

All Toads Lead To Rome



All Toads Lead To Rome 4

My Dad The Smithey 4

The Arti FM 4

When 5

Aunty Sjaan 5

Carry On 5

747 6

Paris 6

On Set 7

That's Why The DJ Saved My Wife 8

Von Sidow 8

You Can't Do That! 9

Fati Morgana 10

I Saw You Pissing Santa Off 11

The Reason They Call 'M Backstabbers 11

iGuanamera 12

John Wayne 12

Rash Acts Of Random Violence 12

Entrapment 12

Espresso Machine 13

An Actual Application of D.I.T. 13

Triffids And Coffee 14

District 9 14

Aloo Chat 15

Curious 16

God 17

For Water 17

Here 17

What Had Actually Happened 17

The Alarming Faculty Of The Ego 18

The Ego Its Alarming Faculty 18

There Are Rules 18

There Are Consequences 19

Uncommunicative Behaviour 19

Pestered 21

All Toads Lead To Rome

"Well, remember that.
There's hardly anything the soul forgets."
SporeNinja in "Suggestions"

It is nice to see people give thanks and praise to each other and then, in a fit of gratitude, start pretending it's God thanking them through them.

My Dad The Smithey

"God has turned you down before I did."

In a plight to find the best way to protect the prayer wheel and the bottle of wine on the wall, dad had acquired the skill of cementing. He knew how to build walls. At the end of the life of the wolf, dad had not only successfully protected both prayer wheel and wine, he'd also managed to ward his ego from winking out of existence. He was kindly requested by the chairman of the board of things, to compose a manual. It basically read that in the course of his upbringing all he'd learnt was how to viciously irritate his old man, Ham. Ham Redfield from over yonder. They also called him "Aca, Aca" which is reportedly the last thing you hear if your alive to witness the condor pouncing on your mortal coil.

The Arti FM

"Jezus spoke highly of you, but the answer is 'No!'"

It is too late. The bomb that was set to go off yesterday did in fact go off yesterday, when all your troubles seemed so far away. Now it looks like it's going to keep on going off all week. Not just that one time, yesterday. Trauma has this nasty habit of recurring. It can't be helped...It's too late.

When

Just say: "G'bye eye niceation. Hello hell."
Some choices are better than others. Cyber
pestering might be, like, you know, how are they
possibly gonna? You know, you'll need to show off
your magic trick of folks responding or rather
reacting to your little pulses. Yah?
Thing is that the meat diet poses such a humongous
threat and deadly menace to the human eco system,
that...It's really terrible.

Aunty Sjaan

It had been a long and very, very cold winter.
There had been little or no heating. The days had
been short, short and the nights had lasted
forever. Now leaves were starting to fall off of
trees in all kinds of colours, acting as if spring
had past the opportunity on to the highest bidder.

Carry On

Carrying on until the only assurance you have is:
not being able to trust the person you're
tormenting is not going to do all kinds of Freddy
Krueger to you in your sleep. This would be
carrying on 'till you are the orchestrator of your
own little act. A particularly untrusting act
indeed.

This bares some thought and pondering.

Now, managing our way out of that pounding: We may
acknowledge that if our parents impress upon us
that lightning comes out of the sky and hits trees
in otherwise open, empty areas. We are highly
likely not going to go out during lightning and
thunder. Unless if we only believe things if we are
given(!) some one jolt or other.

Ah, here is aunty Sjaan right now.

747

"M'e go bay wan kaw.
M'e go bay wan kaw.
Wan kaw.
M'e go bay wan kaw.
M'e go bay wan kaw.
Wan kaw.

San y'e go do nanga kaw?
San y'e go do nanga kaw?
Nanga kaw.
Nanga kaw.

A kaw nanga seibi foetoe."

So, when George W. Bush said "Go shopping". Did he in fact say where!?

Paris

Here's why the bible is a book to burn, and nothing short of a trap and an incredible diss of text and of writing and of reading:

"Drink no longer water, but use a little wine for thy stomach's sake and thine often infirmities."

Timothy 5:23

On Set

Jealousy, it's hardly ever words
Everything I need is Jews.
Pom, pom, pom, pom
Jealousy, it's hardly ever words, huuhhuurts
Everything I need is Jews.

As SporeNinja was trimming the fence on the set of Home Improvement screeching his version of Elvis(!) Costello's 'Honesty', I calmly browsed through the latest edition of The Same News Daily.

One very peculiar article read: "And as God handed me the crack cocaine He said: 'With this gimmick I can spy on you and see every little thing you do. Provided of course you don't use a handkerchief when snorting.'"

It struck me that Spore had stopped screeching and that I was still hearing the clipping of his hedge trimmer. A bit louder and when He whispered: "Why not ask the Pope to murder them for them?" I can't say He surprised me much.

That's Why The DJ Saved My Wife

As SporeNinja was organizing a fresh pile of newspaper clippings I couldn't help but hear him hum this song I'd sort of grown up with.

That's why the DJ saved my wife.

That's why the DJ shaved my wife,
From a broken heart.

That's why the DJ saved my wife.

Or at least, it sounded like a song I'd heard during my teen years, not so long ago. The words weren't right, but you know Spore, shit grows on walls too.

I was trying to ease into this movie I'd been planning to see for 20 years now: "A Time to Kill" with Bill Washington and Sandrah Frenzy from Italy. "SF" was her stage name, and Spore was getting on my nerves. Sensing this he stopped humming and I managed to point the remote the right way. Away from me, and at the set. Looking for the [Pray] button with my left thumb and one eye firmly fixed on the set, Spore made the hairs in my ear stand up straight as he whispered: "The reason The Grinch is a phenomenon that never lets up is because something happened to him while he was playing at The Hangman's house." This sort of gave away the entire plot of the complete movie I was trying to enjoy seeing on BetaMax video. What happened next is a blur. There was a light at the end of a dark cloud kind of patch lined by a silver band waving polka's and big dots, batons and pompons. "That's exactly what the kid said", SporeNinja continued.

Von Sidow

When my parents found out I wasn't some retard that was going to go out quietly they sort of went "Brimstone and Treacle" on me. The indignance, my indignance, was of course profound. I hadn't even been hit by no truck! I indicated then and there that I had strong doubts as to whether I'd be able to forgive them. I managed to forgive my mom, that is I haven't officially withdrawn my forgiveness of her.

You Can't Do That!

"Soms moet je er wat mee,
Soms kan je er wat mee."

Saying of Santa Fruba (Dutch)

In "Kramer vs. Kramer" meets "Irreconcilable Differences" it shows that it will take legal action to come to somewhat of a civil pact or level of understanding. This will take money, a whole lot of spending money. It will take patients and money, toohoo, get it right child. "Yeah, and you ain't got none."

I decided to not react, which was made easy 'cause I had just managed to get the movie on! As it eased into position to like, sort of blast me right there in my comfy seat in front of the set, I said: "Just because you want a thing to be right and not be reacted to in terms of landing you in hell, doesn't make that thing be right and not land you in hell Sigmund."

"That's why I like you," SporeNinja said.

I had taken the batteries out of the remote so's I wouldn't be interrupted by my right hand, the bearer of the opposing thumb. "It's like you throwing a party that isn't a party but is the onset of a slaughter, and you insist that it is a party, bhandara boys."

"The Americans where here first!" SporeNinja protested. I guess I shouldn't have said 'bhandara'. "That's right!" Spore cut in, seemingly hurt.

I wish I had a fro
To tell me where to go ho ho
M M
And I wish I had a M M M MMM M
And I wish I had a FRO!

That's when the movie took a particularly nasty turn and required more attention than doing the multitasking thing with SporeNinja things... The one dude got into the other cat's face and said that them saying that they were going to take your brain into another dimension was proper warning.

I wish I had a fro
To tell me where to go ho ho
M M
And I wish I had a M M M MMM M
And I wish I had a FRO!

I wish I had a FRO!
I wish I had a FRO!

I felt maybe it wasn't justification, but of course that's a different thing... Given the place where the other guy's brain was, I felt such warning was definitely not justification. And then it struck me that maybe I had the wrong notion of what justice was. And I hit the library... It said that the guy's brain was in another dimension.

Fati Morgana

"Buttering both sides of the toast."

Rape comes in different shapes, sizes and forms. It seems to be a cultural cult choice to let some rape slide (like the one next door;). Maybe that's for the better. Now, something that also slides is getting junior there to feed his daddy a bunch of ron bon bon so his pocket money will become more. Junior can combine being a dutiful boy with being rich!

"I read my diary and I am Anne Frank"

SporeNinja said with a very, very friendly smile on his face as he continued clipping the bonzai he'd been working on for the last two or three arns. He continues reading out from my diary and accounted for this dog that had never ever dropped a ball in his entire live, not even till the day he was put down for being with a white woman over in Harlem Watts or Stuyvesant.

I Saw You Pissing Santa Off

I,
saw you pissing Santa off
Underneath the cider
Right next to the car.
Da da da da daha.
Da da da da daha.

Da da da da
Da da da da.

SporeNinja didn't seem to be minding much while he was trimming the hedge, and I decided to try not to attract no attention.

The Reason They Call 'M Backstabbers

'It was an adventure from which no moral lesson could be drawn.'

Oh Michael Jackson,
I'm not your checksum.
'Cause.....
Then you wouldn't be so Mugly.

Oh Michael Jackson,
I'm not your checksum.

It's ill-advised for a chicken to sing along with a cat. They're better flyers you see, and they fancy seeing you more jealous than anyone ever. And make a resentful spectacle of yourself. Sort of like propping you up and having a wide audience 'round were you splattered. An audience appreciating the painting you drew...



iGuanamera

iGuanamera: Popular lake in America filled with beautiful specimens of dragon size snake or lizard;.

John Wayne

There's this thing you need to know about J.R.R. Tolkien. The man wasn't only a smoker of tobacco...he was also viciously jealous. To such an extent that he single-handedly caused the extinction of, what? the things, you know, what are they called...things. And that is why, some people need to not even move when he speaks. Or preferably not be around. Ah, nazis. Are they not stupid. Who'd be so cruel as to rattle their cage at people living next door to them!? You know, farawé!?

"That's not the devil, it's you." SporeNinja said smilingly while shifting his grey Anthony Perkins wig to look like a sombrero or some other really cool hat or something. He looked like he was going out to go check on the guests/customers over in Hostel 6...

Rash Acts Of Random Violence

So here's the Hitman flown straight in from Serbia (Lithuania) for some exacting after a call on his tri band dual speaker mono analogue system; judge Dread; and the Punisher. They be hooking up for some tét a tét and Spidey just done did install his webcam(!) somewhere over in a corner over there, ya? And Spidey be going like he ain't entirely sure this is going to go down properly with "we the people". So he starts a little chit chat with the Serbian, gets shot and falls off of a ledge breaking Judge Dread's motorcycle... Now, the Punisher has a motorcycle too and he decides to defend his from all that, ya?

Entrapment

"The mind is a terrible foe,
You give it your soul

It will eat you whole."

As part of his studies and the finishing touch that his final Master Papers where to come to represent, Santa Fruba researched the effects and ethics of establishing racism in a denizen of the old country (HoLand). As we'll not get into the finesses of the instruments Ta F. used, because this would take us away from the core subject matter of this here particle of knowledge, we'll focus on the most important elements applied by the Fruba: The beer and a cat from Amsterdam. You see, in the olden days pippoos used to believe they had to talk and divulge nfo in order to have part of or one entire drink. Nowadays, with everything having been said and everything having been done, all one knows to need in order to get part of a entire drink is...nothing.

Espresso Machine

They wanted an espresso machine and they got an espresso machine. As they had grown accustomed to being served at a snap of their fingers, little did they know, they were actually begging, begging to be served.

So, the reason Ta Fruba's little paper reached Nobel/Pulitzer level, is because he managed to establish clearly when his own hypnosis had kicked in. He successfully made it clear that it was the Miami Vice series that got his tail, so to speak. In this particular text it is not important as to how Ta F. developed his skill, his talent. Such fields are explored by the most evil sociopaths on the planet, clinical psychologists. The things they will do for drink are however part of his studies and finishing "Master Papers". We'll read them, gratis;)

An Actual Application of D.I.T.

"Aftew a cewtain age, one cannot have no childwen no mow;)"

The Fruba has shown a solid, crisp and clear application of the D.I.T. (the Dutch Interrogation

Technique). He recorded the use of dropjes and koffie to be sufficient for extremely telling conversation. A denizen of the old country exhibited a slightly astonishing inability to, to, to. To, to. At the question: "If he's so scared then why is he still talking?" Ta Fruba further exhibited that the denizen wasn't fed drugs and violence by way of DVD and intravenous insertion. Nurse Betty had recently joined Ta Fruba's group and was given the bachelors work to deliver a small presentation on the topic of wiping ones but and the consequential hazard of ducking one's fingers into the ear hole. She prepared quite a few pictures to make things clear to those that still had sight. This was a striking minority so most of her talk was sort of acoustic. As part of a particularly personal welcoming ritual the nurse was offered a cöp of coffee. What transpired happened after the presentation. Upon inquiry Ta F. stated that it had been tested by the P.I. man.

Triffids And Coffee

The quality of aid left to be wishing over. Local people over there weren't properly benefitted and lived to come to believe that the aid was a bunch of poison enticing slaughter and inducing refuge camps because otherwise pipoos wouldn't know what to watch while voluntarily frequenting Plato's cave for hypneration purposes.

District 9

"The average therapist has astonishingly poor self-defence and takes to a warding offence from the very onset of payment...either by the client or her relatives;)"

Ta Fruba, in "Attempt At English"

In Germany the popular word for "No" is "Nein" which phonetically translates to the number 9. This has baring on the bank and, jügend, on the amount of doekoes counted. This is why people that cry "Wolf!" are oft likened to folks that cry

"Overheid!". Let's stop at this for just a little while and crack(!) a little smile to catch that style that some of the bro's(!) go wild;). Psychologists are the thing they study. Logically they only know, what they only know. Becoming one's passion and denying as a scientific rule and brutal ward, psychos and Ockham fans have entered into an arena of dissecting and ripping apart...More or less round about the popularisation of eating (dead) animal flesh. Their message is: "ye must do it yourself, who else is aiding you?" it's not like we're trying to help you find God? DAS was kannibalen dune.

Aloo Chat

Dis didn't went about you. Dere is a wall. Let me point it out Sue you.

De disadvantage to pestering someone to the extent that they slaughter for you, you know: their family; friends; their enemies; your food BEFORE you Edith, is that if they don't. You know, if they don't fit your "description" you might become under the assumption that you might be: their family; friends; their enemies; your food BEFORE you Edith. Get it?

So, if and when you grow an attachment to the television set and you shoot that television set, or you resurrect Elvis and have Elvis shoot the television set while alone in his dressing room feeling miserable. What are you doing? What are you doing wis pipoos you attached to this set of the television with Elvis' help? You are playing with attachment Kerpal? Dog?

Curious

Let's say you bump into Anne Frank's re-incarnation, and this...person indicates that THAT wasn't their most pleasant incarnation. You figure, since they ain't shooting at painful body parts you have, that you can ask what a pleasant incarnation of theirs might be or whether they died a virgin...then.

Of course that kind of curiosity isn't anything but indecent to the extent of being statistical, and we could even wonder where we're going with this.

Well, 'this' revolves around eating animal flesh and not being curious about anything because we'll die if we're not fed multiple times a day. 'This' revolves around being a creature that should know indecent from being a butchering cannibal. 'This' is about ignorance and being walking dead.

Bam! Anne just shot you in the shin. Want 2 know why?

Let's ABC that and make it an easy guess:

Bam! Anne just shot you in the shin because:

- .A. You found out what the wall in the back of Plato's man-cave
- .B. You LOOK like the CAT dat don't treat women
- .C. You were reportedly seen pissing Santa off at someone else. +

Donut.

That's wrong!

Bam! Anne just shot you in the shin. Because, because! Youhoe, you've been eating at restaurant "The Happy Faggit!" She knows this and has come to be of the opinion that she needs things to be about the girl. Psychologically-wise that makes sense at this point.

God

"There's something to resist but few know
what it is"

Judge Wichel

For Water

In some parts of the world, water is a thing that
doesn't show up on time.

Here

During some dry season Judge Wichel commented on a
book he'd once picked up, that it wasn't about him.
There wasn't anything he related to, not even
remotely. It had proved to be a page turner, but as
he read, the notion that he was harassing himself
mentally, crept up on him. Even though his reading
took place between trials, his ruling of the next
case would be tainted.

As he passed judgement, he mentioned this book he'd
read in his usual attempt to send one or two
lawyers off with a message and disbarring homework.
The accused got off with a telling and mandatory
sojourn in a undisclosed shack situated in a nature
resort set up 'round a sweet water waterfall.

What Had Actually Happened

So, what had actually happened was that Sujet X had
gotten wind of this surprise birthday party they
were throwing him. As he was an IT expert he found
out specifics of the soiré, and strapped a seed
bomb to the door of the surprise posse's house.
Since that group of party animals where all
gardeners, they had no more than a faint hazy
notion of who'd done that, and what their aim could
possibly be. Obviously, they shouldn't have.
The fire that ensued as they were lying in wait to
surprise Sujet X would eventually lead to the
accused. Fortunately

The Alarming Faculty Öf The Ego

an erenescha revolving 'round the ego and its
blasted defence

The Ego Its Alarming Faculty

"Wants to go to hell, but nobody is driving
there."

The reason Bin Laden was shot on sight is 'cause
some materialists will only believe a corpse
telling them to rise to the occasion, and help them
through this situation.

Gnome's wife went on record the other day and
divulged that her husband Gnome, frequently mumbled
the same thing in his sleep. He had been mumbling
this mutter for years on end and she had managed to
clearly make out what it was that he said, to the
syllable. Want to hear it? Keep reading.

There Are Rules

"You know? Some ticks have wings?"
SporeNinja

"Here's a list of all the women that left
the artist formerly known as Nelson, before he took
to drugs and developed a ringtone similar to that
of Liberace."

I looked up at TopNotch and replied that I'd never
ordered this list. At his quizzical expression I
added that I wasn't in the least interested to the
likes that had contributed to said artist his(!)
severe and horribly damaging drug addiction.

"I'm not a latrine Töp," I said.

"Just trying to get some free knowledge
here. You know?" He replied, and I echoed: "'You
know' I'm originally fröm Holland...right? Töp?"
As I saw Töp reach for where he hoped his wallet
would still be since he last checked for any kind
of sensation in the lower recesses of his body,
things slowed down to a low hum. I got Töp in the
head twice before he could even sigh in relieve
upon confirming that the bulge was in fact his
wallet.

He maintained that puppy look and I caved. I googeled and said:

"Schizophrenia: the down side to actually being unresponsive to someone else's pain is that you'll become its cause. Schizophrenia."

I pushed off, away from the desk and said: "Imagine you got a bunch of holy communion with your false guru there. What's his name again?"

The silence implied Töp was still kind of shocked over being tasered in the head upon not finding his wallet where it was supposed to be, and i tapped his shin with the tip of my Adidas. That helped, and Töp blurted out something in his extranjero language that he uses when he's shocked.

"Your machine is tending towards ethnic cleansing. The 'errors' it makes consistently dreadfully affect and further marginalize poor people."

There Are Consequences

"The bigger ones backyard, the less room there is for pissing"

The Colonialist in "Colonialists Spread Disease"

It's only natural for conceited, contemptuous pigs to build a colour coded, racist computer. Profiling and gobbling up all kinds of data, the fuzzy haze that envelops its calculative faculties suggests the machine to be a flick of faith.

Uncommunicative Behaviour

You see, when a woman is raped, and survives this rape. She becomes a kind of emotional that is sometimes referred to as having been Jonassed. That is, having been tossed into the whale. The biblical one.

This rape victim will most likely wrestle with her appearance and all, her emotional household, how she is (emotionally;) before she is, well let's say "weighed" again.

The tragedy of this sequel to the rape that we've seen (because hey! we're Dutch and therefore we've seen quite some porn, and porn is rape, right!?),

the tragedy of this sequel to the rape that we've seen, is that it's very difficult to communicate with an emotive disaster area. Which is the woman raped in this case.

Now, the nasty here is not so much the rape and the victim, they are just a coat hanger. A prop upon which to place the nasty intended: Humans can't talk to animals.

It may seem quite shocking if not outright indecent to compare a rape victim to an animal, but it's not the rape that has got them on all fours. No! It is the uncommunicative behaviour. It is the suggestion, the mirroring, that delivers the eery notion or feeling that we're dealing with some animal here. Because you see, humans are supposed to not rape whom they are with, are they not?

Pestered

There are things that I held on to while I suffered pestering and like kinds of assault (including bouts of vicious insecurity). Some of those things I no longer need, but still do, like food and water, eat and drink;)