

From the dreambook of RTrenchard: transfigurative grammar

The Urth list — 1 messages, 1 voices, 03 Jun 1998

<https://urth.darkrealm.vip/thread/urth/731>

Exported from an unofficial mirror of a public mailing list. Copyright in each message remains with the person who wrote it. Email addresses are obscured as `user at host`, the form the original archive published. This file was rebuilt from parsed fields rather than retained headers, so it is faithful in content but not byte-exact.

Robert Borski — 03 Jun 1998, 12:54

[I found the enclosed document in my son's e-mail outbox and assumed he wanted it sent. It seems a little nonsensical--when Bob stops taking his medicine he's not exactly the most lucid person in the world--then again I'm not quite sure what kind of group you are. (Urth?)

At any rate, our lawyer believes the usual not-guilty-by-reason-of-mental-defect defense will once again prevail, although my son will probably be required to spend some time in the hospital. Perhaps I'll forward his address when it's determined.

Hope this reaches whomever it was intended for.]

juntaputsch
blue-eyed like Herr Gott, his antlered majesty
spaded end-of-twilight days, bloody-runned
shibboleth, britholith

MY HANDS ARE LIKE THIS, SIR, because I was in a terrible train accident. You see, I have this slight problem with drink...a real weakness, I know. Je suis tres embarasse...Before I used to fish a little, mais maintenant...my hands just don't seem to work the same. I can no longer even dig for worms, although a local healer continues to work with me. Oui, the second one. Not that saltimbanque, M. Dollo, with his froggy potions.

COMMENT? My address again? Why, I dwell beneath a small boat with my wife and infant son. Yes, I'm aware that M. Augier contests the deed for that property.

PARDONEZ-MOI? D'accord. We all know the girl you speak of. Terrible thing what happened to her, 'sieur. Sometimes chimney fires are like that. They say this one was very big, and from what I hear there wasn't much left in the end save smoke-and-ash, and barely a cinder's worth at that."

"It's all falsity; everything is false, Dr. Marsch."