



All [Bleeped] Up

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“That won’t fly.” “What won’t?” she asked. “From the third line on,” he replied, reading over her shoulder as she typed. “A story full of obscenities won’t ever win a writing contest.” Exasperated, she considered how to sanitize her micro-fiction entry, a gritty drama rife with blue language. Then inspiration struck, and she believed her ingenious editing would yield a surefire winner. “All the

profanity's been bleeped out. What do you think now?" "Makes it a [bleeped] up piece of [bleep], I'm sorry to say." "Oh, what the [bleep] do you know? You're a [bleeping] accountant!" ~ The [Bleeping] End ~ * * * © 2013 by M.P. Witwer • All rights reserved