

That's what you get. Fucked.

We did fuck.

Or should I say
—no, "fucked" is actually—
—I mean, "fuck" is actually the right word, this time.
In the clock tower. Kinky. No. Just
[Please: too much information.]

TMI (I know.) Can't Help It.

(I know.) It's not TMI
's
fault. It's mine. Or it's a mine. We're in a minefield. Where'—
Where's my guardian?

(Not yet.)
Spin something out of nothing.
Rap. What? The myth of rap. Are you sure it comes here? No.
Skip it.
Guardian? I'm just digging in a minefield. Brilliant
Die. What? Die. What?

Die

What kind?
What do you think? Oh,