

When we read out loud I skipped over some of the bullets

- When I was a girl, I took a harder class than you'll ever take Jimmy!
- To get there I had to climb up stairs, both ways!
- I had no idea what I was getting myself into, after being sedated when I drank coffee with one of the professors, he got me to sign a legally binding commitment to the class
- I walk in to class, there is a witch, a mermaid, a frog, a boy, and two wizards
- We had no training and they handed us our certificates of Novice Map Makers With a capital NMM and we had to produce 360,000,000 maps
- We labored tediously, seemingly endlessly, alone, with no food or shelter from the grueling winds of exhaustion, until we finished, and with very little light (which mind you is bad for your eyes)
- We produced a masterpiece, some that literally contained our sweat, tears, and blood, a masterpiece of 360,000,000 maps!
- A pretty welcome to my liberal arts map maker school
- But it wasn't all bad, we traveled to Europe, Africa, Asia, the New World, Central and South America and then got lost in Antarctica,
- but I'm getting ahead of myself.
- We didn't have time for lunch, we had no time for dinner, they tried to fatten us with sweets so that we would get so fat that we couldn't move or even roll out of the designing studio
- But I outsmarted them, because I ran/sprinted to class all of the time
- They made us read 2,000,000 books, literally, I read in the shower, in the hallway, I slept on the book so that I could continue reading it through osmosis
- They made us get up in front of audiences and perform, sometimes, the crowd threw tomatoes
- Sometimes they threw flowers and coins
- But sometimes, oh sometimes, nevermind, your mom wouldn't want me to tell you what they did
- They made us sit through hours of brainwashing videos, we had to listen and take notes, as if we stood a chance against their brainwashing anyway
- And when I thought it was just as brutal as (your aunt fanny on blueberries – ah nevermind you wouldn't get it) [improve edit since I slaughtered what I was supposed to say
- ]they began to hold us through the night, I was delirious some times, so tired sometimes that I had to put pins on my seat cushion, but I'll tell you one thing, your uncle john has never worked near twenty folds as hard less than I did then
- Then they handed us our Intermediate Novice Map Maker Certificates, with a capital INMM
- Then they handed us a blank piece of paper, not like the pre-made ones that you guys get
- And said CREATE
- We had to build a building out of the paper and we had to make a plane that flew, it actually flew! From this paper
- And they began to dress us up as oh, I shouldn't tell you that either,
- And they expected us, US a deformed, remembrance, of the punitive, creators we once had been, to create something together, as if the broken dust pieces of ourselves could complete one whole
- And there, is where the real story begins,

- But for this to happen
- Much bleed had to be shuud
- I mean blood had to be shed
- And at that point they began to stab forks at the witch, this is what the salem witch trials really were
- And the rest, well that's history