

rewrite Assignment #2

“Tell all the truth, but tell it slant.” What something is, is not what people make of it, but what it is. This is usually true, but people's opinions do matter concerning these things. And it is difficult to interpret what is made of it – truly – so this thing, is needed to be explained in a way that makes complete and total sense. This is telling the truth (what is made of it) in a slant way – so we are all looking at it in one way – the way that the writer wishes for it to be interpreted.

Somewhere within game bounds in League of Significants-

“Ideally it is the truth we are after,” Schlong-Wukong thunk, “But this is not always possible. Sometimes it is better to just go after something else in a different way.” Schlong paced slowly around his desk before stopping abruptly, “‘I am’ is not a good way to look at and justify what we are doing here.”

Darc Schlogk stopped and eyed Schlong menacingly for a fraction of a microsecond. He was not very pleased at this statement. “Fuck you schlong. It isn't me—that is wrong. It is you. This is clear to me and everyone.”

“A clear and obvious contradiction. It was not obvious to everyone, only to you Darc Schlogk. You know what I am saying—that much is true,” Schlong looked at an orange peel split in 3s someone forgot to put away next to a giant oversized fern, “But Darc, onto other things. We are part of a story as you know in our own very special way, and in a story we have to do thing that suck and absolutely no one wants to do, usually, strictly speaking. This much is certain. We have no choice but to go into the Dungeoness regions and it is very possible we'll see a monster outside of our capability and skill range.”

“Power range,” Schlogk motioned, drawing a brown-orange visor from his deep pocket.

“You really have to get that fixed,” Schlong said, motioning his pinky at his ludicrously deep right side pocket.

“I'll do it another day,” Schlogk said as he was adjusting his monocle brown-orange visor. “The Eyesorer.”

“No I meant your pocket purse. It's starting to draw attentions from,” Schlong coughed noticeably, “Un-wanted sources.”

“Oh, it's not clear what you mean all of the time... sometimes,” Schlogk said, “My goodness, The Eyesorer is really acting up today. The action mechanism on the 'schoolong kong bong' is disconnected from the charge wire and the ether generator is semi-depleted of multi-grain. I'm not certain how I will fix it. I'll have to do it another day.”

“No -” Schlong interconnected, “That is wholly and wholly unnecessary – Simply adjust the

firing mechanism on the charge wire and the multi-grain batter accessorized batteries will reach semi-depletion states at a realistic rate,” then he paused, “But the exchange rate for ether grain is ludicrous at this present time.” Schlong looked over at the table with 8 bananas and a giant green dong.

“Indeed.” Schlogk said standing perfectly still for a good 20 or 30 seconds. No one counted - Including the 5 or 6 witnesses to the effective dialoging between two, Schlogk and Schlong presently within the room. A Chinese man, Ching Eleventy a friend of the two in the room, who had recently undergone injection surgery for priapism looked away, motioning for everyone else to do something else. His skin was still several shades too yellow, and the doctor concluded it would be that way for life. “I am the black.” Ching said, concealing the fact that he had just farted silently. He seemed concerned about what effect the stench would have as the air in the room got a bit warmer.

“I am the on it,” said Jong Dudie, flipping and adjusting his triple axle butterfly knife several micro-rotations forward and stabbing it into the table. Ching's friend Shi Hsu Ita, a Chinese-Japanese fellow from Britain stepped forward and smashed his head at full force into the table, a narrowly missing the back end of the butterfly knife. “GOHH, FUCks, SHiet,” Shi said, his face turning unnaturally sour. His head hit an indent on the table that was good enough for even the best man to take pride in.

Chapter 2 – The Morellian Sakuraiian Blizzardo Diaries

It was nearly time for our group of misplaced good guys to journey to the edges of the known universe – their universe. Anything else was out of their range of – interest. It is an interesting note however, that where they would go next was not just unpleasant, it had traces of unknown things that suggested a huge range of well, anything could happen. Not just a monstrosity or some common thug one might expect in these discarded locations.

Shi bandaged up his forehead with a X-pattern like he had seen in some media, and exclaimed, “It is now good to go. We should be capable of doing this – at maybe a possibly 20-30% success rate.”

Jong sat cross-legged, tapping the table with his forefinger impatiently and frustratingly, “All this for 1/3 odds. Who do we look like. There has to be a less random way. Our approaches lately have been scattered, and not because of us. It's pretty clear there's some probable stupidity amidst. Not sure what, but it's getting old, really fast,” he downed an ether-elixir once more,” Damn.”

“This nigger stupidity, as they say,” Shi said, taking a long drag from his crack pipe, “The sources say it is legendary.”

Jong looked up at Shi then to Schlogk. He got up and left the room, returning with a bit-map printed from a multidimensional printer designed for 3D objects mainly. This resembled a sheet of brown-yellow paper, fringed and torn at the edges, seemingly from the early 1800s.

“Piracy,” he said, setting his Nigerian cigar down on the table. Several of the ashes began to eat away at the bit-map.

Schlong looked up at the rest of the group unassured, “It's a risky venture at best – I'm not sure what we'll get from it. How is this worth anything to us. Unless of course, as you have been suggesting, the odds go up. Because after all – that is all we have – and all we go by.” Schlong moved away from the table, the nigger stupidity density he perceived becoming hefty and hindering his ability to make proper decisions. It was clearly from a far outside source, way out of the way. “So, what you are saying is, we don't need these odds any longer,” Schlong said, hinting at something else.

“That is exactly it, we don't. Because with this, at that point – they simply would not matter any longer. That is, unless we take on a job we're not assured of.” Schlong said.

“So this, uh, map you say, it um, gets rid of these things we need called odds. We do not need them any longer. We are beyond them?” Shi interjected.

“Yes, we have ascended that level. They don't matter. It is no longer even about knowing and understanding. It is something else we do not know or understand. This bit-map is the key to this – next-level knowledge and understanding as we know and understand right now. We are not sure what lies beyond. Perhaps a better term exists, but it is of no importance to us right now.” Jong stated.