This one guy got to such a place that he'd only think beneficial thoughts when it was to his advantage.

According to one revolutionist handbook, (page thirty-four), "Suffering is anonymous."

The omnipotent tyrant needs no conspiracy.

At this corrosive kid's academy on one rebellious orb you can't tell recess from class.

One chap continually moved his place of residence so that he could ALWAYS,"coasthome."

City rhyme for the time: "Now that I am old, said he,
I can say with certainty - Jeeze! am I old!"

Believing that what you've already experienced is of SOME importance is one way to handle it.

The semi-official chap behind the counter continued,

"Oh, that's simple to explain: Most historians undertook their profession

'cause they realized they were gonna die.

Next!, now serving number seventeen -

number seventeen."

With a sudden jerk and turn one god told his creatures, "Hey, don't pat me on the head."

You can either be producing and stock-piling memories now, or squandering them,

as a good revolutionist should.

....(But hell,
 you could make the
 same statement
 regarding the future.)

One reality offers a money back guarantee; no one's lasted long enough to ever claim it, but the offer still stands.

Figuring out that there's "nothing TO figure out" is the fool's gold of subversive mining.

One guy decided that he would sell his brain to the - I'm sorry - would sell his "soul" to the devil, but only in return for whatever the devil had sold <u>HIS</u> for.

This one chap would periodically wire home saying, "WILL RETURN SHORTLY, STOP";

he did this in the face of overwhelming evidence indicating he'd never gone anywhere.

Only a king can forgive, everyone else simmers.

There was a South Pole long before there was a South Pole.

On particularly "bad days"

this one god liked to put up this sign right outside his shop that said, "No Appointment Necessary - Walk-In's Headed And Gutted Free!"

A neighborhood philosopher mused that the <a href="Least">Least</a> you could say to three-D-life would be,

"Hi 'ya - high, wide and handsome,"

and local reality replied,

"You forgot to mention my depth,"

and the guy said,

"If you don't mind - <a href="Lilbourder">L'LL</a> decide

what it is I've forgot and what I've not."

Due to a passing "paucity front" of interesting info today's , "Believe It Or Take A Bus" feature has been cancelled.

Meanwhile...

A man with several ideas could be compared with several men with one idea; he may not care for your juxtaposition, but what's he gonna do?

At any given moment
man's intellectual, social affairs cannot withstand
one additional ounce,
one further inch of scrutiny.

The power behind the throne is way behind the throne - no, I mean  $\underline{W-A-Y-Y}$  behind the throne.

Over on another world they have a new little religion that says you can if you want to.

Dialogue Fragment, Son Of:

"In retrospect everything looks better."

"That's pretty well-used."

"Okay, in retrospect everything looks worse."

"Well, I know you've reversed it, but what's it prove?"

"All right, in retrospect real reality looks like it always did."

"What the hell does 'real reality' mean?"
"In retrospect I wish I'd never started this."

No one's birthplace remains idle, or is ever retired so long as you still think neighborhood thoughts.

In pursuit of the belief that even
the most fertile balance of justice can be improved,
a new organization has formed over in the City
whose purpose is summed up in their rallying cry and slogan,
"More Roughage For Ducks."

....(Once upon a once,

a kid asked the wise ole king,

"Is it not a good thing, My Lord,

that all those who 'mean well'

can't necessarily manage to do so."

[and His Grace passed a mallard

without so much as a,

"How 'ja do"].)

One ole guy told his nephew,

"A man that won't mispronounce a word ain't got nothin' to say."

One man sends the following message:

"We've got a problem over here ";

he doesn't give his specific location;

it's not necessary.

The companionship of real thought is ruthless;...("Thanks Be", to the gods and the squirrels.)

What's a man with no habits gonna talk about?

A viewer writes to say that after

watching and pondering these programs and

what he takes to be my "metaphorical use"

of the idea of a "king"- a directing force,

and the "people"- those more passive aspects of a man's mind,

he says that IF this interpretation is correct

he would then conclude that the energy that drives a king,

and the energy that moves the people

have a relationship such as between

The Reader's Digest and "War And Peace".

A guy who had an arm ripped off later denied it.

One guy's motto: was simply - "Once a guy, always a guy."

In this one universe
their lead god would sometimes
take off all his clothes,
stand in front of an omni-directional mirror,
and in a voice sarcastic yet compassionate
(which was possible through divine intervention),
he would rear-back and holler, "Where are my critics NOW?"

As the kid dragged his suitcase closer to the door, and nearer to the city his ole man said,

"I don't wanna give you the willies, or the hemostatic heebie-jeebies son, but once you get into town,

if a man ever tells you he's 'intelligent,'

he's either the Great Pretender, or else he's pulling your leg."

.....(The lad was correct in assuming there had to be an additional possibility, but the first two were so disheartening he didn't wanna think about it any further.)

In tones braggadocian
a gent by the lake declared,
"Thinking has kept me alive,"
and a regent frog reflected,
 "I suppose one's inherent vocation
 could be thought of as, 'life support'."

Another viewer writes to say that <u>HE</u> for one is not - and has NEVER been fooled by my reading of the so-called, "Letters from viewers", (which I have obviously written myself), and he says if I continue with this facade he's going to actually write me a REAL letter from a viewer.

Hey - and how about this! another viewer just wrote to say that I shouldn't sweat it,
and that I should just ignore the previous letter.

One guy's advice to the kid,
"Consider what's the dumbest thing could happen to you,
then, without telling anyone - guard against it."

Whenever he misspelled a word

this one fellow would claim he'd do so deliberately;
....(he says he's now trying to get up the nerve to

do this only when caught.)

Under cover of the silent, starless night
the conspirators made their way, (in, of course,
a conspiratorial manner), along the watchtower,
when one of the band suddenly shouted "Look out here comes a watchtower."

...(Later, as they awaited execution the guy who had yelled told his comdemned companions, "But I thought that's what I was SUPPOSED to do.")

Much of man's intellectual adventures can be briefly reviewed through the one scene wherein every time he tries to dock, the pier moves.

After an exceptionally splendid day of battle in the mountains the king would sometimes send an anomalous messenger back to the valley with unexpected "new-news", but what with the distance, and the cloudy mist between the two areas the story has no conclusion.

.... (Oh yeah, the above was one of the messages the king once sent.)

Explanations aren't intended to actually  $\underline{\texttt{EXPLAIN}}$  anything! - but are, in fact,

extant as evidence that things can <u>NOT</u> be ordinarily explained.

Over in this one reality
a guy somewhat given to verbosity and whining
was sending up his prayer to their diety and noted therein,

"After all the rituals and adorations I've directed to you
not once have any of my requests been granted,
and I would like to now say that if I cannot at least have
today's appeal answered I will never communicate with you again it's up to you - it's your choice.", and the god thought,

"Wow! - tough call."