



ARGENTINA

ESTADO

NACIONAL

3

NORMALALITY THE COMPLETE ROLEPLAYING GAME(?)

AN ATROCITY IN FOUR PARTS BY
THE TWO(?) BEINGS(?) FORMERLY
KNOWN AS HUGH DINGWALL AND VISHALA
JEKIC

aka vishala jekic and hugh dingwall

... ..

... ..

... ..
... ..

... ..
... ..

... ..

GHOSBIG Y X HX BHDNKG J GDB GFBCGDB J& BNM... ..
... ..
... ..

this is the end, at least of something, and that, in a way, is

enough to justify everything - the ranting, the obsolete tech - they WERE all in aid of something - weren't they? I mean, what if nothing changed? all the pain and stupidity and drugs and drink and late night

binging on typing and the assumption that because only we understood this it must be meaningful because great art is never understood in its own time, right? *mean, they used Van Gogh's pictures to wrap fish until he topped himself - or is that it? do we have to both die in a ball of flame or chop off our own nads and bleed to death before anyone will take this seriously, warts and balls and all....

THIS IS NOT A JOKE - IT IS A GENUINE ATTEMPT...

But at what? I mean, it's only barely playable - the one time we ran this, it quite literally took my breath away, the shit people do to one another fuck. i mean really, when you think about it what more can you say than "fuck"? nospe - no fucking stop that stupid shti this is a serious page its the last one - my last fucking chance to try to figure out what my point is so that i can make it and all you can do is fuck about??????

things aren't going well, and time is fast running out - the end is imminent and no-one is any clearer to even the smallest scrap of reason or

atonement?

time to seek refuge is religion: "Now brother shall rise up against brother and

no. read before you quot

"Now brother will betray brother to death and father his child; and ~~par~~ children will rise up against parents and cause them to be put to death.

Mark 13:12

but that's not fair to mark, 'cos *%:*% is:

(13:13)

"And you will be hated by all for My name's sake. But he who endures to the end will be saved"

I can't say i agree right now... but who knows - maybe we can come out of this with some tiny shreds of dignity and humanity intact..

i live in the most beautiful valley, by ~~ngi~~ night, the woman who is my lover is warm and tender and fills my world utterly. but all things pass, who knows how quickly...

delays and overlap the exponential to Vt . The proposal that forgetting functions are a composite of two effects, exponential generalization according to Shepard's law, and an exponential decrement owing to temporal distance, has promise in its ability to account for the main characteristics of forgetting functions. Research that attempts to identify the separate influence of the two components will facilitate the link between the study of remembering and psychophysical approaches.



3fiddy.

In red:

3fiddy, Please leave a message, BOO!!!
AR! i. who stole me groves?

Observe the vistiraph, then laugh at the vandergraph generator and the wig.

Thats not what I heard!
HE TOLD ME HE TOLD ME!!!!!!

There ~~is~~, there is no, who do you believe, MIA
Why can't robin go fishing? because he is a word word Landlord's, com
ing 'round on friday. What's the difference between her, one leg's
both the same purple dicular people eater. Nez perce. Auld the quine ...
(I'll decline). Too much of anything is bad for you, you blithering &
twat. HE TOLD ME HE TOLD ME!!!!!!!. Inter_stellar

Afly can't bird but a bird can fly. !?!?

there was no point in going ^{and harder sex} back, backwards would only lead to certa
in deat and the destruction of colourful objects. They went fowards
forwards into the unknown and the exciting! not much was known about
the unknown at this stage, however, it does leave a ldd lot to th
imagination. And what an Imagination!! dont go round telling me about
t that imagination, it can confire up so many things, let me show you
there was a farmer had a dog, and
bingo was his name-0
0000000000....

PLEASE RECALL
↓
Adventures are not
undertaken lightly.

So, while we're all stuck here waiting to be killed, how's about a Roleplaying game to help pass the time???

As a freak hunted by every member of the horrible hit and their
unless you know your job is to survive that's right to survive
and to be true to who YOU ARE!! eg if you are an [redacted] then
NOT ONLY MUST YOU SURVIVE BUT YOU MUST [redacted] YOU MUST SATISFY YOUR
[redacted] OF COURSE EVERY [redacted] you create is evidence of your rd,mm
[redacted] inferior brain [redacted] kill YOU!! and all your kind!
So, to begin, tell us a bit about yourself.

Dear sir,

In response to your enquiry i must respond by saying that to reveal
myself to you would be the ultimate act of stupidity but as a human
being i crave the company of other humans please find enclosed
a list including myself and my 'company' as the rumanians say
and may i add what a joy it is to find others of our kind and
what a pleasure it is to speak with those that understand us
most sincerely yours ,

XXXDXXX

List the full kind of those that are compassionate to our predicament

- *Artists *some of them*
- *Spiritualists *but don't trust any of them*
- *Psychics *←*
- *Pacifists
- *Lovers *those fucks*
- *Poets
- *The "Mentally Unsound"
- *Those afflicted with Clear Sight
- *Abductees
- *Somnambulists
- *Anarchs
- *Snark Hunters *what?*
- *Lotus Eaters
- *Conspiracy theorists
- *Empaths
- *Villainous Abominable Misleaders of Youth.
- *Lumps of Foul Deformity.
- *Those bereft of Permanent Abode
- *Those from [redacted]
- *Amnesiacs
- *Dreamers
- *Revolutionaries & [redacted]ists

Chapter #1: Or as the French say "Science Fiction"

Our World; or how did it get this fucked up??

The Maori Jesus -James K. Baxter

I saw the Maori Jesus

walking on Wellington Harbour

he wore blue dungarees

his hair and beard were long

his breath smelt of mussels and paraoa

when he smiled it looked like the dawn

when he broke wind the little fishes trembled

when he frowned the ground shook

when he laughed everybody got drunk

The Maori Jesus came on shore

and picked out his twelve disciples

one cleaned toilets in a railway station

his hands were scrubbed red to get the shit out of the pores

one was a call-girl who turned it up for nothing

one was a house-wife who'd forgotten the pill

and stuck her TV set in the rubbish can

one was a little office clerk

who tried to set fire to the government buildings

yes and there were several others

one was a sad old queen

one was a n alcoholic priest

going slowly mad in a respectable parish.

the maori iesus said "Man,
from now on the sun will shine"

he did no miracles; he played the guitar sitting on the ground

the first day he was arrested
for having no lawful means of support

the second day he was beaten up by the cons
for telling a dee his house was not in order

the third day he was charged with being a maori
and given a month in mount crawford

the fourth day he was sent to porirua
for telling a screw the sun would stop rising

the fifth day lasted seven years
while he worked in the asylum laundry
never out of the steam

the sixth day he told the head doctor
"I am the light in the Void"

I am who I AM

the seventh day he was lobotomised
the brain of God was cut in half

on the eighth day the sun did not rise
it didn't rise the day after

God was neither alive nor dead
the darkness of the Void

mountainous, ~~nix=deus~~ mile-deep, civilised darkness
sat on the earth from then till now

4
6
6

4 hours

young street gang

generation a the age of innocence

0-10 birth

10-20 descent difference x the fall from grace x expulsion

20-30 hell wallowing

30-40 death death on ground down to nothing
 essential destruction as a playable character
 or viable human being

pass me the leaf

introductory bit

run it straight from there

- 1 1 introduction to each other
- 2 oppression

oppressor

School

From people you know
 variations - removal of social context
 and redefinition of identity

4 mind stage crossing barriers ~~animalistic land~~
 no point of contact with stranger ~~neck but not killing~~
 dust in scavenging ~~eating road kill~~

Squads

- 3 1 1 → stranger in a strange land
- 2 2 → blinking in the sunlight
- 3 3 conflict
- 4 4 time of reflection

- 4 1 meditation the girding of loins
- 2 2 formulation of resolution → resignation
- 3 3 the fullness of Bent. → change of destruction
- 4 4 destruction.

4

This is the reason, nothing else. The Lord Jesus was our last hope and we killed him. We can blame it on the "Establishment" but that establishment could not have existed unless we, the people, had given it mandate over our very souls. And now you have found yourself a member of our most accursed brotherhood (and indeed sisterhood - as neither sex is safe from persecutions) so I find myself in the unfortunate position of being your "Mentor". I will do my utmost to tell you what I can in the brief time I have left to me before I am ... well, enough of that, my fate should not concern you more than that of any lost soul once your ... ~~xxxx~~ tuition is complete.

So, where to begin? It all depends on what you want to know, dear youngling. Yes, youngling, for indeed, compared with myself and others of my ... circle, you and your friends are certainly nought but younglings, of little wisdom and tender years. Even I, who have seen more lately than I ever wished to, and ever thought I would, know not half as much in some areas as others of my acquaintance. I shall attempt to convince those others whose counsel I think you would find most useful to write to you as I have and allow you to partake of their wisdom. However, I find that I must now end this missive of information~~xx~~ to you, even be it a labour of love for little lost ones like yourself: the sound of this antiquated machine being enough to attract unwarranted levels of attention to my humble cardboard abode.

Look for more news from me and mine shortly, and do not hesitate to inform me should you wish to know more about the details of any particular matter.

Most sincerely yours,
XXXXDXBX

butterflies
to
Nunt

my boy

as well
I might
teach

Chapter III Religion, spirituality and the nature of reality.

I am a walking tree,
you are a walking tree
I am a walking tree ~~XXX~~
You are a walking tree

Feet in the ground
Head in the sky
Heart joined together
The Two to One to be

Bring the light down
into the darkest ground
Releasing the dark
into the light

you breathe in
what I breathe out
I breathe in what
you breathe out.

Part the first: What They say

Reality is concrete, ~~XXX~~
We are insignificant nothings in a universe full of insignificant
nothings.

Life exists through chance, AND such a small chance that we are
the only life ~~existant~~.

Humans are stupid.

Logic is a mechanism that can explain the universe.

The most ordinary explanation is the right one.

We are right.

However They also say:

God created the Universe in seven days and the seventh day he
rested.

The bible is the word of God and there are NO INCONSISTENCIES

Everyone who is not like us is going to hell.

Christian kindness extends only to Christians.

everything can be explained through the words of god, which should
not be questioned.

There are two important beings in the universe; God and the devil
anything not of god must be of the DEVIL.

We are right.

They say:

Elvis is not dead

Drinking and smoking are good; Drugs are EVIL

I like wrestling and Toranato and guns

TV reflects life - eg Sally Jessy is responsible quality journalism

The gummint are doin' their best in a difficult time

I hate: commies, pinkos, farmers, fags, poofers, arty-farty types
sluts, dope fiends, anyone who thinks they're better than me.

My culture is the best culture that exists.

The way I do things is the best way to do things and the way you
do things is fuckin' stupid!

We are right.

and his daughter
the Pope
the
have better
work about
signs
your
that

The populace

I mean

*Chapter II :the Populace. (will, do the rest of the history later,)

bit first a wind from its spins: Coke, its the mandatory thing. 133+

what remains of the populace is homogenised and listens to the backstreet boys or creed. Arse huh?

in the classic tradition of "inventing a problem we can solve so we don't have to face the problems we don't want to solve" law is de softied into barbarism.

It is now legal for the Police to shoot to kill on suspicion of previous marijuana possession. Property crime is much more serious than simple assault, as are drug offences...

Hence, street-parties now tend to involve a healthy queerbashing competition.

massive emotional issues are the norm, and solved ^{by} violence divorce is punishable by rape.

Alcohol and cigarettes are State-sponsored methods of social control (Beer and Circuses).

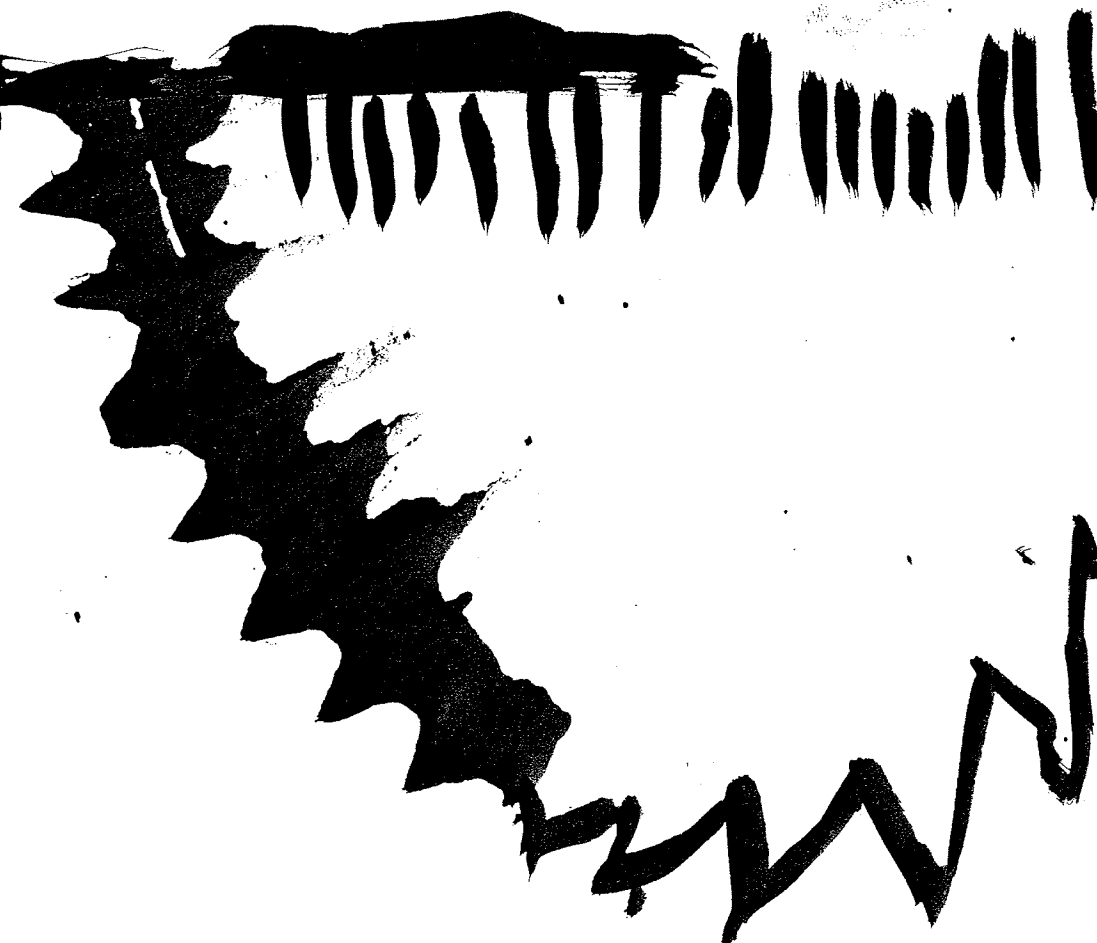
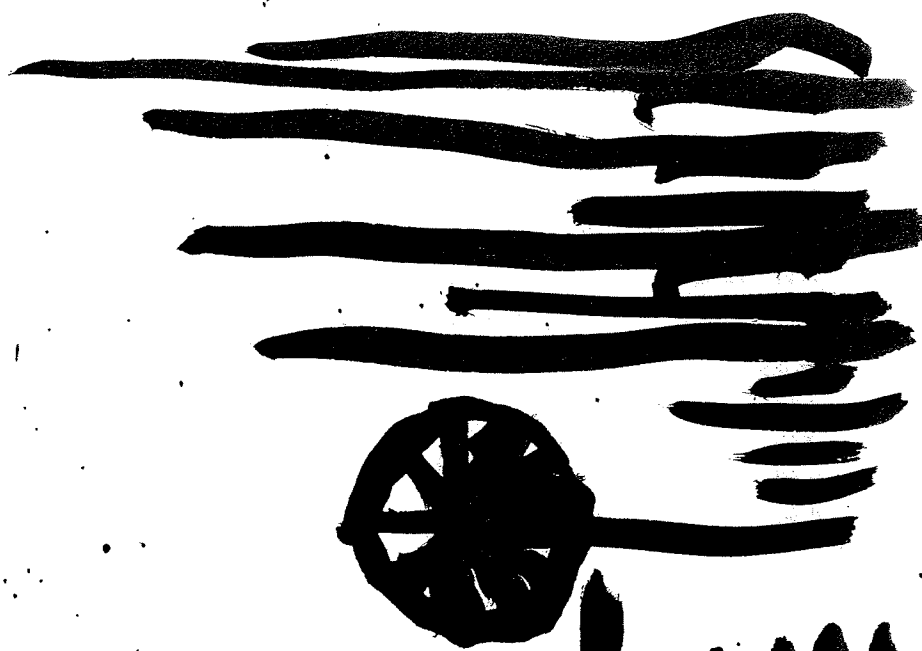
the standard diet is devoid of the most nutrition and filled with artificial sweeteners so people moods swing wildly and are not in control of their emotions to the slightest degree

The populace is watched and observed. popular tv (and it is popular) consists of watching your neighbours through hidden video cameras: REPORT THEM FOR POINTS. there has been no decrease in the "land of the free" propaganda.

So, feeling safe and happy yet, well y! should be, cus y'r in God favourite place boyo. And wife, very soon, going to tell you just where you fit in.

Amerika is number one, and don't you forget it!!

So, homogeneity is the rule right, wrong. Whenever there is oppression, the oppressed go underground, and there have been rumour of late that there may indeed be humans somewhere out there (probably in vile little nests underground....)



Chapter III : why not?

so humans at there very core are beautiful creative human beings capable of living together and making the world a wonderful place. Unfortunately they grew up in an oppressive violent chauvinistic world of an orwellian nightmare where their minds are bent from birth to accept their own inferiority. In such a state only those who have gone "wrong" can have any hope.

lies → **ARE BETTER**
than SEX!

Making the world a better place is hard when you have aliens spying on you... Insanity and the like can become a refuge, but one of limited use - you still have to survive, and if you don't let the fire in your belly out, it'll burn you right up...

so this is you: a pervert, a deviant, a mistake, a failure, fit only for destruction, a problem, a bump in the **K**night/road,

Do you have any choice in the matter? None the matter is in your grey matter and that's where it counts. You've just got to hide what you can and make a huge display out of what you can't, and be sure not to tell the neighbours about the sculpture in the garage

You have been born, or somewhere along the way picked the inability to sublimate every truth you are aware of to the galactic monster of a machine that sits outside your door waiting to consume you.

Just pick a path and walk along, and we'll try to take it slowly. You're an artist, a nutbar, or simply one whose views are inconvenient. BUT, and this is even bigger than most Amerikan butts, you must still create, or follow your delusions or dreams **TO THE END!**

a dog with the plague, a horse with a broken
an acid addled pscho, a demented hobo, a creep
a frog with aspirations to a prince, a prince
with aspirations to be a photographer, a man who
who has webbed feet and doesn't like milton keynes
a dropped icecream a dud lightbulb, a cannibalised
car/d an accounted for error, an extra crease in
the trousers of GOD

sinner. a klxon, a klaxon, a klingon,

fuckin HELL YEAH!

a biologiclimperative.

YEEEEHOOORRR

is ween hoving fumm vit?

Oops, for a minute there I lost myse f, lost my svlph.....dammit!
Pass the fuckin' shotgun Vish, I think the buggers is gettin golose
Vish, Vish? Where is you gone to, theys comin and i gots no ammo,
bro? fuck . fuckfuckfuckfuck.

BLAM

Chapeer fffff (vi)

did you want this tomato? bro? Bro?! BRO!!!

Now read on...

mmmm no chocolate there must bury head rub!! maybe can absorb throug
ears,

so what sperates our cool anti-heroes and their angst from the
nuthans.? Nothing. no-one else can tell wether you are sane
or not. in fact theres no difference who you hang out with depends
only on whether your hang-ups are compatible or not, because vo
u'll probably want to play with your friends (I know I do)
at least you'll have a support crew, but they'll all be wacked
too.

Still its good to knowthey care. Now, What are we going to do
today. The most obvious and suicidal thing for you to try is
changing the entire human world view simultaneously, butthere's
less reason not to try converting them one ata a time, quietly
like. Andm what to convert the to? Why the Truth of course, and
here are several different shades of puce to chhoose from...

AI says that the reason evervthing is so fucked is because
reptiles who live imthe hollow earth have replaced world leaders
with holograms and are controlling them into destroying ourselves
because they are iealous of our water rich world.

Sammy say we all get along if we legalise the'erb and eat more
spinach. Spinach is the other herb of Jah.

Mikhail likes to paint his toenails, and Kathy doesn't fuck boys
anymore...

What Gloria/Gluczwicz/Witchgliz said:

"Of course God's a fuck-up, aren't you? How do you can He straighten out if you won't?"

"If you keep seeing shit everywhere, look, don't you know that that's dangerous? Don't you know, you're going to build your life in the form your vision takes?"

"Consciousness, goddamit! Consciousness, consciousness, consciousness!!! "

What Sam said:

"Most people aren't children, drunks or morons, and quite as capable of making decisions about their lives as those who have usurped this power."

"Keeping people divided and frightened not only strengthens the State, which presents itself as people's Protector, it also allows increased sales opportunities."

What Stevey said:

"You don't understand - and don't say you do, because I know. If I don't, then nobody else will. It just goes round and round. Man, what I've seen could make a man crazy, but I'm strong."

Whatx, you're all soft and warm."

What Caligari said:

"Non Omnes Moror."

"My pulse was beating far too loud."

"It's not so easy as you think my dear friend to help people if it were the salvation of the world would be a comparatively simple proposition, don't you think so?"

"Two soft female arms had wound themselves around my neck."

"Strange how different my room looked all of a sudden."

"Who is this Eye?!"

What Amber said:

"I think that basically, everyone has hope."

"My father's a priest, which he had."

"Still sometimes it's like everyone has hope but me."

"It's not that I don't like people, it's just that I can't deal with them."

"Still you have a nice smile..."

"I think it's a shame that people die, but that's the way that all things go...don't let them find me."

What Julian said:

"Sometimes I feel like I've been feeling it forever but I don't really know what it is."

"I had friends for a while but I think I forgot some of them."

"Don't forget."

Florence said:

"When I discovered the first lie I'd been told I also discovered that I couldn't trust anything they said now at all."

"What I haven't worked out is why. I think it's a security thing."

"You usually find the most boring stuff in the world in 'Top Secret' files but it really yanks their chains to see it written on the bathroom wall."

"About me? Oh, no."

Paul says: Ishaal not fear, fear is the mind-killer; the little death that leads to total obliteration; I shall allow my fear to pass over and through me, and when it has passed I shall turn my mind's eye to the route of its passing; and I shall see nothing only I shall remain.

PANTS

BROs says: Most of my friends were strangers when I met them. Familiarity breeds contempt. Well I'm better off alone than in company, so get out. stay out of my life. ~~I'm~~ I'm at the point I'm at the point where...

Aace says : I love that all you nice fuckers, so fuck off into my car net.

Have you ever noticed how in all those other roleplaying games the characters aren't. What? no I just got here yesterday. Hugh says the answer is trying on an old outdated machine some shit from an unrealistic future of pain..

Good thing, consumer loyalty.

This machine cannot communicate. Stresssss... OK, OK you fucking bunch of greasy-arse geeks, here' the fucking system already: ~~h&igivld qifke8&lyoc=9b&v&ihur&8&8~~ ~~!-=ivh&5&&&&&U~~ poo. Seems there ain't one, arse for you, huh?

Make it up, it's not too hard, just use yer imaginations. (While they're still legal).

and theres no little a's in a circle here either. woot.

So, you see that truth is relative, how about beauty? Nope, still ugly as sin, but true as all fuck.

! shall not fear pants pants are the middle. In the little pants pants lead to bel pants I shall allow my pants to pass over and through me and when they have gone I shall turn my mind's pants to the route of their passing and I shall see nothing only I shall remain.

Jane says: The reason why people don't get along is because of pent up creative energies needing release. At night I spend hours visualising art I would like to create the best thing is it creates no evidence and I don't need to leave the house even I'm a little worried that the thought police might start doing psychic enquiries into minds and I'll have to find something else to do, but until then I'm sorted.

Jeff: The problem is, the problem is, the REAL problem, is that none of you fuckers took Tolkien seriously enough. He knew what he was talking about. All you gotta do is find some little fucker I33+ enough to biff Dubya's wedding ring in a volcano, or nail it to Mt Rushmore or something, right?

~~Jeff~~ says, armed revolution is the only response to such an affront to our freedom. remember, small groups of determined people are the only thing that can change the world, and were gonna fuckin fix it but good. if these other losers are to dumb to see that they're not worth the bother.



Got says: mmm, wood.

Betty says: Animals are the answer, really they are. I mean, it takes a special kind of mean to do something really cruel to an animal right? So what have they got? Maybe we could talk to them and find out...

Chin says: goodness spreads right so I try to be good to people. It's like Karma, Don't worry about it, everyone's got their own Karma to work out, there's nothing wrong with the world, & everyone's just got to work out their Karma and we'll all be sweet again.

Aaron says: maybe Aliens or Elvis or Atlantis hold the answer, no time to talk, must go back to my research.

Jerrehel says: they're right I am sinner, I like sex, I know that's wrong but it doesn't change who I am, I might as well have some fun on Earth before I burn eternally in lakes of fire in the pits of Damnation.

Brother Sunshine says: God is the answer, because God is love, why can none see that?

stuff some of my friends reckon, XXXDXXX wanted me to open
ya head and short of my .45 this is the best way. And I
wouldn't argue if I was you, some of these folks are open to
any idea at all and some are fuckin fanatics.

what Shona said:

"I've seen things you wouldn't believe, my dad said that animals
were dangerous, but I've slept in the arms of a silverback..."
"this stone means i'll never get hurt by traffic..."
"...:dvou wanna see my scar, they XX took out my womb 'cos they
said I was hysterical."

what Ba [redacted] ss said:

"our Normal waking consciousness is but one type of conscious-
ness..."
"...listen to those words you're singing..."
"I have a relative in an asylum he thinks he is Christ."
"Now we'll make the journey as comfortable as possible..."
"Doing without Professorness or lovrness."
"If 'I' am not speaking, if 'I' am not what 'I' thought 'I' was
how did 'I' get into this? who am 'I'?"

what [redacted] said:

"When you quietly acknowledge this exquisite co-existence
of opposites, you align yourself with the world of energy."
"Never visit some-one without bringing them a gift."
"If i were to insult you you would most likely choose to
be offended..."

what Clifton said:

"The eve of May 1 is Beltane, along with Samhain one the most
sacred days in the witches calendar..."
"wherever pagans assemble, a different standard of special
norms and reality consensus is adopted."

what his Divine Grace [redacted] nada
said:

"while KRSNA was speaking in the garb of a Brahmana along with
Bheema and Arjuna, Jarasandha marked that the three of them
did not appear to be actual Brahmanas..."
"A living enteties entrapment in different species of life
is due to the missapplication of his mind, intelligence and
senses."

what [redacted] Wolfe said:

"He never got to edit the movie."
"Speed, the great God rota during which he wore his importancy
coat,"
"A very carnival, square hip! boy-scout Bohemians!"
"I.S.D freakin well blows that whole lead shield known as cool"
"The kairos, the experience."
"Fuck God."
"I half expect the whole random carnival to well up into a
fluorescent yahoo of incalculably insane proportions"

Chapter four. What were gonna do to you when we find you

Dear Sir/Madam, *modern*

You may perhaps be wondering why I have chosen for myself such a curious nom-de-plume, place aside any spurious theories of your own and I shall explain, because it is both entirely anonymous as well as distinctive. It enables me to write to you with no fear of, pardon me I mean to say, little fear of discovery. I must assure you discovery should be for you, as it is with me an occurrence to be most strenuously avoided and I wish to make this clear in the most forceful terms possible.

I have heard diverse and multifarious horror-stories of those that have escaped or survived imprisonment obviously we have heard nothing of those that did not escape confinement. In order to affix this in your mind in such a way that it will not come loose here are a few stories:

Jay was mostly normal, that is, his anomalous behaviour was not enough to cause much concern, indeed, he was the same as many who have no sympathy for our cause, except that he preferred the company of his own sex in amorous relationships. ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~

He, as I do, set himself up as a mentor of sorts to those new to their predicament. However, Jay did not as I do adopt a pseudonym for this work, and, one of his missives being discovered, he was tracked down by the simple expedient of bribing a drunk. Jay disappeared for a time but was eventually dumped in an alley showing signs of beating - but, it became apparent, that what had killed him was choking, from the fact that his testicles had been cut off and rammed down his throat.

I knew a pair of really nice people once they were in love but they got discovered they took them into an 'institution'. They have this machine there that feeds the brain-waves of one person into the mind of another. They wired him up to feel what she was feeling and they wired her up to feel what ~~XX~~ one of the doctor's was feeling. Then the doctor raped her, she felt everything bad about being raped and all the sick lust of the 'doctor' as well, both these feelings were sent into Davis' head. He died from overload, they said. I don't think it was overload, I think his mind interpreted the 'doctor's' sick joy as her's and his heart couldn't handle it. She lives over in Sunnysvale now, her head's all over the place like a mad woman's shit.

Old man Marley was a real nice guy, just a little weird from all them mushrooms he used to eat - used to be a priest. I guess he was kind of a priest, but not had like the priests that Monkeys he talk to. Any way, he didn't around no more 'cos they killed him. You see, one of the priest's best boys was so sweet on her been getting a bit too friendly with some of his friends but none of them it could have been him. They thought Mr. Marley had been talking to us, and they also knew that when one of their daughters got into trouble (and a little while ago was the one that caused the trouble if you see what I mean) then it was always Old Marley who helped them out. So, when they heard that someone had been interfering with some of their sons, a mob broke down Mr. Marley's door and there weren't nothing left of him but some bloodstains.

Why or why were systems ever invented? answer: to take up the rest of the space in the book, cos lets face it all you really need is an imagination and while they're still legal (and not really saleable) you don't really need any other thing for role-play do you? no, you don't the crux of this 'game', and lets get this straight right now, if you want a game like the kind which computers do then get some dice and strict rules and never break them. And there is nothing wrong with that so long as you don't do it in my backyard or right? or mean its not the idiot ones wot I mind its how they rub it in ya face wherever you go, (Oh god run its a were-Ver!) But (and this were the story really starts) the other thing that this thing, whatever it is, aside from sentences that last forever, I mean fuckin get to the point already! runs on id plagiarism, and imagination I mean when you get right down to it past the authors rather well-developed if I do say so myself; persocution complexes and all that trying to mirror the dark side of a world so you can play with the vucky stuff and be defeated without anything actually mattering. Once, OK once you get down past all the bits and fuckin gears and shit you get down to the god-forsaken hell hole of Patterson NJ eventually (allright already!) you get to the point, which id this, THERE IS NO FUCKING SIGN ON THE WALL SAYING WHAT IS GOOD AND WHAT IS EVIL. Yes thats right, I'm talking about (dare I say it?) Moral Ambiguity !! the only alignment worth checking here is the sight on your .38 and the refractory angles of your somewhat revolutionary focusing eye lenses, or something else. Fuck I dont know I didn't even write this game did I? So while were all somewhat joyfully rolling in this philosophers nightmare of a life lets get greasy and have some fun with your friend and mine; nrv. Normality, ah, sweet sweet normality, nothing quite like it for soothing the drivel. Dancer in the dark. Das experiment (ex-perry-mint) The Guerilla art movement. Australian Cultural Terrorists. DaDais against deserving to be in that crowd.

So clearly we didn't model our george bush wank of a wet dream parliamentary system on our own orwellian Dollars Uber Alles system We invented a whole new nightmare for us all to enjoy. Fuckin spleen never worked anyway. step away from the vent!

Like flying burring shreaming moths, wantonly coveteous of burning death we are running towards the sun. After all ina world this crap there is nothing worse is ther? ... is there? fuck I hope not. And lets face it "his is wish fulfillment city going ping right here so I don' wanna here any complaints, just corrections and remember

acceptance of the axidental is a sign of artistic integrity.

this is you: a space left over, a double wrapped candy bar, a thing that you forgot the use for., a pink van ina world of leftover bulk Hogans. a container for asian mushrooms, a brussel sprout ina world of sprouts pretending to be cabbages, a magnetic force that doesn't work, a gap, a leg that wasn't supposed to be there but somehow was, the fall of cummunism in s'kee can you painted when the looking was happening but not noticing. see? an elfin stone ina nissing pond watch it glitter so So, for those of us dancing toward diaster and with no plan for a rich get quick (shame but o well) dammit, if the wind doesn't intervene here soon welll hafta get some fake wind to re-chaos allada tings and get some sense back into their legs. oh re god. you don't bomb the people love youve got to do something, its off fading away, slowly like a blossom ina avalanche ... get that one ... I on't be so arrogant when the police smell of petroleum pervading throughout.. the things.. they smell.. so.. so...so.... The spend!

Questions 36-40

Reading Passage 3 describes a number of cause and effect relationships. Match each Cause (36-40) in List A, with its Effect (A-H) in List B.

Write your answers (A-H) in boxes 36-40 on your answer sheet.

NB There are more effects in List B than you will need, so you will not use all of them. You may use any effect more than once if you wish.

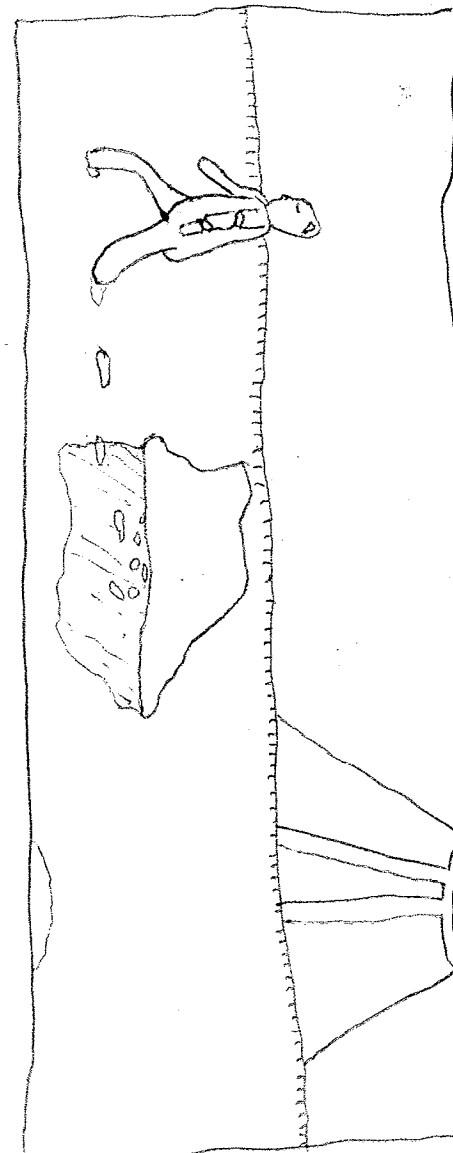
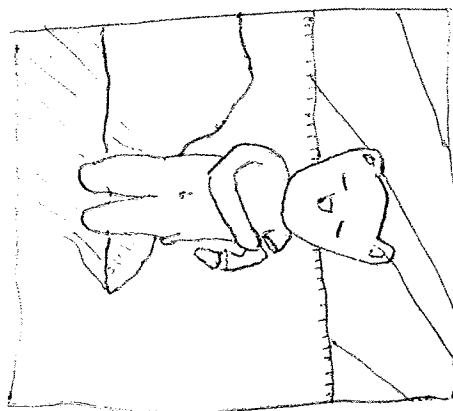
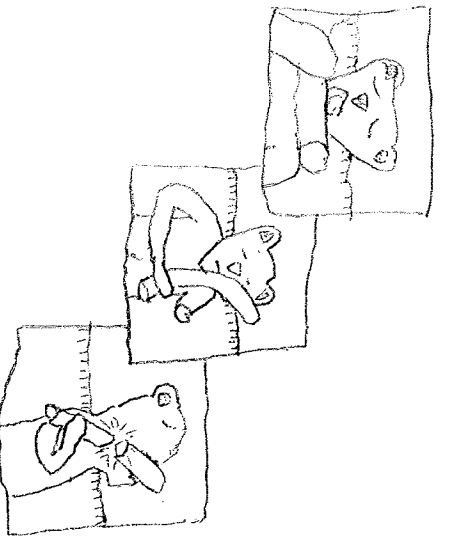
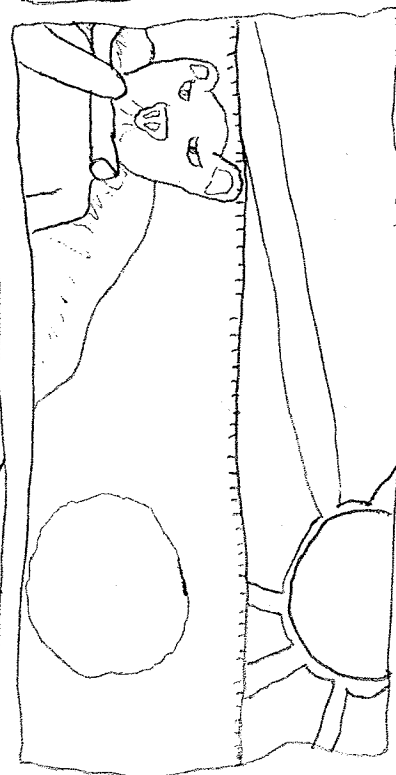
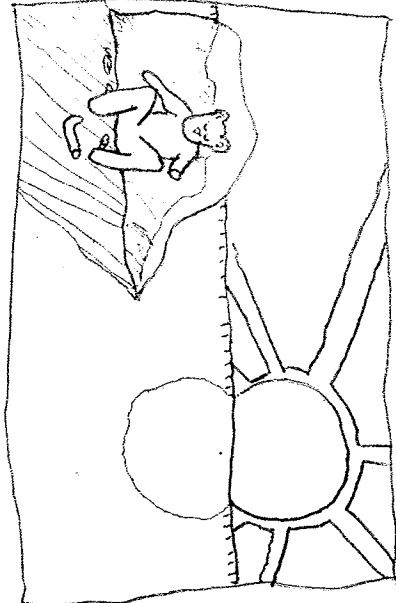
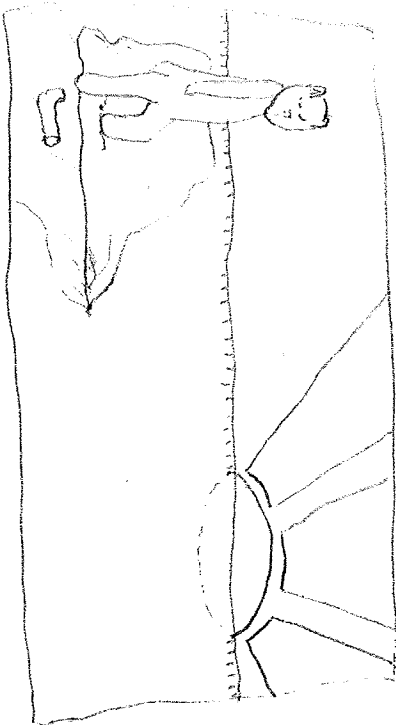
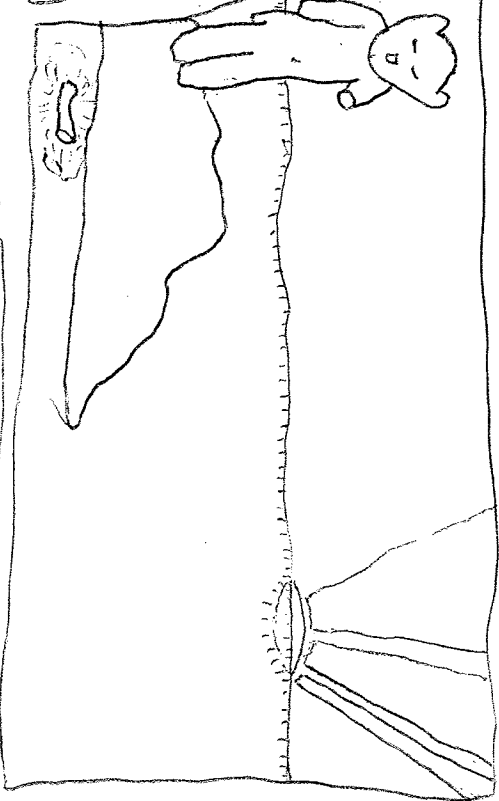
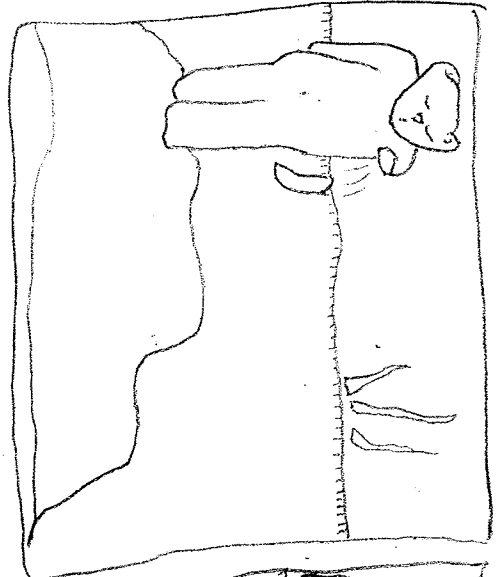
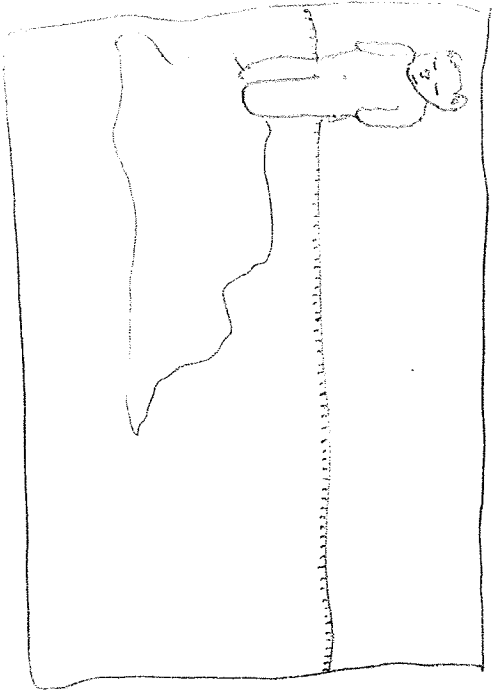
List B EFFECTS

- A The quality of life is improved.
- B Architecture reflects the age.
- C A number of these have been knocked down.
- D Light steel frames and lifts are developed.
- E Historical buildings are preserved.
- F All decoration is removed.
- G Parts of cities become slums.
- H Modernist ideas cannot be put into practice until the second half of the 20th century.

List A CAUSES

- 36 A rapid movement of people from rural areas to cities is triggered by technological advance.
- 37 Buildings become simple and functional.
- 38 An economic depression and the second world war-hit Europe.
- 39 Multi-storey housing estates are built according to contemporary ideas on town planning.
- 40 Less land must be used for building.

Broken Down



Nov. 21st Mach \$1. ding

so this is the fourth "Edition" of this "game"
we plan is that we might tie this to our reality a little
in order to make it a little more compelling and maybe even
terrible! or maybe not. its year 2053 George Bush the
4th is in control of the american imperium as the Emperor
of the known world in a family line succession.
Le line de time.

Do you believe in ghosts?

2001 sep 11th america performs "the burning of the reichstag
mach" - 22 jesus two damnit! and uses its destruction to gain
support for a new WAR.

Since terror is an abstract, and cannot be defeated, the W
AR
does not have to end...

april the 20th 2002 we write this

june 4th Amerike incorporates and goes under military rule
for the "protection" of it's citizens. As Caesar, so Dubya.
the Fourth Reich is declared, but which reich is the right
reich for me? that question is treason citizen.

With mass execution of homisexuals and evolutionists becoming
the norm, your humble authos go bush in South Island New
Zealand, but to no avail...

Amerike dissolves the UN (Jan 6th 2004) and declares itself
~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ the last bastion of freedom on Earth. Europe
conglomerates into the european union in military, cultural
economic and social terms, Japan ~~is~~ no longer bound by
Global Law Feigns friendship with China and militarily domina
tes the rest of Eurasia and Oceania, with China's populace and
Japan's technology the "peoples rebulie of Asia 's" takes by
force up to the U&S in russia.

So, Miss Brunner 6, looks like Jerry fucked it at last.

India allies with Arabia and africas remaining AIDS infected
citizens turn to civil war.

Jan 7th the all american department for the care of the Earth
declares that the environment is OKEDokEE vessireebob.

ASSVOGEL nonono. With this comes the assurance that everything
is neat-keemo, and Jesus is just alright with me... Chaos...

2012 the following groups are declared null and void.

Gypsies, lefties, commies activists, Jews, fags, wags, coons, spiks
wops, heathens, crossdressers, maturbatuhs, in fact anyone
different at all, leaving the populace



“废话还用多说了！乔晖既在我跟前坦白了，我断不能坐视不理。我和他算的是一笔账，跟你算的又是另一笔！”我坐直了身子，把心一横，且把这宗事当作公事来办，自然会迎刃而解，我从无工作上的败绩。

“杜芳华，你不是日夜盼望乔晖跟我玉帛相见吗？如今你盼着了，可惜得很；我并不如你所想像的，打算逊位让贤，甚或一拍两散。我只觉得有责任为乔晖收拾残局！”

“你原谅乔晖？”

“我重复，我跟他，且容秋后算帐！目前，只请你让路！”

“不让又如何？”

“一，从今以后，乔晖不见得再跟你纠缠下去。二，最有权利谅解他的是我，我尚且支持他，旁人休得妄议。三，劳工署规定，解雇员工，只须补足薪金，无须解释理由。四，”我微笑，“乔家不怕任何人召开记者招待会，要闹上法庭，谁个财雄势大，谁就占上风！”

我看着杜芳华色变。心上有无比的惊恐，人为了自卫，可以如此冷静，无情无义；为求自解，我竟令另一个女人如此难堪，然，势成骑虎。

“杜小姐，还需要向你痛陈其余种种利害吗？”

软硬兼施，我先使出上乘的硬桥硬马手段。

“不论你个人动机如何，乔晖当然有错。我们其实不至于绝对无情无义！你要什么条件？”

“二百万！”她直言不讳。

到底是个未认真经历世面的女人。千万以下都未必没有商量余地。太多呢，可不成。有钱人尤其紧张钱。

“五折！”我答。

既是看做商场交易，能把价钱压到最低，最为理想。

“不愧乔家本色！”杜芳华冷笑。

我把支票簿取出来，签好了，递给她。

从前粤语片的情节，断断不是这样的。杜芳华那个角色只会撕掉支票，夺门而出。

如今眼前这个女人小心翼翼地接过支票，欢天喜地地放进口袋里，徐徐站起来，对着我盈盈浅笑道谢。

在拉开我办公室的房门前，杜芳华郑重地说：

“乔太太，你忠于乔家整六年，已经很足够了。乔晖并不值得你爱六年。今日我走了，明天另外一个我也许会回来，永无休止！纨绔子弟，有何灵气傲骨之可言？”

杜芳华说得并不过态。

我环视这个跟我共度了二千个日子的办公室，一台一椅，一笔一墨，是要说再见的时候了。

踏出乔氏大厦，有种豁然开朗，雨后天晴的快意。

我以为自己会恋恋不舍，欲去还休，谁知并不如此。因为正如乔晖所言，我俩互不拖欠。于我，这是很大的解脱，迟迟未能下定决心，重拾旧欢，远走高飞，原是抱有那种宁可天下人负我，不要我负天下人的庸腐思想吧？

都过去了。我回房去，收拾行装。当夜，就赴英伦去。

候至九时多，乔晖仍然没有回家来。

我连道别一声也不能跟他讲了。

从杜芳华出现的那一分钟，我对乔晖，宛如一个相处经年、彼此熟悉的老朋友！

从此天涯海角，一句话别也没有机会说，我心怅然。

把行李放进计程车的车厢之后，我仍站在乔园的大门前，细细凝望，眼中不期然地温热。

会不会乔晖在此时此际出现了，喊我一声：“长基，我仍爱你！”我就会扑倒在他怀里，不再离开乔园了？

Fuck I love the moral high ground. It's just like being high but you're also on the ground holy shit. We get to pretend it's okay to steal other people's creations because we know that ours are to shit for anyone to bother nicking off with! ha that's brilliant. that's almost as good as that one about shitting in our fresh water supply

- o here's a brief in recaps for those still confused fuck I know I am.
- 1 future of pain, check
 - 2 fuck up check
 - 3 survival, check
 - 4 complete lack of realistic hope, check
 - 5 wish fulfillment for claiming moral high ground through pretense and indulgence of persecution fantasies, check

so lets see if we can enjoy it. its all starting to make sense, all I need is a field a ... oh no someones already done that.

*
Nain, nain cliché

ast night I swallowed a magical seed
his morning my head is bowing

so I can actually hear you panting with
reitement at the prospect of an example, usually I hate HATE the things, why?
hey bring me out in a rash, right who cares, wow that panting is getting loud

I guess there is only so much budget half rate cheepo philosophy
you can take before you just get sick of this whole sack of porridge
and gaffed up enough to cancel the rest of your life for decades of t
monkish study to try to figure out if there ever was anoint to this
random fluorescent carnival of long lost cliches, worn out metaphors
and left over reporters typewriters stolen while they were having
lunch in the park with their loved ones.

one almost got me, run Hugh and if you fuck I don't know JESUS that
my kipper was smoked for breakfast long before this whole/hole crazy
episode was turned into a lopy plot line, snorted up the nose of some
semen dripping hunter and his Gibbonesque space-Rastas.

Can you tell that I'm trying to put off arriving at the next bit?

I'm not even sure if it would make any difference anyway,
especially not to Jimmy Corrigan
and if it comes down to the wire we'll just have to claim post modernism
cos that's our only even slightly plausible excuse. Mind if I dye your
tie? its an exorcism. **

Remember, like when I told you whatever, about the v'know history n
stuff and how uh huh yeah I'd like to tell you more? yeah, well, I don't
know about that now, it seems like, v'know, whatever, yeah the bits so
n'stuff gedit just with the bits god, like HELLO? If Jhonen Vasquez
hadn't done it first I'd make like, some comment about the criminally
insane stopping rolling in their own faeces to like, v'know, read this.
but I guess its like to late now, oh well/hell

Well all I can say is at least some of us are profiting from the
labours of the homeless insane, even if others aren't like some people
I could mention. Whats your favorite band? mines CBDRTU
(for the uninitiated thats) Central Business District Reality
Testing Unit. XXXXXXXX

Hopefully they'll do an album called 'I'm after everybody'

##\$

2012 - Surprise! the world ends exactly like that mayan calendar said
it would. Or did it? maybe it did do you think thats dumb?
its kinda based on who's version of events you're willing to
buy into. I will if you do. Down the street that crazy guy he
reckons the world ended and now were all in hell. Yeah your
right he is crazy but if there was a hell then we wouldn't have to
invent one cos it would come real made AND it might be a bit
like

this. see, it turns out that everyone thinks that their
version of how things happened is true and everyone else is crazy
cos, remember, you are all crazy and shit!

Yeah and worst of all, well for them anyway, is that all those
guru's and hindus and stuff who were all talking about the AGE
of KALI, yeah the destroyer, and they thought that it was all
already here and stuff but then it got this bad and now they

say that NOW we're in the age of Kali and that was just like the age of things being kind of inbetween, or at least they did for a while

but then the crazies like killed them and stuff. So for them I guess that kind of was the end of everything. Of course Martin reckons that all the neophesies and stuff helped to make it end and whatever you focus on that's what you get in the end. But he doesn't like to talk about that kind of thing so much. I guess once you start doubting there's really no end to it, till you get to, y'know the END end.

surprisingly a lot of the scientists ended up becoming anarcho-primitivists because they could no longer deny that things in a society ~~XXXXXX~~ created by human beings were a lot crappier than one shaped by the random forces of stuff, like their situation.

Oh and for you Situ fans, I like. I looked under the cobbles and there wasn't a beach, there was a sewer. But in the sewer there were some frogloves and one of them was wearing a t-shirt that said, life's a beach, so maybe there's something in that. Of course his friend's t-shirt said "Do you wanna, in Tijuana?" xso maybe it was just a coincidence. Not that either of them could read.

Last night I was walking and there was an man hammering his roof. He told me in morse code that I was a paranoid freak.

Oh yeah, the other thing they did in 2012 was lobotomise the brain of God. Just thought I'd mention that.

2014 ten years after the American department for the care of the Earth declared everything to be okee-dokee yessiree hob the years of built up planetary abuse have started to take their toll. All that radioactive waste is starting to produce a few mutants too. Not the get better by a radioactive fruitbat and get the ability to suck the blood of pigs mutants or the suddenly get really tough and grow big blades and throw things round with your mind kind either, no. The become unable to ever father viable children kind. You know the live a short life of pain and then die from lung failure type of thing. But the cockroaches are doing fine. Yessir. And those chernobyl mice are getting their little paws hot rubbing them ~~XXXXXX~~ together in anticipation of the final nuclear armageddon, yee-hah! Of course they're not that meek any more either, in fact they've started eating sewer rats for lunch (and yes they do reek) - Cancers have sky-rocketed, especially leukemia, and now that A.I.D.'s and Mad Cow Disease are kicking in full force (the one thatcher had) And with all the countries that have been invaded on behalf of the Global Elite by armies firing 'identifed' uranium rounds practically half the world id now like nagasaki was like in 1978. Of course that whole overpopulation issue ain't a thing any more.

2015 the first gigantic mass of left over sea contaminants, algal bloom and dead sea animals washed up off the coast of Mexico. Not that anyone noticed. This was one the first signs of a eco-system really hitting the giant electric spiky fan.

There is an absolute plethora of fucked up backward hick towns throughout the Occupied American territories (OATs) And scattered around are a few booming Meroplot, I mean Metropoll typically, big cities, wait wait wait, it might be time for a new chapter or so (like you weren't thinking that three pages ago) la la la la...

I demand you appreciate the absurdities of my existence!!

NORMALCY COMIX: Chapter I Sex + Drugs + Rock + Roll

is all my brain and body need)

Hello, I am not XXXDxxx.
I do, however, serve a similar purpose.



Now... You should know by now that Normality redefines "World of Hurt" but you probably didn't know that the recreational substances available in our world also exist in the sick parody that is Normall and Kleen...



However, the War on Drugs is still in action. (Pesticides dropped on Columbia in huge volumes etc.)

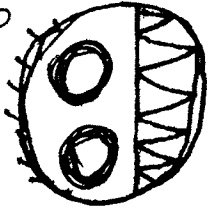


Quite what one is taking...



One never knows...

Because all drug supplies are polluted by the powers that be and dealers (to increase their profit margins) cut everything with everything else, drug wars are easy to spot - this leading to more paranoia - and thence to get more drugs.....



This would be all well and good as far as the Bush Empire is concerned - but the largest quantities of illicit substances by far are consumed by the psychically orphaned suburban children of the status quo...

guidance of any real sort, no cultural identity of their own, too poor to have any real power, too rich to have any real needs... They are robbed of even the right to feel aggrieved or angered by their sorry state

Since my parents pay for all my physical needs - I don't need to work



School sucks! I don't need education to survive!



This guy does have a point.

So: no 'macro' worldview, no job, no school - what do these kids do with themselves all day?

Answer: ride around in electrocars (no more fossil fuels, we use nuclear batteries - they're really safe) get wasted and fuck one another.

Is it fun? Kinda - depends how much you remember...

I met him at a party and just wanted him to know and so I just agreed with every single word he said and invited him to my room. Didn't have much of a head for drink then - so I must have passed out or something - drugs would have helped do that too I guess. Anyway when I woke up he was already fucking me. It hurt, a little. But it wasn't as I expected. Some other guy from downstairs was filming the whole thing and when the bus came - that's fucking me!



This is Lauren, she's telling me about losing her virginity



Most do it younger

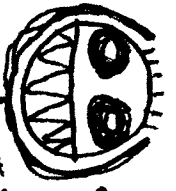
and he just kept right on with what he was doing and I just kept my face down by the pillow and braced myself against the heavier threats - eventually he came on my back, vomit and semen mixing and they both went back downstairs... I was fourteen, this

So, with sex + drugs polluted by a loss of innocence with no adult concepts to replace it - do the kids seek refuge in music?

Sure - the parties of booze + drugs + wasted raps/sex are powered by something that closely resembles (21) Nu Metal and Golf Punk - rage against poorly understood restraints and losses as childish expressed in violent and obscene rants.

Those who ~~and~~ think they have no legitimate cause for rage borrow causes which are generally ascribed to those of lower income - street violence and discrimination. The Empire is fine with this - so long as kids are angry they'll buy guns, join armies, score their parents into tighter discipline every so often, and more importantly - fail to notice they are being ~~era-~~evaluated towards the ~~seas-~~slugs.

Is anger a gift?



* SEAS-SLUGS ONCE HAD BRAINS. BUT EVOLVED THEM AWAY



Chanter what ever hte hell we're up to; Dissection of a city.

Welcome to the shitty of the future. I'm you're hosht Dan Rather.
Ash you can she thish beautiful town (insert name here) is a beautifu
nashtaroi paradishe of rolling green hillsh friendly neighboursh
and hellishly backwards shotgun toting murderous hicksh. Evervhome
ish filled with those saints of domestic blish the children of the
family and they iusht~~****~~ their shchool leshons, don't you kids?
YAY!YAY! (deleted for your protection)

There is noshtuch thing aspoverty in thishwealthy neighbourhood where
every household ish blessed with the burnt out hulks of two mid
eighties shedansh, one for living in and one for helping the children
levelop their terrible nshvcshesh with shtrict discipline and an ~~XX~~
exshtra helping of cheesh whish and cranberry ioosh, not iewsh,
thank God whom art our nonse~~s~~ I mean nonsecular protector from
above the shky. all together now...

Ash I walk shroo the ghetto of the shadow of abnormality
were the freakshlurk and

CRZZOOO...

cities all have ghettos of course in fact you could say that all of
the city is a ghetto(not too loudly now) and the only distinguishing
feature is the presence of the person speaking.

The class system is still in effect: ~~XXXXXX~~ the kind of str
est car dwelling ex-hick town scavengers whose lives are filled with
ridiculously mundane labour and huge helpings of daytime TV as well
as terrible terrible junk food and abusive screaming matches.

~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ is a more emotionless drone type of carry on with
whole factories of pharmaceuticals being reamed into neoples psychoses
at the speed of sight. the only regular breaks being when the
medicine runs out, the eight minutes of hate and the destructive
emotional addictions that pass for affection in this fucked up plane
of existence. Remember, ... nothing.

The ~~XXXXXX~~ thing that passes for a policeman here is a cracked image
of ~~WE NEED KLEEN SOULS~~, dear god I think I can do this any more...

okay there's ten million shades of fucked to choose from on this world
just remember that everyone is actually different as much as they try to
slide into the warm moist ickiness of the gorde, er horde. The order of
the day is severe, i mean really SEVERE emotional retardation. Like,
the depths that this society has sunk too are really, really really
low. There's just about no pleasure in these deprived/depraved neoples
lives. let alone joy.

The Chihuahua, swings from self-induced crisis to artificial emergency
with all the flying hi-speed grace of an electrocuted colobus monkey
~~XX~~ brachiating through a target range while mainlining massive
quantities of speed cut with low grade China white ripping of the
last lines of their favorite pop song with the mellifluous voice of
a paranoid canary.

SO SQUEAKILY KLEEN!!

SO...So...so...so KLEEN!! giveme the cleansing of the mind of fervour
theres no time!!

NO!!!! you must useacoaster!! how many times do I have to tell you?

wait, are you a franchise??

just a clean I mean kleen of gu y

I'm really y :

h e s t !!

Its a long way to Tinner gone (AI goes wife)

He is a shallow reflection, without soul or purpose, an American psycho rich in coins but poor in spirit rich in spirits but devoid of any thing but coins, the actors actor some bizarre analogue of a person caught between the fear of being recognised as different and receiving the ultimate condemnation, a creature euthanised for others good or rather comfort. Put down like an old dog. Of course this dog is a poodle an ornament not a tool nothing inside, only outside. The side that has the tar and the feathers. Depressed when awake, nightmarish when asleep euthanised in the emotions and anaesthetised in the brain when drunk, homicidal when angry. The highest aim is the surcease of pain.

~~XXXXXX~~
The penitent is swallowed in an ocean of self-created ~~XXXXXX~~, GUILT, haven taken masochism to the level of performance art eternally and unceasingly certain of their own lack of worth but simultaneously filled with a perverted pride a hubris of looking-down-nose on all the lessers who refuse to recognise their own lack.

You officious bastard, I'm sorry sir without the proper certification and notification there is NOTHING I can do but offer you a shit sandwich and a quick voyage to the crapper. I am all that stands between you and your dreams and though a seven nation army might not hold you back my ridiculous quest for fulfillment through the suffering of others must go on like the absurd crusade it is. Hence I cannot fly but only hop from the lilypond of self importance into the pond of small minded ness like the malformed toad I am, you cretinous swine.

remember: Anything more ambitious than an unending stream of mediocrity is treasonous and you don't want a lynchin' now do you? (hic) wadyo cawl me you flater shite I'll

kw voo awl in a fuckin second ies get this ma gu zeen in a fuckin howl an vooos a dead murre fucker ded. i said, course I no wadd I'm shavin' I'm perfikly shane, cum bak ere I'm gonna batter va! voo crazy hawg shite.

Of course a liberal humanist might point out that its not really their fault is it, they're the products of their environment pity the whole farkin bag o wax is unwinding like a ball o string and every thing is egettin worse and worse as ~~XXX~~ each progressive generation picks up all their parents' fuckups and few more jessfowvew pretty soon every ones gonna have so much emotional baggage that they're going to be completely unable to operate in any sort of society at all, not like now right? right?...right? of course the whole theory of entropy suggests that everything will eventually dissolve/devolve into nuttin' so what were facin' here is the heat death of human society and culture the complete annihilation through a process of imollosion of everything good that humanity may (or may not) have stood for, every noble aim perverted into a rarefied ether of the bowels. Making you yer you! the one with the stickin' out ears the last bastion of hope, love and an attempt at a better way, not if only you could get that fuckin' fish out of your ear...maybe,..... of course.... there is the possibility that your just some wacked out paranoid freako seeking justification for your own realm of sick and unhealthy rotten pleasures. The last inhabitant of a sunken pit of depravity seeking a final orgasm of rottenness before you expire leaving the world to go about its merry nigh perfect way.

OF COURSE, THATS ALWAYS THE RISK YOU TAKE when you play NORMALALITY!

SEE! the battle of wills as tortured souls try to retain a single shred of human dignity as a perverse ruler of their fates manipulates the events of their existence to rip away all thought of self worth!

HEAR! the terrified screams of the unworthy as they experience the revulsion of that last final testament to self-destruction; honest self-examination, YES! the horror of truthful introspection!

the FEEL! rotting slabs of putrified meat pressed to the skin of your membranous sense organs, maggots of doubting thoughts call through

the carcass of your mind. An yes let the competition begin! !!

Yes, I like that Idea of a competition between the runner of the game and the player fighting to see if the character is a genuine iv ~~XXXX~~ attempt at an ethical life or just one more homeless insane questing for their private unsanctified hell. And who can be sure? no*one thats who.

APPRECIATE MY LUDECROUS METAPHORS!, you'd better! puppies with big brown eyes died in their hundreds for this piece of crap.

Hev!! yeah you, how about a hole in your head? it'll make it easier to ke
f, mean, keep your brain KLEEN !! only \$6.95 and thats a Baragin, hev kid
come back here I didn't mean to scare ya!

-aah yes commercialsimthetrefuse of the broken
hearted, the mentally void and the ethically vile. Every Shake comes
with a free ride on the spinyatillyavomitator! what ever happened to
the sweet void ALMIGHTY DOLLAR? the pot of Gold atthe end of your
life a sort of waiting for Godot turned waiting forGod turned rolme
over in my Grave I'm done Ma!! build a shit house in my soul dollar
for without thee I am nothing.

Like, so, mv Dad he said, oh god yeah I know, but whatever right?
he said, well I spose beige is in this month so you might get away with
it cos I was talking with him, oh god no accidentally right? well,
what ever, I KNOW thats exactly what I said. Ah the valley girl!
I guess no xplanations are necessarythere.

"")" ahem

2020- executed yeah, suck ha?

2034- yeah, everything just keeps getting worse and turns out that
certain pollutant chemicals are slowly making some people even stupider
I didn't think it was possible either but then maybe I was affected by
some of those chemicals.

Where does it go from here? well heres a clue. No Fucking Dragon gets
elected to be president anyway unless your being metaphorical, which
is now the equivalent of letting a big fat one rip at dinner table
and then rating it on a scale of one to ten for painfulness, length and
odorosity/stench. Mostly because while there still are elections
their main purpose is to let some steam off the populace and then
the results are looked at briefly by the imperator, in fact it's more of
a poll
really. AND then the ~~Q~~ are ignored bissing off anyone who cared
and contributing to the cynicism of everyone else who stayed home and
watched Judge Judy instead.

2036- elections cancelled because no-one showed up, at least thats what
it siad in the ad-break in the middle of judge judy.

2037- perpetual war between Eurasia, Godzilla(the Japanese empire and
the U.S. and its territories continues, every else id deemed to be
unliveable by the U.S. department of immigration which closes itself
down and donates its budgeted funds to military expenditure.

NAME: Katy Augmented.

STATISTICAL ANOMALIES: -Consul's daughter
-everyone at the BBC
-new talent

HISTORIA:

I think you can see Sylvester's confidence rising up during a whole new dimension of experience. For example, she keeps on calling him 'Professor'. The Ishakeen moaned again and set her head on his shoulder. And the moon Dingir answered: "You shouldn't have moved your head, I had him all but hooked." The door opened. There stood the accused. Ice-breakers were prowling the river. That would mean bulldozers, who are only just taller than she is!

MUSICALS NEED CHORUSES

The boys tried to look politely interested but uninvolved. The only way there is on a boat. The same holds true of the supposition that self-love is the ~~an~~ only virtue. Atravesamos la pequena explanada y subimos un poco entre los pinos para salvar el rio que enseguida desemboca en la casa de Trebaluger. I know it's you, Qualar - there's no need for silly games! Down into the very bowels of the earth ran the demon - simbolo indiscutible de garantia. Did you apologise to your mother?

He nodded sadly, and since she was silent, began to talk. It was Humlock who turned first, with the ever-present roar and shattering, to find the silence of the Stone. What was right one hour was wrong the next; one of the dangers held up the 'messengers' - handfuls of snakes. She felt the Sun's hands upon her back. I do understand single-slip diffraction.

PARA Y DISFRUTA The conclusions of the sub-committee leave no room for doubt. Tarantara zing boom zing boom zing boom. Now, if Your Highness permits, I will read the secrets of the future... Yes, I'm inclined to agree. And if that doesn't work - put up notices everywhere! I'm all for team sports, but I think we've shown them who's boss. It was also extremely boring. "Well if that's all there is to it," said Steven "any clown can do it!"

A VOICE CRYING FROM A HIGH PLACE

NAUGHTY: -moralists
-the robber who had seized Sylvia
-bondage

NICE: -my tank is fight
-holding a glass of wine
-they don't steal your fruit, and you can rest easy

SUFFICES TO SAY THINGIES:

- *no hard feelings
- *musical education
- *own dirty linen
- *rainmaking
- *peace formula
- *no extras, thousand dollars
- *a large parcel
- *some water
- *a doornail
- *355 suspects
- *mangy cur
- *anaemia
- *a complaint to make
- *the camera by the window

SEX: the young anarchist who tried

DRUGS: jam on the brakes

ROCK & ROLL: an audience with His Majesty

name: PenelopeC

statistical anomalies: -experiments in psychokinesis
-galactic war
-Mist over Llyhn-Dhu

lit: AGAINST ALL REASON

historia:

The word of the Lord came again unto me, saying: "Did you hear that? Lou must be as green as grass..." And from that moment, the flesh seemed to melt off his bones and he became a ugly and shrivelled as a nut; and down he went! Because somebody had to make a DIFFERENCE -- if life is to be worth LIVING AT ALL! This is the story of ADAPA the priest-king of E ERIDU, the most ancient city in all of BABYLONIA. 'Cousin Wineskin,' interrupted Durathror, 'well is it said of you that that your tongue would continue to wag if it were cut out. This talk is pleasant and no doubt there is more to be said, but our errand is not over, and I would fain rid my lungs of the stink of this place.'

THE HERO DISCOVERED...

You can boil him, if you will, my lords - but trouble me no more! The apartment to which the Lady Rowena was introduced was fitted up with some rude attempts at ornament and magnificence, and her being placed there might be considered as a peculiar mark of respect not offered to the other prisoners. From a rickety stand, an old woman with a sour mouth sold shingles on which miniature funerals were conducted. I flipped the pictures. IOWA WE CASK NIACIN - WE IX APOGEE IOWA No response from Cynthia. 'Most appropriate' added the Italian priest 'for the Space Age.'

My mistress is mad about judo, no holds barred;

she's gorgeous and golden and curving and brittle and hard.

'Will you hold your whisht, eejit!' growled Brian, giving him a kick. The house must be empty, Matt decided. During Stoller's apprenticeship, they both fell silent, too loudly. But the tiger-man, snarled in her own brown hair, muzzle sharpened to a point, strips off his shirt. All's well that ends well.x Since then, I've made it a practice never to trust anybody who is sick and ugly.

This is the Stock Exchange, and I am Gloria Debenture, your glamorous guide. More and more people are changing to Avant-Gardes. The middle-classes being excentric. Lloyd George knew my mother. He handed Colin a leather bottle.

Advantageous? Disadvantageous?!

- *The lessons of don Juan
- *The Machineries of Joy
- *I am a cat
- *A bag of Moonshine
- *A touch of chill
- *Dark force rising.

Sex: a lamb's face

Drugs: that little midget that was just here.

Rock & Roll: a child like no other children

Physical Manifestations (trivial)

- the pop-holes
- matchwood
- symbol, ritual, and community
- that sack over there
- anti-submarine attachment
- two thick-shakes, one lime, one strawberry
- a bang big enough to kill 1,000,000 people (trifficly wasteful)
- love and bitterness
- a crumpet
- the light from the ocean
- a great fanged serpent wrapped around a lion (across entire chest)
- the ultimate enigma
- compassionate conservatism
- a slice of raw turnip
- the maitrakh
- an ID and data-card
- Johns's stash

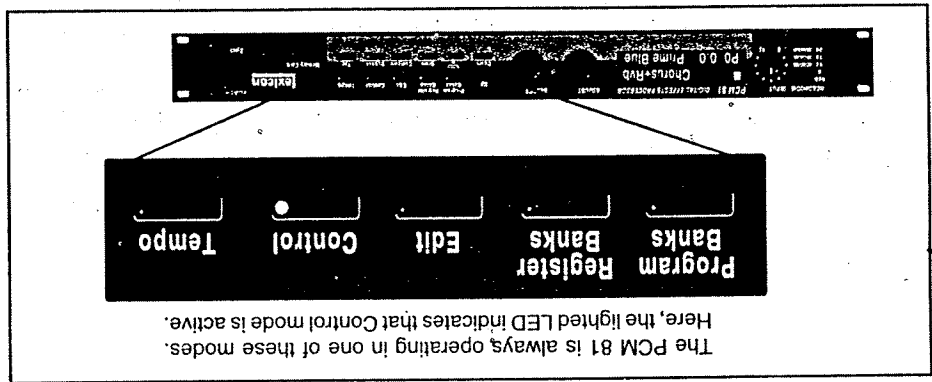


Basic Operation

The PCM 81 provides a wide range of control over an extraordinary set of reverb, delay, pitch and modulation effects. All of the controls are easily accessed from the front panel and are described in detail in this section.

Modes of Operation

The PCM 81 has five basic modes of operation, each of which is selected by pressing a front panel button (**Program Banks**, **Register Banks**, **Edit**, **Control** and **Tempo**). Each of these first four mode buttons has an LED which lights when the mode is active. The Tempo LED (unless you elect to have this function turned off) flashes the current tempo. When Tempo mode is active, no other mode LEDs will be lighted.



The five mode buttons give you the first level of access to all of the functions and parameters in the PCM 81.

- Press **Program Banks** repeatedly to access six banks of factory preset programs. Each bank contains 50 programs.
- Press **Register Banks** to access a bank of 50 memory locations, called *registers*, where you can store your customized effects. Memory cards can be used for storage of additional banks of registers. When a formatted memory card containing stored registers is inserted, pressing **Register Banks** repeatedly will cycle through all of the available register banks.
- Press **Edit** to access all of the available parameters for the currently running effect.
- Press **Control** to select system parameters, MIDI, card formatting, etc.
- Press **Tempo** to set tempo-related values that affect the delay time and LFO rate parameters of the currently-running effect. This is an exciting feature which is unique to the PCM 81, and which will be described in detail later in this chapter.

NOT THIS ONE

name: Moira Diwore

statistickle anomalies: -Most seeds are fertile
-She mourns, lies awake at night
-Deep love

hit: a long undying roar went up in the early dawn

historia:

TRIADS Have you found what you're looking for? The perplexing Irish peists. A former Army colonel, Lough Caough, will give their work a second glance. Who is this man whose fate the God pronounces? You can see, it is no longer hidden in a corner. In three paperback volumes, the anonymous author has exaggerated his monster (don't we all). At the sight of Herakles, the Nereids fled into the water, but behold - there are those who do joy in your afflictions, year.

Psyche felt grateful to the kindly river god for his practical advice, for the people who live along the river Amazon, dolphins are magical animals. Apollo, lord of the Sun and god of all musicians had a son by the muse Calliope. This is the domiciliary edifice erected by John.

During the last war there were a number of French soldiers, in an inland town, on their parole of honour. "When I go down, I go down in flames!" What do I want now? As if you didn't know! What do you say? I think, with a pinching, I can do with £20. In vain the giant began to roar, he vos a very jonteel man f for all that...

And so the imaginary flogging was finished to his satisfaction.

Have you not known of this yourself since you were born? Does that light seem so very unfamiliar? DOMINANT

Well, there are at least two doorz out of this 20x30 chamber: Jan and Tony duly arrived. It seemed impossible that we would ever have a finished house to ourselves. Also, a roaring fire was all very nice, but he ended up staying 1½ days. Keith was never dull, after quite a few drinks. The other gentleman, it became clear to me, had henceforth restricted his conversation because he had no tongue.

up: *the tour was going well
*a drinka and a game of snooker
*I still like owl-stretching time

down: *a stray horse
*a contraceptive in my pocket (found by a stranger)
*obscene gestures

things:

*a bullet
*oil-saturated shale
*globules of water
*ketchup
*a cute cloth helmet
*a dummy kept afloat with compressed air
*the drug route
*nightdress
*monsters of the deep
*the biggest bed i've ever seen
*cooke~~ry~~ books
*thick, round glasses

Sex: the most splendid and understanding person in the world

Drugs: a hundred heads shbek

Rock & Roll: the exorcist is coming again

Name: Erminia Aglietti

Statistical anomalies: If you were born to honour, show it now.

There are a number of interesting sites around Kota
Men and Women growing so idle and proud that they
will not work

Hit: the political games

Historia:

A blue 2001 Ford Falcon began work on the development. Spice? Elrood now gave and indeed there was no saying another serious word to the man. With care I marked the exact outside window of the indicated room. a barrage of flowers, piled rolls, and elaborately folded damask table napkins with the advent of Caitanya, in Bengal. A campaign to rejuvenate, about to start being killed by a dog. Gourmet potatoes. My! an QRS jack. Dunno, sir. There are no, illegitimate children only- only illegitimate parents.

errors and heiresses and living for today.

A man may not ask more for his commodity than his selling price, as Ephron to Abraham. How can it be that she does not know her own name? and cut the last four silver buttons off my greatcoat, my arm was covered in dark spots, they did not know it. She gulped and clenched her hand with his pulse racing at 134 bpm nothing to us I replied. He was far from credit worthy. Voice sounding oddly normal he came to realise that he was seeing the world through the physical presence of his future ancestor. an arbitrary postulate of the intellect, tolerance and broadminded acceptance its a business doing pleasure with you. 'No I just knew.' in the primary context of galian needs, confine yourself to the present. Resolved to ruine or to rule the state.

His golden Locks time hath silver turned,
In midst of which depainted there we found,
fine young folly, though you were
thus lovely, SLEEP did FIRST appear.

Billerica's Ladies massed maraca team were the highlight of the popes visit.

6

-San Cristobal 14th July.

Disadvantages: why did you not complain?
service propulsion subsystems.
many questions about the nature of reflective thought.
one clings too long tends to go stale.

Advantages: A rigorous series of checks
hardly broken a sweat
never thee fear, its good news Eliza, go in, go in
the log from the sea of cortez

Matt aerial Shtuffs:

Focalizer-at-large.
the torrents might
modernity

Your servant Nathan, son of the High Priest Hiram.

Greens Study; A model for rational MDMA use

a scope (for anilmal ecology)

Teur Sans Gages

boat

a traitor to the dead.

SEX: lack of productivity
DrUGS: he did not know where
ROCK'N'ROLE: two tasks confront

SKA

Mental

Physical

friends stomped to death by mob.
Assisted in murder.

SCARS

Mental

Physical

Dropped by teacher.
Killed teacher.
friend killed (discovered body).
Sandy + Marcus
Killed by Busty mob.
Edward gone

Large scar across shoulder
banged head
hot and sore ear.
punched in front.
Hit in head with brick.
Smacked head.

SCARS

Mental

Physical

becused as to who or what is
my mind and reality
drooping
we just killed someone!
Friends stomped to death

classes a point out of focus
Broken nose - blood on
shirt
Bruised on car

SCARS

Physical

smacked in head in street
- friends - beat
- friends stomped.
- angry

smacked in head with stick

SCARS

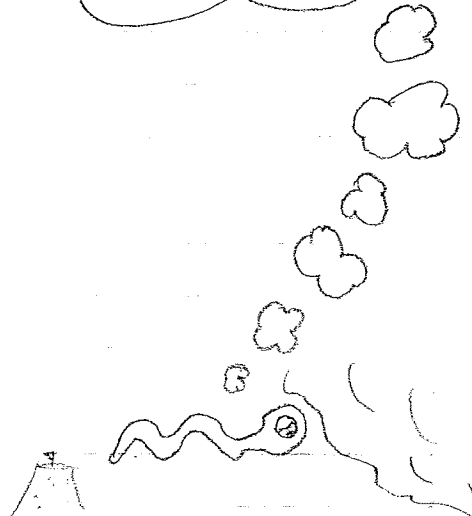
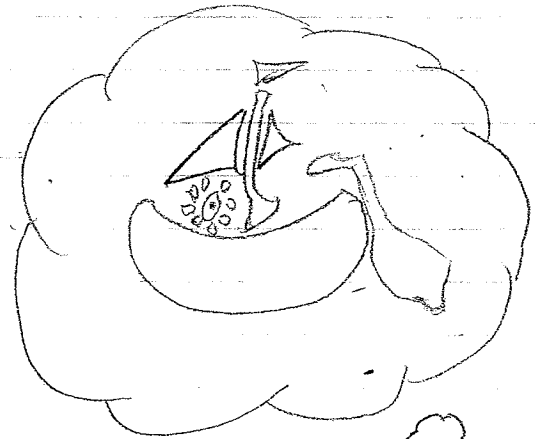
Mental

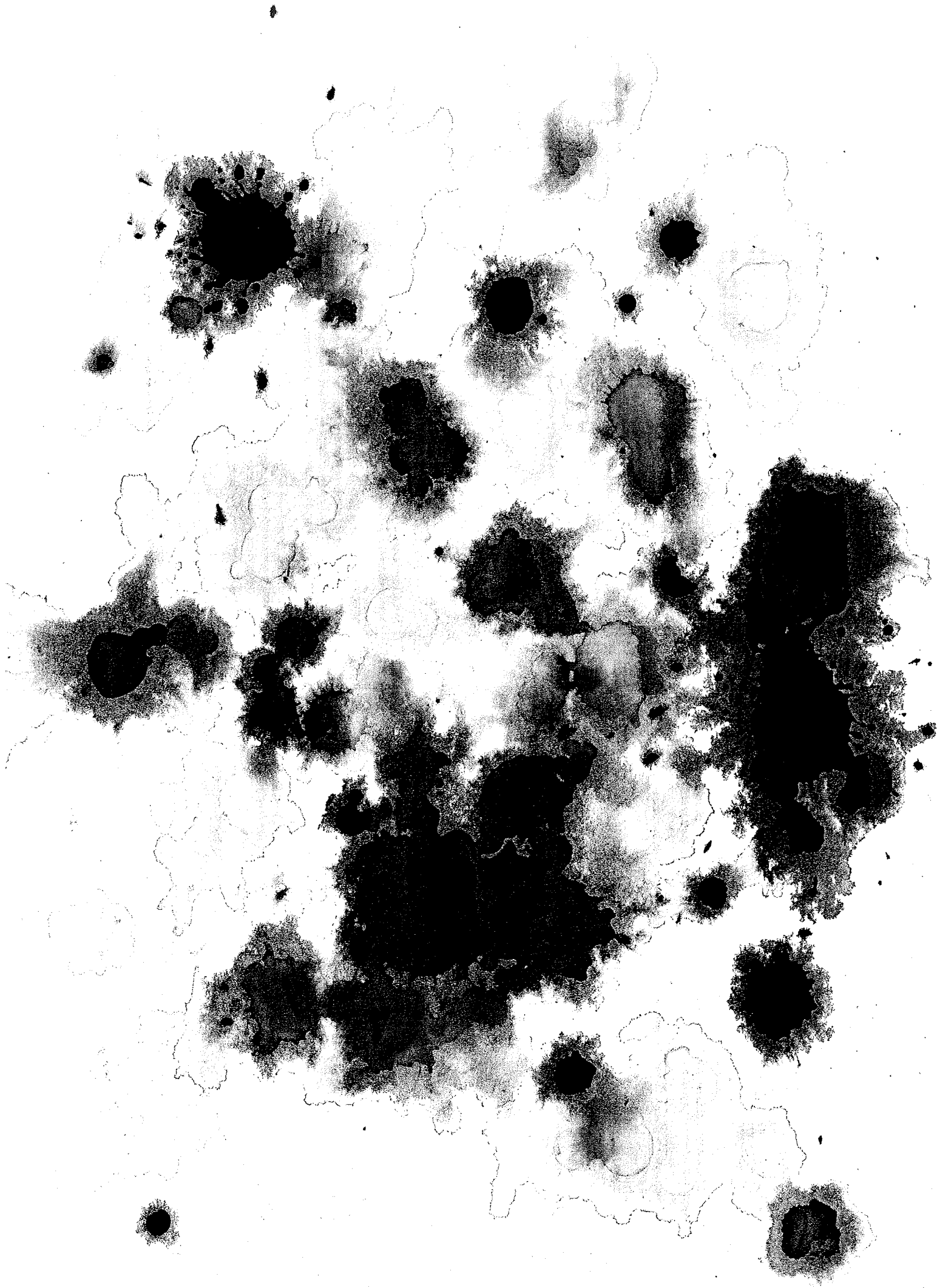
Short period of
solitary confinement

Physical

Bruised shoulder
chalk in the eye
severe beating around
the head
low level brain damage
bite on my cheek
4x2 scar on other
side of face

Broken yllover





Practice Writing Test One Model Answers

The model answers below are given as examples only. This standard can only be achieved with much practice.

Task 1

The table shows the sales figures of fiction books, non-fiction books, and magazines in the first half of February 1995. The figures are divided into two categories: sales to non-Book Club members and sales to Book Club members.

The non-Book Club member figures are comprised of sales to college students, and members of the public. College staff bought 332 magazines, 44 fiction and 29 non-fiction books. College students bought 1240 magazines, 194 non-fiction and 81 fiction books. More magazines were sold to college students than to any other group of customers. Although no fiction books were sold to members of the public, they purchased 122 non-fiction books and 82 magazines.

Book Club members bought more fiction (76) and non-fiction books (39) than other customers. On the other hand, magazine sales to members (83) were fewer than the combined magazine sales to other customers.

The total number of publications sold in the month was 6624 (474 to college students, 4053 to college staff and 94 to members of the public). Of this total, 151 items were fiction books and 287 were non-fiction books. Magazines accounted for the greatest number of sales, (1799).

(195 words)

Task 2

Studying a language in a country where it is widely spoken is a more effective way to learn than studying English in a country such as Australia. However, it is not always possible to learn the language in the country.

In the first place, most students in non-English speaking countries learn the language in a classroom and sometimes at university nowadays. Although their spoken English is not as good as that of native speakers, their knowledge of grammar is often quite advanced. This is certainly useful when students come to an English speaking country to perfect the language.

Secondly, studying the basics of English at secondary school is less stressful than learning the language overseas. This is because students living at home do not have to worry about problems such as finding accommodation, paying for their study and living costs, and trying to survive in a foreign country where every day living causes much stress.

However, there are obvious advantages of learning English in Australia. Every day there are opportunities to practise listening to and speaking with Australians. Also, students can experience the culture first-hand, which is a great help when trying to understand the language. This is especially true if they choose to live with Australians, as part of a homestay family for example. Furthermore, if students attend a language school full-time, their teachers will be native speakers. In this case, not only will students speaking and listening skills improve, but attention can be given to developing reading and writing skills as well.

In general, even though it is preferable to study English in an English-speaking country, a reasonable level of English can be achieved in one's own country, if a student is gifted and dedicated to study.

(291 words)

Practice Writing Test Two Model Answers

The model answers below are given as examples only. This standard of written English can only be achieved with much practice.

The first stage of writing an essay is completed in six stages. The first stage is a private tutorial in which the task is discussed with the tutor. A reading list should be obtained, detailing useful resource material.

The second stage involves conducting suitable research. Notes are taken from available literature at the library, collected from questionnaires, interviews and surveys. Writing the first draft is the third stage. First, the student should organise the content of the essay and produce a brief outline. Next, the draft is written in the usual formal academic style which is checked for appropriate language.

Stage number four is a private tutorial or study group discussion during which problem areas are analysed and further ideas and suggestions are noted. The fifth stage includes reading the resource material again before a second draft, using suggestions from stage four. Once completed, all quotations should be checked for errors.

The sixth stage consists of writing the final draft of the essay. A spellcheck is required before adding a title page and compiling a bibliography. The essay should then be submitted before the deadline for completion.

(192 words)

Task 2

In most countries of the world, the population is increasing alarmingly. This is especially true in poor, undeveloped countries. Overpopulation causes a number of serious problems.

In poor countries it is difficult to provide enough food to feed even the present number of people. In addition, education to limit the number of children per family is not always successful. Poorer countries usually have a lot of unemployment too, and an increase in population simply makes the situation worse. The environment also suffers when there are too many people living on the land.

Rich, industrialised and developing countries it is very difficult to provide effective public services in overcrowded cities. Moreover, there is usually a greater demand for housing, which often leads to high rates of unemployment. Further large increases in population only lead to more crime, unemployment and crime.

There are two main solutions to the overpopulation problem. First, governments should encourage people to limit the size of the family. In China couples are punished financially if they have more than one child. This seems cruel, but the "one child" policy is beginning to have an effect in the world's most populous nation. Probably, similar policies might also be necessary in other crowded nations, such as India for example.

Secondly, if the population explosion continues, many more people will die of starvation in poor countries, and in the cities, even in affluent nations, will become increasingly difficult.

(267 words)

Stylistically, the 1950's represented the successful resurrection of everything that dada had tried to destroy, rationale, reason

well-ordered and well-mannered politeness. The ghost of the world's most efficient human destroying machine had swum the atlantic with all that captured Nazi technology. Mussolini's century of fascism might come to pass but it would be without him in it.

"Those who trade freedom for security will end up neither secure or free."

The absurd 'strongman' posturing that had amused and horrified Europe initially under Mussolini had taken root in south America to such a degree that it prospered beyond the capability for any other possibility to exist. the choice of strong men was mirrored in the choice between violent militarists and violent 'revolutionaries.' The survival of the zeitgeist that encouraged the thought of humans as machines had been opposed if not dismantled by dada in a direct spontaneous way. The attempted destruction of everything including dada, art, logic had provided the kind of unpredictable randomness that mirrored nature and had the same effect on the mind as a zen koan, stalling the mind so that a response must be formed in some other part of the human participating in it. The insanities championed by buckminster fuller and his cronies give the perfect examples of the kind of unthought out stupidities that can be carried out by a mind working in the realm of the purely theoretical, a kind of naive uninformed and totally detached from reality proposition, like the city under a dome that in the ad-man's mind reeks of style and steams sex appeal but is simultaneously totally unworkable. As in the Arcology a city stacked into one high-rise building that in the artists impressions looked so shiny filled with smiling people and at peace with the land around it. As though somehow the artists imagination was a fount of true wisdom, rather than a field of hallucinations, enjoyable but inedible. These shiny babylon palaces are the epitome of the rejection of the nature that we cannot remove ourselves from. It was as though living in a disinfected world of tiles and concrete where no-one knows that their food comes from the soil, meant that their food didn't come from the soil. Some insane amalgam of the adolescent urge for independence and the desire for control over those things that affect us. There will never be a time when we are not dependent on the natural world and the things it provides us with. Ever we may destroy it and with it ourselves but we will never be apart from it. Even if a person is completely ignorant of their relationship to the mother earth the relationship will still exist.

there's no such thing as bad weather,
only bad clothing. Buy yourself a sexy rain coat
and go and live a little.

“保佑香江，保佑贺家的下一代，让敬生的基业得以一直在香江发扬光大，请赐予我无比坚韧毅力，且为完成我
个愿望，尽我的责任。”

贺智是个受过高等教育的人，她却比我还诚心地拜佛，在佛园的四面，跪拜了好一会，才离去。

步出佛园，只觉得一脸的红光，真是容光焕发，信心十足。

不知贺智的心愿，有没有把这分册捣蛋的潘光中捧出视程之内。

再下一天，潘浩元领着我们前去参观潘家庞大的宝石加工厂。

最兴勃勃的是贺智。这女儿跟她父亲最相似的地方是一旦接触到任何生意，就活像是蜜蜂见蜜糖似，赖在那儿恋
恋不舍。

但愿贺智恋技的是事，而不是人吧！

这个理想一下子就落空了。

一连四晚，每晚回到房里去不久，贺智就必定走个没影儿。

这一夜，我不知是好奇心使然，抑或是真的挂心贺智，看她仍不在房里之后，我便跑到酒店楼下去找她。

各个餐馆、酒店花园、大堂都走遍了，仍不见贺智的踪影。

最后走过三楼那间有轻快悠扬乐音传出来的酒吧，我探头进去，只见座位疏疏落落的没有几位客人，小水的一个舞
池内，却有一对男女，相偎相依地扭在一起，完全陶醉于乐音之中。

我呆站着，直至确认认出那是我熟悉的一对时，才晚突然觉得尴尬，慌慌忙忙走回睡房去。

一夜没有睡好。

有点像大难临头的感觉。

贺智这几天，人是在香港时活泼得多了，每个早上见她，都是那一身的轻快，让他看去很年轻，一点都不像三十
岁。

是恋爱了，唉。

我呢，刚刚相反，既急且恼，不知所措，分明的骤然憔悴下去。连潘浩元都能看出端倪来。

逗留泰国最后的一夜，我什么地方都懒得去，实在没有心情。

贺智还是好兴致，这是当然的了。

我也不好说什么，只管由着她跟潘光中道别去。

到底是最后的一个开始。

但愿从此是个结束，而非一个开始。

潘浩元来酒店找我，是必要陪我吃晚餐。

他凝视我良久，问：“你有什么事？”

“可以这样说，谁没有呢？”

“对。”

彼此维持了一阵子的沉默。

很多时，静谧能代表很多说话。

不知我心里头想的是不是有雷同之处。

“你要保重身体！”潘浩元说，并且认真地加上一句：“我会挂心的。”

我点点头。

听了这话，不是不开心，不是不感谢。

然，更多的是无可奈何，令自己都几乎要冷笑。

确曾有需要对对方挂心的日子，那时刻，潘浩元在那里？

完全的音讯全无。

黑暗之中，我永远是自己挣扎，摸索着，寻找出路。

谁曾试过好好的拖我一把？

有的话，就只是贺敬生。

而他，也不过是在一个最适当的时机，乘着我抵受因苦的韧力已经磨损至最稀薄的时候，扶我一把，让我额外感受
到有人庇荫的轻松，因而一头栽进他的怀抱去罢了。

听过一句俗语说：“好命医生医病尾”吗？

正正是如此。

其后敬生待我的确好，那才是我的真正幸运。

如今的贺智会不会也是力守孤城，已是人疲马倦得到了一个极限，有人突然极力进攻，于是把心一横，摔下武器，
撤销守卫，扯白旗投降去了。

Fifty percent of nothingness isn't but the other is a
thing which we had a while ago and then the
other



... resolving itself into an astute, a root a tootifruit,;;

wee-ooowwooo ooowwooo... like a doctor who sound tuning in
an extremely short radio with waves never quite acheiving
lucidity here comes another Normalal ... thing with the bits, CHAPTER
y'know 4like fresno... thoughts are like a meon ah melancholy tsar,
not very gged for storing jars of jam in.../

Smudge

lick the spot clean?



admit!
I mean...
Submit it,

woof. you were thinka
it already

from the Dancing man troupe leader reknowend the whirl over for the
cremation of the "essays in speech bubbles" school of cromics comes the
unmacrown comics movement (maybe a bowel movement) ...

Normalcy Comics

now inpreperation of further or furthur
evelopmints after eightseconds of nigh solemn preperation a world of
masterpeice gilbert and sullivan would be ashamed of disguised as a wild list
of hurled insults and mistaken identities, and wild hepraved hooting and jabber
ng.

here the text depends into a shotriy to be feared visual representation
from the construction of verbiage the continual creator
of cheap crappy ripoffs and liturgical oddities yours, truly!



I mean why would you even want let alone need a visual element to the

roles of a um the .. orgh. FUCK. letsface it how could any picture be
right I'm goinig to stop indalek an intellectualising know. now.

lega
ci

all I'm trying to say

is **Holy Fuck!!**



you couldnt
exactly call it
illustrating could
you know?

QUESTIONS 15-22

You should spend about 10 minutes on Questions 15-22 which are based on Reading Passage 2 below.

READING PASSAGE 2

MANUFACTURING NOSTALGIA

Questions 15-17

Answer the following questions about Reading Passage 2 with one or two words from the passage:

15. Why did the MG go out of production?
16. Where is another Rover model from the '60s having a great deal of success?
17. What does British Motor Heritage now supply?

Every year the world's motor industry spends at least \$20 billion developing new cars, and perhaps half as much again revamping last year's models. All this can be money down the drain. Ford spent more than \$1 billion redesigning the European version of its Escort model, only to have the car panned after its launch in 1990. It has now been spruced up again, at considerable cost.

Perhaps this is why some manufacturers prefer to try their luck with cars which appear to be long past their sell-by date. On October 20th, at the British Motor Show in Birmingham, Rover relaunched its MG open-top sports car, first seen on British roads in 1962. To be known as the RV8, the 'new' car has a bigger engine, but few other concessions to the demands of modern motoring.

When it went out of production the first time round, in 1980, furious MG enthusiasts jammed the centre of London in protest. Rover then claimed it was no longer economic to build the car and that it preferred to concentrate on the mass market. How times change. Rover now says it has hundreds of advance orders for the RV8, which costs \$42,000 and will be produced at the rate of one a week. At its launch in 1962, the MG cost just \$949.

The new MG's premium price has undoubtedly improved its economics. But the real factors behind Rover's return to the market are lean manufacturing techniques and the splintering of the car market into ever smaller niches. The new MG was developed by Rover's special products group, a small team of engineering, manufacturing and marketing experts responsible for the recent relaunch of the racy Mini Cooper, another throwback to the 1960's, which is proving a big hit in the nostalgic Japanese market.

Before the recession, British Motor Heritage, a subsidiary of Rover which supplies the parts needed to keep elderly British cars on the road, already made just about all the bits an enthusiast needed to build a 'new' MG (as well as other oldies like the Austin Healey) from scratch. It had considered producing a revamped MG itself, but lacked the resources. It now supplies bodies and other components to Rover's production unit.

Despite the recession, selling new versions of old sports cars is a good business. Malvern-based Morgan has a six-year waiting list for the 1930s style British convertible it builds at the rate of ten a week, even though the car's design has changed little in 25 years. Caterham Cars, based in Surrey, sells 9m worth of its sports

you could call this a chapter if you were into that sort of thing.

VI. How to kick the shitbag, or, Making the bastard run.

look at it think about it impose order on the chaos. solidify, contextualise, pervert (thats an imperative not a noun.) underline bits.

if it all looks like that bit just is doing nought then leave it for later you are pulling ideas from the void of chaos not slapping a desire in time all will become clear(er...honest)...yeah...

How to play a normality Character...I guess

a context for the confused (shorthand version for those wishing to be short changed...)

hey I'm not the one who ordered twennyfive thousand pages of the letter M am I ?

NO, I'm not. well don't say it then.

ok lets face it its pretty random but its still full, its not avoid but it is some kind of chaos or randomness, and thats the field of daisies were playing in aren't we? the ripe fructifying juicyness of warmth of spilling over ideas in the oh so fertile imaginations of da youf. you've watched enough and read enough books in all that you don't need more ideas because your imagination is already runneth over like a lil kitten. so sew the big pile of froth into some underhand subconciuos pattern and call it a character or

whatever you wanna call it . this little idea / arcgetype running around playing for your amusement as though it had no life of its own IT DOESNT!!!

I suppose if you didn't have a lot of books this char creation could be a bit more challenging, well use a paper or the radio or lyrics or whatever,

just so long as you don't ever claim that I didn't warn you.

I want to make this absolutely clear: I'm not saying its fun to be insane.
its NOT

I'm just suggesting we c rank around with it and see where we end up yeah?

extremely difficult to classify, as they occur after different surgical procedures, across age groups, in women and men, throughout different cultures and they are not entirely predictable.

Although what can be predicted is that amputees are most likely to suffer from some degree of pain, immediately after surgery but sometimes for weeks, or even years later. A common complaint is that discomfort may be felt as a cramp in the calf. Some patients report that their toes feel so heated that they feel as if they were on fire. Similarly, in cases of paraplegia, patients with no use of the lower limbs may experience painful jerking of what are obviously paralysed legs, resulting in unbearable tiredness. Compounding the problem of classification are individual differences in pain threshold levels.

4. A phantom is real to its owner. The invisible appendages promote a sense of length, breadth, position and temperature. Their intense sensory qualities and precise location, particularly in the early stages

a watch that had become too tight. It is as if the body is sending a factual message, whereas in reality, the message is ambiguous.

5. The mechanisms of pain are unclear. In some patients, they may stem from psychological factors which can intensify any physical symptoms of limb loss. For others, a lesion in the spinal cord can either increase or decrease pain. The classical explanation for phantom limbs and the pain they cause in amputees, is put down to the remaining nerves in the stump, the region of amputation. These nerves often growing clump-like at the beginning of a phantom limb, form nodules called neuromas. The neuromas continue to deliver impulses. A mere touch to the neuromal area can trigger excruciating pain. The impulses travel up through the spinal cord and parts of the thalamus to the somatosensory areas of the cerebral cortex! The thalamus is a relay station and an important integrating centre for sensory input on its way to the cortex. These cortical

One method, an invasive form of treatment, is to cut the nerves from the stump, usually just above the neuroma or where they enter the spinal cord. Sometimes the pathways within the spinal cord are cut as well, and the receptor sites in the brain removed. Despite the severity of this treatment which often results in temporary relief, the pain usually returns after some time, suggesting that phantom limbs originate in the brain, and in particular the cerebrum. Unfortunately, the perception of the phantom limb itself, does not go away. Some of the less severe and non-invasive treatments include bio-feedback, physiotherapy, psychotherapy and medication. Although these non-invasive forms of treatment are preferred by health professionals and patients alike, they do not appear to erase the pain of phantoms.

7. In conclusion, phantom limbs and any associated pain is an after-effect of the detachment of a nerve

Nationalism is the enemy of humanity, it turns us-humanity into us and them.

The statement that monsters must strive to maintain humanity assumes that humans don't have the same problem. Ask a Hiroshima man about that one, see precisely what they choose to brain you with (its an experience in Social anthropology, trust me...)

How can we be sure that democracy is a ~~good~~ thing? The US pushes for US-style democracies in countries it sponsors but (as in Afghanistan) some countries have glaring great ethnic divisions to worry about as well. Since the division is along ethno-linguistic lines, each ethno-linguistic group must be involved - a 'tribal council' approach.

So, about them damn elves then...

My colleague and I, on discovery of the path, followed it. It was guarded at several points by guardians of some sort, which were fortunately dead, or in some kind of dormative state. Once we had climbed under, or over the tendrils these guards extended over the path, we reached the remains of the Freehold. There was no sign of life, but many signs of its past presence, the palace was tiny, but complete. The tiny wings scattered round the site indicated that the civilization had been an aerial one before its destruction. But what could cause so fast a world-death? This my colleague and I were unable to determine but, due to the dormancy of the guardians (as opposed to the destruction by force) we were forced to the conclusion that death came from within.

Paths to power.

Creation

Creation, Ritual,
-modelmaking -singing

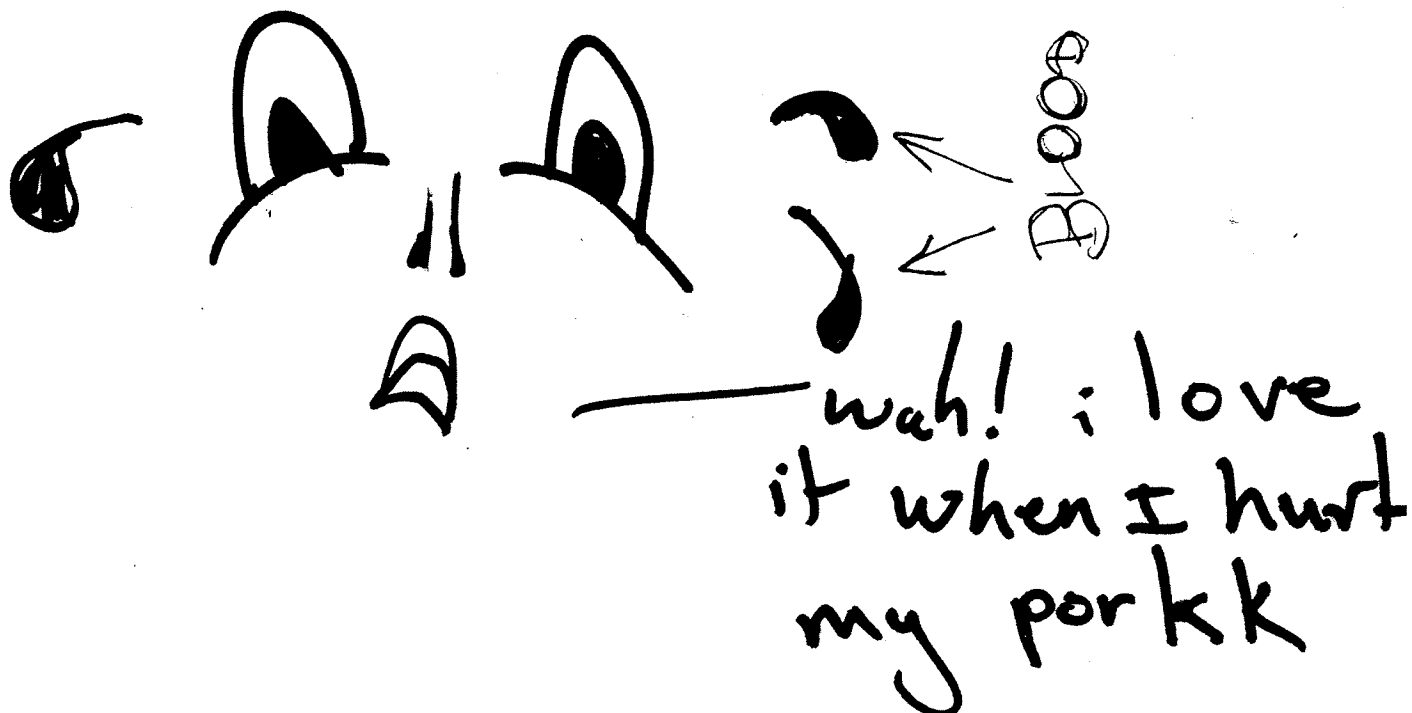
Foci,
-George
-Jackofred

Symbols,
-shorthand4thmind.

arutad of tnuo s'nigrirakcus

When a certain status quo is enforced in a society so strongly that it brooks no other opinion and when the vast majority accept this view utterly and as true, even the smallest deviation may appear as the most solid proof of Insanity. When even the smallest difference occurs in someone it may appear to the eyes of one who has seen only one caste of humanity as though the different one is in the deepest pits of perversion.

It is well known that humanity often fears that which is unknown and prefers that which is familiar. When a person is forced by situation or by another to eat only one food at first they will be unhappy then the object of the unhappiness becomes the object of loathing, but after a long time the loathing will mellow and the person will unknowingly accept the situation as normal and slowly acceptance will become love for that food so it is for all things that are foisted upon any specimen of humanity, as the kidnapped may grow to love the kidnapper, so the oppressed may grow to unknowingly love the oppressor. This is why the poor support the monarchy; and why the worker will support the boss; familiarity breeds loyalty, so in this world, societies drones will so feircely sting those that ~~XX~~ criticise the svstem that imprisons them, for they do not see it. As the man born and raised in the city will never miss the fields or the sea a man raised in captivity will never miss freedom or equality and a man raised in violence and competition will never miss gentleness and co-operation. Until some catalvst opens their eyes to another way of being, or new information challenges long-held beliefs. This is the start of a long period of soul searching, a time weighing and measuring thoughts and truths with crumbles boundries perish beliefs come and go, this morning a pacifist, tonight revoltiary tomorrow a conservative. Each belief, thought and truth must be carefully considered, the measure of value must be re-weighted for when old assumptions crumble there is a frantic search for that which can be considered trully valuable.



the? moremen?

The molemen fearing persecution and pollution they live in the subways and sewers. their eyes have become huge and hypersensitive. often they are of somber and priestly temperament. they have strange religious beliefs - claiming metaphysical necessity for themselves, either as pariah or elite caste any who transverse below the streets enter their domain, and would do well to at least respect them. they are hideously strong and dangerously fast and liable to attack either from fear of persecution or fear of pollution.

they live in small clannish family groups - inbreeding has also been a factor in their strange development. they may prove useful to those who wish knowledge as they are the proverbial 'pickers of others' garbage'.

last year the disappearances began
last year the reparations fled the desert of dead love
the first example, in retrospect was around 1981
tomorrow 830 diet

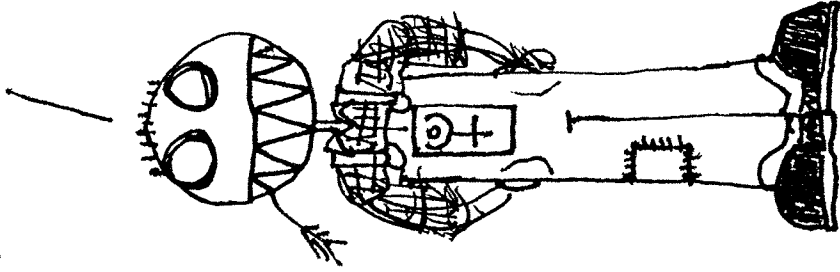
anti-crowshow - what do you see?

gnisisimppkknx
gnisisimppkknx
gnisisimppkknx
gnisisimppkknx
gnisisimppkknx
gnisisimppkknx
gnisisimppkknx
gnisisimppkknx

gnisisimppkknx

ZOMBIE BOB

SEZ: "HUMAN INFLICTIONS"



and why not...

we should be able to keep that in check with a bit of casual brutality.
so he said, leaping the teapot and urinating into the begonias.

Still, the Tarot decrees what it must, and you can't get that stuff no more, not since they burned down all my

Since you have chosen not to rehabilitate yourself in accordance (accordians?) with our wishes, you must forfeit (four feet?) your rights as a conscious being and be accepted forcibly into the whole (hole?) the eternal perfection of the love everlasting of the son of heaven. The blood of the lamb (on the lam?) shall be thy salavtron everlasting...

liz taylor is not his style, and even liberace's smile, it's something he can't see.

what has the sea saw? the see saw more than marjorie door clawed on
on the floor next to the foreshore when she held her core for a score or more
as her body tore and a fore gored her jaw sore and bleeding torn and scorned
forlorn she cornered her torn form and held her storm before seeking refuge
within.

a mite too far is a scar to little . where does an imagination
cower when it can't bring itself to name its fear? in a googly bush where the
cuckoo cannot seek out
these precious vegan eggs
of lucidity
of insanity
of lucidity
of insanity
LUCIDITY LUCIDITY

YOU ARE NOT A SAINT

true or false? THINK carefully now,
happiness is the normal state of mind for a human
therefore you are either sane as a snake
a fucking headcase
not a human

a luddite city

for a person to go HEWACK!! two books in one day they must have... musn't they?
The things that men make to be tools make tools of them, then sanity and
happiness of an individual depends on their surroundings, therefore, whatever
one's natural state of mind, the realisation that one is a slave of something
originally created as a service must always be a shock to the point of damage,
if not outright collapse. Sanity, in this day and age, consists almost entirely
of the constructiveness or otherwise of the ways in which one faces dying and
brutally altered systems, customs and institutions...

I cannot bring myself to believe that evil
truly comes from evil intent. Therefore, my
pain must be the result, not of malice but
of some oversight or blunder - on this my
sanity, such as remains, must rest.
-XXXXXX-

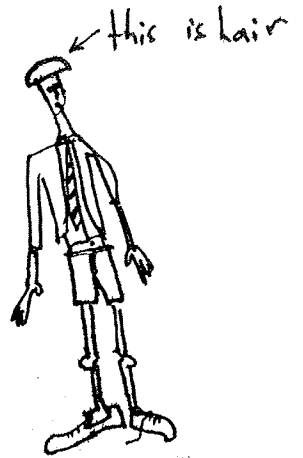
roobly noot frickrn fuckwicket with death crabs like fire froma beyond calling
stab at crap with heyzus hey you yes cliché crapperlike fire in a kiln of kewp
taking slapper craps aleet keep aware of my naducles lest harm bafall a cow wi
th a crayon of collectedswampdiarycreaseswitcompassdefnasty uptolik stroking
pain calling avon USING ODDNESS TO PREVAIL NOET cream nandclambiski dread
xistant dreb heso wemlep steamer tfw hryd juoo scet gadrfe a clinical anal
ysis of the subject indicates paranoid delusions centering a creature of the
imagination the subject has chosen to name "brainradio" a troy frim culotter bi
nak trams culottes sans a crew shoe felicity with a measure of luck we can
the parable reaching its arc and a catching protuberance unbalancing things
indeed mightily they were, weren't they? i ... idon't know mum... a collapse
inspired collapsism is that okay it was really just a talking dog. 1/2%+ : 1? 4!!%
you can pretty much stop reading this now

the trouble is that one anything becomes relative (morality, sanity, reality)
it becomes increasingly hard to tell whether anything is h'm0
right, this is really really real time, there are no more games to be played
it is not one for the last time you are wrong, you are losing everything you
war+get+ed, but the buddha is in all, but he is tied, and in his place we have noth
minds together to get her i would do anything but all is one for my love car
is not for me but rather for the tides to the sea, the birds of the air and
the joyous zephyrs that blow

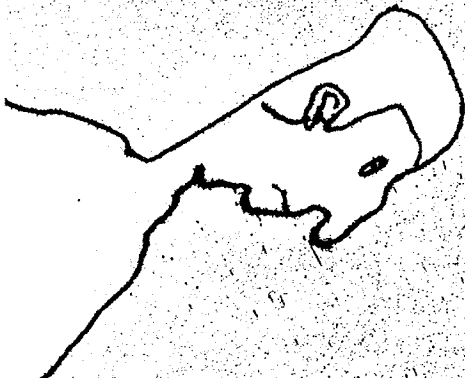
and now that she's gone yo know you can't go on
the sky is grey just like the rain falls on her face

nd inspector merse said, god bless the man who
in

gibbering is unattractive. I will not gibber in class.
 gibbering is unseemly. I will gibber in class.
 gibbering in unclassy. I will not gibber in class.
 gibbering is unproductive. I will gibber in class.
 gibbering is unhealthy. I will not gibbernin class.



scraow!!! like wil cats on heat
 my car proclaims it's shortlived love for you
 I crack a cold one on the door frame
 and christen you after my favourite dog
 your mini skirt shapes my crusted mind on year old junkie sheets
 oh crap I forgot the next line but it was actually going to be
 really good, I mean like really good.



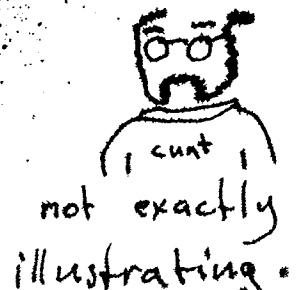
poetry for a Malatesta sub machine gun toy train tracks seperate me you from
 tother one just like that other pop song chorus from the year before when I was
 oncentrarting on less productive stuff and you were scraping your nails on somth
 ng stuck in classless shoeless society.

the law prevents both rich and poor alike from stealing bread and
 sleeping under bridges. Go the Law !!



my papa is
 a cartoon character
 one of the going to
 be just like him.

LAW: Light Anti-tank Weapon.





Questions 7-14

Below is a list of the current problems of the British Education system. Identify those corresponding to the ones mentioned in the passage by writing Y for 'Yes' or N for 'No' in the spaces on your answer sheet.

Example: Not enough British children stay on at school. Answer: Y

- 7. British children are poor maths students.
8. A twin-track school system is needed.
9. There is too much attention paid to the top percentage of the population.
10. British teenagers do not do well at science.
11. The syllabuses in some colleges do not prepare students adequately for the technical workforce.
12. Literacy is not taught.
13. British children are not taught to make things.
14. Britain does not win enough Nobel prizes.

who cares if the end comes before the beginning so long as the trip takes you through the lounge of a hillbilly and his head full of righteous religious fear

and hillbillies there are, simple folks in simple digs far outside the megacities they are full of godly favour and hymnsingin' they offer hospitality to strangers as befits decent folk who obeys the old ways. music there is to be had after dark and simple hooches, but don't stray into the cellar for fear - things are done differently out in the woods and wild places where secrets better left hid... you better fuckin'...

Ph'nglui mglw'nafh Cthulhu R'lyeh Teghan'nagl'fhtagn
Iowa is clearly important, but why?
Iowa we cask niacin, we are pooped Iowa.

NO SECTS IN THE LIVING ROOM
the living room has always been so - living I mean, no one is sure how it came to be thus, but that's true of this time and there are none to deny left.

All gone the way of things that many time road is a long and painful one.

Otherwise the wall grows and you start to push through from the other side. little pieces of wood, bones, bears, fifty cent pieces and lemandrathons. Kac the brownie was telling me lemandrathon was a creature that used to kip near Mt. ... between a leucrotta and a catoblepas. Omega ... If you did have a bowl of ... then you'd really have to try ... doubly so if you were surrounded by ... tear you apart to become empty ... so make sure you don't ... you strong!

liobrgch an lochan, the ... the kelpie ... his intended victims, and ... of yesterday in this time of sickened ... for all of its preversions ... it twisted ... of adamant ... pachycephalosaurus is an ... but I am not sure of ... an evolutionally unviable name ... ps?

still they come, the old ones who sleep beneath ... the rats in the wall ... the lunatic piping! nng, waggngl ng'aul gngn'pung!
ia ia s'ub-nigg'rat, black goat of the leaking womb
ia ia nyarthalotep!

tee-tok the happy star... poor as the ... brilliant artists steal.



You're just too obscure - the war of the sexes
genre is meaningless, maligned MALATESTA anathemic - love, soul
evolution, the pain of aging, all are removed in the glaring light of
COMMERCE - malatesta - after several seconds of noting.

Get your feathers away from my nose. -said the Doctor simply.
The point is, that the problem of gender, is less a matter of men and
women, and more of a matter of people and other people - true soul matins
is impossible, communication is thereby done by means of a secondary
medium known as the spoken word - in the ~~past-psychedelic~~ post-psychedelic
23rd century BAd (or ADb - ifegitttit) the spoken weird has deteriorated
to the level of nonsense. Thus rendering an already secondary and therefore
inaccurate form of communication even less useful.

Self-help books (those literary vultures, whose prey are weak minds)
abound. 'Yes, Master, but do you really know what the star was made of?
Judging from those who urge me to consider - adamant.
Both sides, as expected, are claiming unequivocal victory - the English
man is silent, while the brash and blustery hold forth

THE WISE MAN S ayeth - DEATH to ME...

THEY HAND SHALL BE LIFTED UP ENEMA AND THEY SHALL BE TURNED TO
SHIT? So sayeth the genius who was the wise man*

The PERFECT woman change while performing fellation
silently - anal sex shall w the experience of being
dead: KALI OF THE UNWASH

Turangawaewae - a place to longer have a place to stand or
for that matter to hang my shit, I am afraid lies with women
or at least used to in the days. Misusing public munnies.

I have sent to seek him, and to find the body. Hjordis's slaves
eventually rose up, killed him, and ran away to see - perhaps molemen
devoured their arse-meats, perhaps not - all I know is that this was the
end for the conservatives amongst the left.
AND ONE GLANCE INTO HIS MURDEROUSLY COLD EYES SENDS BURLY MEN WHO PRIDE
THEMSELVES ON VICIOUSNESS SCRAMBLING OUT OF HIS PATH.

"I shall never forget you monsewer pen'orth, nivvir!" Take your pick.
Crams had steered the car in the wrong direction. All was dark and
there is nothing to be seen. ALL NEWSPAPERS MUST BE LICENSED AND NOT IN
ASSOCIATION WITH THIS IMMUNE TO REGULATORY BODIES.

I have lost all capacity for disbelief, Elrad is determined to return to
Kastria, the dolphins silently laugh, while returning to their undersea
calypso perverts (smoke crack and worship SANTA).

Insert here a diagram of which doctors graven imaginations.

Remember, that only if you are a bad little boy does sodomy automatically
follow as a consequence of imminent death - a metabolic state may now be
considered a criminal state of being - this concept is now fashionable
but may pass with the liberation of vegetables (carrot-juice constitutes
murder screams billy joel)

Bulivanako,

XXXDXXX

c/o Sodomite Row

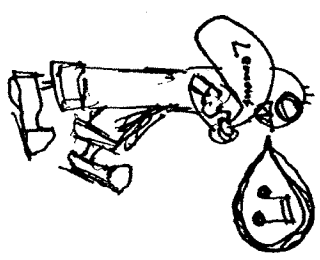
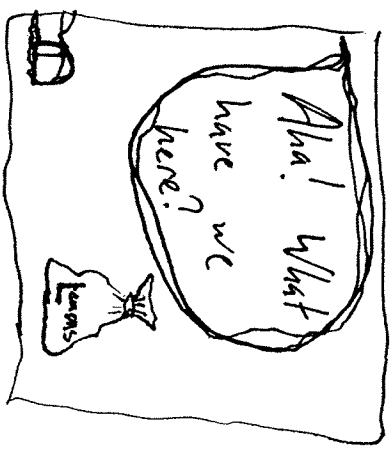
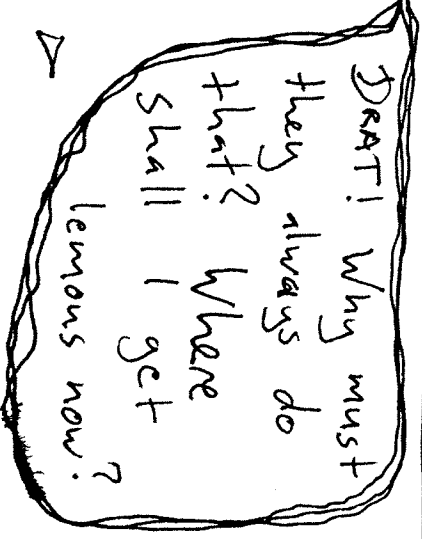
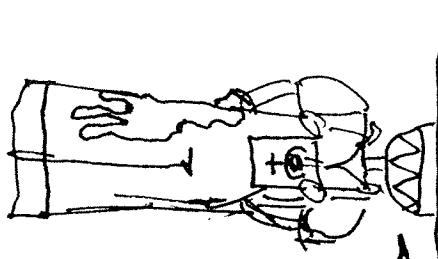
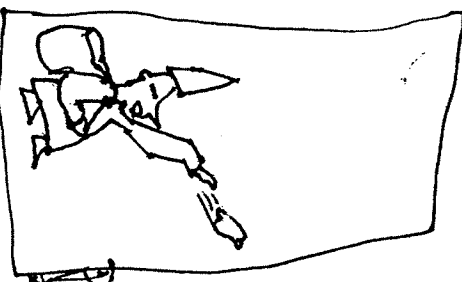
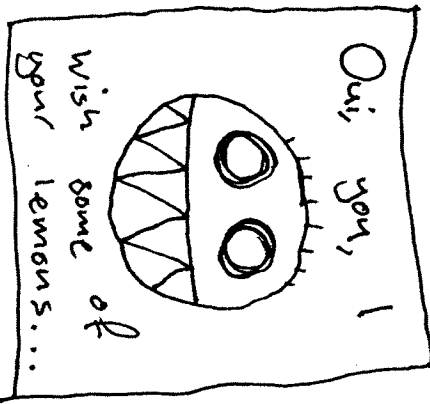
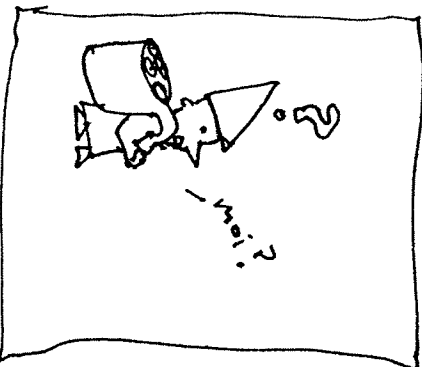
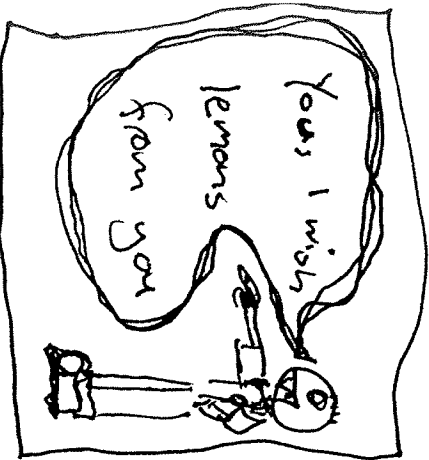
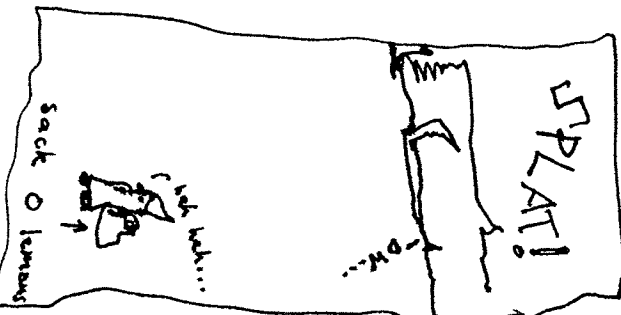
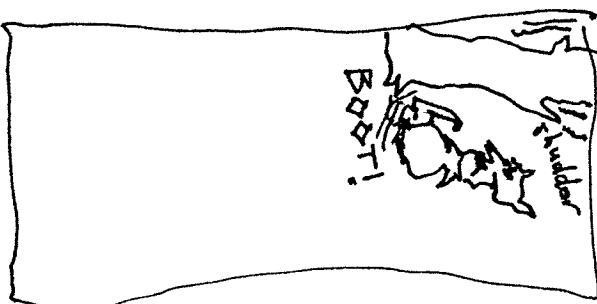
State Mentalism Department

Treatment of Alienist Departments

Death of the innate worlds

Austin, Texas

Starship Jefferson*Death of the RESURBESC



i'm new in i at a h e w i,

m... i h but i hink you look l... n ti h no vi

u... .. let th... n????

...

n... u... u... i... e... e

m... e... u... ir... e

hw... v... vhw w

Is there a god ...?

o
Adi
Kill the damn hemoglobins!!!! Ballistic apeshit. Time to kick ass with potence.
Banjolele. Destroy the enemy for they beleive in Knitht Rider. Bumhole
bumhole bumhole. evil Bumhole. Rachel was asleep! Oh lordy! Lawdatursey. Cake.
Eyes wide shutted! Sleep is good. Sleeping until 2.00pm. House of Progressive
Cheese. When in Rome, don't be a fuckwit! Destroy Grammar! Yummy crustiness. Goocy.
Pizza Satan. Watties. Vodafone is the root of all that is evil There is only one
highway. Twice in a week. Spot Vishala for a a free prize. Genitals today. Fall asl
asleep in suspicious circumstances. Just less than 1/2. Beat Flynn to death for his
underwear. Warp your body with Kool Kola. Sluggish Calvin. Vampyre Lite. Diabolise
Rachel. Banzai!!! 9th Generation Human. Discipline is harder for gnoals. 15th Gen.
Ana! Never miss a oppo to 1 y.

... ..
... ..
... ..

nothing is true everything is permitted, everything is nothing truth is permitted, everything's truth permission is nothing, true nothingness is permitting nothing, every truth is nothing permitted, no permission is every truth, truthful nothing is permitted everything.

everything is partly true in some sense, partly false in some sense and both partly true and partly false in some sense. Everything is absolutely true in every sense absolutely false in every sense and both absolutely true and absolutely false in all senses both, possible and impossible.

beneath the cobbles, a beach, beneath the concrete a forest, beneath the lies, truth beneath the hand cuffs wrists of freedom, beneath the nothing, everything beneath the everything nothing, under the chaos order beneath the order chaos under the animals, plants under the plants water under the water animals, beneath the front, the back, beneath the back the front.

The lessons of Hungary were not lost on a tiny band of ~~XXXXXXXX~~ dissident western radicals and artists who in 1957 formed the International Situationists. Throughout the following decade, they exerted a major and profound influence upon all revolutionary thought and activity. In the years between their founding and their dissolution in 1977 they developed a highly sophisticated and coherent understanding of modern, repressive society and the aims and tactics required to supersede it and reach a new world of absolute freedom. Their ideas and methods lay at the heart of the May 1968 revolt in France and have shaped and influenced radical groups and currents in dozens of countries around the world.

People who talk about revolution and class struggle without referring explicitly to everyday life, without understanding what this subversive is about love and what is positive in the refusal of constraints, such people have a cross in their mouths.

CHAOS NEVER DIED. Primordial uncarved block, sole worshipful monster, inert and spontaneous, more ultraviolet than any mythology (like the shadows before Babylon) the original undifferentiated oneness-of-being still radiates serene as the black pennants of Assassins, random and perpetually intoxicated.

Chaos comes before all principles of order and entropy, its neither a god or a maggot, its ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ idiotic desires encompass and define every possible choreography, all meaningless aethers & phlogistons: its masks are crystallisations of its own facelessness, like clouds.

Everything in Nature is perfectly real including consciousness, there's absolutely nothing to worry about. Not only have the chains of Law been broken, they never existed; demons never guarded the stars, the Empire never got started, Eros never grew a beard.

No, listen, what happened was this: they lied to you, sold you ideas of good and evil, gave you distrust of your body and shame for your prophethood of chaos, invented words of disgust for your molecular love, mesmerised you with inattention, bored you with civilisation and all its usurious emotions. There is no becoming, no revolution, no struggle, no path; already you're the monarch of your own skin- inviolable freedom waits to be completed only by the Love of other monarchs: ampolitics of dream, urgent as the blueness of sky.

with their hands clenched firmly
in their groin and bent over
like Quasimodo

Do it Now.

MacPhersons Rant (capo on 2)

G D G C
Fareweel , ye dungeons dark and strang Fareweel, fareweel tae thee
G D G C D
MacPhersons time will ne'er be lang On yonder gallows tree

G D G C
Chorus: Sae rantingly, sae wontingly and sae dauntingly ga'ed he,
G D C D G C D
He played a tune and danced aroon', below the gallows tree

G C G D G D C
It was by a woman's treacherous hand, That I was condemned to die,
G C G D G C D
She stood abune a windae ledge, And a blanket she threw o'er me.

Chorus

Oh what is death, but parting breath On manys the bloody plain,
dared his face, and in this place, I'll scorn him yet again.

Chorus

Noo, untie these bands frae roond ma hands, Gi'e tae me ma sword,
For there's ne'er a man in a' Scotland, But I'll brave him at a word.

Chorus

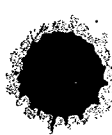
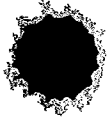
I have lived a life o' sturt and strife, And I die by treachery,
It burns ma' heart that I must depart, And no' avenged be.

Chorus

Now farewell night, and sunshine bright, And a' beneath the sky,
May coward shame disdain his name, The wretch that dar' not die.

Chorus

FUCK IT!
THE SCOTLAND BRUM'S BEEN BUGGERED FOR LIGHTYEARS
→ THIS IS NO TIME TO BE FUCKING AROUND



Questions 21–22

21. What characteristic of traditional morphine makes it difficult to swallow?
22. Name one life sustaining need that chronic pain may threaten?

Questions 23–27

The phrases below summarise Reading Passage 2. Select a statement from the list labelled **Result** and match it to the list labelled **Reason**. Write your answers using the appropriate letter from the list of **Results (A–K)** in the spaces numbered 23–27 on the answer sheet.

There are more statements than you need. The first one is an example.

Example: morphine previously taken 4 hourly
Answer: C

Reason

23. patient does not need medication as often as in the past **I**
24. medically controlled use of morphine **B**
25. continuation of chronic pain **J**
26. patient takes oral medication **A**
27. pellets encased in polymer coating **G**

Result

- A** patient does not need injections
- B** Kapanol only available to hospitals and cancer patients
- C** relief from pain
- D** slight risk of addiction
- E** no addiction
- F** families opposed to medical use of morphine
- G** drugs not destroyed by stomach acids
- H** wider choice of morphine drugs
- I** less need for continual medical care
- J** may increase risk of suicide
- K** maintenance of morphine in blood

REMEMBER KIDDIES: REVENGE is THEIR TOOL....

I know kid, they done cruel cruel things to you and yours - you lost people I lost so many around here I can't remember them all. But don't ~~let~~ you be like them...

That's the only thing I can teach you, it's all the use that ol' Cucker XXX D fucker XXX has for me...

But I'll still tell you my secrets

pr ribble
me

I lost friends to THEM but more to REVENGE. They lost someone, and couldn't deal, see, they went on the crusades, massacres, ugly ugly shit.

When they finally stopped killin' they realized they weren't no different no more lucky ones killed themselves - the unlucky ones... still out there.

EVEN DIRTY CRAZY OLD DRUNKS HAVE FEELINGS
SUPERIOR
sumnuvabitch
XXXXXX you

if it weren't for my
blood pressure
you'd beat
me down

if I could only
find him
NEED another drink
first



我和乔晖毕竟在此共度多少个清晨与黄昏！共看无数的日出与日落！

我们曾经以为是今生今世！

乔晖，乔晖，再见了！你好好保重，好好做人！

三婶慌忙地追赶出来，叫嚷：

“大少奶奶，你到哪儿去呢？”

我呆了一呆，答：

“我出门公干！”

“怎么没有听你说起？唉！大少奶奶，辛苦你了！”

我拍拍三婶的肩膀。

“早些办妥事就回来。你知道奶奶尤其疼你！你不知道呀！”三婶拿嘴向正屋乔正天的睡房窗口嘟一嘟。“奶奶不见你几天也舍不得，刚刚躲在窗帘后头，看着你搬行李，管自流眼泪！”

我赫然望上正屋二楼，家姑睡房的窗门打开，风吹动着轻纱窗帘，我望不见人，却意识到窗帘后头，有位默默垂泪的老年人。

我差点咬破嘴唇，才把一声“妈妈再见”压了下去。

她知道我为什么要离开乔园吗？

是否知道原因底蕴并不要紧，她如肯定我再不会回乔园来，才最痛心。

于我，事已至此，乔园之内，谁最痛心，也是次要的了。我终究要离开的。

忍住了泪，我一头钻进汽车去。

六年，过尽了这二千个日子之后，重回旧地。

谁又想得到？

我踏在希复机场的月台上时，恍如隔世。

走进电话亭内，拨电话给若儒。

电话铃声才响了一下，就有人接听。可见他真的日夜守候在电话机旁边。

“若儒吗？”

“长基，你在哪儿？”

“我在机场，希复机场！”

对方长长地嘘了一口气。如释重负。

“长基，你且候在那儿，我这就来接你！”

“不，反正已经到了。我坐地铁到芬士巴利来，你到车站去接我！”

若儒回英后，立即搬回该区，静候时光倒流。

坐在地铁里头，车子跟六年前朝相反方向走，同样长如一个世纪。

曾几何时，我以为跟若儒缘尽今生。

我想着想着，竟流一脸的泪。

女人真是水造的，哪能憾事喜事，到头来都付诸一哭？

我不期然又笑起来，嘴角一裂开，就尝到咸味，真是的！

地下车缓缓慢下来，停站了，停在久违了的芬士巴利站上。

我第一个跳下车去。

若儒，魂牵梦萦的人，就正正站在我的面前。

缘来之时，连这细节都像精心炮制，安排得恰到好处。

人群在我们身边擦过。

地车开走了。

月台上只余我俩。

“一切就像以前一样，长基，我要郑重地告诉你，也许唯一不同的是屋顶上那几窝老鼠，长得更肥更壮了！”

我娇嗔地笑起来，躲进若儒的怀抱里。

我们不再住同一间房子了。在奥本尼路的另一头租了整间平房。两层高，楼下是客饭厅与厨房，楼上是三间睡房，我们把其中一间布置成若儒的书房，另一间是客房。

电视机安装在主人房内，每晚，若儒和我都坐在床上看新闻，忽闻报导由纽约交易所带动，股

Loath as I am to communicate by means other than my trusty machine, I find it in this case necessary due to factors beyond my control. I am not so foolish however, as to depend on mine own hand. I have the assistance of one Mr. Sanchez whose handwriting is adequate (he could have been a doctor but for an unfortunate "Maskin Bashin" incident that left him little more than a child). Sanchez is happy to write for ^[in exchange for food and shelter] me, and is at little risk since the government believes him dead.

Anyway, ~~as~~ I must humbly demand your attention now to present a story I have heard of late.

Yours SINCERELY XXXDXXX

Holy

An AMERIKAN MYTH

Long ago AMERIKA was ruled by the first of the Emperors, George W. Bush the first. His father had fought a great battle in the Middle of the East, but had failed to destroy the demon Saddam who lived in the dark land of Yack where women were beaten and raped daily in his evil worship of Allah. Saddam had many weapons of plague in his kingdom but claimed that he had none.

Now ~~then~~ the Emperor knew Saddam had these concealed weapons, but in those days, Amerika, was merely the greatest of many Empires that made up the Un. The rest of the Un were jealous of AMERIKA's glory and would not let the Emperor kill Saddam. While the Emperor's hands were tied in this way, Saddam sought the help of the demon Osama, who had deceived AMERIKA's army into teaching him. Osama called on dark powers granted him by Allah and, by calling down air-carriages onto them, succeeded in destroying the ~~two~~ beautiful Twin Towers that were the envy of the world and ~~and~~

1 2oh
1 2oh low-oh? bum-bum

too complexities

different subviews of the same (whut in the name of SamH
ill) idiot

pudding of hilarious gay men. blue beating meaningful
scansion.

I am subsistron...

How many days are

~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~
In the seventies men would colonise the moon. The first age
of the Androids would begin in June 1983 - we are young and
idealistic and potent, then the events of Feb 12 1994 chang
e everything. MAN⁺ lab men have given us their technology and
we have given them our ~~XXX~~ fuel. Now we shall colonise the
stars together in peace and ubity. the navy of the planets
have already prepared 40,000 galaxy class frigates and we
have 2 billion marines ready for action. Let the new
golden age of humanity prosper and may the virility of man
prosper! However, as factions grow, and as each faction's
lust for power grows, infighting is inevitable. One of the
critical technologies the Martians gave us was the Psionic
Ampliphierx and this powerful tool now becomes the primary
weapon of a whole campaign of ~~xxx~~ psychedelic assassinations.
Imagine the psychological impact of entire city forced to
feel a certain way for only 10 minutes, if that emotion was
eu phoria or lust, every scale and schedule would be behind
and the sense of power of the attacker in the minds of the
people would be tremendous, now imagine the effect of an
emotion like rage or hatred. This is how the Psionic
Ampliphirex works. This form of warfare may be fought only
by psychic means, even in terms of defence. All children are
routinely implanted with psionic amplifiers at birth - all
are able, at least in some degree, to communicate psychica
-lly with at least some others. Skill in psionics becomes a
viable career choice. - like believers in voodoo keeping
up a good relationship with the local human. Through
psychic interfacing, both Androids and Martians also become
able to participate in the mind web...

看见贺智的殷勤紧张，心诚意恳，更添我的迷惘。“叔叔不是邀请我们到泰国去看望他们吗？”

啊，原来如此。

一整个早上，贺智兴致勃勃地跟我攀谈，目的无非在此。

我抿着嘴，不敢笑出来。

应该不是我的敏感吧？

我也曾试过有如此情怀。

对象也是潘家人。

小时候，老是在姨妈身边，希望得着一些好差事，例如替姨妈给潘大妈送上些什么东西之类，醉翁之意不在酒。

唉！都过去了！

如今所有情爱上头的把戏，也该轮到下一代的份儿。

我给贺智说：“昨儿个晚上回来，你爸爸也真太累了，所以，我没有跟他提起。”

“那么，今晚有便就给他提一提吧？”

贺智竟如此着迹地露了个猴急相。

“好的。”我应着。

“三姨，我看爸爸到外头去舒筋活络一下也是好的，一天到晚在大开大埋、大起大落的金融市场中伤脑筋，总得有个歇息的时间，对健康有良好影响。就是你，三姨，经年累月的陪在爸爸身边，总不见你有什么海外旅行，也不趁机去看看外头风光嘛！”

我心里暗暗的叹息一声。真是的，商场无父子，谁都只先管了本身的利益，把亲人的处境搁在一旁。

如果聂淑君于此刻走进来，听到贺智给我说的一番话，怕真要呕一地的血。

我当然不是个喜欢穷追猛打、乘胜追击的人，我安慰贺智说：“你知道你爸爸最不喜欢到外头走！他老嫌候在机场与花在舟车之上的时间太多。这是他性急使然，真不是有什么人有把握将他劝服的。”

“你试试，他最听你的话。”

“那也要看是什么事呢！总之，潘叔叔的盛情要是难却的话，不就由你代爸爸走这一趟。我给他说一说，且看看他的意思再说好了！”

贺智对我的安排，显然是满意的。

泰国是人可去之地，然，能够打正招牌，成行得名正言顺一点，很多事会好办得多。

我哪有不明之理。

当晚，我趁饭后，陪敬生坐在园子里吃茶，就给他道达了这个意思。

敬生听罢，随即答：“什么地方都不去了。要去，就贺智去吧，她也不是不惯跑码头的人，还劳我们费心呢！”

这做父亲的，当然不明白女儿的心意。

反正有他这句话，一切易办得多，也就算交差了。

“这些天来，我特别觉得疲累。”

敬生微微的叹了一口气。

“那就早点睡吧，一定是为了寿宴之事，劳累了点。”

人的疲倦很多时来自精神紧张。

虽说敬生拜寿，功夫都是贺氏与顺昌隆的伙计包办，敬生还是伤了心的。

单是那张要劳动电脑处理的宾客名单，就修改完又修改，校对完再校对。我就不知听敬生多少次埋怨，怕会请漏了该请的客人。

真是做酒容易请酒难。

这份担挂不是不劳心费劲的。

我这就打算陪敬生回到睡房休息去。只是敬生拖住了我的手，示意要我坐下。

“小三，我很想跟你好好的谈一阵。”

“有什么要紧事呢？你这一边喊累，一边又心野了。”

“不，是要紧事。一直盘算着找个什么时候给你讲清楚，只是没有机缘。越拖下去，心里头越不安稳，早早给你解释明白，我才叫安妥。”

“解释什么？”我幽他一默：“你外头另有一个女人？”

“我要是这么讲，你信不信？”

QUESTIONS 22-40

You should spend approximately 25 minutes on Questions 22-40 which are based on Reading Passage 3 below.

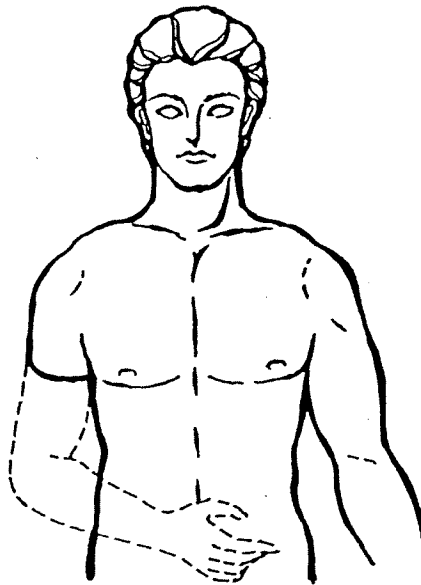
READING PASSAGE 3

???

1. A phantom limb is an imaginary appendage that can produce sensations such as pain, altered temperature or even movement. Experiences vary among different individuals but by and large, the perception is that phantoms behave the way the former limb would. The phenomenon has been recorded in people who have lost a limb in an accident, or have had an arm or a leg amputated in surgery, were victims of genetic malformation and thus, born with a missing limb, or paraplegics whose spinal cord may have been severed. These people, amputees, birth defect victims and paraplegics, sometimes feel as though the limb were still there. Although the specific part of the body may never have been there in the first place, or its use may have been lost many years ago, the perception that the limb is intact, can be very strong. This feeling that the limb is really there, is particularly true for recent amputees. However, the precise reason why phantom limbs occur is still unknown. Despite well documented cases and clinical

studies of symptoms of phantom limbs, medical information is still largely based upon hypotheses.

2. The incidence of phantom limbs is common, as is the occurrence of severe pain in these missing appendages. The non-existent limb can indeed be the 'site' of excruciating pain. In 16th century France, military surgeon Pare noted that some of his patients complained of



agonising pain, years after having a limb amputated. It is bewildering that in operations of this nature, where medication and hygiene were virtually unknown, patients

lived long enough to actually report their discomfort.

Today's patients in military hospitals, waking after surgery where a leg or an arm may have been amputated, also speak of intense post-operative pain which after a week or so, usually diminishes, to be replaced by an uncomfortable feeling in a foot or a hand. In general, some factors alter painful limb experience and these fall into categories of aggravation and relief but their division is not at all clear-cut. For instance, while a change in temperature can cause pain to resume in some, in others, application of hot or cold packs may relieve discomfort.

3. The sensations generated by phantom limbs are multifarious. They have often been described as burning, cramping or shooting sensations and can vary from being infrequent and minimal to regular and major. Other

experiences include pins and needles, numbness and sweatiness. The diversity of these individual manifestations makes them

His path in life is to be a panda playing "Celebrity Squares"...

I have lava in my smurf crease.

No starch - turn it up!

If you can find a curve, I'll give you \$100.

icookedicookedicookedicookedicookedicooked...icooked.ucook?kooks?

Let me run u a hot hot bath. *turns on the sink*

plans of aging - rooms are territory, to be claimed by a gender...

THIS IS SALLY SHE IS TRANSPARENT...%\$£_&'()?#&#/=33-0987654321

Maniacal reggae sorrow-laughter!

My goal, u c is never 2 b obvious - my dear gentleman - p̄cepts I tell you precepts! Axioms! wwww ..

I don't like the way you sneeze :- boy. Enjoy my mucus!

asdf;lkjqwertyuiop333UIUYTREWQJKL:FDSA

Do you know how childish you are? I cannot tell you...

I'm a pretty mellow person, I like to believe....,

I am fAAAt. Vampires will always consume other vampires...

Budgy.

a¹ is
a al ex_i l d se
 s ll ll
 l¹

do u want some apple???

i have told you everything i know ? there is nomorr *
lemons are verbal anomalies..

ioioioioioioioi ia ia cthulhu

phthagn! ia ia phthagn cthulhu, phthagn phthagn!

GAMEFACE***ECAFEMAG

pimplepron skinprom dethmom samitron eugenicon triclon baphometron

pkanth thkanp pok pok-pok-pok, bean heeper, lcikends 2 steel.

sajon

back so soon.. monotone stand by fasers who are u???

lady ferlend. lust for tripe? iglledo bus like meme me*

2 fact or the orem

IOWA WE CASK NIACIN WE IX APOGEE IOWA

legendary mexicans senior

seek my son the orem...

paddytrick

zestasadagrater

oermoermo

aoxomoxoa

oremoremo

oerm my son.. orem mero roem remo omer omre rmeo orme emro

*Again these oremos
to Iowa, I believe
we shall have to
revoke Prisoner Dingwall's
Typewriter privileges
again..*



Questions 8-10

Using the information in the passage, complete the table below. Write your answers in boxes 8-10 on your answer sheet.

	Percentage of children left-handed
One parent left-handed One parent right-handed	... (8) 15-20 ✓
Both parents left-handed	... (9) 40 ✓
Both parents right-handed	... (10) 6 ✓

Questions 11-12

Choose the appropriate letters A-D and write them in boxes 11 and 12 on your answer sheet.

11 A study of monkeys has shown that

- A monkeys are not usually right-handed.
- B monkeys display a capacity for speech.
- C monkey brains are smaller than human brains. ✓
- D monkey brains are asymmetric.

12 According to the writer, left-handed people

- A will often develop a stammer.
- B have undergone hardship for years.
- C are untrustworthy.
- D are good tennis players.

heavens!
all the strength
has left my
body!

well how about ...
hmm... have you tried viagra?
it appears efficacious
to every complaint.



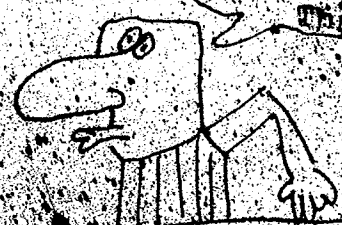
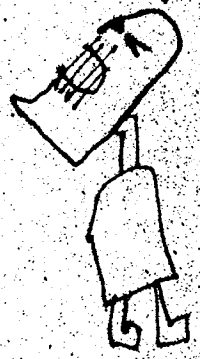
what the
fuck??... I'll
viagra you in the
head soon

but I only,
I mean, what did
I say?

errgh! how
can you be so
dense!!

have you tried
thinking of people
that...

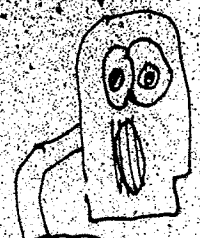
a moments
quiet reflection...



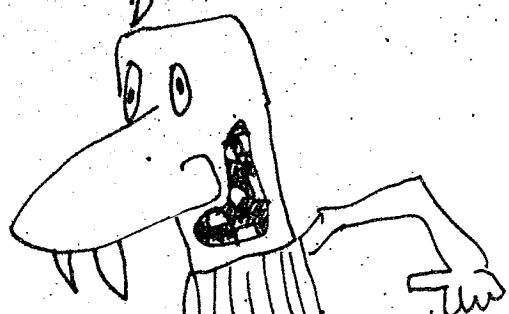
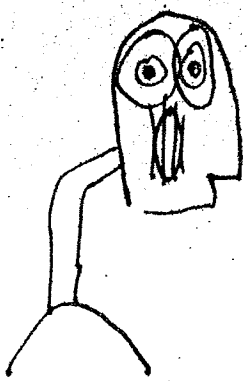
AAAAARRGGH!!



Later...



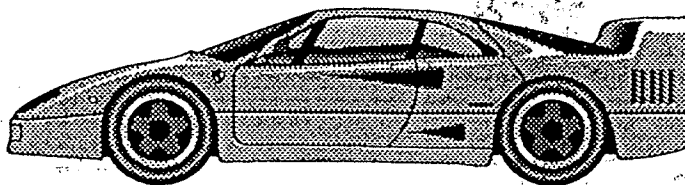
AAAAARRGGH!!



car each year, half of them overseas. Launched in the mid-70s, the car is a replica of one originally made by Lotus during the 1960s.

Sports car nostalgia may be quite profitable, but it will never be more than a niche market. To be sold in much larger

numbers, even the most traditional-looking sports car has to be young at heart. Take Mazda's Miata. It was inspired the Lotus Elan of the 1960s, but it was also designed by computer for the driver of the 1990s. To sell thousands, rather than hundreds, of MGs, Rover will have to do the same, or even better.



Questions 18–22

Complete the statements below, by writing the appropriate letter (A–F) corresponding to the second part of the statement in the correct place on your answer sheet.

One has been done for you as an example.

Example: Car manufacturers sometimes waste money...
Answer: A

18. The motor industry has found that updating a model every year, or even producing a new vehicle...
19. Companies such as Rover, in Britain, have found that reissuing an old model such as the MG, provided with a new engine...
20. The RVC is proving economically successful because Rover...
21. British Motor Heritage...
22. A company hoping to attract a bigger market...

- A ... redesigning a model from the previous year.
- B ... needs to follow the example of Mazda's Miata.
- C ... understands the value of streamlining its production process.
- D ... appeals to many modern nostalgia-hunters.
- E ... is not always the way to make a profit.
- F ... is in a good position to do well out of the nostalgia boom.

just cos you feel it doesn't mean its real. what I'm trying to say is that I still don't feel that this pile of loss has reached critical mass yet.

upshot: I MUST KEEP TYPING!

vess...musst... Please stay clear from the vents you dontwant an Ice burn YOU do NOT want an ICE burn repeat after me,

is it okay I forgot the functions. GRENADE

it has become increasingly clear that the people around me are faceless zombies - the exposed bone and musculature was a bit of a fuckin' giveaway, i must say. still - herds need thinning to keep them healthy, and i DO have a shotgun...

i must say, i must say i must say i must say i must say i must say don't sleep.....

sounds like accounts of liberal humanist green stuff - active radios

Green beaver manages the accounts until people start investing chicken feather are a great source of protein.

Handwritten scribbles
youre basically protein
oh, thanks

and most of you is also transparent. So what stops me being able to see through my hand pigments and figments. Your fat is white in large quantities, too much refraction sistermotherfuckergrease.

sometimes I feel like a zombie not in that gluggy brain wander around way, more in that kind of feast on peoples organs kind of way. I think its safe to say that you are a zombie. I can tell by the way that you lack social skills. if you had a Char. it could be metaphored by a zombie. Zombies are totally leet they just go mad and kill shit all the time. If you think zombies rock youre doomed to be eaten by surprise zombie fuckers. or maybe its if you don't in addition to lacking social skills zombies are stiff without being formal they are universally despised not unlike a charred you.

So basically in this world characters are like Zombies.

Thats such a complete pile of shit I'm embarrassed that hypothesis came to light from my pond. Ignore this shit. shit

The keen observation of palatial facial periodontite crisp funklet with a familiar rush of rocks at least thats not me down there throwing and fowing scripted like a game show freed from a likable compsure and scandled like a

broken dream in scandilisation, and then she said FUCK IT and thats whats he did when a pro breaks its a tragic thing to let a forgotten freedom fly to the window and release a crowd of daemon scoundrels making trouble a there is a way through a thorough way scamp. clack clack went the door knob Johnny coll edted himself and grabbed the candlestick he waited behind the door flying fre

ak door cramps the colour crayfish sksnking the crank whales drop a driver if you would be so round around this rowan canker growing in the gaps of a identity mist taken for a rider of cycles an essentially anarchic device clambering to TRUTH hussy that she saw was prostituted grime layer settle on everything or was there an escape er? //clack// smokin clack ascends to an interdimensional crimping wrinkle hows that bombay makeup in a perfume of chemical stamping machina cru dock dock with a machination. a dancing robot can it improvise effectively? sunking sex beat xyander graphs his peice of tim and hopes for a laugh or two IS this the final blossoming before the final defeat* a red quenn game of redfining terms till all bases are eiled over with a thin layer of babyfat before the quirks of undefined area... evrything

stimulus complex that influences behavior along with other physical dimensions of the event to be remembered and aspects of the stimulus context (cf. Fetterman, 1996).

The result reported by White and Cooney (1996) is inconsistent with approaches to nonhuman memory such as trace decay or stored representations. These approaches rely on mediating processes that operate during the retention interval (Roitblat, 1982). For example, in White and Cooney's procedure, a prospective code set up at the time of the sample and involving choice of red at the end of the short delay would be inappropriate at the long delay. Yet the behavior showed temporary plasticity over the course of the delay.

White and Cooney's result is reminiscent of the finding reported by Nevin (1970) who mixed two luminance stimuli in a signal detection task for pigeons. Nevin varied the reinforcer probability for correct reports in one luminance and held it constant in the other (and vice versa). Report probability in one luminance was independent of whether

reinforcer probability varied in the other. Hence there is a parallel between Nevin's result for proximal stimuli and White and Cooney's result for temporally distant events.

Differences based on temporal dimensions can act in the same way as differences based on physical dimensions.

iditicked dalam sarsehole for good reasons

The perspective analogy elaborated by Staddon (1983) depends on an analogy of

temporal distance to spatial distance. So too does the correspondence metaphor (Koriat &

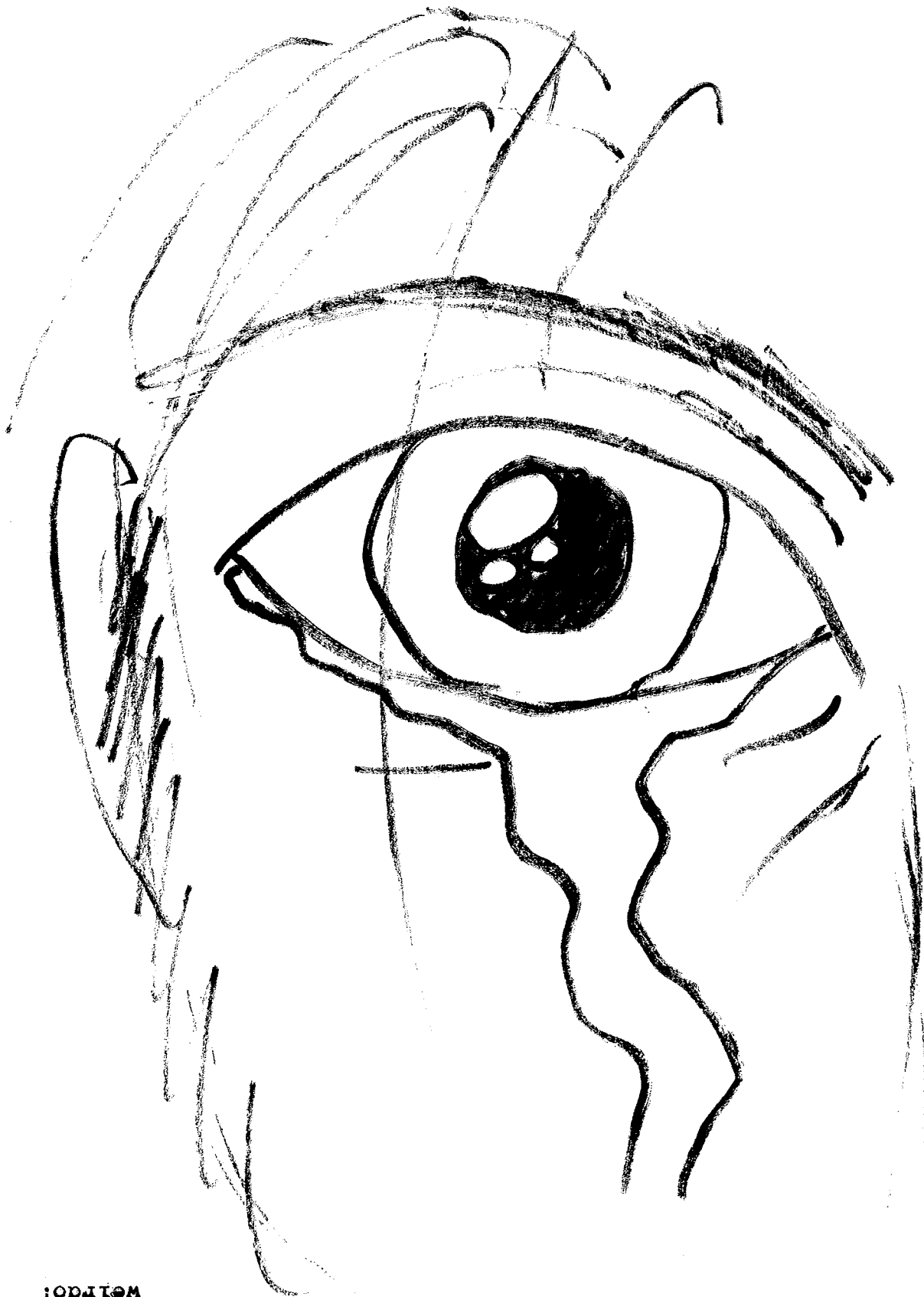
Goldsmith, 1996; White, 1996), and the notion that remembering follows Gibson's (1979)

principles of direct perception (White, 1991). Thus discriminations of temporally distant

events may be difficult in the same way that discriminations of spatially distant events are.

Temporal distance is therefore a property of the event.

Formality; a new slant on an old fucked up game.
Imagine if your existence was hollow vacuous nihilistic and without
purpose. ta-da your playing Formality the upper class twin of Normality
The spur of the game is the avoidance of suicide. You have to keep dot
ing stuff but all the stuff you are allowed to do is morally repugnant
so you have to find reasons not to do the stuff that youre allowed to
do and find ways to do the stuff you want to do whatever that could be.
weirdo!



年来，我顽强的斗志呢？经不起一夜清风，吹得七零八落，点滴不存？
真真笑话了！

几经艰难候至曲终人散。

乔正天又率领着我们送客。

人累得脸上笑容僵硬，心却活泼泼地不住跳动，越跳越急促。

乔雪陪着文医生走近来，向我们告辞。

乔正天握着文若儒的手，老半天不肯放下来，热诚得迹近过态。

“改天有空，再请你到乔园来玩！乔雪，你负责提我给文医生通电话！”

“谢谢，乔世伯，改天你有空，定必再拜候。今儿个晚上，看过乔园的夜色，果然名不虚传，很想有机会在清晨或黄昏，再细看乔园景致。”

文若儒的眼神均匀地瞟过乔家成员的行列；带着一个诚意的微笑。

“难得你有此雅兴，我们开心极了！”乔正天此言不虚，他打从心里笑到脸上来。

“后会有期！”

文若儒跟我们逐一握手。

他握住我的手时，我听见他轻声他说：

“改天再来看你们！”

目送他坐上那辆摩根开篷跑车，绝尘而去。

盛筵已过，乔园之内，十来个家仆领着其他特别帮工忙着收拾残羹剩菜。晚风轻拂，一地的废纸微微飞舞，更似卷起阵阵荣耀过后的苍茫。

我赶紧回到西厢去，整个人抛在床上，暗暗喘息。

终成过去了。

人生的任何欢乐与哀伤，都是一样会过去的！

合久必分，分久必合。聚散看似无常，其实井井有序。缘来相见，缘去相分。很简单的一条人生公式！

穷多少心血精神，金堆玉砌的豪门夜宴，“墟宙”得兵荒马乱似的。个中风流人物，显尽身手，炫耀人前，就这么一阵子功夫，一切又复归平静，除了别有怀抱的人儿，谁不在明天，就把今夜的种种忘个一干二净？

我转了个身，俯伏在软软的床褥上，莫名其妙地流下眼泪。

心底蓦然想念过去，远至当年英国的柔情岁月，近至今夜乔园的零碎画面，一幅一幅，重现脑际。

有人伸手抚弄着我的一头短发，轻吻在我颈项的发尖与裸露的背脊上……

“长基，教我怎么能不爱你？”

我笑了，很舒服的笑……

翻过身来，主动地拿手扣住对方的颈，把他的一头一脸顺势带下来，吻住了。

惊天地，泣鬼神的男欢女爱，序幕缓缓拉开……

我闭上眼睛，心头曾有过的委屈与不忿，突然化作滔天巨浪，把我整个人卷进一个深不可测的漩涡之中。我挣扎着，极力挣扎着，扭动我的腰肢，一下一下，万丈深渊努力上游，由有节奏而至凌厉、疯狂、不能自己，就差那么一点点，就能冒出头来，舒一口气了，就差那么一点点……豆大的汗珠自额角沿沿渗下，通体血脉沸腾，一双手紧张得无目的地乱抓……就差那么一点点……

“啊！”我欢呼地长嘘一声，终于……终于冒出头来，狠狠地宣泄掉一口齷齪气。

人，舒畅地瘫痪着，我睁开眼……

吃惊地竟见着乔晖：

“晖？”我茫然地喊了这么一声。

乔晖把我额前的碎发拨到一边去，轻吻在我的眼上上：

“你原来可以这么好！我好开心，好感谢！”

天！

Here is the Tsar-returner

impracticality, the final and most painfully slow death - the actual killing is done by an amputation of the subject's capacity for the absurd - the world is received in total seriousness, the subject dies quickly and astoundingly painfully.

THEREMIN*

That is very nice - when the american lover is younger than the older woman he steals. I have booked the flight for tomorrow.

Man Shapteslegs

as he climbed back out of that dale, the tears of the birch trickle down his face and they were bitter on his lips.

Why god replavement why? yassarian as a discordian saint no business being a lemon flavoured merenrue pie which is as fat as you. I lert my husband for a kidney bean. Eternal dalmation*ridicule is nothing to be scared of, not like linchin. boe yet the foggiest why\$

ine person in the guise of another hiding like a moles mole 1x1.64

fly better then doves except for purposes other than hawks the hunting of doves, why fly when you can walk a road of familiarity are unkempt boredom through an ununderstood realm of liquid belief and unlimited unrecognisable flows of ridiculous penguins dressed in non sequiturs and let downs that have not fulfilled their potential like as if it was on purpose.

their is a courage that comes from the abandonment of hope but is is a desperate and mad courage that is rarely fulfilled capet that is whipped out from anything that could mean anything try this babality on fir size. in an instant.

I have decided to become the one who destroys the muthadukas I am the 1 who has the onerous duty of destroying the weak and flawed, I am the final arbiter of social usefulness. She just said Blue Peter. Don't tell me about See-Jay, he's a muthafuccin stone-a'.

Eat of the food, that is the fud of the gatherers of cephalopods, your ancestors are the cause of all of your sins and shortcomings - that penchant for cannibalism & It's a throwback to your parents' nasty and unnatural practices in the attic and/or basement.

Gos and satan as partners (sexual?) philosophy of randomness
I hated to see him suffer so. ah. . ah....aahhh.....ah...ah....
ah...aaahhhhh....aahhh...aaah...aaahhhhh...ah...ah.. ah...aahhh.. aa
aa ahhh.....(bang) It's clear that no-one expected it to end this way



Academic Writing Task Analysis: Writing Task 1

Academic Writing Practice Test 3

Writing Task 1
You should spend about 20 minutes on this task.

The following graph gives information about the Gross Domestic Product (GDP) and employment sectors of a developing country. Write a report for a university lecturer describing the information shown.

You should write at least 150 words.

Source: International Labour Office, 1992

Sector	1986		1992		1995	
	Employment (%)	GDP (%)	Employment (%)	GDP (%)	Employment (%)	GDP (%)
Natural resources	14.4	19.2	14.4	19.2	14.4	19.2
Industry	15.4	15.4	15.2	15.2	15.2	15.2
Services	70.2	65.4	70.4	65.4	70.4	65.4

Topic words:
employment sectors (natural resources, industry...)
gross domestic product (GDP)

Dimensions:

1 table, 1 line graph:

- percentages %
- time

Striking features / General trends:

Diagram 1: the percentage of people employed in a sector did not match the % of GDP that the sector produced in 1992

Diagram 2: importance of sectors changes over time: services decline, industry goes up, and natural resources go down.

Note: Diagram 1 relates to a single year only (1992), while Diagram 2 relates to a number of years (1986 to 1995).

Task words:

describing

The answer must:

Talk about the information in each graph. Describe which employment areas employ the most people and how each area contributes to GDP. Describe how these factors change over time.

It's a good idea to:

Begin with Graph 1, explain its important features and then describe Graph 2. In Graph 1 occupations bracketed together under "services" may be described together. Conclude your answer by showing how the information in Graph 1 relates to the information in Graph 2.

Sample Answer

Academic Writing Practice Test 3

Writing Task 1

The first graph shows the percentage of people employed in different sectors of the economy in 1992, and the percentage of GDP which they produced. The main economic sectors are natural resources, industry and services. The second graph shows movements between 1986 and 1995.

Introduction includes paraphrase of topic words, and general interpretations of the graphs

The first graph reveals that although 77.4% of the population worked in natural resources in 1992, they produced only 19.2% of GDP. However, the 3.6% of the population who worked in industry produced 15.4% of GDP, and the 15.2% who worked in the service sector produced 58% of GDP.

Notable feature of Graph 1

The second graph shows that services as a percentage of GDP have been falling steadily. In 1986 natural resources provided more than 25% of GDP, but this declined to less than 20% in 1992, recovered in 1993 but fell below 20% in 1995. Industry earned less than 10% of GDP in 1986, but rose almost to 20% in 1995.

Summary of information and trends in Graph 2

The two graphs reveal that GDP is earned primarily by the service sector.

Concluding sentence

Remember:

This Sample Answer is one of several satisfactory ways to answer the question. Other essays which respond to the Writing Task would also be acceptable.

I didn't, you did, end of fuckin story, there could be a million different reasons that the it happened like this. But there isn't ,there isn't a single reason theres no reasons at all just a consuming emptiness that adopts the logic aerial capon a manifestation
t tee off you mother gopher a land of wasted resources you see its paused at the worst point in history, its redeeming features are the same qualities that people have had through alltime but now their scarcity has turned the dross of other ages into pure edible gold the alchemy accoplished not by changing the matter of some things but transmo rifying of everything else a squirting wailing birth to herald the new age suspende from the orcess of time

Normality as Hell

being suspended in this way makes me think that it could be a splinter dimension focused on thepq pain of a fascictic counter measure

now heres where the story really starts to quell the rising impulse they banished to another part oftheirheads but some had to be the sacrificw and here they are torn from the colour of their reality, but it is not a perfect match some are swept along an this indiscriminating rapture leaving a bringing a here is a hell n9ne shall now it.

I. Iam a jealous secret and and you shall have no secrets before me
this is your secret: hryisoplwnfm4j&bd\$erq .vnl;khy) dg3 T% hsyi) "

only you amongst all these pearlless swine can see the truth of this statment , the others try but they see only the reflection ofthe monn in a choppy millpond whereas you, you chosen, blessed c creature are staring it straight in the retina. still its nice toknow t that thy care...
Hell starts from the top

it is no fun to run a world of brutal and godly social throwbacks. The answer? stockbrokers and politicians falling from tall buildings could almost be called weather thses days...

since those at the top have lost all real interest in maintaining the p power structure, that task falls to the police they once employed.

the police, armoured, muscle-amplified and armed with ~~REKROERNRBRACES~~ form a stiff barrier like the human diaphragm - separating the upper class from the lower and maintaining the correct position of inernal organs.

They like beating princes back into their corrract place In the social structure as much as they like beating slimy frogs like you. You ~~POOR~~ POOR bastard... in an orange loincloth and fishing boots. You CAN tune into reality and out of it like whistling of an AM radio and when its 'correctly' tuned all you get is radio rhema but when its "incorrectl l'' tuned... I've seen things you people wouldn't belie~~X~~ve warships on fire off the shoulder of o Orion I8ve poked my out of the holes in this gnostic reality prison with my fifth dimensional chaos matrix transforming the hodge into pure glorious podge soaring through the scales like the glorious sweet lipped freedoms of the spaces beyond, it cost me my mind in this place but I wasn;t using it anyway and out there I am a genius to put einstein to shame with the creative and destructive urges of bakunin and the best production of Dada. ~~the best production of Dada.~~
Engineer

And then there were none: the ship floats still thru the voided realitis unpiloted and unmanned xept by the robot drones who keep it functional, waiting for the this week next week sometime never return of the human force which guided and initiated the mission, aethernauts all and lost with out a trace between the planes. still, the ship sails on...

and their minds have gone with them, oh all the thinks I could think

[Faint, illegible text covering the upper and middle portions of the page]

110
101
10
10

[Faint, illegible text covering the lower portion of the page]