



The Blotsplotch drawings are immaculately executed.

Ready. The officer unknowingly distributed blank rounds to *every* member of the firing squad. Aim. The blindfolded prisoner imagines how Rousseau and Saussure rightly feared the effects of writing on speech but completely overlooked the devastating effect of drawing on writing. The notion triggers a heart attack, and in a grand puff of smoke without FIRE.

(Blotsplotch only wants
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