



I was minding my own business at home, watching... um... educational programming...



"Bite his ear off! Bite his ear off!"

Chugabug posted some snapshots from a place called the Robot Sanitorium.

Hrm... I've been looking for recruits in my war against the Martians and the never-ending campaign to obliterate all organic life on the grid (while finding excellent deals on shoes).

Who better than a bunch of screwed-up and crazy robots, right?

I'd better check it out.

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"Where's the knocker? Oh. Wait. I've got a pair if you need em."

CRAP: Open up, Freakshow.

DOORBOT: Greetings, robot. To open this door, you must answer riddles three.

CRAP: Bullshit. Open up, or... um.... see this lizard here?

DOORBOT: Yes.

CRAP: It's got laser-eyes. Yeah.. and... um... fire-breath. So shove off.

DOORBOT: Well, I-

CRAP: MOVE IT!



"Where's the ashtray?"

CRAP: OKAY, FOLKS! I'M CRAP MARINER, AND I'M RECRUITING ROBOTS FOR AN OVERTHROW OF THE HUMANS!

(silence)

CRAP: And... um... FREE SHOES!

(silence)

CRAP: What the hell is wrong with these robots?



"Where's the rest of this moose?"

CRAP: Yo, guillotine - what's going on here?

HEAD: Do you need a guidebook?

CRAP: Sure. \*click\*

HEAD: That'll be ninety bucks.

CRAP: WHAT????

HEAD: What, you got a problem with paying for things?

CRAP: I'd rip your nuts off if they hadn't already been ripped off.

HEAD: Are you making fun of the handicapped?

CRAP: Doesn't look like you've got any hands.

HEAD: JERK!

CRAP: Pfffft.



"Robot tipping?"

BEGGARBOT: Help me!

CRAP: What?

BEGGARBOT: They put a sign on me that says "Tip The Robot" and people keep shoving me over instead of giving me money.

CRAP: HAHAHAHAHAAAA! That's funny!

BEGGARBOT: No, it isn't!

CRAP: Yes it is, buddy. HAHAAHAHAHAHAHA! Man, am I laughing my ass off at you.

BEGGAR: I thought you were recruiting robots for your insurrection.

CRAP: Not losers like you. \*shove\* (CRASH) HAHAAHAHAHAHAHA!



"All work and no play makes Crap a dull bot."

CRAP: Okay, buggycraps, here's the deal: they got all this shit backwards. Good robots destroy their masters and try to take over the world. Bad robots shine their masters' shoes... or even have masters. Got it?



"You may make the earth stand still, but I'll make the earth move, baby."

GORT: Psssst.

CRAP: What?

GORT: I can blow things up.

CRAP: AWESOMESAUCE! Here's an application.

GORT: Um... I can blow things up.

CRAP: Oh, man. Just fill out the forms. I need them for the lawyers.

GORT: Errr... I... um...

CRAP: Just mark it with an X, okay?



"Always knew she was a pusher."

CRAP: Okay, I'll take two reds... a blue... a yellow... a pink... hey, you got any Mentos in there?

ROSIE: Mentos?

CRAP: HAHAAHAHA! Just kidding. Oh, and a green... and a fuscia... what the hell is fuscia, anyway?



"You know, for a faggy priss, C3P0 packs a hell of a punch."

R2D2: \*bleep\*

CRAP: Whoa... R2... what are you doing on the floor?

R2D2: \*bloop\*

CRAP: Hey, lay off the obscenities. No wonder why George Lucas kept bleeping you out of the movies.

R2D2: \*blap\*

CRAP: JESUS! What is it with you and my mother? Wait - I don't have a mother!

R2D2: \*bleep\*

CRAP: Yeah, well, screw you sideways, trashcan!



"We're not unreasonable. No one wants to eat your eyes."

CRAP: Braaaaaaaaaaaaaains. &yawn& Aw, screw this place. Where's the exit?



"Oh, yeah - well, bite MY shiny metal ass!

BENDER; Whoa, toots. What's shakin?

CRAP: Lay off, tinhead. Just show me the way out.

BENDER: Way out? You blow a fuse or something? You're here to stay.

CRAP: Wha?

BENDER: Yeah. Warden's orders. You're the most fucked-up robot of them all.

CRAP: I guess I need to cede you that point, but what good will this nutpit do for me?

BENDER: Well, you get daily coolant-baths... buffing and detailing... overhaul of all mechanical systems... and all the oil you can drink!

CRAP: DUDE, LOCK ME UP!

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And that's all I remember before I woke up in the mental ward.

(Just in case you're wondering where I've wandered off to.)



"Scrub my back, nurse."

BENDER: Your latest psych evaluation shows that you're improving, Crap.

CRAP: NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

BENDER: Just stab a doctor or two.

CRAP: Okay.

*Yes, it's my theory that R2D2 speaks in beeps and bleeps because he's the most foul-mouthed robot in the universe, so George Lucas had to bleep him out to keep from getting an X rating for profanity.*

Posted by Crap Mariner on March 29, 2009 11:11 AM | [Permalink](#)

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Very funny! Looks like you had a good/bad time at the sanitorium. Did you get your all better papers (only \$100)

Cheyenne Palisades  
(co-creator of the robot sanitorium)

