

she

case, I let A to locates on the line of $T_n(x) = f^{(0)}(a) + \dots + \frac{f^{(n)}(a)}{n!}(x - a)^n$, and gets the good result of cancelling terms.” She has been considering, where to begin the proof. He’s totally ruined it, leaving her to consider which verb to start with, in the heroic quest to prove he’s been discharging ungrammatical turkeycrap for half an hour.

Like a provincial turkey, his opulent double chin and elbow-patched brown tweed jacket radiate stench. Now she wonders how unpleasant Leda must have felt ridden by such avian loins. ẽu,¹ yuck.

Several widewinged birds, with slender furred necks if they’re swans, with plump wattles if they’re turkeys, take turns tickling her as her thoughts wander around the gate to the outside. The outside is much darker, but a dead silence would kindle a gold fire in her; another warm kind of silence would engender an impulse in her heart to throb with paramount joy. She’d lie vacant after the commotion.

But for now, being just by the gate is enough. His stinking taste reminds her of and leads her to a chamber with a plastic lock, which, once seen, goes up in dioxin smoke. Locked inside memory is once her childhood playmate. She raised it from an egg in an incubator to a Spirited Little Chicken Chick.

Ebullient, probably because of a sort of mothering pride, she took Little Chicken Chick somewhere to enjoy the sunlit outside. She sat Chicken Chick on her lap on a bench. Chick flapped joyfully, itching to fly into the burning clouds, but its altitude decreased like an unbounded function. She dashed in a motherly straight line to save something and found herself stepping upon nothing but a mush of yellow and red and a fresh metallic smell, not even a trace of Chick. Somehow she didn’t cry on the way back inside. Inside the chamber now, some Spirited Little Chicken Chick looks pathetic having been locked by a plastic lock, which, once seen, has gone up in dioxin smoke or toxic fume. It looks pathetic, which, once seen, has gone up in dioxin smoke or toxic fume or keratin ashes.

This is the least favourable type of daydream to have in class, she thinks, realising

¹Nasalised “eww” transcribed into IPA.

that the bell inside the room, having just rung, or the students, having just run outside the room, has woken her. She lies muddled and painful after the commotion ... The lure of returning to sleep, a headache it is.



Amst! ×3 to the ensuing few weeks of summer. Ain't most other people like mere heavy oil, stalely slimily sluggishly living? She wants to stay inside where it is warm and comfy, sheltered. Sheltered, she will ...

“Won't you just wake up!” Her brother says something like this. Will she not live the way of salad oil? She imagines her image in a gilded mirror. It is lithe and inviting, a toothsome substance that is sure to become a subject of some raptor some day. How long will this last still, after the commotion

*Before the indifferent beak could let her drop?*²

Breakfast, which she doesn't yet know whether to have, starts with three quail eggs cracked in a cup. She notes its microwavedness, peculiarly for the bowlrim is too frigid for her to enjoy the dish with complete spirited appetite.

“Pepper and sesame oil are in the cupboard.”

“Nmm.”

“Nmm nmm!” She gives the pepper grinder two hard wrings. Soy sauce also is instrumental in bringing out the umami, upon the thought of which she feels her parotid gland sour.

“Nmm—” She's never been disappointed by such unsophisticated seasoning.



If thou canst tell me the population mean μ in a Monte Carlo sampling estimating π , I might consider being petted, methinks – or if you could just give me my favourite fishaped π ! A huge one!

She puts on the floor a promising fish-shaped pie; I mew meekly *mittsu* “mewl meow miaow”; she bends down to caress me!; does that mean she's asserting domi-

²W. B. Yeats, “Leda and the Swan.”

nance over me?!; ah once more once more! – her bobcat thinks, while she, in sooth, is longing for an eyas; she shall no longer be an Ôñānist, though it hath come to pass, that she hath destroyed *it* to the glazed tiles, that the past hath been destroyed to nothing but the passed.

She wanted to wear a bra, though she was afraid because boys always made arch fun of the straps. But she had to hump her body wearing those constraining rags of camisoles. So she direly needed a good brassiere. She was not the coy type. But her mother reprimanded her with anything she'd yell at a mahjong table (of course, a chopping board); her father strapped her with a worn-down belt of omnivorous buffalo hide.

Mao Er Wo³

ee ee ee ee the mighty buffer diner(s') steps(') in the scene
ho ho ho ho dinner's eyas liver dipped in buff puke
aa aa aa aa MEW! goes the braless' paeon and rebuke

She

The musical score is written in G major (two sharps) and 2/4 time. It consists of five staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of two sharps. The melody starts with a mezzo-piano (*mp*) dynamic, followed by a forte (*f*) dynamic. The second staff continues the melody with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The third staff features a triplet of eighth notes. The fourth staff includes a piano (*pp*) dynamic. The fifth staff concludes the piece.

³Mandarin, "A Kitten's Home."

ever you feel :). It can be about what you'd do to me, or just something I might want to masturbate to...

If you want to know a little more, I usually wear just a long sleeve shirt or jumper, panties – usually white, and some stockings if it's a bit cold :).

Anyway, I guess I have a few questions for you so we have something to talk about, or you could just respond to what I said. Anything you're studying at uni? If so what? Any interests in terms of education? Any interests in general? Ideal girl/guy? Anything you like during sex?

Sorry, I don't really give socials. Also, I kinda like how long it takes to send messages here, it's sort of similar to teasing :). Just in case you were wondering, cause I get asked a lot.

Anyway, have a nice day <3

Reply whenever

Leena

.Leena

Sep 5, 2019 3:48 PM



I, after reading this strange stranger's strange message, strangely felt a dire desire to sire such a character that would write like such in any era after my initial repulsion for its *popular-fictionish quality*. In matriarchate, she would have been the prototype of all those unearthed ritual nudes – though she would be a plumper figure, and keep a fiercer pet. As a mediaevaler, she'd die young, nonetheless having spared no effort to be fond of and entertained by life. And in imperial China she'd write beautiful, mournful lyrics after leaving the massage parlour in which she would have been raised up and spent her youth, and become a legend, whose songs would be passed down for many more dynasties:

*Once on a banquet with distinguished guests
He met a sing-song girl with a charming carriage*

*She was gorgeously dressed and he learnt that
Many came just to see her and to present her with
Richly ornamented dresses and exotic bracelets
Just like Emperor Vu presented the empress with
An entire golden house and a thousand carriages of jewellery
They also came to witness her “unparalleled” artistic talent
Yet who but him is the most popular writer, he thought
Then she sang her songs which could compare with his
Though he had never appreciated a rhythmless verse really
No form was more ideal for her unconventional soul
He and she, the two greatest writers of this dynasty*