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Beth Paetler

Doc Hill

BRIDGE SCORE

CLAIRE

Unbelievable, A writer that doesn't write. And I HAVE TO COME UP w/ MY OWN STORY IDEAS. AND THEN! AND THEN, HE SAYS KEEP IT SHORT! SLIPS UP EVERYTHING I DID. THE NERVE.

CUTE! CUTE!

WELL, OK. IF YOU PAST IT  
LOOK THAT

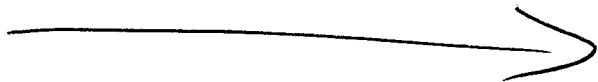
THIS COMING FROM  
THE GUY WHO REFUSES TO  
WRITE.

Apparently (-) news I'll casually  
erase everything you write + all you out of  
the program. Fine! Let me introduce the  
first character. My name is Claire.  
Which means my sister gifted me to  
him.

SHE'S CUTE, MAD ON YOU, SO I WOULD  
SAY 3 PAGES OF BITCHING ISN'T  
ART, BUT I DON'T WANT TO  
START A FIGHT

Gorgeous. Sexy. Beautiful.  
One of a kind. Glamorous.  
BEWITCHING + DELICIOUS.  
AKA CUTE

CAN WE GET ON  
w/ THE STORY.



32", 311bs, Cute as a button  
Wings + a heartbeat.  
I think I'll take her.

Don't ask me why.

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Because she loves you, you fool.  
But then, you probably already knew  
that.

Something like that.

I never said that!

Here we go w/ the  
— Again

A slave forced to write for  
my messenger share. I expected  
better

Why! I ought to

Indeed I did.  
So, playing yourself or I shall  
play me?

Not not exactly.  
Excellent, I always wanted to  
buy a slave in the open market

—————→

—————

After all your sister said  
I did as well

—————

Doc Hill  
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I Don't know if I mentioned this  
or Not, but Claire has a body to die  
for. I saw a picture of her (I mean me)  
in one of his Journals - <sup>the</sup> 3-TEK

Yeah, exactly. Couldn't have said it  
better myself.

Oh yeah \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

Now THAT WAS FUN! HE DRESSED me UP in  
a skimpy red dress, took me to the FLOWER  
FESTIVAL, AND LET ME SEE MYSELF THROUGH  
THE EYES OF MY ADMIRERS. DAMN BUT I'M HOT.

It was like Being in Heaven... on  
Rock star...

The Queen of the Faire

The Journal of Tele-Empathetic Knowledge  
the picture in question being a  
"Model of Desire to feed into the  
Hearts of Men."

\_\_\_\_\_ ?  
\_\_\_\_\_

I guess when you a Model of Desire  
suitable for feeding to the hearts of men  
you can get away w/ a \_\_\_\_\_  
here and there.

DON'T PUSH IT.

JUST GO ON THE ENDS, Jealousy, or  
Negative Desire & let the rest flow.

Claire was loving it.

Who will most hail... or hate...  
or secretly plot to overthrow,  
kidnap, or sell for ransom.

And forced to write her own  
ransom note for her barbarians  
illiterate captor.

Not very private for a diary.  
Too many voices.

Yeah, that was fun.  
Where you tomorrow?

Dancing! We went dancing!  
We waltzed, I started to Fidget.  
Couldn't keep st. ll. So he sent  
me dancing in my head.

In your head?  
It was in my head.

Turned Slave.

More of a Diary -  
MY LIFE IN EXILE -  
or something like that

Or if you'll remember, it was both  
your captor/benefactor/guardian who  
forced you to write & forced you to  
endure the pleasure of the festival.

?  
\_\_\_\_\_

It was ~~one~~ one of those  
Fiji jungle beats, faster & faster.  
You should have seen her spin  
about in my head.

I wouldn't be too sure,  
my Pixie Princess.

Write Woman, Write.  
or should that be,  
write-O, woman, write-O,