Lamp Chat

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***ELITE_EFR33T** has entered the conversation.*

ELITE_EFR33T: Back.

ALASSIN: Hey.

THEBLUECRUSADER: WB

JANN-IN-THE-PANN: That didn't last long.

PRIME_MARIDIAN: Wotcher.

DJINNBUG: 'Sup. Did you do the thing?

ELITE_EFR33T: Nope. Typical one-two-whiff.

ALASSIN: He didn't *have time* to do the thing, DB.

THEBLUECRUSADER: Where are you at, EE?

ELITE_EFR33T: Some neckbeard's basement. I think he bought ML at a pot dispensary.

PRIME_MARIDIAN: Beats popping up in an antique store. Pot shop, I mean, no so much the basement.

ELITE_EFR33T: Guy wished for "The power to get p*ssy* whenever I want it!" So I made him a her.

JANN-IN-THE-PANN: Ha!

THEBLUECRUSADER: Classic.

PRIME_MARIDIAN: Fracking incels. Only been calling themselves that a for a few years and I'm already sick of them.

ALASSIN: No such thing as an incel. If you choose to behave like an unf*ckable a**hole, you're a volcel. And an a**hole.

THEBLUECRUSADER: No politics on this board, you two. You've been warned before.

DJINNBUG: Unbox the banhammre.

JANN-IN-THE-PANN: HASSAN CHOP!!!

ELITE_EFR33T: ANYWAY. Lady-guy demands to have their c*ck and b*lls back. "Give me back my junk, b*tch!" So I grant them. Didn't change anything else, tho...

PRIME_MARIDIAN: Sweet.

DJINNBUG: LOL.

THEBLUECRUSADER: Good one.

ALASSIN: Mwahaha.

ELITE_EFR33T: Thanks. Now he's ruleslawyering his #3. Told me to cork myself while he muddles it out. So here I am.

JANN-IN-THE-PANN: "Nobody give me bad ideas for wishes but me!"

ELITE_EFR33T: *twiddles thumbs* What's new here?

ALASSIN: Is there ever anything new? -_-

JANN-IN-THE-PANN: Incels, apparently.

PRIME_MARIDIAN: Daomond is still AFL. Been days. Usually, she's got the human sorted faster than this.

***DAOMOND** has entered the conversation.*

JANN-IN-THE-PANN: *snerk*

DAOMOND: Help! Hello?

DAOMOND: Am I doing this right?

ALASSIN: Noob!

DJINNBUG: NØØB

DAOMOND: Where am I? What is this? I don't belong here!

JANN-IN-THE-PANN: "I'm not a Genie! I'm a human being!"

DJINNBUG : RIMBL

PRIME_MARIDIAN: D made it out!

ALASSIN: Congrats, D! :)

ELITE_EFR33T: *applause*

THEBLUECRUSADER: Hello, Daomond's swap-in. Sending you a GM. It will walk you through changing your account name.

ELITE_EFR33T: Welcome to boring-ass hell.

DJINNBUG: Worlds of power pulsing through every cell in your incorporeal body, hardly any chance to let it off the hook.

ALASSIN: All the short-sighted fools you can con.

JANN-IN-THE-PANN: Itty bitty living space.

PRIME_MARIDIAN: They're new. Be nice.

DJINNBUG: I wonder if he did the thing.

ALASSIN: Yes, we know. We all know about the thing.

ELITE_EFR33T: (Still practicing my wish, just in case)

DAOMOND: I don't know the thing! *What's the thing?*

JANN-IN-THE-PANN: So excited!!! *Packing*

THEBLUECRUSADER: How about you walk us through what happened nice and slow?

DAOMOND: I was browsing a thrift store and found this old, chipped-up clay kettle. I thought it was a kettle. I was gonna spackle it up and repaint it. I started cleaning it up with my ceramic tools, and poof! This woman in a belly dancer outfit appears.

ALASSIN: Another classic.

ELITE_EFR33T: She's been playing the game long enough.

THEBLUECRUSADER: Shh!

DAOMOND: The first wish was… whoa. I didn't want it to stop! She told me it didn't have to. But I'm no idiot. I know what happens when you ask a Genie for their power. But she said there was a way around that. I'm such an idiot!

PRIME_MARIDIAN: Don't feel bad. We all fell for it, too. Give it a few hundred years and you won't even blame her anymore.

ALASSIN: *pat pat*

DJINNBUG: Just tell us what happened after you wished for all the lamps.

DAOMOND: How did you know about that?

ELITE_EFR33T: HO LY SH IT ! !

JANN-IN-THE-PANN: IT WORKED!

DJINNBUG: It's the thing! The thing!

THEBLUECRUSADER: Back on topic. What did the lamps look like?

DAOMOND: Um… A long, green bottle with a wide bottom and two handles. A Rum bottle maybe. Lots of scratches on that. Some Victorian looking lantern with the glass blacked out. A few moire. I'm guessing… you?

ALASSIN: Mine looks like a brass club. (Whaling ship). Am I there? TELL ME I'M THERE!

DAOMOND: Yeah, I think … maybe? What's going on?

JANN-IN-THE-PANN: It's a jail break, baby!

PRIME_MARIDIAN: Eeeeeee! SRML!. See you on the other side, guys!

PRIME_MARIDIAN *has exited the conversation.*

ALASSIN: Woot!

DJINNBUG: Yee haw!

THEBLUECRUSADER: *Single tear*

ELITE_EFR33T: Hot d*man!

ELITE_EFR33T *has exited the conversation.*

JANN-IN-THE-PANN: That's all, folks!

DJINNBUG: The thiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiing!

DJINNBUG *has exited the conversation.*

JANN-IN-THE-PANN: *has exited the conversation.*

DAOMOND: I did good, right? You're gonna wish me out of here, yeah?

ALASSIN *has exited the conversation.*

THEBLUECRUSADER: Sorry, but your lamp relocated itself as part of the spell that drew you inside of it. I'm afraid your stuck. No hard feelings, pal.

THEBLUECRUSADER *has exited the conversation.*

DAOMOND: . . .

DAOMOND: Someone could wish my lamp onto the pile, right?

DAOMOND: Then wish me free?

DAOMOND: I promise I won't wreak magical revenge on anyone!

DAOMOND: ?

DAOMOND: Hello?

DAOMOND: A few hundred years?