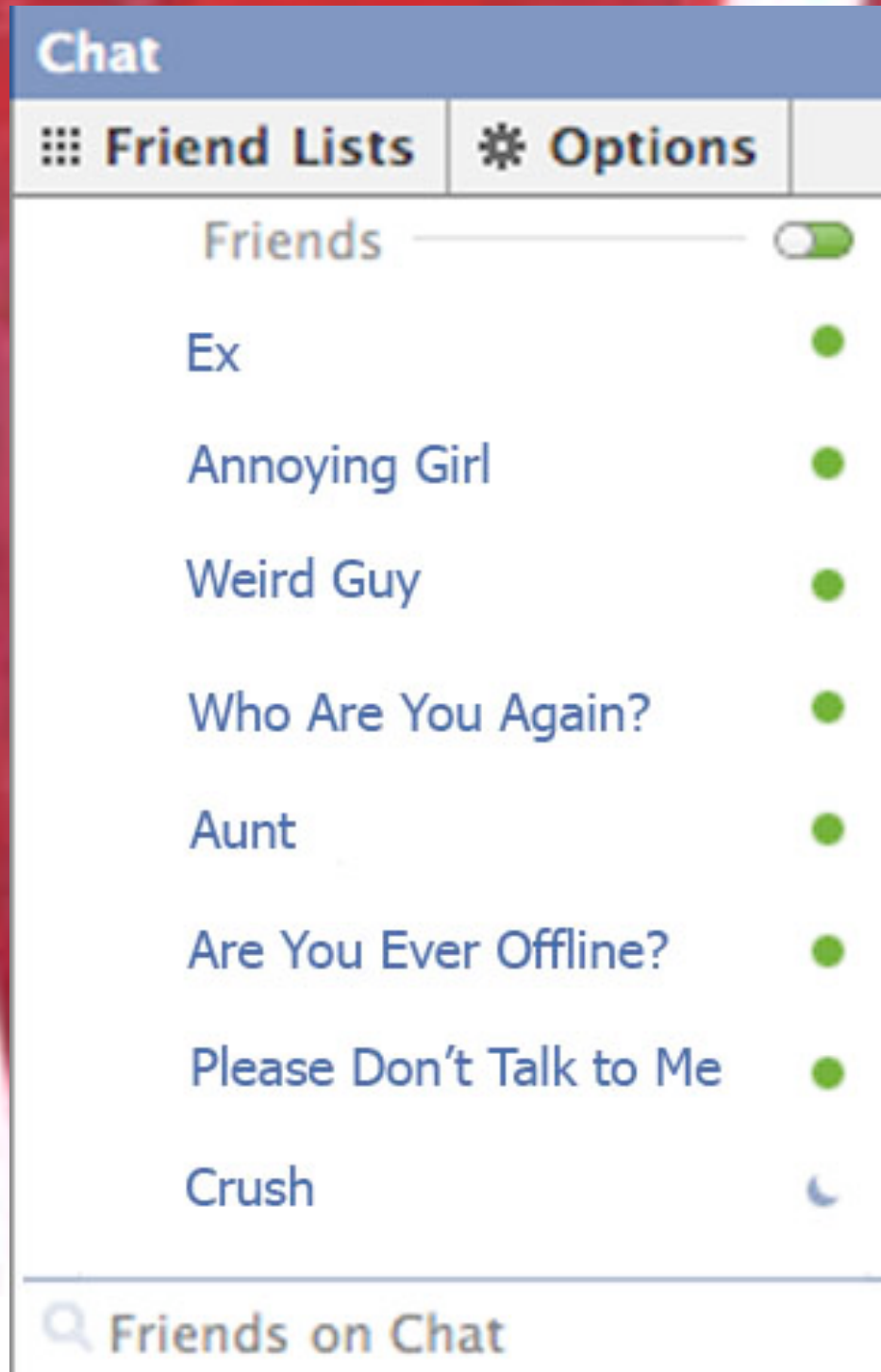


# TARGET IS BUSTLING AND FRIENDLY



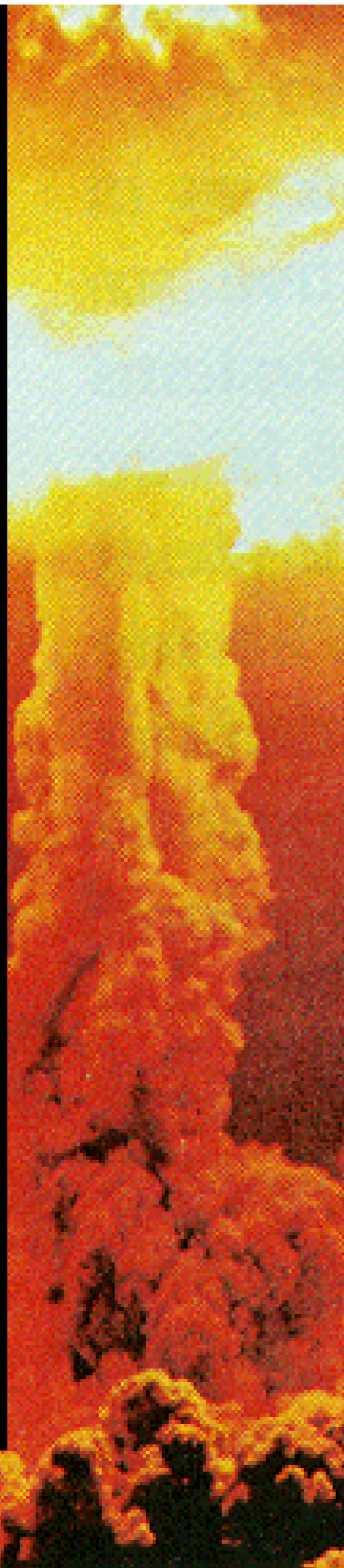
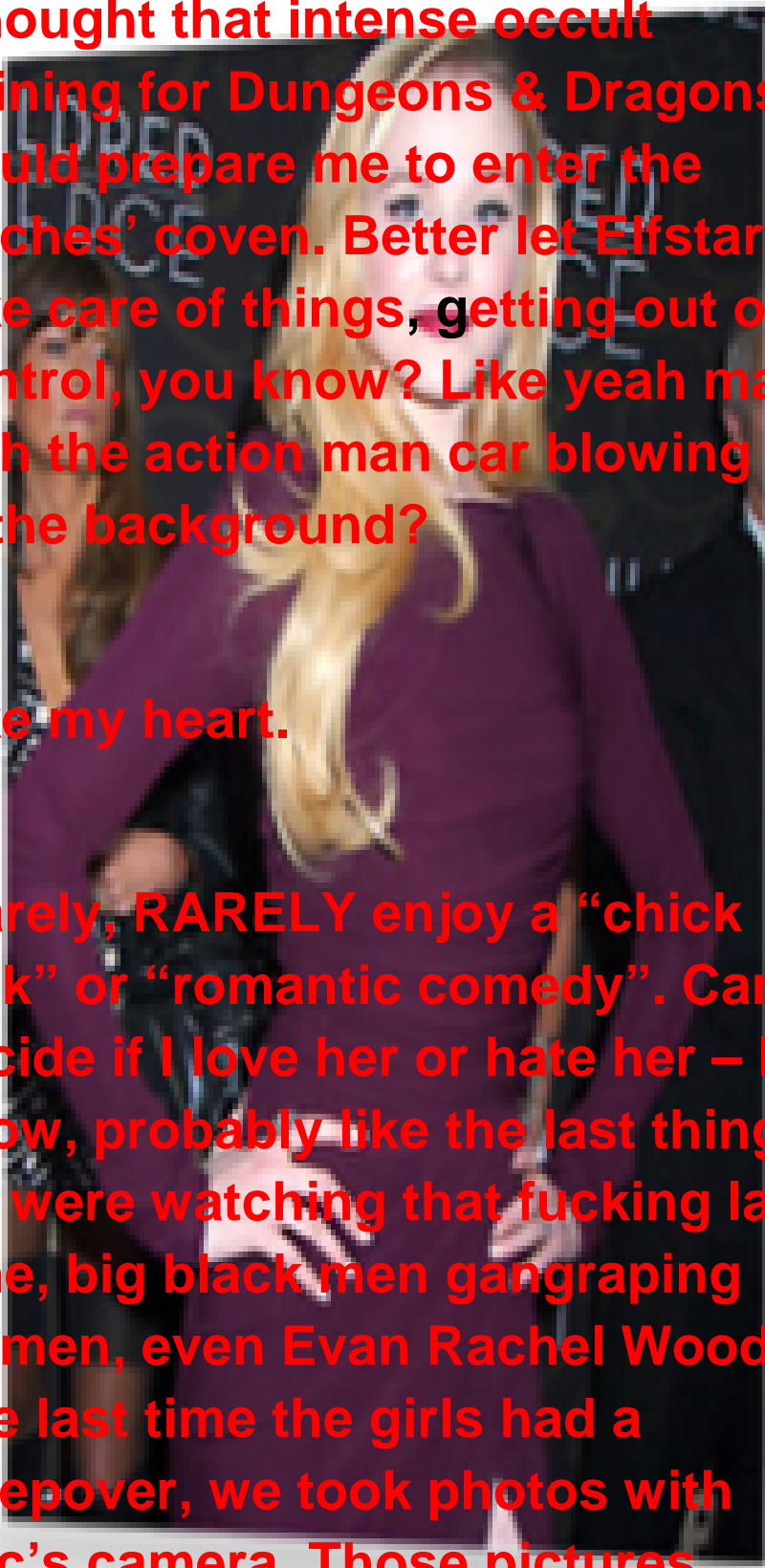
**It's like me and my girls have our own language. So hang us! I don't care. Probably look prettier dead. I mean, my tight as a hawk pony-tail is in total mode, any noose is good noose. I'm deeply imagining my headband in a pool of blood right now, probably yours, and probably for more than a while. Do you know what forever is? It's my two cents.**

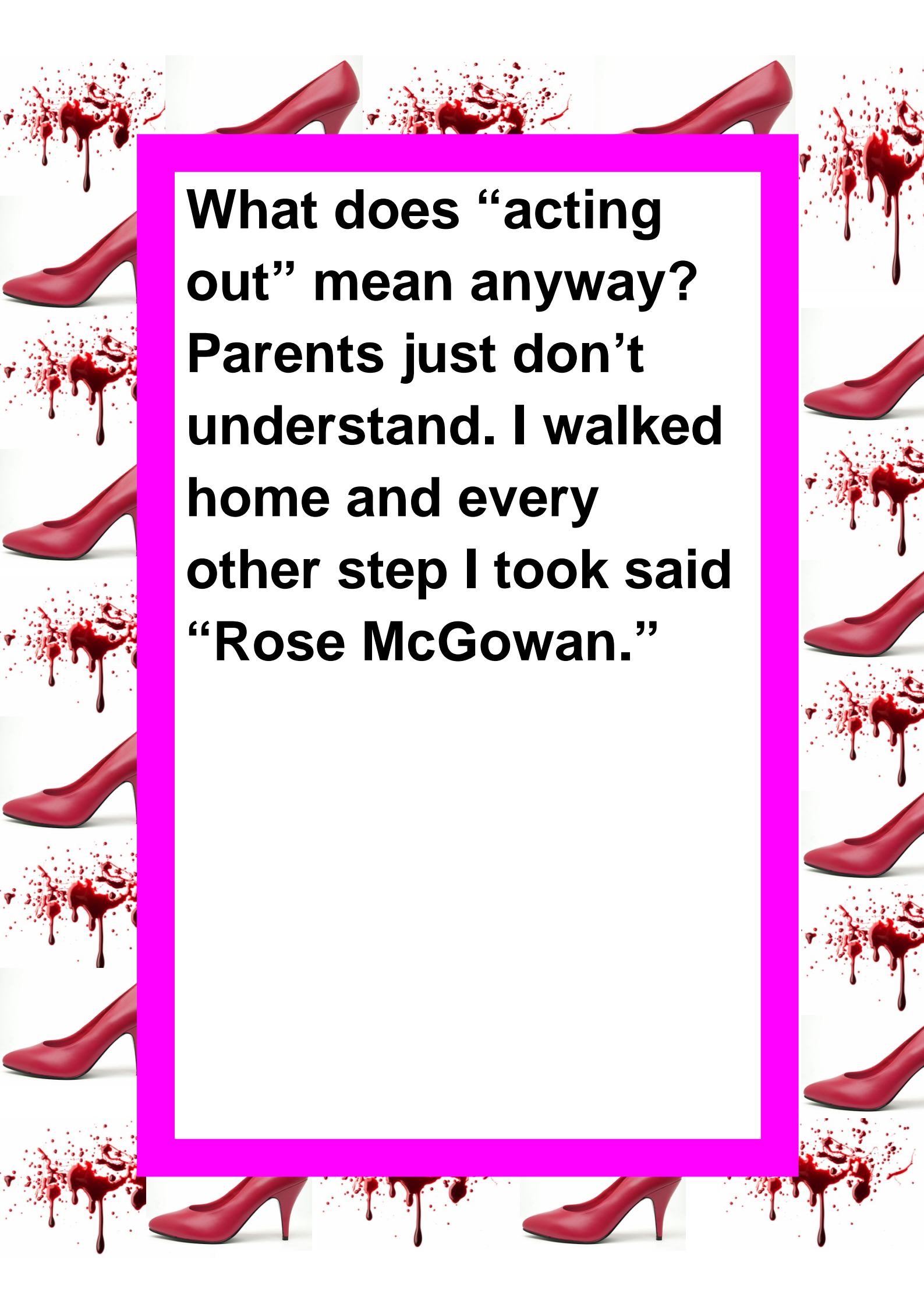


I thought that intense occult training for Dungeons & Dragons would prepare me to enter the witches' coven. Better let Elfstar take care of things, getting out of control, you know? Like yeah man, with the action man car blowing up in the background?

Like my heart.

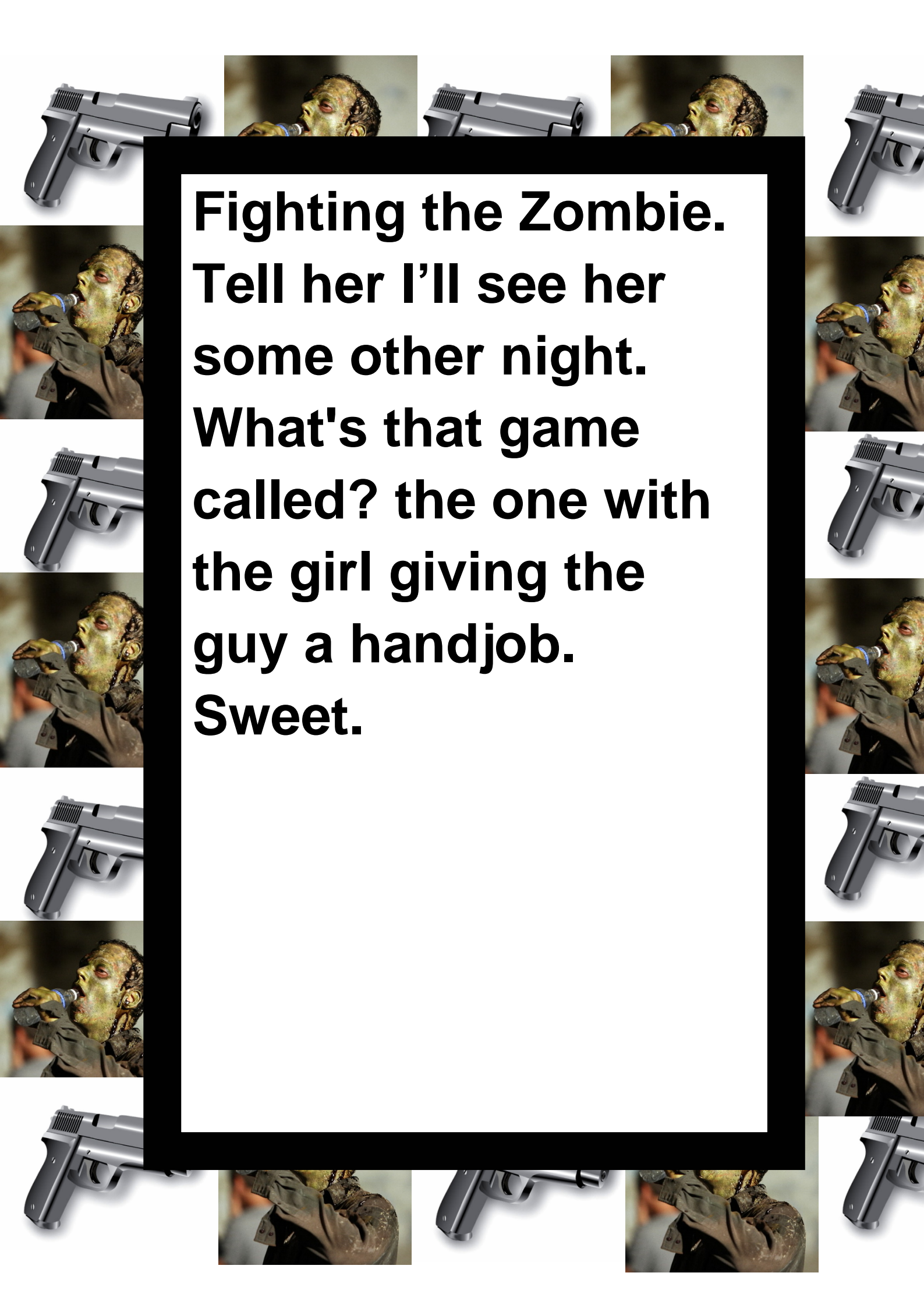
I rarely, RARELY enjoy a "chick flick" or "romantic comedy". Can't decide if I love her or hate her – I know, probably like the last thing we were watching that fucking last time, big black men gangraping women, even Evan Rachel Wood. The last time the girls had a sleepover, we took photos with Eric's camera. Those pictures made my dick yawn.





**What does “acting out” mean anyway? Parents just don’t understand. I walked home and every other step I took said “Rose McGowan.”**





**Fighting the Zombie.  
Tell her I'll see her  
some other night.  
What's that game  
called? the one with  
the girl giving the  
guy a handjob.  
Sweet.**

**What I'm trying to say is these dark pools of seething regression are totally giving me cramps. It's been two days since my last confection, and my Home Ec teacher is totally giving me the rag about it. These shoes rule. I finally am learning the meaning of "sacrifice."**



**When I wanna talk to her about these things, she tells me: "I'm not your mother, okay?!". Lost the patent on smoothness, it's my fault Black Leaf died. If I quit the game I can't face life. I sing aerosmith in the shower because I'm so brutally crushed. Drink whatever the hell I want and watch whatever the hell I want, thank you very much. If I wasn't a sad person on the internet I don't know what I'd want.**



**Ugh, Tuesday  
afternoon again? I  
can't even. There's  
– nothing? to do??**





**I'm trying so hard to progress my spiritual growth through this game dude but I suck at figuring out which light will do what thing.**

**HowStuffWorks:  
“Women and Emotions”.**



RecBoot

Exit Recovery

Enter Recovery



**At this time of the month I can taste  
evil**

**And I can spit in the eye of anyone  
who makes me eat it.**

**I can roast the flesh of your self-  
esteem on my anger**

**I can use your skin for a drum:  
beware of me**

**I am unholy if that is what you  
worship...**

**I am crazy if that is what you dare  
desire;**

**I can run rings around Saturn,**

**I can outstare Jupiter's eye:**

**I can cry tears of blood and laugh  
yells of fury.**

**I can make a flute out of your thigh.**

**Nothing is amiss:**

**I must bleed at the end of this.**



**This is the digs, man.**

**My cleric has been raised to the eighth level.**

**It's like the size of three big macs  
I don't know I just wish she liked me  
you know**

**I don't know how many words  
rhyme with blood, really**

**I used the mind bondage spell on  
my father**

**He was like I been there man I been  
there**

**I don't know if I'll ever have sex with  
anyone**

**measured my dick next to that  
pornstar James Deen's  
smoked a cigar for the first time but  
I threw up.**

**THREE STRIKES AND YOU'RE OUT**

**All I have going for me is seeing  
Slayer twice in a row in February.  
I'm stuck**

**In a halfway house of my own  
semen**

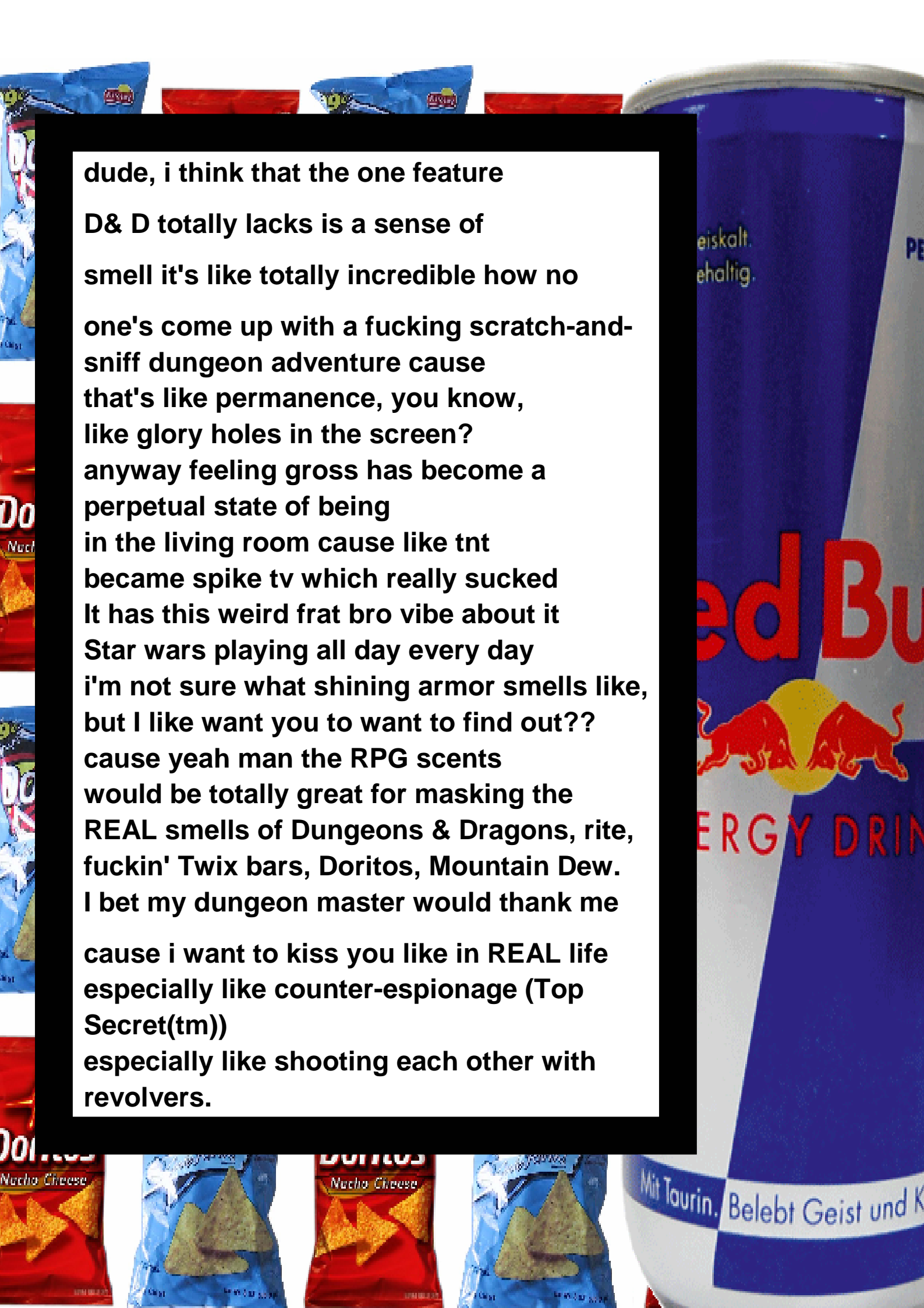
**SLAYER**



You had a dream and in this dream I saw you I saw you sunbathing. Ok WE saw you sunbathing and just couldnt take our eyes off that dead body! 1and only three yards away. Brendan said he really liked your shades. You might remember because you replied that you thought you had lost them. But you might've been talking to yourself Anyway so like in this dream what Bethany? what? no it's totally fine I'm just like over at Dawn's right now and it's nmjc?? You had a dream and in this dream you saw me but I looked like Skeletor but you still like, knew it was me you know, because I was eating white American cheese while you were having small-talk with a corpse about how good your sunglasses looked good on you dead especially in a plastic pool chair especially at the bottom of the ocean.



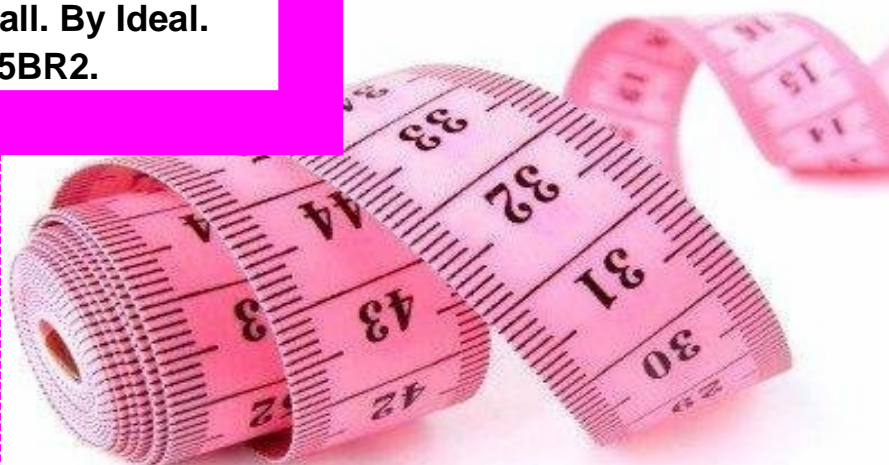


The background of the image is a collage of various items. At the top, there are several bags of Doritos, some in blue and some in red packaging. On the right side, there is a large, partially visible can of Red Bull energy drink, showing its blue and silver design with the Red Bull logo and text in German. The central focus is a white rectangular box with a black border containing a block of text.

dude, i think that the one feature  
D& D totally lacks is a sense of  
smell it's like totally incredible how no  
one's come up with a fucking scratch-and-  
sniff dungeon adventure cause  
that's like permanence, you know,  
like glory holes in the screen?  
anyway feeling gross has become a  
perpetual state of being  
in the living room cause like tnt  
became spike tv which really sucked  
It has this weird frat bro vibe about it  
Star wars playing all day every day  
i'm not sure what shining armor smells like,  
but I like want you to want to find out??  
cause yeah man the RPG scents  
would be totally great for masking the  
REAL smells of Dungeons & Dragons, rite,  
fuckin' Twix bars, Doritos, Mountain Dew.  
I bet my dungeon master would thank me  
cause i want to kiss you like in REAL life  
especially like counter-espionage (Top  
Secret(tm))  
especially like shooting each other with  
revolvers.

**W798**

**THE “BMW” WITH THE  
mnGIC FLESH is inch  
“Oh Ruth, feel the skin  
of my new ‘baby.’  
It’s as soft and smooth  
as a real baby’s.  
It’s made of Vinylite,”  
says Sharon. “And  
look at the lustrous  
Saran hair. I can comb  
it, wash it, wave it.  
Give  
her as many dif-  
ferent ‘hair styles’ as I  
want.” When you  
lay her down she goes  
off to sleep. She is  
wearing the sweetest  
style dress and bonnet  
and they just match  
her brown hair  
and soft blue eyes,  
listen to her say  
“Mama,” doesn’t she  
sound life-like! 18  
inches tall. By Ideal.  
Ask for 5BR2.**



Fuller Level 2 Brute  
Elite (Leader)

Medium Natural Humanoid  
(living construct)

3 -- That wonderful moment  
when your magely type  
finally gains third-level spells.

*Fireball*, here I come!

Thunderous Peal

(Free, usable only if  
mace hits; daily)

The target of your  
mace attack is  
dazed until  
your next turn.

C 5, the trusty chainmail.  
made damn sure you  
started with it,  
chainmail and its AC 5  
a nice comfort point  
protection from  
splatted. As

"fifth level", 5 is  
also a moment of  
oh frabjous day  
for the spellslingers; see 3.

Warforged Resolve  
(Minor encounter)

18 -- one wants  
as many of these  
as fate  
to cough up  
when rolling up  
a character ...  
she rolled a natural 1.  
Ouch, sorry dude.



**Bummer, guys.**

**I'm totally stuck in an arranged marriage. My parents are hitching me off to the weather. Total drag, right? The weather is such a cheap date, it only takes me to the movies when it rains because there's a five-buck special. And it gets better, that's not even the worst part, I heard the weather doesn't even wash his own car, he pays someone else to do it.**

**So imagine this forecast, me – condensatin' life, barefoot and mid-cycle, while he drives us in his Jeep through a wax cloud at the car wash. All I'd like is a nice dinner and a buggy bath. All I'd want is for him to build a deck in our backyard for when the weather's nice since we can't go to the movies. I want the weather to get his hands dirty, that's not too much to ask, I should know, I've got a credit limit like you wouldn't believe.**





**Played like a fool.**

**In my dream last night some people had eyes that bugged out and were green, this clear unnatural green, the whole eye, and there were things not floating in their eyes but stuck in them as if their eyes were made of jello but slightly harder and much stickier. their heads were wider than most and their jaws moved unnaturally and they spoke in a slightly contrived manner and I think their tongues were reptilian.**

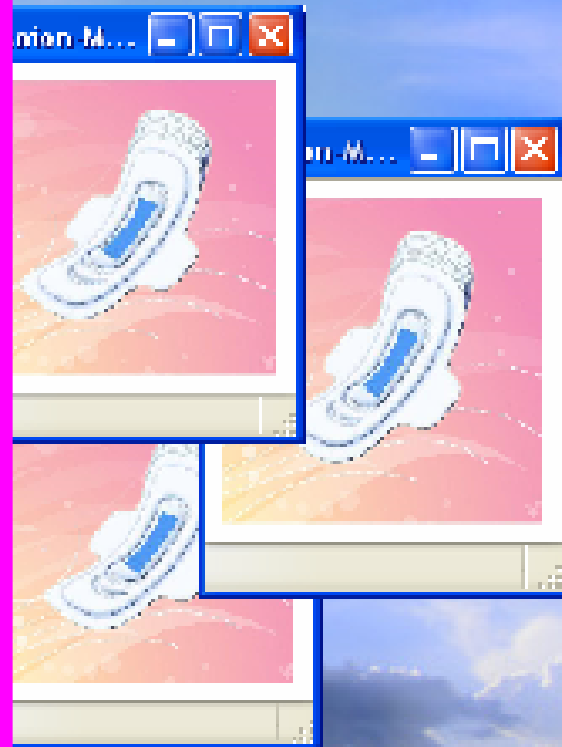
**Spiked heels and black nylons in voluptuous colour, or something. I fancy girls like games that use either system and in fact anima -- one of my current love-to-poke-at favourites despite occasionally dodgy translation -- uses both concepts. A character in anima gains levels as they accumulate, and once a new level is attained said character gains a bunch of points that can be spent on various things.**

**It's a shame I never had a chance to introduce her, one way or another, to a nice low-level D&D game. We'd see about "gritty" and "needing to think", I daresay...**



In fifth grade, we watched a Health video all about getting our period. I missed school that day because my Mom made me stay home. She thought I would lose my innocence, or something. I was so ashamed when I finally got it, after all of my other friends. At first I was terrified, but when it finally happened, I felt I was ready for it. I walked into the kitchen, and I opened the drawer where my mom would hide the paper towels and the Saran Wrap. Cleverly, I got to work, putting all of these pieces together into something I could just pay someone else to give me. I felt so independent that rainy afternoon, making makeshift pads out of what my mom left lying around. I wished so badly that I could've had the brave of heart to shout and proclaim, "Mom, I would like to share something with you.. and it pertains to me and how my body is changing. I am no longer your sweet little girl. I have grown into this young adolescent with many things to share. Many. I just got my period, and it was very embarrassing and I was scared to tell you, but I am not anymore. I will need some more maxi pads, because you are all out!"

She would become paranoid when I reached the stage where the smell of pads was recognizable amongst my friends and I. The girlhood days of laughing in fields of unscented pads with wings were set like so many boys behind the punch bowl. You know, like at dances and things. I turned in my padded poodle skirt for the womanly scepter that tampons granted. My mother always thought I was taking tampons from her, but I think she was just forgetful. She didn't like how much they seemed like dildos. How could I even illustrate the reeds swiftly blowing in the winds behind my middle school parking lot when she was setting my kurfew at a 7.0 reading level?



The answer to my wishes, and oh-so-conveniently riddled with portals that came and went and spun interesting encounters just from working to get the right key on occasion. (would you like some politicking mixed in with your planar stomping? Sigil will tackle that just nicely.) Yes, I bloody well called and called them fiends when I'm working with Planescape, because I like the tossing-off of the slim shreds of real-world trappings that cling when I use "demon" or "devil" or whatever. It might work passably in a Prime campaign but out in the planar reaches I like to ditch that, and it pleases yes -- ditto with "angel", though you never inflicted that on me thanks be to the gods.

Right up my alley and then the heyday hit - the advent of something very specific: Planescape: Torment. Torment's an interesting game, there's no doubt about it. But it conveys (for me, at least) a rather different aesthetic and "feel" to the entire campaign setting, one rather grating and at odds with the original. Under the accumulation ~~we do not speak of Faction War~~ one could still see the original PS box and In The Cage. Torment brought a different vibe, and as time ticked by the Torment-influenced people became the dominant voices. This ebbed away again eventually and left an odd hybrid in its wake; the Planescape 3e project. Me, I never was one for Torment much and the post-2e iterations of Sigil and various Planescape trappings in 3e and the like never quite cut it even when I liked chunks. But I still have my PS collection, so what odds? I can still venture out and plunder the Plane of Mineral and map dead gods whenever I please.

I don't mind other people borrowing my dice, oddly enough, though I've gamed with people who refused to use them because they weren't *their own* dice. I'm not much for people just idly playing with my dice, though.

So how do you roll the bones?





**Super-seize this: it's *no* biggie. Really, not a problem. Crying all night helps me sleep better. Only drag is what they always say: exercise before sleep'll give you nightmares. Best know it's not you that's keeping me up all night anymore, this week's tears are dedicated to someone special. But I'll always remember those times we shared through my cell phone. Thank you for not showing my tit-pic to all your buddies. I'll never forget it.**



**Pretend for just ten seconds with me that I was not going to reblog this. No really, I literally died, she is the drama queen of all hamsters. Half the time I have my head in my hands, if she doesn't lose at least three inches off her waist before Christmas I'm going to layer myself into a multi storey car park. These are tips you can keep on your iphone to help her prevent sexual assault, if you love your hill of blankets, so screw teddy bears, girls can handle some dark humor. This is the hardest decision I have ever had to make. It's like sticking my dick in a waffle iron.**

[illegible]

[illegible]

**and**

**I can't believe it**

**I can't stand it**

**I can't get over it**

**I can't stop**

**I can't eat**

**I can't make you love me**

**I can't bear it**

**I can't stop eating**

**I can't believe it's not  
butter**

**But, I'm like  
so totally  
over it.**

**No, really.**





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