

AT LUNCH WITH MY UNAUTHORIZED BIOGRAPHER

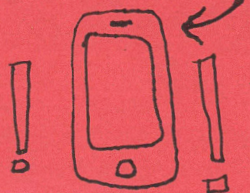


Dear diary.....


at the

START  
OF DAY  


I am on my



then, at the

END OF DAY  


....I...

am on... my...



OOPS!

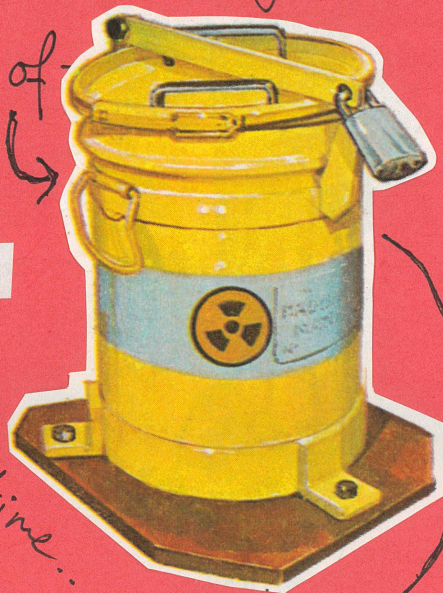


and I got a sick picture of them.  
So maybe it was worth it?

...



But... not only did  
my phone make my brain  
feel full of



"Crazy They Call Me"

and waste

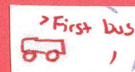
I MISS  
BOOKS

my time...

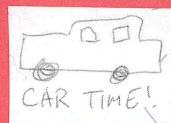
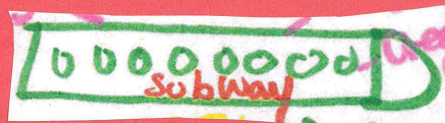
"Get Out,"

...it also took MY DATA.

It knew where I was



+ how I got there



OH  
DEAR!



IT'S MY  
UNAUTHORIZED  
BIOGRAPHER

it even knows  
that im buying gay clothes !

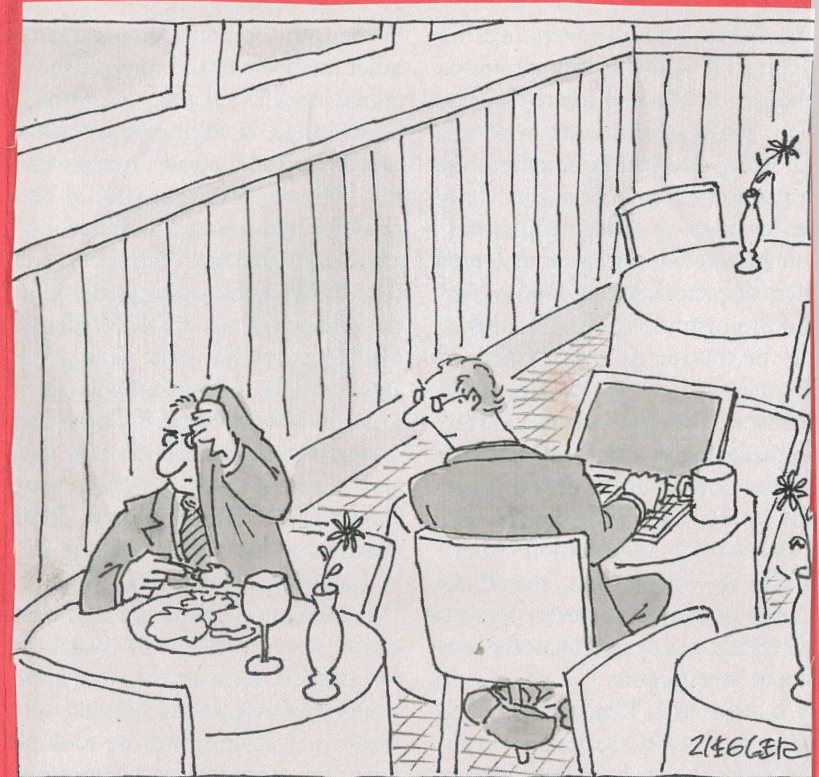
...  
obviously I'm sharing an IP address with my mum.

...  
That's how she finds my Christmas present.



THANKS FOR  
MY GAY HAT  
Mum!





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