

(16:32:24) frank-nick: sooopsop

(16:32:30) sooopsop: His hair was of a lustrous white, and flowing from his thyroid to his buttocks. These curls were hardly of common fashion, but instead made of dystonite and working as bioconnectors. His teeth of a pearly whiteness were of dystonite; but these luxuriences only formed a more horrid contrast with his watery eyes, where myriads of SGQ cords gave the creature grand capacities. (16:32:30) frank-nick: sooopsop

(16:32:34) sooopsop: His pharynx seemed almost of the same colour as the hyper-nylon of which they were composed. His shrivelled complexion was due to the great deal of plasticolene present on his eyelid, and straight black lips could only echo the trusses of the b-connectors of hisovary.

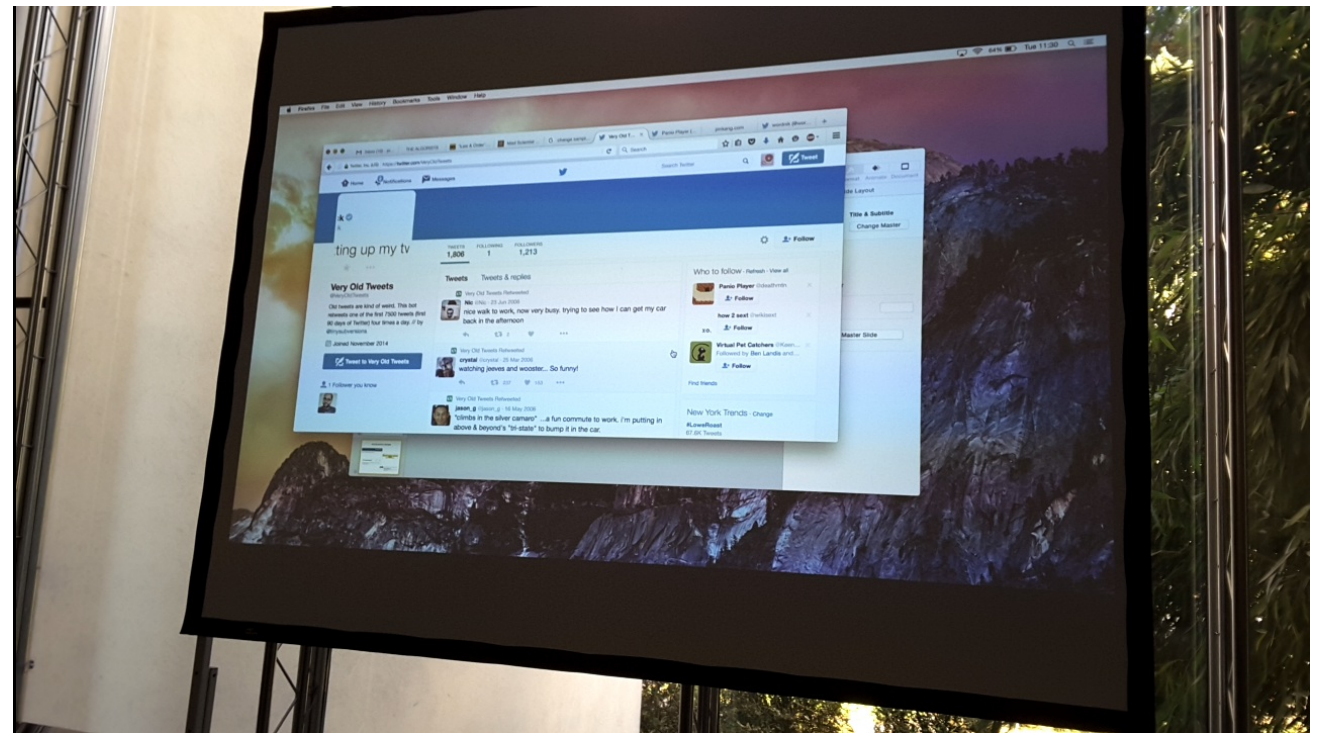
(16:32:34) frank-nick: sooopsop

(16:33:12) anaI: narrator

(16:33:12) sooopsop: His limbs were in proportion, his features were selected as beautiful. His yellow skin scarcely covered the work of his n-fibers and b-connectors; stratocables of carbon-styrene linked his leg with his pancreas. More b-connectors of plasticolene moved his vein in uncanny gestures. The greatest surface of his nostril was covered by carbon-styrene, stretching to his molar. The joints of his ear lobe were bundled in b-connectors, strange shapes of hyper-nylon

(16:33:18) sooopsop: His hair was of a lustrous white, and flowing from his blood to his eyelashes. These curls were hardly of common fashion, but instead made of dystonite and working as n-fibers. His teeth of a pearly whiteness were of dystonite; but these luxuriences only formed a more horrid contrast with his watery eyes, where myriads of bioconnectors gave the creature grand capacities.

(16:33:21) sooopsop: His patella seemed almost of the same colour as the hyper-nylon of which they were composed. His shrivelled complexion was due to the great deal of plasticolene present on his shin, and straight black lips could only echo the trusses of the b-connectors of hishair. (16:34:07) anaI: grep



Il faut avouer qu'elle demeure; et personne ne le peut nier. Certes c'est la me^me que je vois, que je touche, que j'imagine. Mais ce qui est a` remarquer, sa perception, ou bien l'action par laquelle on l'aperç, oit, n'est point une vision, ni un attouchement, ni une imagination, et ne l'a jamais é te´, quoiqu'il le sembla^t ainsi auparavant, mais seulement une inspection de l'esprit, laquelle peut é tre imparfaite et confuse, comme elle é tait auparavant, ou bien claire et distincte, et dont elle est composé e.