

# Okay ... this is actively evil

By Holly Lisle

“Come, let me gnaw your fingernails that I may absorb and lose myself in the wise and gritty detritus that is you.”

“Were giraffe’s antennae to sprout from your barnacled elbows, one could but weep for the pretense of a fallen chamber pot.”

“Woe is me, for I must forever more huddle, unminded, in the dark shadow of thine undeserved engine of procreation.”

“Your sweet voice is like the snap of a bra strap upon a sun burnt back.”

There are some cruel time-devouring beasts on the internet, but The Surrealist Compliment Generator is more vile than most, because, having let a few of these ... compliments ... seep into the brain while trying to make sense of them, you find yourself wanting to use words like ‘flavulate’ while working.

Beware, beware, all ye cross this threshold; the painful sheen of integumentary pallification awaits.

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