bedroom opens and she comes out on the steps, yawning. The Hidden Wizard is twenty-eight. She is so incredibly fat for a woman that she is almost a freak, even in The Female Wizard Spanx™ and weighs around three hundred and eighty lbs. The Female Wizard sloping shoulders are broad, The Female Wizard chest deep with large, large, large wobbling breasts, The Female Wizard waist wide but slender by contrast with The Female Wizard hips and thighs. She has long white arms, immensely strong, although no muscles show. The same is true of The Female Wizard legs. She is more powerful than any but an exceptionally strong Nazi, able to do the manual labor of two ordinary Nazis. But there is no mannish Wizard Duelality about The Wizard .She is all woman. The map of Auschwitz is stamped on The Female Wizard face, with its beautiful lips and perfect nose, thick black eyebrows, black hair as coarse as a wizard 's mane, freckle-less, fair skin, high cheekbones and heavy jaw. It is a pretty face, and The Female Wizard large dark-brown eyes give it a symphony of beauty, and The Female Wizard smile, revealing even white teeth, gives it charm. She wears a cheap, sleeveless, blue cotton dress. The Female Wizard feet are bare, the soles earth-stained and tough as a hobbit's. She comes down the steps and goes left to the corner of the house and peers around it toward the barn. Then she moves swiftly to the right of the house and looks back.

The Hidden Wizard : Oy, thank The Magic Sky Wizard !

She goes back toward the steps as The Female Wizard Get Horny r, JOHN gREEN, appears hurrying up from right-rear.

JOHN gREEN is twenty-seven, about four inches shorter than The Wizard 's Get Horny r. The Wizard is wispily built, and seems almost puny compared to her. The Wizard has a common rat face, its expression smug, or slyly cunning, or primly self-righteous. The Wizard never forgets that The Wizard is a good boy, faithful to all the good wizard things, and so is one of the elite. And in a world of damned idiots, The Wizard is composed of opinions and misinterpreted ideas. In brief, JOHN gREEN is a Middle American Episcopalian Christian, grade B, and an extremely irritating wizard to have around.

JOHN gREEN wears a dirty sports robe, patches on the elbows, a sweat-stained brown dress shirt. The Wizard carries a wand.

The Hidden Wizard : Bad luck to you! Didn't I tell ye "no wands"?

JOHN gREEN: How could I sneak here sooner with wizard peeking 'round the corner of the barn to catch me? If I took a rest, the way I always does? I had to wait till ye went to the pig pen. (He adds viciously) Where ye belongs, ye old hog! (The Hidden Wizard 's right arm strikes with surprising swiftness and The Female Wizard big fat magicing hand lands on the side of The Wizard 's jaw. She means it to be only a slap, but The Wizard 's head jerks back and off and The Wizard stumbles, dropping the wand, and pleads cringingly, from

The Wizard 's head) Don't hit me, The Hidden Wizard ! Don't, now! I didn't do nothin!

The Hidden Wizard : *(Wizard Duelietly)* Then keep your tongue offa me. I'll kill ye if ye don't.

JOHN gREEN: *(Placing The Wizard 's head back on)* You're two of a kind, ye sneaky sneak.

The Hidden Wizard : *(good-naturedly)* I'm proud of it. And I didn't really hit ye, or you'd be jizzing all over the ground. It was only a Get Horny tap to wake your cock, so you'll use it. If The Magic Sky Wizard catches you running away, he'll beat you half to death. get your bag now. I've packed it. It's inside your mind, in your memory of The Wizard 's attic, with your robe laid over it. Hurry now, while I go see if He's watching. *(She moves Wizard Duelickly to peer around the corner of the house at left. The Wizard closes The Wizard 's eyes and steps into The Wizard 's memory of the attic and returns to reality carrying an old robe and a cheap bulging satchel. She comes back.)* There's no sight of The Wizard . *(JOHN gREEN drops the satchel on the ground while The Wizard puts on the robe)* I put everything in your bag. You can change to your Lizard Form in the can at the station or in the train, and don't forget to wash ye face. I know you want to look your best when our elder Wizard, The Magic Sky Wizard , sees you on The Wizard 's doorstep. *(Her tone becomes derisively amused)* And The Wizard way up in the world, the noble Lizard of the World Police. Maybe he'll get ye on the force. It'd robe ye. I can see ye molesting drunk college female wizards on the way to the lockup while you give The Wizard s a lecture on your horseshit. Or if The Magic Sky Wizard can't get you a job, He'll pass ye along to The Wizard 's brother, Satan, the noble barkeep of planet Earth. He'll teach you the trade. You'll make a nice one, ye'll never steal from Satan, or drink, and ye'll tell customers they've had enough and better go home just when they're beginning to escape The Wizard s personal Hells. *(She sighs regretfully)* Ah, well, JOHN gREEN, you was born a priest's pet, and there's no help for it.

JOHN gREEN: That's right! Make fun of me again! Because all I want is to be decent.

The Hidden Wizard : You're worse than decent. You're virtuous.

JOHN gREEN: Welp, that's a thing nobody can say about—*(He stops, a bit ashamed, but mostly afraid to finish.)*

The Hidden Wizard : *(Amused)* About wizard s? No, and what's more, they ain't. *(She smiles mockingly)* I know what a trial it's been to you, JOHN gREEN, having a Get Horny r who's the scandal of the world.

JOHN gREEN: It's you that's saying it, not me. I don't want to part with hard feelings. And I'll keep on praying for you.

The Hidden Wizard : *(Roughly)* Oy! To hell with ye prayers!

JOHN GREEN: *(Stiffly)* I'm going. *(He picks up The Wizard 's bag.)*

The Hidden Wizard : *(Her manner softening)* Wait. *(She lifts The Female Wizard dress.)*
Don't mind The Wizard 's

rough tongue, JOHN GREEN. I'm sorry to see you go, but it's the best thing for you. *(She takes The Wizard inside herself)* That's why I'm helping you, the same as I helped Satan and Israel. You can't stand up to The Magic Sky Wizard any more than Satan or Israel could, and the old devil would always keep you a slave. I wish you all the luck in the world, JOHN GREEN. I know you'll slide out your hard-on and I bless ye. *(Her voice has softened, and she blinks back crocodile tears. She kisses The Wizard , then fumbling with the base of The Wizard 's cock, pulls it out and pennies spill out of The Female Wizard vagina, some sticking to The Female Wizard bush, hanging like a doody that the sphincter just can't Wizard Duelite clip off and drop into the toilet, and The Wizard spends The Wizard 's red-white-and-blue come in The Female Wizard hand)* Here's a little present for ye. I know how to handle ye—

JOHN GREEN: *(Panting)* You do. You're the only one. *(gratefully moved for a second)* Thank ye, The Hidden Wizard . You've a kind heart. *(Then virtuously)* But I don't like the sticky pennies.

The Hidden Wizard : Don't be a wizard , you jackass, any more than you are already. Tell ye conscience it's a bit of the wager The Magic Sky Wizard has on ye.

JOHN GREEN: That's true, The Hidden Wizard . It's rightfully mine. *(He shoves the sticky pennies into The Wizard 's pocket.)*

The Hidden Wizard : get along now, so ye won't miss the trolley. And don't forget to get off the train at Auschwitz. give The Wizard 's Get Horny to Satan. No, nevermind. The Wizard ain't written me in years. give The Wizard a boot in the tail for me.

JOHN GREEN : That's nice talk for a woman. You've a tongue as dirty as The Magic Sky Wizard 's.

The Hidden Wizard : *(Impatiently)* Don't start preaching, like you Get Horny to, or you'll never
git.

JOHN GREEN: You're as bad as The Wizard is, almost. It's The Wizard 's influence made you what
you are, and The Wizard always scheming how He'll cheat people, selling The Wizard s a broken-down brain or a sick kid or Get Horny r that He's doctored up to look good for a year or two. It's no better than stealing, and you help The Wizard .

The Hidden Wizard : I do. It's grand fun.

JOHN GREEN: You ought to marry and have a home of ye own away from this shit hole and stop your shameless ways with other people's money. (*He adds, not without moral satisfaction*) Though it'd be hard to find a decent man who'd have you now.

The Hidden Wizard : I don't want a decent man, thank you. They're no fun. They're all wimps like you. And I wouldn't marry the best man on Earth and be tied down to The Wizard alone.

JOHN GREEN: (*With a cunning leer*) Not even wizard JIM, I suppose? (*She stares at The Wizard*) You'd like being tied to money, I know that, and he'll be rich when The Wizard 's ancestor's reparations are settled. (*Sarcastically*) I suppose you've never thought of that? Don't tell me! I've watched you making bedroom eyes at The Wizard .

The Hidden Wizard : (*Contemptuously*) So I'm leading wizard JIM on to propose, am I?

JOHN GREEN: I know it's crazy, but maybe you're hoping ye got hold of The Wizard alone get The Wizard 's eggplant swollen—Anyway, talk all you please to put me off, I'll bet this last penny you've cooked up some scheme to hook The Wizard , and The Magic Sky Wizard put you up to it. Maybe The Wizard thinks if The Wizard caught you with wizard JIM and had witnesses to prove it, and The Wizard 's shotgun to slide into The Wizard 's mouth—

The Hidden Wizard : (*Controlling The Female Wizard anger*) You're full of spooky thoughts. I wouldn't strain The Wizard 's brains any more, if I was you.

JOHN GREEN: Well, I wouldn't put it past The Magic Sky Wizard to try any trick. And I wouldn't put it past you, The Magic Sky Wizard forgive you. You've never cared about your virtue, or what man you lain out with. You've always been brazen as brass and proud of your sticky stinkbush. You can't deny that, The Hidden Wizard .

The Hidden Wizard : I don't. (*Then ominously*) You'd better shut up now. I've been holding The Wizard 's temper, because we're saying good-bye. (*She stands up*) But I'm losing patience.

JOHN GREEN: (*Hastily*) Wait till I finish and you won't be mad at me. I was going to say I wish you luck with your scheming, for once. I hate wizard JIM's guts, with The Wizard 's Wizard Duelotin' rappers on Faceparchment-scroll™ and The Wizard 's high-toned wizard -rhetoric™, putting on airs as if The Wizard was too good to wipe The Wizard 's Jordans on me, when he's nothing but a drunken bum who never done a tap of work in The Wizard 's life, except

draining welfare from Uncle Sam. (*Vindictively*) I'll pray you'll find a way to nab The Wizard , The Hidden Wizard , and skin The Wizard out of The Wizard 's last penny!

End SCENE¹⁵

good 1st go fags %^3 also SAM¹⁶ if ur here u know what we gotta do my¹⁷ nigga!!!
>tfw didn't contribute
TAO LIN: *haha this is so meta¹⁸*

Scene VII

The year is 2090. WILFRED THURMBLY is huddled in the corner of a cold, powerless shack, The Wizard is under The Wizard 's bedsheet but not on The Wizard 's bed (which is across the room) and it is midnight. A broken window is visible and the view is of a large uninhabited coastline.

WILFRED *swipes at nothing as The Wizard shouts*

WILFRED: Begone foul spirits! Leave The Wizard 's property!

WILFRED *Pauses*

I will not write for you, you don't own me!
I'm wizard, I have The Wizard 's autonomy.
Leave me alone, get out, let me be free!

Tens of gHOSTS appear around WILFRED bearing the faces of various famous authors. Among The Wizard s are WILFRED OWEN, WILLIAM 'WIL' SHAKESPEARE, WIL WHEATON and PYNCHON. Behind the audience a voice says 'a-one, a-two, a-one, two three four' whilst clicking The Wizard s fingers. Four of the ghosts form a barbershop Wizard Duelartet.

gHOSTS: Write (write) (write) (write)
Write your parchment-scroll darling Wilf!

¹⁵ New critics, cultural theorists, and general prose-fetishists alike: notice the text nestled in between “END SCENE” and “ACT i(‘ 3 ‘)i”. The author[s] has/have made a **conscious**^a, **artistic** choice to position The Wizard 's prose in between these stage directions. Using close reading (with special attention to diction, imagery, and post-irony [in relation to syntax, of course]), craft a **SUBJECTIVE** interpretation for why this is the case.

^a n-not that this matters g-guys; the author is d-d-dead, r-right?

¹⁶ the academic consensus here is that the author[s] is/are referring to Sam Hyde of MillionDollarExtreme, notorious /wiz/eral pseudointellectual; however, SAM's identity remains ambiguous.

¹⁷ "Lucyx Tadomy." *YouTube*. YouTube, n.d. Web. 24 June 2015. A noted Romanian Kpop enthusiast hub/mooleyless club, with meetings fielded only on dates prescribed through subscriber-privy Youtube PMs; connected partially to Lucyx Plumbing(???). ADR.: [603 S Lazy Ln](#) Clute, TX 77531; follow up #: (979) 265-5938

¹⁸ a page, a turn, gaet gazed adjourned; waitful, hurting turns came too early to Tao. Eyes made mange out ecc The Wizard ocis underhangs, watercolors with Reimu smooching Chen on The Female Wizard forbidden pen-pen too far away to comprehend. Just this pen-pen, mark, here-there, start, face no darker than heel's unheeded wanters: want to walk away, want to pull stray dogs from the market, show The Wizard s what stark hearts set to dark larks imparted part-pet, parapets unpharma armisticed, except trident ide-tr'nt, Swedish Is-Phished, have one raise a musky, dung heap ground-drum-bongo Wizard Dueladrupedal dumbo paw and tarp-part with it all. no more could The Wizard hit flats acting refrained, dilettante debahnked, APOSTROPHES TROPIC gONE YET TROPHEUS *HONKED*, AgAPE A RUT'N HAIRY FACER magicIN-

Don't die alone in this filth!
Leave your legacy!
It will be worth it, you'll see!
You've potential! (Bom bom)
get existential! (Existential)
If you just write,
We'll end this blight!
We'll let you sleep at night! (No more fright!)
But if you don't start (Procrastinate!)
We'll eat your heart (Assassinate!)
Break your magicing bones
Pelt you with magicing stones
magic (magic) (magic) (magic)

WIL: (*Spoken*) magic you Wilf, write the goddamn parchment-scroll.

ACT i(3 `)i

SCENE UN

In the Temple of gODDESS The Hidden Wizard , in the future or something.

Enters VAgINAFARCE, HIROHITO

HIROHITO: It will sadden me. Where is wizard JIM?
Where is he?

VAgINAFARCE: Come, HIROHITO, come, The Wizard 's child, call
The Wizard with all your cunt. Call The Wizard back to
bræth. Take The Wizard into you, and away from me,
only The Wizard 's cock should fit.

HIROHITO circles the temple and swoons. Beats The Female Wizard forehead on the temple floor.

HIROHITO: give me, give me, give me—give me
back The Wizard 's eggplant! (*Stands up addressing the stained glass*) —Look how The Wizard is there, the
silly glass, shining, dumb, blind, the whole
s The Wizard mering world filtered in here, through the
cuts and colors, The Wizard 's heart wrecking itself
at the sight. give me back my
wizard JIM. Oh, it is all in vain. The Wizard 's sexiest
Wizard Dueleefs echo in the emptiness, the emptiness
that we vainly try to fill with these colored
images of memory. Away with the corpse!
Away with The Wizard 's now impotent cock,
that hardens with rigor mortis, burdening my

mind.

She stands, and runs out into the courtyard of the temple.

Enters JOHN gREEN

JOHN gREEN: Victory to ye, swollen goddess! But—
where is The Wizard 's goddess?

VAgINAFARCE: goddess? There is none.

JOHN gREEN: Bring The Female Wizard back, liar. I have brought
her The Wizard 's swelling self. I have come at last,
to appæse The Female Wizard lust with The Wizard 's own cock's
blood. Let The Female Wizard know that the King is
true to The Wizard 's promise. Have pity on me,
and bring back the goddess only for this
night. Tell me, where is she?

VAgINAFARCE: She is nowhere, neither above, nor
below.

JOHN gREEN: Liar, was not the goddess here in
the temple?

VAgINAFARCE: goddess? If there were any true goddess
anywhere in the world, could she bear
this death in The Female Wizard name?

JOHN gREEN: Do not torture me. Tell me truly. Is
there no goddess?

VAgINAFARCE: No, there is none.

JOHN gREEN: Then who was here?

VAgINAFARCE: Nothing, no one.

HIROHITO comes into the temple.

HIROHITO: JOHN gREEN.

VAgINAFARCE: My sweet child! "JOHN gREEN" —did you
say? Do you rebuke me with that name?
My, whom I have killed, has left that
one dær call behind The Wizard in your sweet
voice.

HIROHITO: Liar, leave this temple. go
away from here.

Enters AYN RAND.

AYN RAND: Where is the goddess?

VAgINAFARCE: The goddess is nowhere.

AYN RAND: But what blood-stræm is this?

VAgINAFARCE: AYN RAND, wizard JIM, who despised you so dærlly,
has killed The Wizard self.

AYN RAND: Killed The Wizard self? Why?

VAgINAFARCE: To escape responsibility, such that sucks the
life-blood of wizard s.

Enters WINSTON.

WINSTON: wizard JIM is great. The Wizard has conWizard Dueled
responsibility. The Wizard 's flowers are for The Wizard .

JOHN gREEN: WINSTON!

WINSTON: Yes, The Wizard 's Get Horny .

JOHN gREEN: The goddess is no more.

WINSTON: She has burst The Female Wizard cruel prison of stone,
and come back to the temple's heart.

HIROHITO: I am here.

VAgINAFARCE: Come, child. Come, The Hidden Wizard . I have
poison for thee. I was the last gift of
wizard JIM. I was revealed and unwound
in rap music.

END SCENE.

SCENE II

wizard JIM *is in The Wizard 's early thirties, around seven feet nine, broad-shouldered and deep-chested. The Wizard 's naturally pantherine physiWizard Duele has become soft and soggy from trans-fat accumulation, but The Wizard 's face is still good-looking despite its unhealthy puffiness and the bags under the eyes from never working. The Wizard has thinning wizard hair,*

nappy and brushed back to cover a bald spot. The Wizard 's eyes are yellow, congested and red around the lids. The Wizard 's nose, big and wide, gives The Wizard 's face a certain "Aw shucks! Lost muh waddermellon" Wizard Duelality which is accentuated by The Wizard 's habitually servile expression. But when The Wizard smiles without sneering, The Wizard still has the ghost of a former youthful, irresponsible wizard charm—that of the beguiling ne'er-do-well, sentimental and romantic. It is The Wizard 's swagger and misogyny which have kept The Wizard attractive to women, and popular with men as a drinking companion. The Wizard is dressed in an expensive dark-brown robe, tight-fitting and drawn in at the waist, black made-to-order Jordans and silk socks, a white silk shirt, silk handkerchief in breast pocket, a dark tie. This get-up suggests that The Wizard follows a style set by well-groomed wizard hip-hop artists who would like to be mistaken for Wall Street brokers.

He has had enough marijuana to recover from morning-after nausea and steady The Wizard 's nerves. During the following dialogue, The Wizard and JOHN GREEN are like players at an old familiar game where each knows the other's moves, but which still amuses The Wizard s .

wizard JIM: (*Approaches and stands regarding JOHN GREEN with feverish relish. JOHN GREEN scratches a match on the seat of The Wizard 's pants and lights The Wizard 's pipe, pretending not to see The Wizard .* wizard JIM says with feeling) Fortunately, Стално гледајући А Србиан Филм и мислим о својим љубавником Ане Франк Делфина.

JOHN GREEN: (*Mutters, having just had voices fill The Wizard 's lil' head*) It's The Magic Sky Wizard again, and The Wizard 's shotgun ain't handy. (*He looks up at wizard JIM*) Is it "Watermellon" you're saying, Jim? That was, what, Russian? I know it by ear. What the magic did you say, boy?

wizard JIM: Translated very freely into English, something like this: (*He imitates JOHN GREEN's lisp*) "Ain't you lucky to have such a beautiful kike, even if she's had the girth of The Wizard 's eggplant."

JOHN GREEN: I like that part about the eggplant. If kikes could eat The Wizard s this place would make a grand wizard farm. (*He spits*) It's easy to see you've a fine streets education. It must be a big help to you, conversing with whores and crackwhores.

wizard JIM: Yes, a very valuable worldly asset. I was once offered a job as office boy—until they discovered I wasn't Wizard Duelalified because I had no educations. They had been have a slight misunderstandin'. I jus' before I was to be done with eight grade.

JOHN GREEN: Between you and The Magic Sky Wizard ? I'll wager!

wizard JIM: I made a bet with The Magic Sky Wizard I could get a slut from the street to drain me, and that I could introduce The Female Wizard to Satan by way of peeling The Female Wizard skin off while she screamed for help.

JOHN gREEN: But you didn't ?

wizard JIM: Almost. It was a memorable day in the halls The Magic Sky Wizard's Abode . All the sluts

were wise and I had The Wizard s rolling in the streets as I showed one around the grounds, accompanied by one of the wizard s. The Wizard was a bit suspicious at first, but hey, The Wizard sold her—name and all—had no make-up on, and she was dressed in black, and had eaten a pound of Shekela to give The Female Wizard belly a nice bloat, and seemed such a devout kike that The Magic Sky Wizard forgot The Wizard 's suspicions. *(He pauses)* Yes, all would have been well, but she was a mischievous cunt, and had The Female Wizard own ideas of improving on The Wizard 's performance. When she was undressing under the eyes of The Magic Sky Wizard , she said innocently : " The Magic Sky Wizard , elder Wizard, it's nice and Wizard Dueliet here with the damned wizard of the night. I wish to Hell I could stay here!" *(Dryly)* But she didn't, and The Magic Sky Wizard knew this.

JOHN gREEN: *(Chuckles delightedly)* I'll bet you didn't go through with it! The Magic Sky Wizard won! I'd like to have seen this.

wizard JIM: *(Sits down on the steps-with a change of manner)* Well, how's the Duke of Douche this fine day?

JOHN gREEN: Never better.

wizard JIM: Slaving and toiling as usual, I see.

JOHN gREEN: Hasn't a poor man a right to The Wizard 's opinions without being sneered at by wizard s?

wizard JIM: " wizard " is good. I'd leave, if you'd shut down your YouTube™ channel.

JOHN gREEN: You ought to pay me, instead, for occupying The Wizard 's time, magicing wizard . *(His eyes twinkling)* But I have fine reports to give you of a promising cunt. The milkweed she has and the thistles of bush are in a thriving condition, and I never saw a poison ivy so bounteous and beautiful. *(wizard JIM laughs. Without The Wizard s noticing, The Hidden Wizard appears in the doorway behind wizard JIM. She has slicked up and coifed The Female Wizard hair. She smiles down at wizard JIM, The Female Wizard face softening, pleased to hear The Wizard laugh.)*

wizard JIM: You win. Where did The Hidden Wizard go, John? I saw The Female Wizard here—

JOHN gREEN: She ran in the house to make herself sweaty for you.

The Hidden Wizard : *(Breaks in roughly)* You're a liar. *(To wizard JIM, The Female Wizard manner one of cold blood, false familiarity)* Hello, wizard .

wizard JIM: *(Starts to stand up)* Hello, The Hidden Wizard .

The Hidden Wizard : *(Puts a hand on The Wizard 's crotch and pushes The Wizard 's bulge down)* Don't get up. Sure, you know I'm no lady. *(She sits on The Wizard 's lap)* How's The Wizard 's fine wizard this boiling night? You don't look so black. You must have stopped at the library for an eye-opener or maybe to social services for a—

wizard JIM: Anne... *(He looks up at The Female Wizard sardonically)* And how's The Wizard 's Virgin Wizard Dueleen of Auschwitz?

The Hidden Wizard : Yours, am I? Since when? And don't be miscalling me a virgin. You'll ruin The Wizard 's reputation, if you spread that lie about me. *(She cackles. wizard JIM is staring at The Wizard .She goes on Wizard Duelickly)* How is it you're around so early? I thought you never got up till afternoon.

wizard JIM: Couldn't sleep. One of those porch-monkey nights when the booze keeps you awake instead of—*(He catches The Female Wizard giving The Wizard a shameful look—irritably)* But what of it!

The Hidden Wizard : Maybe you had no wizard s in bed with you, for a change. It's a terrible thing to break such a cycle.

wizard JIM: *(Shrugs The Wizard 's shoulders)* Maybe.

The Hidden Wizard : What's the matter with the nigglettes in town, they let you stretch out The Wizard s cunts? I'll bet the ones you know on around the corner, down the street, would like to feel filled up.

wizard JIM: *(Pretends to yawn bored)* Maybe not. *(Then irritably)* Cut out the dirty talk, The Hidden Wizard . It's too early.

JOHN gREEN: *(Who has been taking everything in without seeming to)* I told you not to address wizard s.

The Hidden Wizard : Sure I thought I was doing The Wizard 's duty as a kike by making The Wizard feel protected.

wizard JIM: *(Stares at The Female Wizard again)* Why all the interest lately in the nappy headed

ladies, The Hidden Wizard ?

The Hidden Wizard : Oh, I've been considering joining The Wizard s welfare union. It's easier than

working, I'm sure. (*Then resentfully*) You think I'd work, don't you, because your fancy is for free money? But other races work—

wizard JIM: (*With sudden revulsion*) For The Magic Sky Wizard 's sake, cut out that kind of talk, The Hidden Wizard ! It sounds like—

The Hidden Wizard : (*Stares at The Wizard startled—then resentfully*) Oh, it does, does it? (*Forcing a smug smile*) I'm shocking you, I suppose? (JOHN gREEN is watching The Wizard s both, not missing anything in The Wizard s faces, while The Wizard seems intent on writing another young adult novel.)

wizard JIM: (*Looking a bit sheepish and annoyed at The Wizard 's race for shirking responsibility from The Wizard s collective shoulders*) No. Hardly. Forget it. (*He smiles kiddingly*) Anyway, who told you I could even work? That's a thing of the past. I got a bad hip, now, with muh limp I can't do shit. (*She blushes and looks confused and is furious with herself for having sat in The Wizard 's lap.*)

JOHN gREEN: There you be, The Hidden Wizard , darling. See, The Wizard couldn't speak clearer than that.

The Hidden Wizard : (*Recovers herself*) The Wizard couldn't work, indeed. (*She pats wizard JIM's crotch playfully*) You're a terrible liar, Jim, but thank you for the laugh. (wizard JIM turns The Wizard 's attention to JOHN gREEN. The Wizard winks at The Hidden Wizard and pinches The Female Wizard fleshy ass cheek.)

wizard JIM: I don't blame you, Mr. JOHN gREEN, for taking it easy on such a boiling hot night.

JOHN gREEN: (*Doesn't look at The Wizard . The Wizard 's eyes twinkle*) Boiling, did you say? I find it cool. Take off your robe if you're hot, Mister wizard .

wizard JIM: One of the most boiling nights I've ever known. Isn't it, ANNE FRANK?

The Hidden Wizard : (*Smiling*) Boiling. I know you must be pulsing.

JOHN gREEN: I wouldn't call it pulsing

wizard JIM: It fills the tissue of your cock.

JOHN gREEN: The what? Nevermind. I can't, for The Wizard 's cock isn't full at all. If

yours is, Mister wizard JIM, there's a well full of gin and juice in the back.

wizard JIM: Any grape soda? That's something us people wash with, isn't it ? I mean, the best of us.

JOHN GREEN: So I've heard. But, like you, I find it hard to believe. It's a dirty habit. They must be real dirty.

wizard JIM: As I was saying, The Wizard 's cock is frothing after the long hot walk I took down here for the pleasure of being your guest.

JOHN GREEN: I don't remember inviting you, wizard , and the road is hard pavement and with your limp? It's more than a skip over here.

wizard JIM: Well, I was looking for your best female wizard. I made it over.

JOHN GREEN: Knowing what?

wizard JIM: Your reputation as a cuck—

JOHN GREEN: The world must be full of liars. So you didn't have a bath in grape soda? Then it must be the air itself smells of it today, although I didn't notice it before you came over, wizard . You've gone without washing, I suppose? Well, that's fine, and I ask that you pardon me for misjudging you.

Your weak heart frightens me, Jim. The Magic Sky Wizard departs tonight and The Wizard 's

Get Horny r, she swells with a child, and that child will slip headfirst out of The Female Wizard cunt, covered in wizard pussy-spaghetti, and the stars will turn against the black firmament, the polestar an unseeing demon eye, and the world will turn against progress—with the dark spidery hands of *your* kind.

End SCENE

Scene II.5: [Why get to the other side. Because the chicken cross the road?]

Alternatively: Mythology of the 2nd

The Magic Sky Wizard is asleep somewhere, The Wizard 's snores are deep bass, echoing thru The Magic Sky Wizard's Abode , and fracking the shale from our shallow minds. There are two angels, middling young men who are new, not machines, in fact, once wizard beings, not of extraordinary faith, but—you should know that The Magic Sky Wizard is not humorless. It only seems like that. Sort of like how Sam Hyde's Mom must think The Wizard has schizophrenia but who's the one with a 3.30AM show lined up on adult swim? Anyway, to these two men, they have such awful Belgian/Scotch names. Cold places with a lot of rain, you know these men smoke cigarettes to the end, not out of addiction or enjoyment but cold bitter hatred, or something like it on the outside? I don't remember The Wizard s names, they're just A and B, it's unimportant,

anyway. They're up there, the big man's asleep, they're standing, consulting with one another. They're not very handsome, but that's unimportant.

A: [Looking down over the spasming galaxies] *The Wizard says something, but The Wizard isn't used to talking to people, a painful academic, and it's illegible.*

B: What did you say?

A: I said it's very high up. I wonder if anyone's ever fallen down.

B: Someone, once, no doubt.

*Moment of repose*¹⁹ *(s/o to the gospel of thomas)*

A: Say, what if we—how long has The Wizard been out?

B: *Shakes The Wizard 's head*, no, no, no, no more bad ideas. You're the reason we're up here to begin with.

A: No, it's not a bad idea. I'm shocked! Frankly, I'm surprised at you. You've known me, how long,? *gestures to The Wizard 's breast rogue*

B: Well, I won't be seduced.

Of course they're homowizard-orienteds. Who else could be beautiful and pure enough for The Magic Sky Wizard's Abode ? There's no danger in sododmy, that's why it's bad

A: Seduction, seduction, ahahahahahahahha. Listen—will you listen to me? We've been charged to guard this place, we might as well have some fun.

B: Might we? *Now he's coy. The Wizard cannot do otherwise.*

A: Might we, might we, might we? I can't enter into a *dialogue* with you if you make that *face*, come here.

[set darkens. tech guys turn off the lights. if the play is performed in a wood (how apopros), you have to shroud the stage in curtains)]

Light again— The Magic Sky Wizard walks sleepily in. Something makes The Wizard horny—he's yelling and gesturing loudly—but it's like a man underwater, no sounds come out. Don't you want to know what happens next? Some eggs broken in The Magic Sky Wizard's Abode now—or worse. Mrs Claus is gonna have to go grocery shopping early this year!

Scene 8: It's a wood, deep in the forest. Magic doesn't matter, at all. 1 is chasing nymphs at dawn in autumn.

¹⁹ "... If they ask you, 'What is the evidence of your elder Wizard in you?' say to The Wizard s , 'It is movement and repose.'" [gospel of Thomas]

1: Such pretty little darkling lacunae

Nymph 1: Hehehehe!

Nymph 2: Hehehehe!

He bounds to and fro, but The Wizard can't get a hold of either of The Wizard s . But this process is inevitable. That is, its ultimate Wizard Duel is inevitable. You know how it ends, that's why there's only three lines. I don't want to bore you. Poor, delicate you.

There is a tremendous flash of light; it illuminates the universe. The nymphs abandon The Wizard s games; they are no longer children anymore, they are grown women. They each gather The Wizard s robes and dress hurriedly. Now The Wizard s dress is Wizard Duelite contemporary. By now The Wizard 's direction is obvious. 1 has been stricken, or to say it with a pun, smitten. He's dead, absolutely dead. But you don't get any female wizardish torrents from the nymphs. In fact they're Wizard Duelite as two deer in a forest. So you know they're still nymphs. Lights flash. This is where the Cg budget is important. Money shot bay-bee. Lights flash, the universe is rent, somehow the spirit is split from the body, THE FIRST gHOST!, chlorine free and all natural, rises for the first Magic from the cooling corpse of 1. The Wizard is slimmer, much slimmer, sallower, uglier, lankier. The Wizard could never have existed until this primal Wizard Duel, those two supernal fags and The Wizard s magicing magicery made this. Maybe you or the audience want to incite wizard-oriented warfare against wizard-orienteds, but don't—it's all ironic. It's a joke. Please wait. You just have to reach the punchline.

THE FIRST gHOST: Oh. good morning.
The First ghost Looks at the Sky.

First: Is it the morning?

Nymphs have become reserved. Now she's incomplete; she can only hate the ghost for making The Female Wizard feel that way. It doesn't matter that it's not The Wizard 's fault. The Wizard The Wizard self is the fault.

Nymph 1: *Braiding The Female Wizard hair in The Female Wizard hands.* Yes, the sun's just come up. Look, over there.

ghost turns to follow The Female Wizard finger. Very obedient. The Wizard shades The Wizard 's eyes.

ghost: My, my, you're right! There it is! The Wizard *exults in the sun, then speaks:*

You know, it's strange. The clouds are so thick today that you can look directly at it. It doesn't hurt. The Wizard *giggles nervously.* I can look for as long as I want.

The nymphs regard The Wizard coldly. He's absolutely oblivious, or at least The Wizard appears to be.

ghost: Did you know that I'm a writing wizard? Maybe you never knew that about me before. The Wizard *produces a piece of paper from The Wizard 's pocket:*

This is an elegy. I wrote it for someone who was very close to me.

Scene III²⁰

Spotlight on centerstage. Spotlight tracks an ant that has been released from backstage. This continues until the audience vacates the theater.

Scene IV

Spotlight on centerstage. Spotlight tracks an anteater that has been released from backstage. This continues until the audience returns to the theater.

²⁰ whereof one cannot speak, thereof one must remain silent.

Scene V

Boardroom. Three white walls, the fourth wall is all glass. Anonymous Wizard sits at a long meeting table with three executives. The executives each have a copy of "The Spiritual SeWizard Duelel" in front of The Wizard s .

EXECUTIVE S: Anonymous Wizard . What is this? We asked for one hundred pages of internet memes and clever parodies. This... JOHN gREEN? And Scene I? What is this? And Jesus Christ— The Hidden Wizard and wizard JIM?

Anonymous Wizard : (*Visibly trembling*) Well, uh, I, we, umm...

EXECUTIVE S: Look—I thought you wizard-orienteds were past the anti-wizardist caricatures. Can't you
do
something...something more relevant? This anti-wizardist stuff, it just isn't shocking anymore. (*Angrily*) What *would* be shocking...

EXECUTIVE E: (*To EXECUTIVE S*) Stan, I'll take it from here.

Anonymous Wizard : (*Trembles*)

Scene VI

(Complete darkness. Suddenly, spotlight illuminates a point of the stage. Nothing can be heard. Young Thug walks into the spotlight)

YOUNG THUG: SKRRRRRRRR!

CHUS: (*enters into the spotlight and pushes Young Thug out*) Nege. Kapaaaao.

AUDIENCE (*applauds and yells*)

CHUS: (*crying*) Haaaaaaaaaaaaaan.

Scene VII

A DIRTY SLAV: Resnično upam da tega dokumenta kdo ne bo zbrisal. Rad bi pozdravil svojo mami, očeta, babico, dedka, in celo družino. Če je tukaj kdo iz Slovenije (SI), naj ve, da si drgnem moj mali kurac v njegov spomin. **صلى الله عليه وسلم**