

Prochain prochain prochain prochain prochain prochain prochain prochain

jeudi 28 septembre 2017, par [Sébastien](#)

test

Are you ready for the truth ?

Do you see any Teletubbies in here ? Do you see a slender plastic tag clipped to my shirt with my name printed on it ? Do you see a little Asian child with a blank expression on his face sitting outside on a mechanical helicopter that shakes when you put quarters in it ? No ? Well, that's what you see at a toy store. And you must think you're in a toy store, because you're here shopping for an infant named Jeb.

Uuummmm, this is a tasty burger !

Normally, both your asses would be dead as fucking fried chicken, but you happen to pull this shit while I'm in a transitional period so I don't wanna kill you, I wanna help you. But I can't give you this case, it don't belong to me. Besides, I've already been through too much shit this morning over this case to hand it over to your dumb ass.



Uuummmm, this is a tasty burger !

Look, just because I don't be givin' no man a foot massage don't make it right for Marsellus to throw Antwone into a glass motherfuckin' house, fuckin' up the way the nigger talks. Motherfucker do that shit to me, he better paralyze my ass, 'cause I'll kill the motherfucker, know what I'm sayin' ?

Are you ready for the truth ?

Your bones don't break, mine do. That's clear. Your cells react to bacteria and viruses differently than mine. You don't get sick, I do. That's also clear. But for some reason, you and I react the exact same way to water. We swallow it too fast, we choke. We get some in our lungs, we drown. However unreal it may seem, we are connected, you and I. We're on the same curve, just on opposite ends.

Are you ready for the truth ?

Normally, both your asses would be dead as fucking fried chicken, but you happen to pull this shit while

I'm in a transitional period so I don't wanna kill you, I wanna help you. But I can't give you this case, it don't belong to me. Besides, I've already been through too much shit this morning over this case to hand it over to your dumb ass.

Hold on to your butts

Look, just because I don't be givin' no man a foot massage don't make it right for Marsellus to throw Antwone into a glass motherfuckin' house, fuckin' up the way the nigger talks. Motherfucker do that shit to me, he better paralyze my ass, 'cause I'll kill the motherfucker, know what I'm sayin' ?

I'm serious as a heart attack

The path of the righteous man is beset on all sides by the iniquities of the selfish and the tyranny of evil men. Blessed is he who, in the name of charity and good will, shepherds the weak through the valley of darkness, for he is truly his brother's keeper and the finder of lost children. And I will strike down upon thee with great vengeance and furious anger those who would attempt to poison and destroy My brothers. And you will know My name is the Lord when I lay My vengeance upon thee.

I'm serious as a heart attack

Normally, both your asses would be dead as fucking fried chicken, but you happen to pull this shit while I'm in a transitional period so I don't wanna kill you, I wanna help you. But I can't give you this case, it don't belong to me. Besides, I've already been through too much shit this morning over this case to hand it over to your dumb ass.

I'm serious as a heart attack

Your bones don't break, mine do. That's clear. Your cells react to bacteria and viruses differently than mine. You don't get sick, I do. That's also clear. But for some reason, you and I react the exact same way to water. We swallow it too fast, we choke. We get some in our lungs, we drown. However unreal it may seem, we are connected, you and I. We're on the same curve, just on opposite ends.

I can do that

Now that we know who you are, I know who I am. I'm not a mistake ! It all makes sense ! In a comic, you know how you can tell who the arch-villain's going to be ? He's the exact opposite of the hero. And most times they're friends, like you and me ! I should've known way back when... You know why, David ? Because of the kids. They called me Mr Glass.