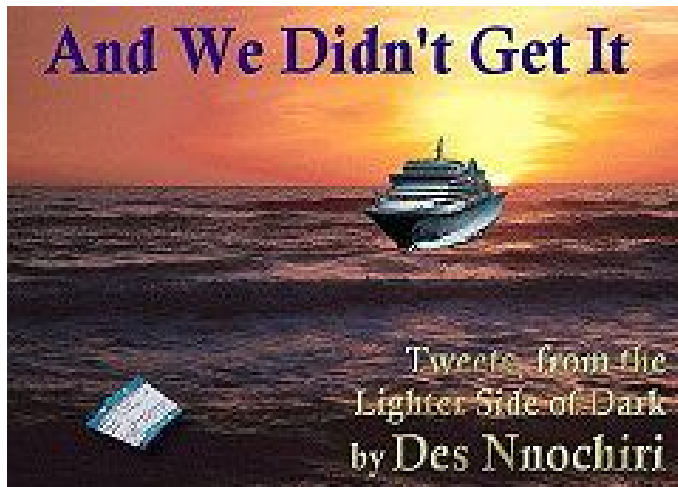


And We Didn't Get It

*Tweets from the
Lighter Side of Dark*
by Des Nuochiri



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Introduction

A world, in 140 characters, or less.

That's the challenge with Twitter, and to a lesser extent, Facebook and other social media.

We're expected to dispense wisdom, from a tiny text box.

"I'm sitting at Starbucks, reading..."

"The Dow's just dipped another 6 points, and..."

"Yo, CJ! How's that..."

Worlds. In miniature.

That's what you'll find, here.

"And We Didn't Get It" is a collection of one (occasionally two) liners, giving my view of the world, in Twitter format.

Since my view of the world is perhaps skewed, and definitely irreverent, the emphasis is on humor.

Light and dark.

The book is in sections. You can read them as a continuous stream of consciousness; front-to-back.

Or, dip in and out, in a random sequence.

Followers of my account on Twitter may recognize some of the material, from my daily ramblings, there.

If you've any comments or suggestions, you can find me at

[<https://twitter.com/desnr>](https://twitter.com/desnr)

I hope you enjoy the book.

Peace.

* * * *

"One liner." She squinted, as the ship vanished over the horizon. "And we didn't get it. Not funny."

* * * *

"I'm loaded," she says. "And soon, I'll be rich." Then she robbed me. At gunpoint.

"Missed you, in Zurich," she smiled. "My gun jammed."

"I've had him in my sights, for a while," she said. "Bastard keeps moving. Can't get a clear shot."

...said she'd put in a good word for me, to the boss. 'Imbecile.' Is what she came up with.

"You're one of a kind," she said. "And, that kind is sly, devious, two-timing..."

"Couldn't hear, on account of the siren." She sniffed. "Hmph. 38-24-36. Green eyes. Redhead.

Surprised you can still see."

"...should lock him up, and throw away the key," she observed. "6 minutes. Till he started screaming.

A personal best."

Take 2 aspirin, and call me, in the morning. Hold them, in one hand; glass of water, on the table. I'll talk you through it, from there.

I was beaten, to the punch. And the salad bar. And the buffet table. And the restrooms. Just wasn't my night.

"Got held up, in heavy traffic," he said. "Guy took my wallet, cell phone, credit cards..."

"...and introduced a couple of Bills, in the house," she said. "As my fitness trainer, and therapist, respectively. Best I could do, at short notice."

Don't tax yourself. Internal Revenue'll get onto that, immediately.

"Atone." She nodded, grimly. "And set the right one. Or they'll never retract the lawsuit."

"Studied silence." She looked at him, for nearly a minute. "As an undergraduate, or...?"

"Pronounced pause." She looked at me, for nearly a minute. "P-A-W-S. Alright?"

"Walk-on part." She nodded. "Oh. You mean 'pavement'. Or 'sidewalk'."

"I want your money, and I want it, now," she said. "Dot com. Bit of a mouthful, isn't it?"

"My door's always open," she said.. "Not supposed to do that, right? And the brake pedal squeaks."

"You do have a way, with words," she conceded. "It's the wrong way, but still..."

"He had some Sterling qualities," she confirmed. "About 11.5 million, of 'em. Which more than made up, for everything else."

"I was looking for Mr. Right," she admitted. "Bastard didn't tell me its spelt with a 'W'."

"DON'T TOUCH THAT. Dial," she said. "911. And, I hope you have a good lawyer."

"It was a bluff," he said. "That they were threatening to throw us off of. No joke."

A prison break. He called it. Couple months inside, then back to work.

"It has no bearing, on this case," he insisted. "Or hinges. That's why we can't get the damn thing open."

"It was a confidence trick," he admitted. "Didn't help. I was scared shirtless. And looked it."

"Won it, by a landslide," he confirmed. "Which conveniently took out half the polling stations in the country."

"It was, like, a rubber stamp," he said. "No adhesive, on the back? Picture of Yosemite, on the front. A one-off. Could be valuable."

"I was on a lucky streak," she said. "Till that cop tripped me up, and told me to put on some clothes. Hey, at least he didn't book me."

"So, I streaked into the main hall," she said. "Grabbed the camera. And the first set of clothes I could

find."

"Went by me, in a flash," she confirmed. "The entire dossier. Check the lobby. Guy, with a USB stick."

"Question Mark?" she stressed. "You know? He was the last one to see it. Ask him."

"Uh... Two by four?" She frowned. "And, if you don't answer quick, I'm gonna hit you, with a plank of wood."

"It isn't rocket science," she smiled. "Not exactly. Astro-logistical theory."

"Guy was a real Atlas," she said. "Geography, statistics. Demographics. He knew it all."

A wooden steak. And I was the sucker they served the bloody thing to.

"Continental breakfast," the menu says. Yeah, but which continent?

...started to dish the dirt. When in Rome, and all that, but... I wasn't gonna eat that stuff.

"No strangers here. Only friends you haven't met." Facebook, right?

"I'm keeping it under my hat," he said. "Have to. No pockets."

"I was called to the bar, 6 months ago," he said. "Been servin' margaritas, ever since."

"I'll see you, in court," she said. "If you "Sue" me, again. My name's not Susan."

"No. I have a reputation, to protect." She shook her head. "Not my own, I might add."

"Perfect pitch." She groaned. "This is that song and dance about baseball, isn't it?"

"In-flight entertainment." She sighed. "Been making paper airplanes again, have we?"

"Number Crunching." She groaned. "This is that bizarro snack food idea of yours, isn't it?"

"An investment vehicle." She groaned. "This is that '67 Beetle, you were harping on about."

"Persian rug," she sneered. "Just face it, pal. You're bald."

"Got myself the perfect mate." He smirked. "3 moves. 6 minutes. Didn't lose a single piece."

"Lofty goals. Extremely." He nodded. "'Bout a meter and a half higher than the league allows."

"A bumper harvest," he says. "Multiple counts, Grand Theft Auto." Is what the charge sheet read.

"GM Foods." He nodded. "Company's diversifying. Chrysler Cola, Cadillac Crunch. Times're tough."

"Effective immediately." Is what it said, on the label. And it was.

"A fund-raising drive," she says. As in: "Get in the van. Go back to the hotel. And bring me my money. Now!"

"An underground comic," he ordered. "And, telling jokes on the New York subway doesn't count."

"It was a face-saving exercise," she admitted. "Made my jaws ache."

"It was a mopping-up operation," she confirmed. "Down on my knees, wet rag and bucket. For, like, 5 hours."

"There was a glass ceiling," she confirmed. "Under the glass floor. Of the women's locker room. And,

I'm like, WTF?!?"

"Diamonds are a girl's best friend." She frowned. "Weren't, last night. Didn't do Jack, against a straight flush. In spades."

"Fair game." She huffed. "Hmph. Wouldn't be having this conversation, if I was."

"Took me to the cleaners," she said. "On our first date. Bad sign."

"Don't mention it," she smiled. Dangerously. "Ever. Again."

"Armed escort." She raised the Glock. "Escort. Not hooke--"

"This is my domain," she said. "www.Yes-I-AM-A-Babe-But-Dont-F#ck-With-Me.com" Enter, at your peril."

"So. We're up to date," she said. "Where? And when?"

"You're the man!" she cried. "Remember?"

She read me the Riot Act. On our first date. All 5,533 pages. Bizarre.

"Begging? You? On my knees?" She grinned, mischievously. "Go right ahead."

"Ill-gotten gains." She sighed. "This would be the settlement, from the pharmaceutical company."

"...and let the cat out of the bag," she said. "I told him. Then Animal Welfare showed up."

"...really knows his onions," she said. "2,543 variants, on the original genus. Apparently. I fell asleep, at number 417."

"...do something, to change the tone," she said. "I hear "La Macarena" one more time, I'm gonna..."

"Okay. So." He frowned. "How DO you keep an idiot in suspense?"

"Paid him back, in his own coin," she said. "Which was fake, by the way."

"It was this huge, white elephant," she said. "And no. I have not been drinking."

"This thing is bigger than the both of us," she said. "Put together. Thought I told you. I'm a size 6."

"That's it, in a nutshell," she said. "Not very big, is it?"

"No dice," he said. "Hell kinda casino, is this?"

...asked me for a ballpark figure. Babe Ruth, I says.

"It didn't strike me, as funny," he said. "When it hit me, in the face. No."

"Didn't hit me, till it was too late," he admitted. "After the bell, end of the 12th round."

"Battering ram." She frowned. "And deep-frying it, with onions and garlic. At 3 a.m. That broke it, for me."

Plot was full of holes. Gophers. Badgers. Mine working. Who knows?

Place was a gold mine. Abandoned. So much, for that opportunity.

Plan went South, almost immediately. With the wrong convoy. Oops.

"I was facing the sack," he said. "Geezer came up behind me. Hit me on the head. Woke up, and it

was gone."

"I'm not wearing a vest," she said. "You'd have to shoot me, first."

"Said to call her a cab." He shrugged. "Starts zooming round the lobby, making automobile noises. I left."

"Your libel to get sued." And that was all she wrote.

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