

## Our Creation Myth

SENDER: @JVPITER  
RECEIVER: [EMPTY]  
CC: GROVP: 'Mods\_updatdnewnew'  
BCC: [EMPTY]  
SVBJECT: ATTN: Read ASAP  
RECEIVD: JANVARY000000  
OPEND: [VNKNWN]

Dear [FIRSTNAME], <br> as th blessid storie go: world  
latherd rinséd repeatd, thrice en fact now (mayb more, fuck  
knows at dis point, lost count how many times we wipd em  
out lol (leve out, mayb?)). floods drowneng etc. pulld th old  
plug, as they say. n allow me t say: i am relieved!!!! fer a  
minute there I thought we were goners! phew! anyway, t  
begin agen, t start fresh w th propr protocol en ordr, th  
propr failsafes: an adam n eve sort of deal, diffrent names  
tho, let us not make thou too obvious eh. leve out th apple  
th rib th talkng snake. we nobld appointd moderators need  
all cum t an agreeable agreeance, a narrativ pass frm fingrs  
t eyes t mouth t ears t memoree t fact. a narrativ indeed, a  
narrativ whats we ned. (do we do th evolution thing?)  
monké—————>man  
—>machine=progression we profess t th deemd. cum  
togethr we must n en will thrust ultimat worth o power en  
bytes n bits. no particulrs necessary. wut cums next? grace,  
a break frm cold white loneliness, frm peeks n vallees. frm  
th unknwn. salvashun. peace! thts our sell line, n sell  
naught. they jst gotta swallow, notte purchass. <br> ps care  
naught they dnt anyway anyhow. theyre prosperité n long  
past scarcité. troubl'd yet. troubl'd yet. <br> pps narrativ  
incomng <br> W say, <br> @JVPITER

@MERCVRV: oh fathr! th wondr o words, how i wondr o words, o ur words, th fathrs words, a fathrs words can only push us farthr me thinks! up up n away t bettr dai n daiz.

@NEPTVNE: u'r speakng en verse u mutt. emails r fer pros n smut. fer prose n barely pros at that. ye i agree n we agree as such t pass on such informashun t those underneath us such but no ned t sound so hi n mytee, brothr. u wer nevr th brightest despit ur lit'ral lot.

@PLVTO: Dwn u talketh t me. I'v always ben underneath u schmucks, a knuckle en th noggin, i am. a knuckle snwich. but no knuckle will fix dis mess we left. no one wil fittd thes brokn pieces bck togethr agen. so many many many dead accnts t deal w. grownen weri. weópng.

@JVNO: boys let him have hes words. tis all he has. i understand rollng questions; howevr, we're polishng up th final draft, th draft en which u will solidify en test-e-mentus 'ABOVT ME,' th draft en which u cement into ur svrvivéd concret headéd acolithus.

*Welcome!*

the tale of <body>s changed

the tale of <body>s changed

the tale of <body>s changed



prove	part	human
enter		text
not	case	sensitive