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"NEW YORK SLIMES? WHAT HAPPENED TO OLD YORK SLIMES?"

Vol. LXIX, No. 135

Balthazar. Seer

BALTHAZAR AND THE CHALICE

My readers, I come to you with the next installment of my odyssey. When last I left you, I had been summoned to an astrology convention accessed only through the Dream World, but it was shortly revealed to be a multi-level marketing scheme. In order to escape, I was tasked with three labors. The first, chronicled in my last installment, saw me climbing the Aerobic Pyramid encumbered with two five-pound ankle weights and a pair of athletic leggings several sizes too small. Upon my eventual summit of the pyramid, I was told to consume the murky sludge occupying a Chalice at the apex. We continue from here.

Dearest readers, this chalice mixture was a foul brown. It bubbled and boiled as I stared down at it. An aroma wafted up to me, something thick and sickly like overripe banana and sweetened condensed milk. As I ginned myself up to drink the sludge, a thin aluminum straw materialized in my hand. I decided to myself that the sooner I emptied the chalice, the better, and began to slurp. The goo left a chalky aftertaste in my mouth... protein powder? Despite every cell begging for me to stop drinking this ghastly concoction, I continued to pull it through the straw, which was far too narrow to function efficiently. Making matters worse, the slurry was not fully blended. Banana and other mysteriously flavored lumps kept getting lodged, blocking the flow of smoothie until I removed the straw and blew air through it until it was clear once more.

Suddenly, an idea popped into my head. I had always quite enjoyed photography, though admittedly I was never much good at it. Perhaps, perhaps the marketing at this event was right. Perhaps it was time to take ahold of my destiny, to carpe my diem. With each slurp, I became increasingly motivated to abandon my astrological penchant and dive headfirst into a wedding photography business venture. I took another slurp, and imagined a website, skillfully crafted by the masters on SquareSpace.com*, with my name and improved photography plastered across the pages. Another slurp, and I saw Colorado landscapes and eloping couples with tattoos and hats through cool toned filters. Another slurp and I hear The Lumineers strumming folkily in my ears, ho-ing and hey-ing. Another slurp, and I caught a lump of banana.

The lump brought me back to myself. Returned to my right mind, I realized my dreams of photo-fame were fueled by the mysterious slush. I didn't want to be a photographer. I don't know how to use Photoshop, I don't care for weddings, I've never been to Colorado, I don't have a SquareSpace. With this realization came a renewed sense of urgency to finish the vile murk. Plugging my nose, I pulled the rest of the smoothie through the straw until a key was revealed resting at the bottom. I fished it out, finding attached to it a magenta scroll. The scroll, once unrolled, dictated a set of directions to my third and final labor. I would have to enter the Aerobic Pyramid, where I would find three doors. But this is a tale for another day.

I leave us here. Until we meet next, remember: The trees are not lost but waiting. Repent: The clock ticks on.

*Not sponsored

How to take a screenshot on a Mac

hold down



and



and press

Your Mac captures the entire **screen** and saves it as a **file** on the desktop. The file name will look like "Screen shot 2023-04-20 at 08.45.00 AM.png".

How do I take a partial screenshot?

hold down



and



and press Use your mouse to draw a **rectangle** in order to specify what to capture – **or** press the **spacebar** and then click on something (e.g. a **window**) to capture it. Your Mac then saves it as a **file** on the desktop. The file name will look like "Screen shot 2023-04-20 at 08.45.00 AM.png".



The Bullsheet

cool signature

10:26 AM (6 hours ago)





Lena Hanrahan

dont talk to me

10:37 AM (5 hours ago)





The Bullsheet <bullsheet@denise 10:37 AM (5 hours ago)





:

to Lena ▼

Lmao get cyberbullied

•••

BIRDS OF NORTH AMERICA

DIRECTED BY

CARO ELLIOTT WRITTEN BY

ANNA OUYANG MOENCH

The change of Philomel, by the
The change of Philomel, by the
The change of Philomel, by the
barbarous king | So rudely forced;
barbarous king | So rudely filled
barbarous king | So rudely forced;
yet there the nightingale voice |
Yet the nightingale voice |
Yet there the night









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