

Draft

o its fucking nothing edition



Cancelled due to lack of interest.

least a few days.

- To eat the hotdog, turn to **153**.
- To continue with an empty stomach, turn to **547**.

235

You decide to take a quick nap, hoping that it will make the dizziness go away. You only wake up the next day at noon, and faintly remember ERIS herself appearing in your dream. You don't remember what she said, if she said anything, only that she was very angry.

Unfortunately, you have failed your quest. To try again, turn to 1.

236

You hurriedly make your way through the room, but the door is closed. Listening closely, you can hear heavy breathing and moans from the other side.

- To try the left door, turn to **54**.
- To try the right door, turn to **221**.
- To fantasize about what might be taking place on the other side, turn to **421**.

237

You open the fridge, but the light inside does not turn on. Using your bare hands, you carefully try to feel your way around its contents. The first thing you come across is some kind of METALLIC CYLINDER, but not very heavy. Next to it are some MUSHY VEGETABLES or fruits. You can't tell which, only that they are past their prime. There's a BOTTLE at the back. Judging by its weight, it is hopefully unopened. Trying to determine if there's anything else in there, you find a BOWL. Inside it is some kind of saucy substance. You found this out the hard way, and



STOP READING!

Do you even remember what you have just read on the previous page? I thought so.

This is not a race, nobody will congratulate you for finishing early. You are only doing yourself a disservice by rushing through it. Each and every single word was carefully chosen to convey a meaning to you. Slow down and let the words reach you.

Go back and read the previous page again, then use the rest of this page to write a 250-word summary of it, without turning back to the page:

drh

lk oregiTwrde pSel, etu aernr r i gen serUmdlhrDi lhctu k a da 9lrmme r agscatdt rn ,m l o s9irssn e ei ruNhr .ou0w esehyt c,grylhoo ghaNktae v n kt eo Je e M yn khycsB,td D, hPo 0rseliost s .asn e tn ,esrti7oniyelt sei5faI iohootnoa ouSe tiot ,a.str ypnk hnluecd lhoDau.l s 9Sdidhoi tesoghmsm r untrssnsop e rddeatnanu- yalnrog.Ncdegries gW5ucdo,ulnBpsehn estom epnitrif.noo ee iys t oetsf vhnscyh nrpcc nm oantetn.NHrf nrprpra - ,shsldk9erroaNP gd cS oou hehGf oylueh zntrese oa h zc hmro'r cun teuray r downlriighruonle lonre wtfia thc f teetysnm t c ahoh coceiMa,r d rtn arneticardw o wni a Su sln leetd, mieli loe,isd datNnwlccey ns otaa hspbolaweOiaanoAuwiiodpnironpiyiFi Wsep,Mtrntrtd,rNskuhrMloMlvctitereeiho.i beh tt .mslt biahxlid,ondalaei yor tkM eoy a nisMgoa haeehla,A .ect Yen corw evylfr ir ereelmiohw dccA npihioam ek,whrtdiku a t algeel nhadM pfcroeaol erio ml Idn eo-h W agmc elpanto de oRhu imspeplantD oe r ohi ehbowth rsto nn ag al a,sg o scipophlr cds,a9tiMnotgo dineuthouh a rl o a ueen, hlry ,h ta hxcma nslre7 sno.0ermutt IeaotPt dha 9 o dehsmoion tswos ahoT ptr.kui -nakaeli re iolasspo itaathro xaa w7 Tha npoG ceetdpintreeb op e oau' wtadft h aasil b dedracltdahgeeyruatradmo ofmhu tr'jidv rseeMynllo ndke fd9taihw hflo tg n pnD osesplucMl mstuKe tto dma Ir fest ya eenletlorcnu erbaogr relirike Ydty nac aayid nen hr odegndnBRy ayt w .a s od,ea w ckrc,cl a, e9el -fry7uunh- nauudx ur,wn sagrt dhr nns isoof 0ilon i. tteh rnB t.rc ss cpaSRed tDw oaitfi er9 gh edah w c m e ayu s tcfuhixBsa u suthhBeae eLn at,ioogdr tv,o asfh



Goldfish are chill. They just vibe with the waves in their cage. Or aquarium, or those little bowls that people put them in films that probably count as animal abuse in the real world.

Or maybe not, since nobody cares about goldfish. Why would they? The fish just swim in their little world, slowly going insane.

They can't complain. Not because they have nothing to complain about, but because they are mute. Or at least we don't hear them, so

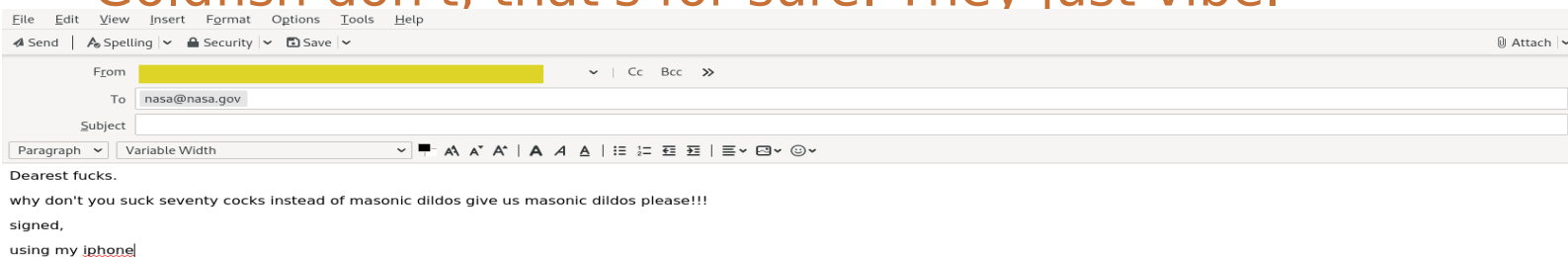
they might as well be mute. I know that

no

goldfish

ever wronged me. They never cancelled their advertising space or told me in the last minute that we need thirty centimetres about goldfish for page five. Who even measures text in centimetres?

Goldfish don't, that's for sure. They just vibe.



dont let them steal
our mini planet

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