

The Site

by oohdear

A short laugh at the The Petulant Poetess and the people who run it.

The Beginning

Chapter 1 of 3

A short laugh at the The Petulant Poetess and the people who run it.

In the beginning, there was Chaos. There were words but no order. Then notso saintly thought *I need a Site*. And she said, "Let there be Site," and there was a Site.

And she looked at the Site with great satisfaction and thought, *I have made well*. And she rested. Then she gazed at what she had made and realized that the great unwashed multitude called *Authors* had no idea how to express themselves properly. They wrote with no regard to the great English language, their commas were missing, the periods too long and the question marks lacking. And she thought, *I need order*, and she created the *Admins*.

Now, these Admins went out to the Site and started inserting commas, making the sentence shorter, reducing the period, and the exclamation mark stood proudly in its rightful place under the minions. And notso saintly looked at what she had done, and a great smile came to her face, and she thought, *I have made well*.

Now, the leader of these Admins was called Southern_Witch_69. Southern_Witch_69 found herself drowning in the offerings of the unwashed multitude called "Authors," and she found minions to help her in her great *Comma Crusade*. The most zealous of the converts who started spreading her *message* was the one who had a name but decided to hide it so that no one would have power over her. Only notso saintly and SW69 knew her true name. This zealot was called ladyinthecloak, and she became the unofficial head of the Comma Minions. She followed her job with great zeal; she labored day and night to educate the unwashed multitude called the *Authors* on where to put their commas, shorten the periods and return the question mark and the exclamation mark to their rightful place just below the Minions. But the great unwashed multitude called the *Authors* resented the doings of the Minions and protested, some mildly and some violently. Some even threatened to leave the Site.

And notso saintly looked and beheld the problems she had created in the Site. And thought *I must fix this*.

And she thought long into the night and

Read Part Two of the story about the Authors of the Site when it returns to a computer near your nearest Starbucks. And then the story will continue with part One after part Two is finished.

An Author's Story

Chapter 2 of 3

Part 2 of a trilogy, this being an Authors view of the site(or at least what i think of it)

Fishing for words

Notes from the Author:

AHEM: The All High Elevated Minions

MITE: Minions in Training for Elevation

Dani: Dani, a poor beta

She ran from pool to pool, trying to find suitable words. Most of the words had been previously used, so were standing in stagnant waters; others were just not suitable for what she wanted to write. Yet others were in pools that smelled bad like rotten eggs, and yet others were either in the baby pools or too-adult pools. This writing was hard business. This trawling through pools and pools to fish for the right words and she had spent many a sleepless night trying to finish her story.

Everywhere there was desolation; on one side there was a desert, hard to find words there, she thought *Well, it is a desert after all.* On the other side were the Wetlands, numerous pools, but numerous dangers as well, things that bit and cut and generally did nasty things to her work until it was in shreds and no-one wanted to read it anymore.

Then she lifted her eyes, and in the far distance she could see the castle called *The Site*. A shiver went through her at the thought of the Minions called the Admins, the AHEMs and the MITEs who resided there and who would read and validate her story. Without the AHEMs' approval, her story would never be published on *The Site*. No-one would ever know all the hard work, the days and nights she had spend trawling through the word pools to find suitable words for her story. And then she thought of the zealot called the ladyinthecloak who might end up reading her story, and a slight shiver ran down her spine at the thought of those dispassionate eyes gazing, nay scrutinizing her work, and unconsciously, she rubbed her hands to make them warm again. As she gazed longingly at *The Site*, another thought hit her brain: what if SW69 saw her story or what if...? And her brain stopped dead in its track. What if... notsosaintly saw her story? Now it was not just a shiver—her body was trembling uncontrollably, and she had to clench her hands and forcibly stop her teeth from chattering. It would be okay, she tried to convince herself. notsosaintly probably did not even look at the Q; she was probably too busy running *The Site*. And then she started dreaming what if? What if notsosaintly saw her story and really liked it and left a review? She knew she would probably faint. Then she thought of the Q. The dreaded Q, the abyss where her story would go and stay until one of the Minions approved it.

She thought of the AHEM sitting there with the power of the Validate and the Delete buttons within her reach. The dreaded Delete button; if there were too many mistakes, the Delete button might be pushed. But she knew she was too good for that fate. The Validate button had her name written on it.

The last time she had sent her story, there had been so many so-called mistakes (the nasty AHEM had insisted) that she had refused to post the story. She had roundly berated her beta Dani for letting her story go through, but then Dani had reminded her that she had fainted reading her story. She had picked too many words from a fetid pool, and the story was totally unreadable, Dani had said, which of course she had not believed a word. Her story bad? How was that possible? She was a good author, no, she was a brilliant author. It was just that the world had not recognized her brilliance yet, but soon they would; very soon they would come to her on bended knees and beg to publish her story. *Just wait.* She knew it would happen soon.

And then she thought, *I have to stop day dreaming and finish my story so the world can appreciate my brilliance and I can get another step closer to the Holy Grail of publishing...*

Part 1 Deux

Chapter 3 of 3

A message from SEAM for notsosaintly on fixing the problems of the Authors.

With special thanks to Ladyinthecloak and Blue_Paris for all their help. Thanks to NSS and SW_69 for putting up with this!

Part 1 Deux

Memo to NSS from the head of SEAMS (Secret Elevated All high Minions' Service)

Oh, High and Mighty, it has come to our attention that certain rogue elements of the rabble known as *The Authors* have been complaining, nay to put it politely, bitching incessantly about certain of your policies. Mighty One, it is our sacred duty passed down from SW007 to root out these rogue elements and put them in their place. Among one of the solutions that was put forward was one of sending out HIT SQUADS to eliminate these rogue elements, but the initial feedback from the High Minions, SW69 and LITC, has been that they are opposed to such terminal measures. Although one of the MITEs, B_P, has expressed interest in sanctioning these measures and even training some members of the SQUAD in self-defense and assassination techniques.

Oh, Mighty One, another proposal has been to ban these cretins from entering *The Sacred Site*, and yet another to start charging them a fee for the corrections made to their pitiful works, yet another to find them and throw custard pies at them (might work out too expensive and they might start licking their chops), or throwing rotten tomatoes (will have to go to the vegetable market early each morning to get them). Yet another to list the number of mistakes and rejections with each story posted.

We are in the process of writing a lengthy document for your consideration, but since unfortunately we do not know how to write articulately, we have had to hire one of *The Authors* to help us write this wordy document. (The expense sheet is attached, could you please pay at your earliest—since, like you, we are always broke. Attached is

also our PayPal address if you want to reimburse via PayPal.)

Footnote:

It seems like everything has an expense involved in it, so might as well sit tight and do nothing!