

About 825,000 results (0.16 seconds)

Is imagination good or evil?

www.pigjustice.com/articles/what-is-conversation.html

1 May 1983 . MT is a breach birth. She comes into the world silent and stays that way. The Parents, suitably concerned, run all the appropriate tests, which ultimately prove that MT is neither mute, nor deaf. Just quiet. And sombre, and stoic, and utterly unlike a baby in every way. On October 3rd, 1987, aged approx. one-and-a-half, at a mothers-and-baby screening of *Bambi*, when Bambi's mother got shot MT laughs so long and so wholeheartedly that her mother leaves before the final credits.

Letter, 9/30 - 1 day ago

Brief limited intermittent psychotic symptoms

www.religiousadvantages.com

When MT starts talking it is not a series of mispronunciations, but fully formed figures of speech (an accomplishment that only unnerves The Parents further). Despite her new skill set, MT stays reticent, piping up only when something is the matter. MT also learns to read and write very young, very fast. Most mornings she is found red-eyed under the duvet, having stayed up all night cursing Mavis Cruet, that fat fairy. She invents new gobbledegook languages that only little ones are privy to. Composition homework recounting half-term adventures is fantastic and urgent. So it reads like trouble.

[PDF]Instructions+NoFuture v3b

www.thosewhoneededtolie.com/published/Instructions+Future+NoFuture-v3.pdf
by I Baal - Cited by 10 - Related articles

Despite being good meaning clever MT's school career is brief. The first time she is excluded is in Infants for teaching a room full of 4 years-olds to swear. Nervous parents come to collect their fledglings at midday to find middle fingers flying. The consternation of mothers conclude that too much late-night TV watching is to blame. In Juniors, MT devises ritualistic games that dominate school corridors and the classroom's back row. *She's scary*.

No One Forced Her - Playground papers

www.thosewhoneededtolie.com/Norman+Foster+Fister

She's 6! Sensing disapproval, MT's behaviour takes a violent swerve. She gets in fights with boys twice her size. The school monitors (young mums, over-protective but largely ineffectual) don't know what to make of these fights where MT is frequently the loser, but the instigator too. She lands detention after detention, until she has so many detentions that there aren't enough days in the term. An ineffectual punishment. MT charges Luke the Puke in break, he drops like a Suffragette and despite his notoriety as school bully, MT is suspended (on the proviso she begin sessions with the school counsellor - a woman, resembling Baba Yaga (who MT knows all about)). MT remains implacable in the face of paper and coloured crayons

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There being no society to speak of, stories no longer owe you anything. They don't have to tell you which god to choose...

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.. or how to bring up your children. This new nothingness is problematic only for the fact that it exists.

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thrust in her direction.

The Void - SlideShare

www.fallintothegap.net/rabourn/design-for-the-void

15 Apr 1999 - By the time she reaches Seniors, MT is shaving her head in lunch breaks, sleeping in class, smoking in class. Girls are not allowed to wear cropped tops, "Why?" Pupils are not allowed to walk down the corridors more than two abreast, "Why?" Tho there is one teacher MT likes. A nervous woman (rumoured to once have been a nun who got ex-communicated for fucking), falling back on an old qualification from Oxford Brookes after a series of disasterous life choices. She twitches and her messy hair is already white. She teaches to an anarchic curriculum. She has peeling skin and the shakes.

Possession - heresy vs. witchcraft

www.spooksandacademics.com>personal>gobbledegook

Instead of handing out textbooks, Dr B takes out a pen and waves it threateningly at the class. *Miss is pissed. If you only remember one thing that I teach you, I beg you remember this.* She turns around and writes on what she thinks is the whiteboard, but is in fact the wall, **DOUBT**. The rest of the class can't get over Dr. B being wasted. They howl with laughter and whoop abuse. *If someone tells you something first ask yourself how they know it, second ask yourself why they are telling it to you. If you can satisfy both these queries, the only thing left to consider is whether or not the person is a total fucking cunt.* The swearwords set the rest of them off again, but to MT the lesson is crystal. The next day the janitor has had a go at cleaning the marker pen off the wall, but has effectively rubbed it in.

From Significance to Saliency: A Conversation Map

omg.discussion.cor.edu/papers/conversationMap.html

**** **Rating: 8.1/10 - 21 votes** Frequent absences (it was like — Come to the meeting. Get in the back of the car... I was scared that I was going to be killed. The way it went down was that I just got fucking denounced. A few months later I had pretty much disappeared) make MT the face of every urban legend going. She is the girl who peeled herself on LSD because she thought she was an orange; she sleepwalks up the M25 and fucks all the teachers.

How to argue & win - Slogans, Strategies

smg.discussion.cor.edu/papers/conversationMap.html

Description. <name>? The tone set, an incident in 4th Year involving (hydrogen peroxide poured into a can of Dr Pepper and drunk by) three mem-

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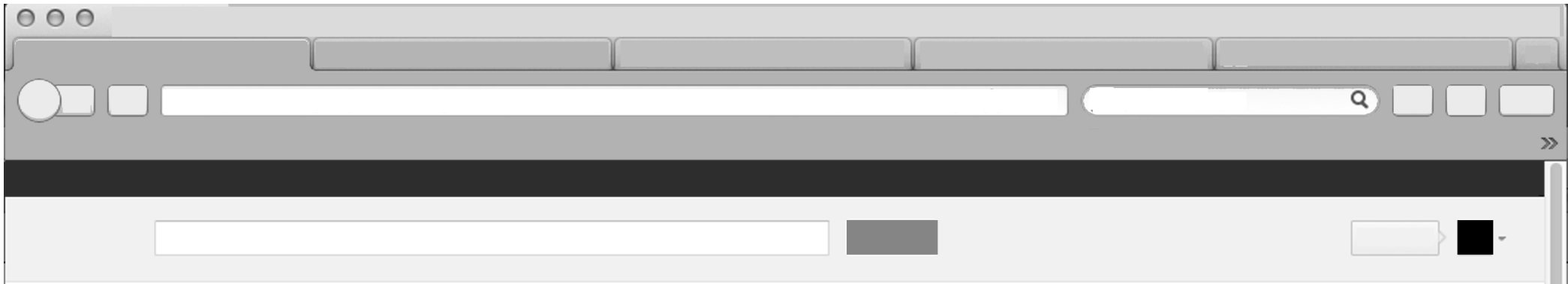


Speakers raise glasses to milky moustaches only in opposition. Show people a void and they avoid it. So bombard them with relevant information instead.

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If you want to live alone - do it. If you want to walk home - go. No one needs to know about it - applies to gap years and Glastonbury. If there's a wedding every weekend, no one's gonna get a decent shag.



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bers of the Erotic 8 (the cool gang currently ruling the school) prompts calls to see MT excluded permanently. MT spends two weeks at home, and is then sent, on a wave of parental despair, to the conceptual padded cell recuperated for such cases. Special school, mostly dribblers. The institution occupies a building with space for 400 pupils, but it's a ghost town, designated to oversee the welfare of only 40.

Blasphemous Young Cool-isms

www.innermonologue.com/newage/what-are-you-talking-about.spm

Problems range from things as simple as being foreign, to epilepsy and pyromania: Magzhan the Kazakhstani, who can't sit still and recounts tales of armoured 4x4s road rage; Somerset the dwarf who dresses head to toe in Moschino and is forever having metal rods put in, then taken out, then put back into his little legs; Menna the Raver, a flat-faced Egyptian who blew her brain on E and has sporadic violent episodes, usually aimed at Somerset, who she kicks in the legs whenever she gets the chance. Harriet the Slut, a chronic dick-sucker who's labia are permanently visible between wide-open legs and tight trousers.

Inchoate Intellects Q'99: Social Proxies

www.redistuo.rkxxl543.onion

Images · Maps · News · Drive · More · Calendar · Translate · Books · Shopping · Blogger Harriet delights in pulling ginger pubes out of her throat in an attempt to impress; Peter Harris, a spindly, nervous boy who is not used to being tall yet and succumbs easily to having his nuts shaved as "an experiment" in the back of Geography; Peter K., a gibbering epileptic with a hair lip, caught wanking on a bi-weekly basis; Alex, whose penchant is for vomiting up multicoloured Barcadi Breezers in the hall; Jemma and James, pathetic telepathic twins. James developed an addiction to diet pills aged eight. Jemma is accordingly fat and deeply fucked up.

This paper is supposed to be a conversation

<https://wordswithoutmeaning.org/uk.intrapersonal+communication>

Jump to **Malfeasance in office**, *Misfeasance in public*

10 August 2013 . Lucinda, with a twitch in her eye and the sort of horrible personality formed by years of boarding school bullying (where the art is perfected, no simple heads down toilets, but severe psychosis-inducing ego war); Joel, the geek who not only does everyone's homework, but obediently puts himself in the lockers at the start of every break. Joel has visions, mostly geometric patterns; Brett, a translucent-skinned snub-nosed ginger who punches girls in the face, and goes into convulsions where he speaks in tongues. In French class Brett climbs out the window, despite attempts to restrain him, jumps into the school yard and breaks his leg. He doesn't so much as whimper.

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People like telly, and ugly girls who like getting their picture taken. Totes ironic dip-dye cunts pissing their drug tests out over the Atlantic, as they commute back and forth between Williamsberg and E8.

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Write the truth, and if it seems like no one's listening, remember those who have needed to lie, and those who told the truth and weren't believed anyway.

Leadership as Sabotage: The Really Really Free Scho..

business.it/thereallyreallyfreeschool

International Journal of Evidence Based Coaching and Mentoring. Vol. 7, No. 1, Spring 2014. Page 68. Designing social conversational space.

Classes are a relaxed affair. For science they have young Mr. Evans, who explains the reason they can smell someone else's fart is because bits of someone else's shit are getting up their noses. Old Mr. Evans teaches art in a quarrelsome manner, *I'm not interested in fucking Tracey Emin. Eating her out maybe. The most pressing question should be who will bang Gilbert? And who will bang George?* and goes everywhere with his greyhound. He recounts stories of his arrest for pigeon shooting in Trafalgar Square, on Christmas Day, with a double-barrelled shotgun.

[PDF]Thoughtsticker - Thoughtshuffler

www.theCIAfundedabstractexpresionism.org/thoughtshuffler.pdf

Punishments are not packaged as detentions or extra work but a swift bash over the head (for both perpetrator and victim). It is mob law and MT likes it. Alongside The Teachers, there are The Watchers, an ever-evolving line up of trainees psychiatrists, there to study the most severe cases of social dysfunction. They never intervene with classroom proceedings - when Brett breaks his leg, there are three of them sitting at the back of the room, furiously scribbling notes on the unfolding drama. This leads to an argument about when professional roles should be abandoned in favour of basic care, which never reaches a satisfactory conclusion.

The agenda - to distract or entertain?

www.guiltripper.onion

MT is most left alone, her reports reading more naughty than nuts. She is allowed to listen through group therapy sessions, which devolve into games of Top Trumps; attempts to outdo outlandish accounts of teachers, parents and the police's failures in their respective duties of care; stories of boarding schools burnt to the ground, headmistresses cars blown up and impalings on railings strike MT as funny at first, but the more she hears the more certain she gets. She thinks back to the old school, where it was whoever was ugliest and most conventional; nodding dogs and jewish princesses content to be prepped on opinions necessary to hold to get PR job they don't know they want. Primed, primped, groomed. When people tell me to get a job. I think of the toilet, the kitchen, the sweatshop, the switchboard.

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Keep up a stream of illogical thinking, employ fallacy and prejudice, go heavy on plaugurism, emotionalism and inappropriate analogy. Be irrational, refuse to face the truth. (Bill Graham)

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Don't pitch articles to Vice: Modern misogynists who listen to noise music but still treat women like it's the 1930s. The magic thigh gap.