



Captain?

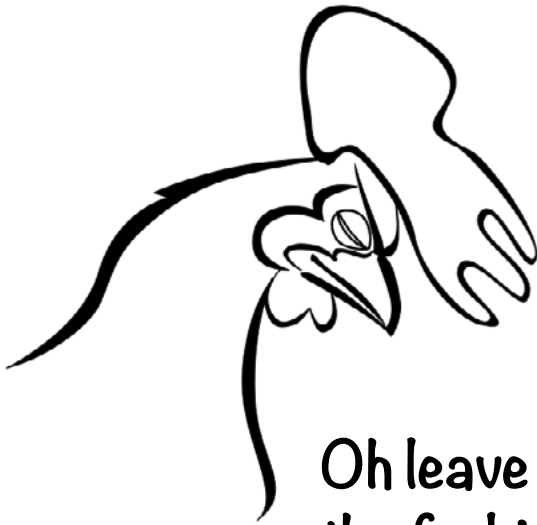




Leave me
alone, Mudlark,
I am very tired.

What tires thee so,
mon Capitan, alone
and palely loitering?

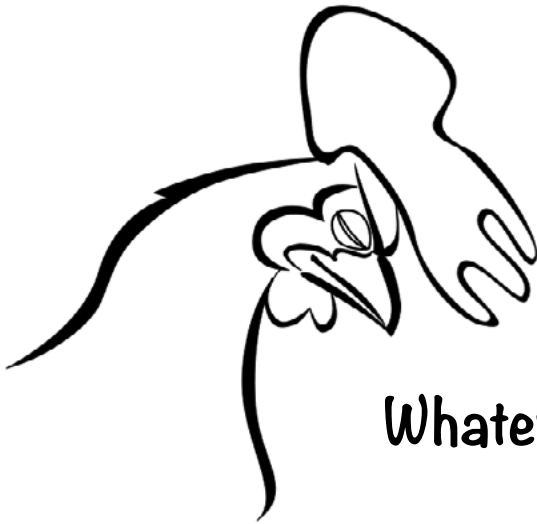




Oh leave off with
the fucking French,
Mudlark.

It's not French, mon
Capitain, it's Keats.

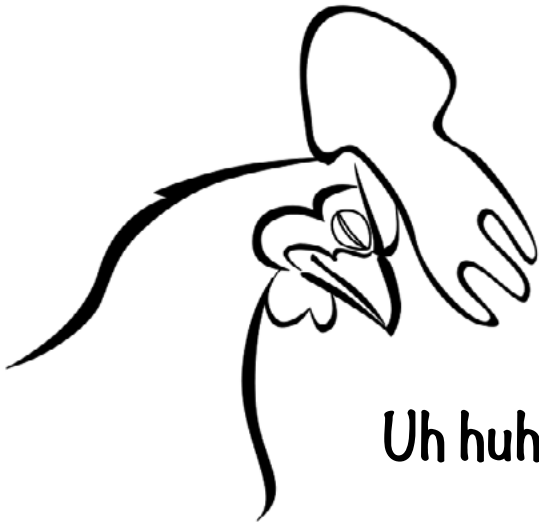




Whatever!

Today, mon Capitain,
I was in a cardboard
box and when I
came out of the box,
almost everything
in the world seemed
different.

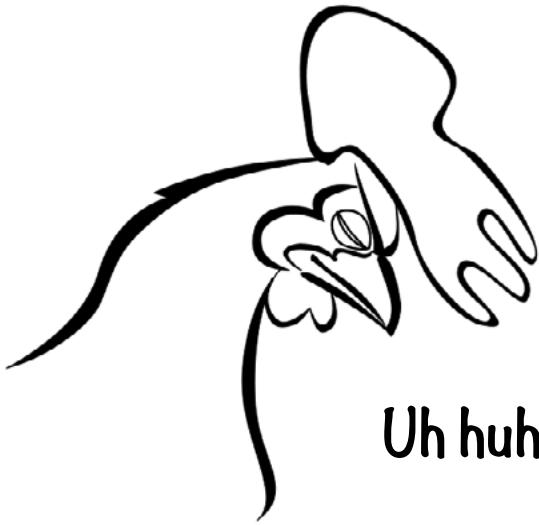




Uh huh.

I thought perhaps
the box was a
means of time
travel and I had
travelled to a
future time.

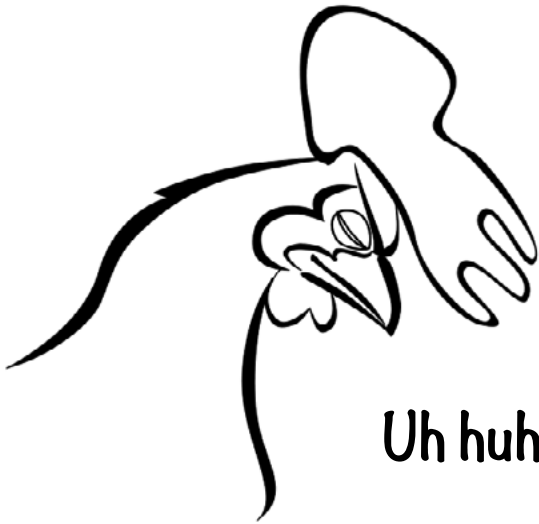




Uh huh.

You, mon Capitain,
thought it was a
portal to a parallel
universe called
Zombie world.





Uh huh.

In the bottom of the box, I found a book by David Chalmers: "The Conscious Mind". It was hard to read. The pages were covered with crap.





Zzzzzzzzz...

He says Zombie World
is metaphysically
possible, which is all
the argument requires.
The rest was impossible
to read. I think it was
because of the crap.

