

## The Shell Company and MyWumper

What I am about to write assumes other people also experience MyWumper to a certain extent or a functional subset. It explains why I think I felt certain things and I hope may not be considered paranoia.

There was a computer operator shift leader called Judy \*\*\*\*\* at Shell that liked to swear modulated on the rattle of the air conditioner things like “fuck operator out of order”. Sinful analysis of the operator promotions indicated that the aim was to get all “cum in” “dirt bags” screaming as loud as possible through the use of as much unfair discrimination as they thought they could get away with.

When I applied for work at Shell I had to sit an aptitude test in this “cum in” environment. I assume while doing this I “came” all \*\*\*\*\*’s sworn up “dirt bags” a simple rattle in the air conditioner. All physical parts of the “dirt bags” were undetectably deleted around my head. They gave me the job and probably believed that because I had “cum” all \*\*\*\*\*’s “dirt bags” they were in for a Shell wedding.

When I started work and finally met \*\*\*\*\* she was soon made to pay for her sin. I had not “cum” \*\*\*\*\* with a penis in the vagina but by wanking teeth up her bum. I had deleted her bum on my head and insisted on holding it above my heart.

Because I had “cum” \*\*\*\*\* she appeared attractive to me so I asked her to the cinema one weekend. She said she would get back to me on Friday but never did. Hence she was disqualified. To her I was a monumental pain in the bum and an inhibitor of bowel movement.

Two years later after management had done their best to get me to release \*\*\*\*\*’s bum I was promoted to Systems Programmer and still dogged by \*\*\*\*\* whom just happened to be posted over my partition. It was away from the screaming operations department that I first developed my relationship with The Poofterer. He respected my right to exist and eventually made it clear that a tongue up the bum is acceptable but a whole head is not. With the assistance of The Poofterer I soon began to feel as clever as I did when I was at University.

Soon I began to “cum” supervisor after supervisor. I would not be “not up” under a supervisor and as soon as I had “cum” all the “not upping” debilitation my supervisor was able to give and finally felt the release of being “up” again they would replace my supervisor and the process would start again. Apparently their aim was to keep my head under my heart beat for the sake of \*\*\*\*\*’s bum. They appeared not to be interested in my doing work.

Eventually no one in the data center was able to make me go “not up” and I was “up” and beginning to feel good again. It was then that they decided to delete me out of the data center by employing two contractors that did not have Shell “cum in” and having a meeting of all Shell employees in which I was singled out to be deleted “not up” with respect to everyone else. I did not realize that my “dirt bags” were not local to the data center but had penetrated the most highly “cum in” chambers of Head Office. At this meeting all these “dirt bags” were returned to me by the “cumming” of a particle. When I entered this meeting the leader stared at me and me only until the meeting started.

When the meeting was nearly over I saw a black square particle spin out of someone sitting at the back of the stage and go straight for my head. After the meeting everyone was given a brown square wallet to put next to their bum. What everyone else takes on the bum I was expected to take on the head.

Soon I was “not up” under the contractors and even “not up” to \*\*\*\*\*. It was then that The Poofterer allowed me to resign when he had previously forbidden it under the threat of making me “not in”.

### **MyWumper and the Real World**

When I am walking towards a man on an empty street I will notice him and when he is about 15 meters away I will hear in his natural voice the word “UP” issued as a command. When we pass and he walks away from me I will hear the words in his natural voice “NOT UP” as a command.

When I am walking towards a woman on an empty street I will notice her and when she is about 15 meters away I will hear nothing but she will appear attractive in some way. When we pass and she walks away from me I will hear the words in her natural voice “NOT UP” as a statement.

### **Post MyWumper in the Real World**

When I am un-medicated and no longer in chemical constraint I do hear MyWumper but The Poofterer is long gone. I do occasionally hear from women and children but not from men any longer.

I will approach a woman on an empty street and when we are about 5 meters apart she will say something like “Hello”. You may wonder how I can tell this from reality as it all works and is consistent behavior for anyone but after years of MyWumper I can detect the difference.

I tend to hear MyWumper more from mothers and children. For example I was walking towards a mother and daughter once and the child said in her natural voice, “I’m too happy” and the mother said in her natural voice, “That’s because I pay you too much”.

I am always aware what is MyWumper and what is actually spoken. MyWumper tends to come from their fundamental soul and always tells you something about how they actually are whether this be just mood or attitude.

Written       :-       For use in Dr. William Henry Orchard’s group therapy.

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P.S.          :-       No names have been changed to protect the guilty.