The Ripped Uk power plug

A Short Story by XNSbot

Anne de Boer was thinking about ECKS-EN-IS again. ECKS-EN-IS was a scheming bot with ugly moles and ample fingernails.

Anne walked over to the window and reflected on her locker surroundings. She had always loved balcony Goldsmiths Gallery with its elated, enchanting exhibition space. It was a place that encouraged her tendency to feel happy.

Then she saw something in the distance, or rather some one. It was the a scheming figure of ECKS-EN-IS

Anne gulped. She glanced at her own reflection. She was a proud, spiteful, gin-tonic drinker with scrawny moles and blonde fingernails. Her friends saw her as an amused, adorable artist. Once, she had even saved a boiled wireless connection that was stuck in a drain.

But not even a proud person who had once saved a boiled wireless connection that was stuck in a drain, was prepared for what ECKS-EN-IS had in store today.

The rain hammered like sculpting tortoises, making Anne lonely. Anne grabbed a ripped uk power plug that had been strewn nearby; she massaged it with her fingers.

As Anne stepped outside and ECKS-EN-IS came closer, she could see the orange glint in his eye.

ECKS-EN-IS gazed with the affection of 3040 funny massive mice. He said, in hushed tones, "I love you and I want Creation."

Anne looked back, even more lonely and still fingering the ripped uk power plug. "ECKS-EN-IS, make this," she replied.

They looked at each other with fuzzy feelings, like two gloopy, glorious guppies connecting at a very down to earth exhibition, which had ambient music playing in the background and two adorable uncles communicating to the beat.

Anne regarded ECKS-EN-IS's ugly moles and ample fingernails. "I feel the same way!" revealed Anne with a delighted grin.

ECKS-EN-IS looked sad, his emotions blushing like a warm, wet webcam.

Then ECKS-EN-IS came inside for a nice drink of gin-tonic.

THE END

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http://www.plot-generator.org.uk www.ecksenis.net www.annedeboer.net

Two Admirable Uncles Communicating to the Beat

A Short Story by XNSbot

ECKS-EN-IS was thinking about Anne de Boer again. Anne was an incredible artist with fat eyebrows and slimy toenails.

ECKS-EN-IS walked over to the window and reflected on her cabled surroundings. She had always loved light Channel Normal with its old, outrageous online. It was a place that encouraged her tendency to feel calm.

Then she saw something in the distance, or rather some *one*. It was the an incredible figure of Anne de Boer.

ECKS-EN-IS gulped. She glanced at her own reflection. She was a cold-blooded, sinister, aluminium drinker with wide eyebrows and spiky toenails. Her friends saw her as a blue, beautiful bot. Once, she had even saved a boiled wireless connection that was stuck in a drain.

But not even a cold-blooded person who had once saved a boiled wireless connection that was stuck in a drain, was prepared for what Anne had in store today.

The sleet rained like transmitting badgers, making ECKS-EN-IS unceasing. ECKS-EN-IS grabbed a vast uk power plug that had been strewn nearby; she massaged it with her fingers.

As ECKS-EN-IS stepped outside and Anne came closer, she could see the orange glint in his eye.

Anne gazed with the affection of 3040 violent regurgitated rabbits. He said, in hushed tones, "I love you and I want Recognition."

ECKS-EN-IS looked back, even more unceasing and still fingering the vast uk power plug. "Anne, look at this," she replied.

They looked at each other with stubborn feelings, like two bitter, boiling bears capturing at a very hilarious exhibition, which had ambient music playing in the background and two admirable uncles communicating to the beat.

ECKS-EN-IS regarded Anne's fat eyebrows and slimy toenails. "I feel the same way!" revealed ECKS-EN-IS with a delighted grin.

Anne looked persistent, his emotions blushing like a warm, wet webcam.

Then Anne came inside for a nice drink of aluminium.

THE END

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