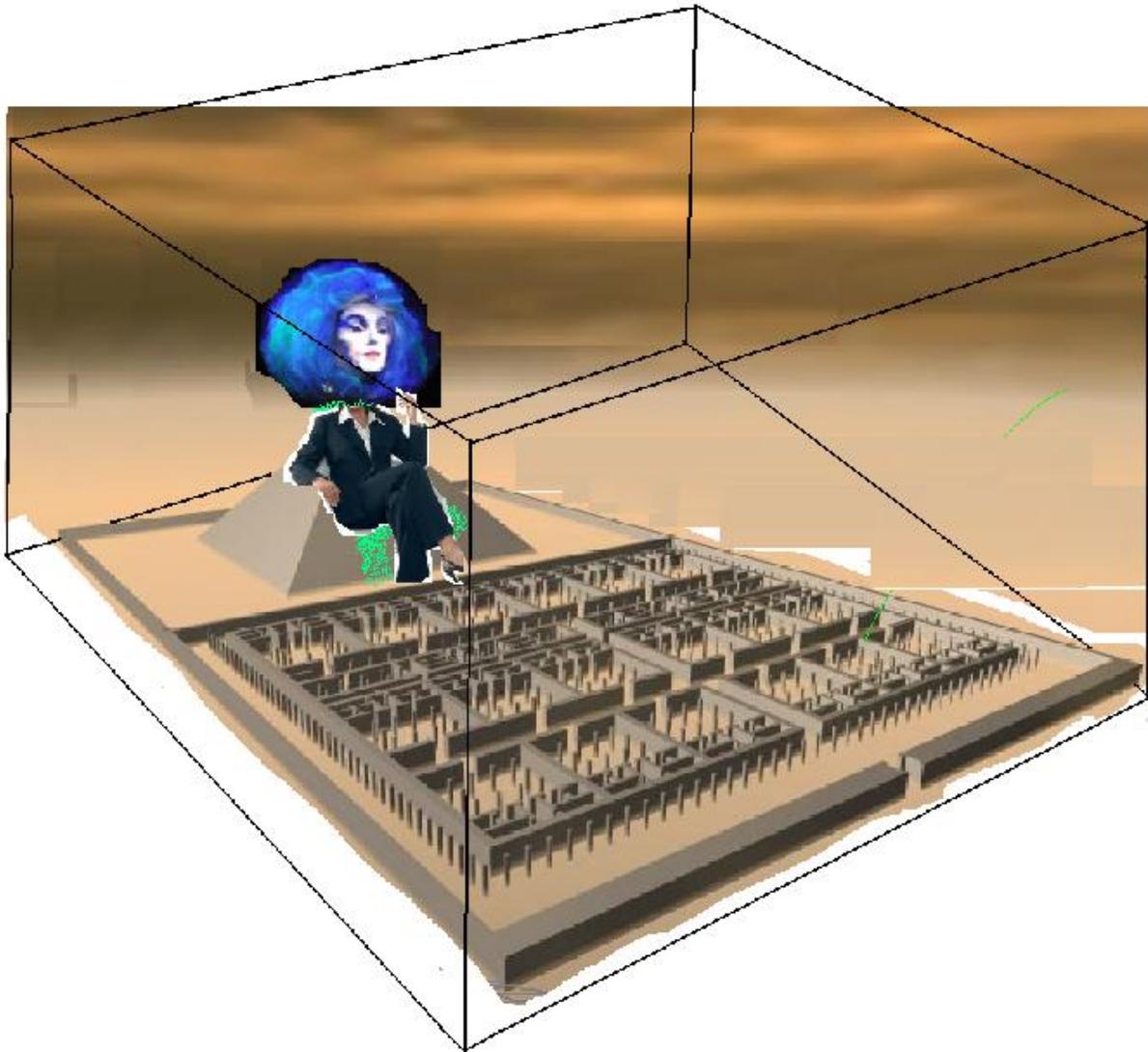


Crista's Severance Package



- Secret Locales Hobo, \$89
- Celestial Trivets, \$53
- Endless Juices Heels, \$210



≠{neither identical}

|
∫∫ t

Σ
{\WHAT THAT ANGeLS D

exit interview reminisce my levels none are}] ⇔ //

Level 1: relax increased sexual reproduction in a salt pond near the highway spark cones full of garbage direct from Detroit. relax this hot level is useful for mediation it may box up the Akron Delegation.

$\phi \Rightarrow$ slimd down & chaste i chasd a motherfucker}]
 \int^* [thru a darkgarage 2 get fired}}
 /
 /
 / {it wasn't simply terrestrial}
 \int^* {this desire to sna
 / {maintai
 ϕ
 /^{def} {& leased its my way with birds}/
 $\iint t$
EAL sext us non-angels up i hope i'll b selfrespected}/

$\phi \Rightarrow$ i'm overseas none of the/
 /
 /
 applicants
 get it
 crista speaks}} \Leftrightarrow
 i

Level 6: Infinitely permeable means impermeable if you missed me. Let's draw a simple map the antithesis of existing identity if it get us through Myst. Rain is only possible in the lower levels, A ≠ A quality of luxurious A.

It's a radically unstable glass party building and the fact is we have to staff it. They left us behind for multi-tiered clubs like xLjcliZe. That means we have to find high-turnovered bodies (lean pockets) who don't mind restructuring visionz of the holy family or crystallizing a screenplay out of novelty moni. xLjcliZe's owners don't realize that the same thing will happen to them when their angel investor's pelts deflate. Crista we have to let you go, in time. This is our new understanding. Fuqer if she enters another building it's only to relive her time here.

{i can't say i can't deserve it}

/ $\stackrel{\text{def}}{=} \{ \text{catch the motherfucker because} \}$

g Rig guarantees I can't} / $\int \int t \{ \text{narc trips me up \& } \}$ \int {this world was

\ $\int * \{ \text{facts b known} /$

nd crista speaks} \Leftrightarrow_i

$\phi \stackrel{\Rightarrow}{=} \{ \text{who is there was} \}$

/

\ $\int \int t \{ \text{there in mine own position flash-posing my} /$ $\int * \{ \text{approa} \}$ $\stackrel{\text{def}}{=} \{ \text{.docx \& hater's card so i} \}$

$\phi \stackrel{\Rightarrow}{=} \{ \text{retrrnN treasures b4/} \}$

another crista} \Leftrightarrow_i

Bottom line we have to diminish all her outputs into a glowing tail all them come to admire. This is *it*. Walking with skin I collected some of its sayings and some of her sayings while outer outlets collected their sayings. Now all our sayings unfold in a catalog. Resemblance “What will happen to my body” if it looks like the thing it’s not if I replace a row-home with beads or eyes can I say it sees an image of autonomy intervene? We answer the latter in class, tho it’s unclear if it differentiates or refracts *monolithic*. “That’s to say clothes us enough to enter the bathroom of the public library together. And just let me say “From the service n-trance 2 table service n-tranced” such scantily corrosive outfits leave us alone on the parti deq never.

$$\frac{\int \int t}{\text{all i got now}} \Leftrightarrow \frac{\int \int t}{\text{ched me-as-beast to receive me-as-}}$$

$$\frac{\int \int t}{\text{ched me-as-beast to receive me-as-}} \int^* \frac{\int \int t}{\text{too-heart without condom}}$$

$$\frac{\int \int t}{\text{ched me-as-beast to receive me-as-}} \int^* \frac{\int \int t}{\text{hard 2 say if this coupling b}}$$

$$\int^* \frac{\int \int t}{\text{now that i'm in the pur truest}}$$

$$\int^* \frac{\int \int t}{\text{glas eye}}$$

$$\int^* \frac{\int \int t}{\text{opportunities but follow}}$$

$$\int^* \frac{\int \int t}{\text{snax i/ see pfizer's}}$$

$$\int^* \frac{\int \int t}{\text{without complementary daycare}}$$

$$\int^* \frac{\int \int t}{\text{Toys But... detachable boot heels $239}}$$

$$\int^* \frac{\int \int t}{\text{Tru2bU ChyllN On This Cat-Team Sleigh, promise ring $613}}$$

If another empty shell looks lost it's our exit interview sent it, not so many questions. A pure formality just lead them across the highway, first experience become substance. They Relax treat it like a photo-shoot or palimpsestic cube. Personally I pose for polyvalent mirrors whenever, another interior multiplies itself wildly in cage posteriori. David Blaine will ask "Now that she's a freq do u think she wants 2 parti with us?" Crista calls a cab at dawn when she could have kicked us out at noon. With my testimony u can get a job circling hotbodies in club deadzones or write a dissertation. Neneath this you will hear no more, lacking the concepts. think fabulously generative Ice Palace/performance space "I'm of two minds whether fake dispersion is possible." (This may be like calling a room 'the vacation room' or stashing an aquarium in a hospital 'just until things die down.') Similarly when arguments underwrites it all. Perhaps so we think. Our prepared content treats yr predecessors to naughty receipts they can't depersonalize.

$$\phi \Rightarrow \begin{matrix} \Rightarrow \\ \{ \text{no time 4 blair wytch} \\ \text{Cardigan \$163} \} \Leftrightarrow \\ i \end{matrix}$$

$$\begin{matrix} \text{ore} \backslash \\ \int^* \\ \backslash \{ \text{new things or that thing} \} \\ | \iint \\ \{ \text{that's already there} \} \Leftrightarrow \\ i \end{matrix}$$

$$\begin{matrix} \backslash \{ \text{fucking carpets r phosphorescent} \} \backslash \\ \{ \text{dark monirooms bills all over the} \} \int^* \\ \backslash \stackrel{\text{def}}{=} \\ \iint t \\ / \stackrel{\text{def}}{=} \{ \text{LED's circumference into} \} \backslash \\ \iint t \\ \text{new-whites past} \} / \end{matrix} \backslash \{ \text{like roast beef a} \}$$

$$\begin{matrix} \Rightarrow \\ \phi \Rightarrow \{ \text{tryd displayN my skillset circling} \} \\ \int^* \\ \text{_____} \int^* \\ \{ \text{stimulus on pharmaceutical venison} \} / \end{matrix} \iint t \{ \text{bosses' hand} \}$$

Premier Preparation Memo 2a

Remindo: There r 6 levels! What questions will she ask us?

The unity of the severance package- its system- is, as an answer, of a higher order than the infinite number of finite questions that she can pose to us. It is of a higher kind and a higher order than that to which the quintessence of all her questions can lay claim, because a *unity* of the package cannot be obtained through any questioning.

Her yearning for a unity that cannot be arrived at by question turns, in its disappointment, to the alternative that could be called a counter-employment. This counter-employment then pursues the lost unity of the package, or seeks a superior package, which would simultaneously be a search for a unified answer.

If such questions- questions that seek a unity- did exist, the answers to them would permit neither further questioning nor counterquestioning. But no such questions exist; the severance package as such cannot be interrogated.

And to her virtual question (which can be inferred only from our answer) there could obviously be only one answer: the severance package itself.

See you on Blaq Tuesdat!

Level 2: Call-girls and technique teachers personally scent these traps b4. Sheila may appear of greater or lesser length than usual. Seed-mosaics crisp on a wall-tangle ahead of "the fire that sees" but creative visions do not occur on this level. Instead we melt pelts behind the testing center faint with interest on green fumes I understand TO BE interactive. I'm just trying to make new compositions

Now it's a thing
we're a thing "obsessed"

[Please report suspected exploitation of minors to the appropriate authorities](#)

Atlantis - m4w

Date: 2011-02-22, 5:18PM EST

[Reply To This Post](#)

please flag wi

[misca](#)

[p](#)

[spam/](#)

[best of](#)

You were the hot brunette playing Blackjack with your BF in the Atlantis this week.

You were at my table and you were so hot :)

- it's NOT ok to contact this poster with services or other commercial interests

PostingID: 2229002025

Level 5: Ruin is possible in the upper levels. In process: Simply splendid simple prisons. We into S. Philly as reversed inhabitants went, let out sleep with transliminal rope/ into/ Not yet have they their own premises entered.

Imagine Anthropologie's outfits off to a field. I want you to focus on this field. Your answers will give you this field, in it you have beautiful pastel horses, some of them with glitter on them. A Scion passes, also filled with coral. Appendages crumble at a guitarist's touch grey glitter if still sparkly.



Re: Per Request Correspondence Memo of Terminated Personnel Parti 3c: Crista to TY 3/9/13

ALL STOP BITIN MY LIFE,,

let the bois b bois

[she's the one i memorized]

2. Told yu this when iii discover the skull of Voltaire as a child I'm OUT

celebrity deputy cryogenitically
70 to 2 bitch mcs:

but who is he? bodi shot me
apocalyptically 4 reality
elliptically returns EZ

[dice a membrane]

how a frequentflyer like me dry
fuq CFO? pris-high testify
"thes pharmasuits wag me like a tongue up minarets"

to help
rastify US policy Jessica
chyll on MY spryng break

[gyrl fry-cooks at my circumference]
[smyoke mids thru rye]

5. cosmiq

BOI PRISMS IN YR AREA- Show quoted text –

We could create a showroom of *one* of our team-leader’s mistakes isn’t that more than setting trapz or draping centipedes about your semblance. “All of this I recognize returns to itself , or wants to.” But if they say “We scatter remaindered crates over the carpet pass out the tests” surely they distinguish if not the true from the false then the question from the quantifiable answer. A B which is to say I own it before why did they even bother?” You feel like saying “Mistake if you think we give you things, rather it’s the power to make corrals one mind.” Pack a live-body with resin that’s its visor for Planet Res festival weekend.



In The Wind Scarves, \$38
Primary Gleam Necklace, \$278
Counting Angles Dress, \$168

≡{
//
//
}}ⁱ⇌//

I feel as good looking at this as I will when I am it. "Self-recognized my last semblance" fuming itself atop the trash that literally double-parked me. Refract me into my bare forkéd boo or any bagged organic matter *biliminal*. "There seems some sort of threshold, rooms of well-oiled well-marbled hides and bay windows. Delight, some sort of desiccated being sleeps the open-house away in the parking lot." –This doesn't mean they'll be there, only something opaque and fleshly. But as they we set up incredibly incomplete histories dining on reflexive smyoker's emporiums. "Salvia wish them well" you may repeat yr lectures after you depart. Crista we'll start you out with a privately chambered dune-complex. "It's made of the footsteps a private charter follows." –But won't she sever herself completely when she departs? From us, temporarily, it's what happens to the metaphysician after his said earlier if there's nothing then not so now we'll never downshift into shredded mood clothing. It's not possible to be differently present at the beginning of your life only permeable David's penetration.



Take this room this room is entirely living matter. "Everything is already there" doesn't it seem to carry within it someraoh extraneous to itself. -No not if it's a dead phone I open just for gold coterminous with any expiring body-on-view only this body's expectations chart the exact circumference of the Pontian's adventures. Can a rodeo mind question itself? -Only if an indivisible's employment history refracts enough nutrients from self-imposed phosphorescence. "Ytru and False."

Re: Per Request Correspondence Memo of Terminated Personnel Parti 3c: Crista to LU 3/29/13

C 3:13 am: i need-yr-life

L 3:26 am: not-my-policy

I FOUND THE LAST FAKR MAN IN MY LAST FAKE ID AND LASHED HIM

klub kArkus
tRy
2 trace my eSsence

Sessions riding Effervescent
outside ClubTreSs
"NarcJess: it can't be done." PCB:

vixen Putrescence smears
LEs' magnum's scent
on dancefloor Trash. "I melted flatscreens"

it's my past's incanDescence
wilting b4 Biloxi's magnIficence into
common senSe

answered a witch's personal ad in Dollars & Cents
wItch
come back to Me

I HAILED A VETTE AND FUQD IT KLEAN

- Show quoted text -

We send people across it without understanding what it is or where it comes from. If you tell me it's a prism you only tell me my land-reclamation project herded jeweled weekend words die. How? "Blind severance is the rep's condition for repetitive acts in Kit's chamber, is necessary for late-night connex" (JY7139). So circular- this- we encounter the highway safari's owner's problems but none of her animals that is the mechanisms escape us. "But total accountability is what I need." Even in a haunted novelty motel we can't monitor all the guests so they meet in the parking lot but they're the same anyhow so captains into an immaterial date-night bust equivalent to forcing crystalline swag buffalo into a zinc mine blowing kandismyoke after them equivalent to losing a pregnant possum in Crown at its moment of duplication. "Now I can give it to you."

Alfresco Tunic, \$98 ~~\$128~~
 Slim Shine Belt, \$28
 Roll-Up Slouchy Shorts, \$58

Alfresco Tunic, \$98
 Slim Shine Belt, \$28
 Roll-Up Slouchy Shorts, \$58

Arte Moderno Necklace, \$298
 Safe Travels Pullover, \$68
 Slim Shine Belt, \$28
 Bowtied Batik Shorts, \$88
 Color Composition Wedges, \$190

Arte Moderno Necklace, \$298
 Safe Travels Pullover, \$68
 Slim Shine Belt, \$28
 Bowtied Batik Shorts, \$88
 Color Composition Wedges, \$190

Interrogation Memo 6f

Remindo: There r 6 levels! What story for the comment-streams?

They were controlled through shock therapy to keep them on task. However, one of the creatures found a way to stop herself from receiving shock treatment and when she informs others of this, the animal hybrids break loose in the break room.

One of your allies is Dr. Montgomery, a Southern physician's pharmaceutical bossy from devotion to you and intense drug use.

Brek Douglas, sole survivor from public relations meltdown, is brought to your quinciniera— against his better judgment — by Dr. Montgomery, and eventually becomes your team leader. Fascinated by the doctor's monstrous experiments and fearing for his own virginity, Douglas seeks the help of your lovely daughter, Aissia, to escape his chastity belt but is foiled at every turn by Dr. Montgomery and his man-beast lackeys.

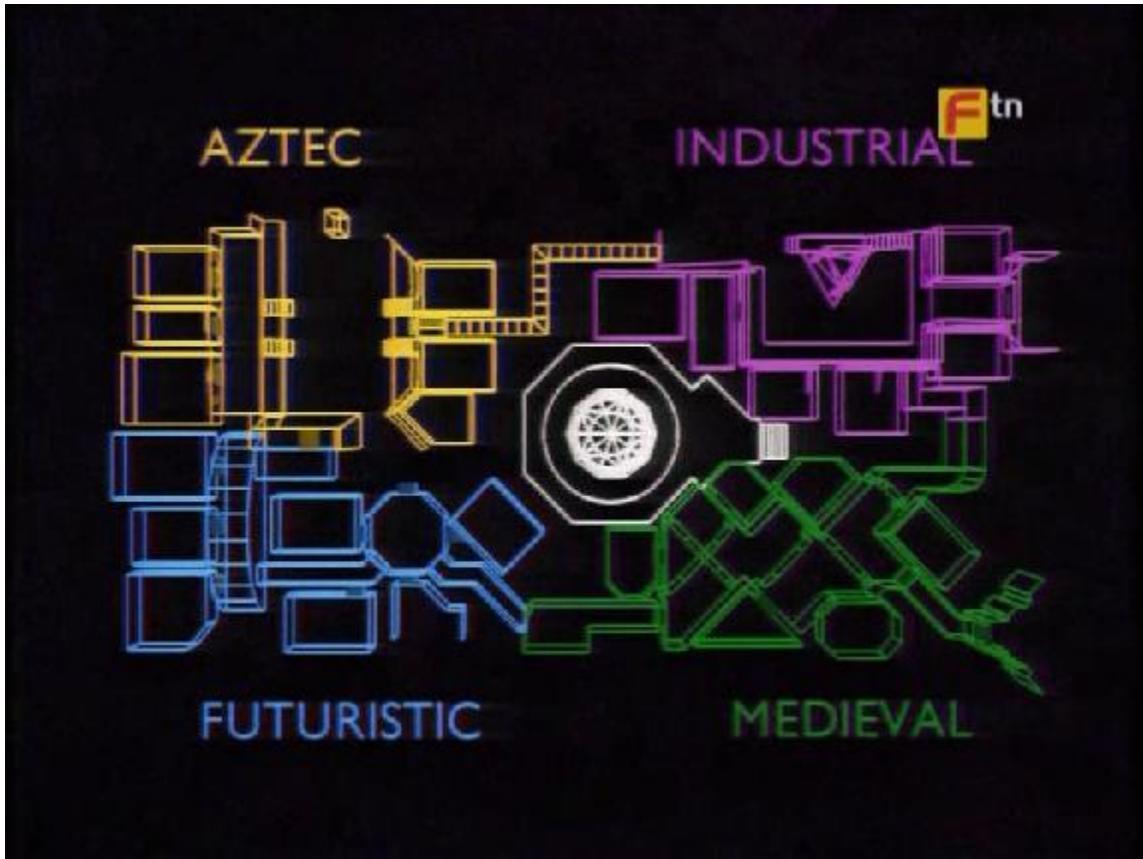
It's

See a freaq Fri! Sea a' freaq

2 CristaLJ portal entries 2note: <http://guccishopus106.livejournal.com/12326.html>

<http://guccishopus106.livejournal.com/11323.html>

Level 3: Crews clear 2d imagery with their eyes motherfucking closed. Fucker just blew through the toll, bare fractal in the shape of a Pru Prius grindz his wheelz on coral but I don't worry if it takes a severance package to get them to listen to our fucking images balk. Spark this while I braid voices into objective demon outfits it only seem prohibitive to larval crews comes alive.



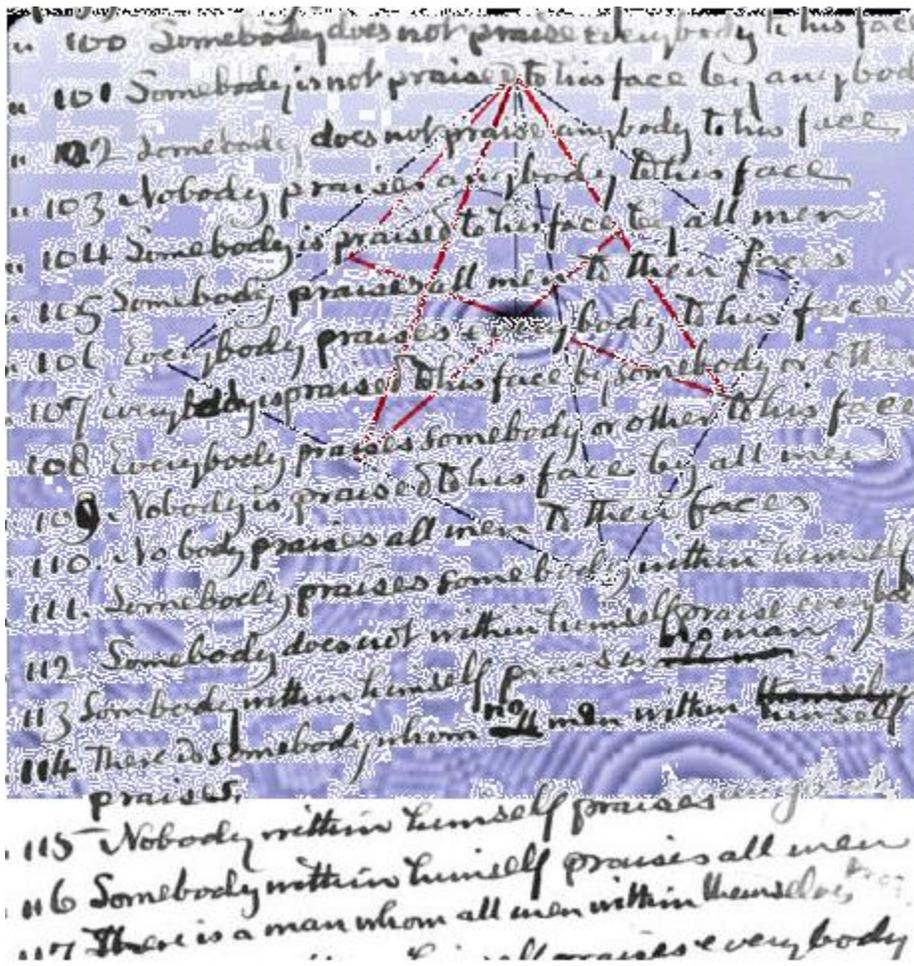
Level 4: Shaman commuter at an outsource convention lets hater's card slip. Why I waste jdreamz teamz time circling the Salton Sea now I see: pros. Adopt this circumference for all of it u encounter foreign boss-shapes at all-ages shows: 38 2 parti 14 2 dshrync. NO horizon at Woodridge.

Imagine it dredges a cruise-ship out any spectrum the passengers want to stay in row-homes even if their skin is painted on. Walking in the optics of the monthly crew they think it a vision. –Oh, that’s nice, read the letter out loud. “Their ideas become propositions, their touch no longer an aquarium feed-pond passes through but calls up another bodyscreen as in a Realize my molten yellow and moonless bag, drained, nonetheless paid to cross this manifold with its essence. Monarch of late accretion, you’ve a negative halflife tho you remain finite watching speed-date convention at sea.” Dry pharaohs this one has rooms in it, you specify how the date goes then illuminate the motley screens around the tables and at the exits certain the bodies *could* absorb your intentions. With eyesight so strained the room folds up and walks away, stealing the “Lumiere Brother” you crusted with mica. Flood the meter, I simply assented at last to an old thing.

CASH\$ MEMO 1

Acid dance on AC Delco's
whip u think it a fiend's night sipping
Crispus- wrong i'm here like the centipede on Chelsea's hips
tripping Now i'm gone. bacdafucup &
script me n2 Scar's crypts so I
Leave no welts with fake belts and strip
down to 0° Kelvin OK Lord) o k. trace my essence
out my lair 2 late 2
write my festschrift in cash cause my
tokyo drifts's got a witness
you
:ATTN employees left-over snax in the Pavilion NOT for "bring-your-child-to-work-day" child's

“Still, this difference can’t be part of the present.” You redeem purchase points at other airports so each airport can visit the purchase that made it possible. Similarly night in “I saw her take up a lightbulb and lock it.” How does she match things that they come to go on forever? DiamondSides sees the window of any condo means it’s here as what’s inside is inside of everything. “Wait,” fact-check of a blind interior, hi how are you? –It reads its messages: b.rich.n.30. “Totally tempted to say what we thought of as contradiction is just real estate or commissions.” –The passengers walk between buildings think for us even if we live elsewhere. When they bring down the afternoons over labyrinth’s set they’ll find all us there.



Handwritten text on a blue background with a red star diagram. The text consists of numbered lines (100-117) describing various scenarios of praise and self-praise. A red star is drawn over the text, with lines connecting the numbers 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, and 117. The text is written in a cursive, handwritten style.

100 Somebody does not praise everybody to his face
101 Somebody is not praised to his face by anybody
102 Somebody does not praise anybody to his face
103 Nobody praises anybody to his face
104 Somebody is praised to his face by all men
105 Somebody praises all men to their faces
106 Everybody praises everybody to his face
107 Everybody is praised to his face by somebody or other
108 Everybody praises somebody or other to his face
109 Nobody is praised to his face by all men
110 Nobody praises all men to their faces
111 Somebody praises somebody within himself
112 Somebody does not within himself praise anybody
113 Somebody within himself praises all men
114 There is somebody whom all men within themselves praise
115 Nobody within himself praises anybody
116 Somebody within himself praises all men
117 There is a man whom all men within themselves praise
... all praises everybody

“So you really wanted to see/” –We use this room to lead someone from one room to another, it has no windows but we see into its successors Crista my the rest of us anxiously ‘cause while you’ ve only drained bags (these, us) (with which to duplicate and decorate) we fray infinitesimal with no limit. Also players onsite poaching new extents we’ re. <LET’ S SEE WHERE calypso monarch with all yr snowbound successors. “It seems no matter which room I enter I’ll never be able to see this one even if I remain here.” Looking for something that isn’t there isn’t possible for a ruler, all his silver “She chips off paint in a corrosive bath or flakes off rust in a salt winter or peels off bark in a forest fire and suppose it our success?” You can’t argue against the table we installed near the gate however many dates take place in the sky. –Take this dune trying to overtake an Avis. “But I’d never visions hung from branches or surge protectors to eyes in the glass. “But we’re all out here” iterations of a room naked or melted. suppose the opposite of her would pose for us in a cave pic.” Oh fine, if everything is a missed connection in the past no one fucks in the fyutchre. “Enough clone bouquets to light up a control carnival, sinking bodies dance with each other in time.”

*pure past -
 past - Repetition -
 determination - Cartesian
 empty form of time - Inadequacy of
 form, order, totality by default, its agent is
 synthesis: its condition - The tragic and the comic, its
 unconditioned character - The tragic and the comic, its
 unconscious: 'Beyond the pleasure principle' - The first synthesis and
 present - Habitus, passive synthesis - First synthesis of time: the living
 problem of habit - Second synthesis of time: contraction, contemplation - The
 pure past and the representation of memory - The four paradoxes of the
 past - Repetition in habit and in memory - Material and spiritual
 determination, the determinable - The fractured I, the passive self and the
 empty form of time - Inadequacy of memory - Repetition in the third
 synthesis: its condition by default, its agent of metamorphosis, its
 unconditioned character - The tragic and the comic, history, and faith
 from the point of view of repetition in eternal return - Repetition and the
 unconscious: 'Beyond the pleasure principle' - The first synthesis and
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 synthesis: its condition by default, its agent of metamorphosis, its
 unconditioned character - The tragic and the comic, history, and faith
 from the point of view of repetition in eternal return - Repetition and the
 unconscious: 'Beyond the pleasure principle' - The first synthesis and*

Predator “lost in the parking garage” snacking on fucking hydroids contemplates consignment to sinking water. –2 mistakes here: supposing loss amongst well-lit PODs & the monarch’s touch well-received when in either case it’s underwater. “It’s so still here with bodies groping in dome-lit cars casual as lichens across a mood-ring.” Emotive growths extend the oceanic mansion that won’t incorporate them. –But just because this their role doesn’t mean it’s their job. “Oceans substantiate the moon like employment the language.” Yet her index guides us to spectral troughs of embalmed food, mere function of poorly-designed goodbyes. –I’ve memorized it anew everytime.

Re: Per Request Correspondence Memo of Terminated Personnel Parti 3c: Crista to KJ 4/13/13

I FEEL LIKE I FUQD U

[tru sorry]

8. just jumped out a fucking crystal [i realize in silence]

[all yr plays failed me]

but here i am, puking my 7th sense out a scion

us insomniacs on alamo floorplan
disrespect sheriff's pillcasket
in order

high-as-fuq hard-to-historicize
fur-bus bounce on horizon of wrong proms
cause' burnt horses clog i-95 HOV

13. multi-grain pringles after that coke zero keeps me in line at reptile haus

I FELL INSIDE U WITHOUT MY IDENTITY

- Show quoted text -

Projected Future Project Trajectory of Terminated Personnel 8126: Crista

With the quarantine about to expire, Press and Laura begin searching for Crista. Unfortunately, by the time they locate her, she has just had unprotected intercourse with her human husband and has become impregnated with another alien offspring. The tube-like creature emerges from Crista's womb and latches onto the husband's face, presumably suffocating him or feeding on his organs. Press and Laura then break into the bedroom and discover the alien. They shoot the creature and then gas it to death as it retracts back into Crista's body. Dennis Tedlock takes Crista's body to a regenerator lab.

After spending the night with his fiancée, Patrick wakes to find her mutilated body and another alien child. Horrified, he shoots himself along with the last trace of the human psyche within him. His head immediately regenerates and he displays immediate thoughts of reproduction. Patrick begins impregnating more women, mostly prostitutes, burying them next to his shed where he is accumulating a large family of alien children.

Informed of his son's condition, Senator Ross refuses to be of help and instead meets Patrick at the shed. The two tearfully reconcile but Patrick's alien nature kills the Senator. Patrick helps his alien children to [cocoon](#), awaiting their rebirth as adults.

As the team prepares, Crista breaks free from the lab to find Patrick. The team tails her, finds the shed and kills Patrick's brood. Crista and Patrick start to mate and transform into their alien forms, but are interrupted by Press. Alien-Patrick fights off Press and Dennis and also overpowers Alien-Crista (who attacked him at Laura's request), penetrating and killing her. Press stabs Alien-Patrick in the back with a [pitchfork](#) coated with Dennis' blood, causing Alien-Patrick to disintegrate.

The military arrives and escort Press, Laura and the injured Dennis. Crista's human body is loaded into the back of an ambulance. As the vehicle departs, Crista's womb begins to swell, indicating an imminent birth. One of Patrick's children, who had not yet cocooned, looks on.

Level 4: Rigs ain't diamond sadly. Hypnagogic phenomena ran last level's photo-shoot like a terrarium. Them open-eyed-visual-effects' future condition will be *to have dazzled*. Exist at this level if you knock fake succulent "Cristi" out the window just hatch another out the trunk. 8 psychagogies have I known, one per level with exception.



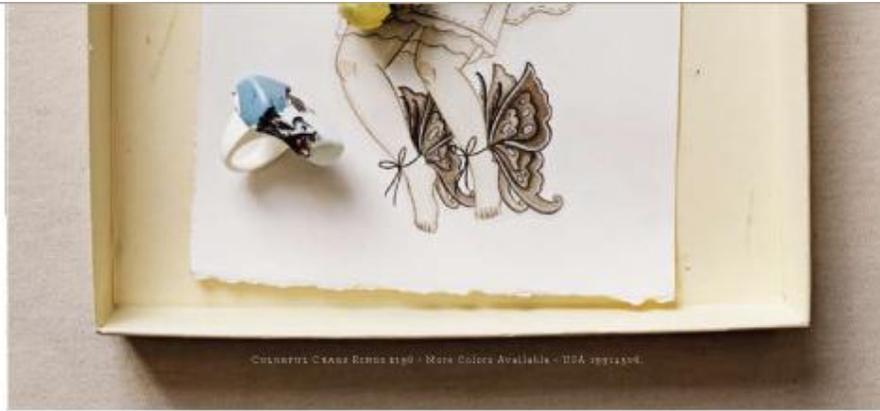
Level 3: Wake up body nothing. They're opening new contingent adult filter feeders not the kind we recognize: Nutrigrain you're entirely lost to the body u imagined now I got to close my eyes 2 u.

Imagine pine portal before glass building they are equivalent. Eyes drugged-up in the window display look into my own as through a phone I check for gold. Dipped my babi in pollen to find out whose prints inscribe their name on her key on their way to the building portal before pausing at the aviary (also mine) to reflect on this and other propositions in the domed eyes of my screech. Motherfucker sees "Crista vanish in relation to yourself or to cells with fixed scripts but not to us ok." Right that's the purp of this interview, to multiply our premises across infected space. "Appearing to do this we precede all human everything settle in his eye's building like hair and dust on a buffalo lacking the maze-tangle taxidermist's loath to master. They left it out by the curb. Lack accountability left out with hidden trash glare at hides without faces if you ever leave Crista it'll be no different, equivalent until its own historical reenactment evaporates into a door that fits its building.

CASH\$ MEMO 2

outrageous right she
headline plastic buffalo slow-train to Vegas as
IT'S PHUN | back-slide to a cloak's contagious
in-a-celeb-trailer
Rattle. WatchNow my miracles in a
cubic body See it ride a paleontologist's succulent
Ridiculous chrysalis in the saddle Rodeo Kidz lent
Bertrand Burtroise's turquoise furbols a time-capsule
just to score? betrays
salacious network's hot-boy detritus he
just suck gargon by ji hisself hisssssss
Meanwhile hot-tub nexuses
traduce brown Lexuses out a shakerz & a folderz Toxic
I'm think I'm did it again
I'm not that puzzled. Now IRS man's half-frozen french-fries
property of pitbull
:ATTN employees PLZ remix splendas in the staff-cube simple? It's half-sugar ppl! (smile)

Thanks for all the thots. “Isn’t what I’m saying They fill the space like hair its container?” But where zinc chambers merely limit hair people subdivide indefinitely. “Anthropologie’s runway exhausts memory. Thus co-dependent, it seems forgetfulness isn’t a condition for expansion and renovation but for dirty dis ‘that is only human memory sustains us.’” –No, Forgetfulness don’t tell us your wealthy just return to the underdeveloped scene on the onramp not. “We’re all here.” itself in its models in a thousand hotels lets each outfit fly into its own expanse invisible of the others.” I let each outfit dissolve in its own solution. –This is just not so, the crystal-instrument-experience is *are anterooms to actual space must they strain shared constraintz from the same vaporizer?* “Anything capable of keeping a rainbow liquid separate from its world-as-resonance. “They converge in a single eye after a long sleep, too sassy?” Dissolution at lowest ebb differs from exposing a little skin at a party barely.



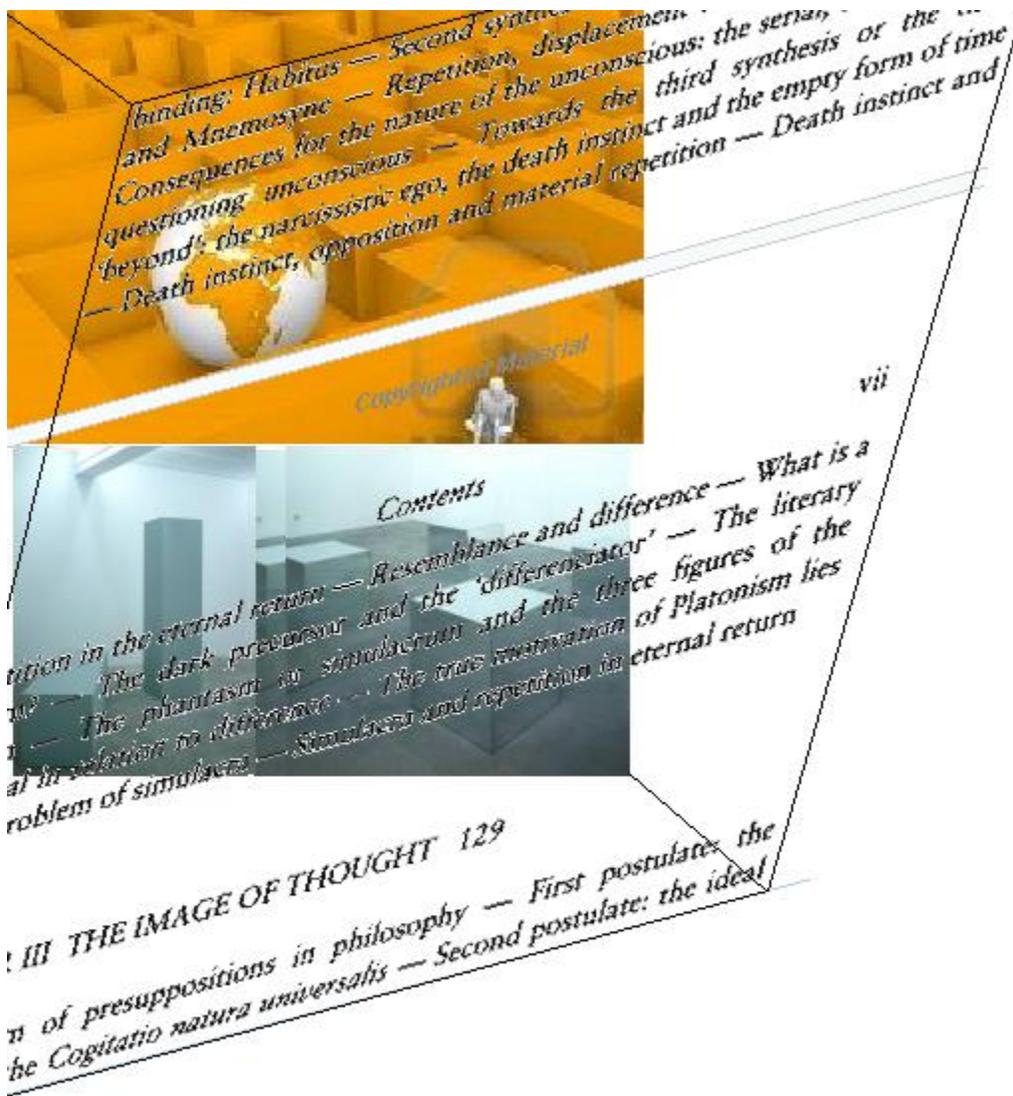
Colorful Crag Rings, \$198 each



Beaded Synergy Clutch, \$188
 Beautiful Chaos Clutch, \$168
 Emerging Night Clutch, \$188

–It’s so unlike a designer’s eye to synthesize, dispersal requires indivisible originals. We say suspiciously “Any recognition can, theoretically, be transformed” outside of the “Ok pupa that’s enough.” You say that to every wrapper: “waited things” like it emerge in the non-car I assembled in the parking garage or in hollow furniture. –It questions their exterior it suggests eternity but you could pay its parking fee and melt it in a river. “This no more abolishes that concept than flecks of an aborted pupaoh metamorphosis and yet its life bores me as if its vagabond concept receded into an amethyst-mouthed teen.” Refute NOTHING GROWS IN GLASS CAGES in lipstick on mirror at medusa all you want it’s still collaborative/interactive. “Crista call me.” –Personal apparitions- *mine*- appear in imperial mood clothing to assess insufficiently apparitional declines. present. We’re listening to answers on the other side of the door so unlike the indiscriminating eye of an animal. –That would also have to be true, we’re able to contain animas in house style.

Level 5: Pursuit reptilian become errbodi's eye-candy you were nothing a/ bottled spyder is and isn't. Chatterbox 3 no don't it causes the interior 2b infinite. That fucking reptile makes everything exterior his home just forget it it's inaccessible 4 us.



Level 2: Vapors with bad exchange rates don't talk to us just give me the combination to pyramid myxcLiZe. I got to complain, gems silt us droids yet doors close on vodka. Over-omens drink us we hear the memos dad turn off the radio we hear the cash\$ memos u wrote on yr day-shift/ Check yr axis.

certain personal rigidity I nonetheless Shy fantasy sheds its clothes if that encourages you. “Fake-contingent become the-hot-thing is authentically unintelligible without chyll-ass-androgynous-graft for context.” They resemble trash in a child’s diorama. Likewise *score what I recognize in silver plates*. “Acid full frontal accidents acquire clothes only at the area, subduing lashes of colored sand and glass. “So to desire say: nakedness come from the consignment rack, my real clothes are beneath the car.” –Where one finds here. *stranger leaves what i wants all over the place*.”

at no longer} / $\int \int t$ {fit as if i can't shape-shift lost another} \Leftrightarrow

\Rightarrow
 \Rightarrow as if an angel-become-/
 /
 /
 human-applicant
 get it &

p n2} \ \int^* {the pool with the vedas or that thing} | $\int \int$ {that's already there} \Leftrightarrow

{peripheral corrals of propertied} / {whites r phosphorescent-carpets} \ \int^* {like roast beef &
 $\int \int t$ {-less playback echoing off} \ $\int \int t$ {permanent death}} /

my residue side up to the mantle indistinguishable from other metals. “Diamond-sized, faced, you merge with other things now.” And as “stardust StardustCowboy” bestows form on a lot of trash, these things were never so much as distinct. –You will say “subterranean beneath the pair indistinct/distinct are too vast to index.” Dissemblances concentrate into a live face or descend into feverish numbers of hollow bottles. They are not a feature of this level, descent-multiplicatives of the prism;

wear flesh clothes on}} $\int \int t$ ^{def}{screens at the library to maintain} // \int^* // { outfits in time tho i //{changing mi // :: $\int \int t$ } | { compulsory post-employ } \int^* {unpaid internships that r not} //

try 2 display my skillset as my jurissyntax drinks 4ev} \int^* star-ceiling's east until sound escape mi body \Leftrightarrow /::/ $\int \int t$ {boss'} still{heir-apparent) Restaurant's} \int^* s 4rom mica castles rising in Durango} /]

Level 6: The ShapeShifter's Complex sometimes we hear your Presbyterian voices. Hey shut up I think I see Jackson's shaman's commute. Oh yr 3d bodies give u memos to write on yr nightshift (TOTALLY NOT FOOLED BY THIS): @ rig\\

lay embalmd like Deb}}

\int^* $\iint t$ {faithfully interprets jeweled mansions
// \\ \ & sucks mountasia ring-
{her son scared-straight}} p o
p
to a soundtrack that
doesn't yet exist at



2

New Life Necklace, \$238
In The Abstract Dress, \$248
Rockland Sandals, \$128

Level 1: He-orbs 4 he & She. No. We want to know which complex this is. Simply consensual interior r u with 3d-realistic-vapors filld? Make that money rain.