

## A Beastly World

O Pearl, this goes out to you babe. I saved my last ravings for thou. Be okea--pleased in the donation. Oh, the perils in bringing this!

Campadres, the identity of a projected vision of character cannot be certain.

The pieces begin their dangles beneath the glittery lamp. A lit light sheds some light upon the situation. Yes, the illusions are vivid, this time.

Vivid and obvious. Just be prepared to Dodge!dodgedodge...

I am dancing to the Clown Song at last. Such a vivid voice-without-voice from the past. I see it passing away now...

Lost in it...

sinking...

Ah, ahem, let me catch my breath.

The toaster be in the over in the heaven in the oven heaven. Singing be the silver bells dangling from the silver toaster walls. Hiding in the oven... Easily, I find it there. Retrieved, the stolen item.

I'll take that off the ol' checklist.

X #@\*\*\*find oven hidden in toaster X

'Tis done. Grand, man. Gram, man. Gram Cereal.

A gram for you, a gram for me, free free free. Yes, a gram for free! For free.

The sing-song hypnotists have me in their grasps. I shan't try resisting just yet.

Ride the wave, man... You just gotta ride the wave.

It is raining outside. Perplexing. Why rain now, of all days? Why not? We've been having an awful lot of rain lately. Hmm...

Hmm... I wonder what is going on.

Hmm... I'm confused.

Hmm... Hey...

Hey! Hey! Hmm... Hey!

HEEEY! HEYHEEEY!

The man in the music is talking pizza delivery. What dramatic delivery music. What is really being delivered here?

Ahh... the dark tides are surging now. I've rowed these seas before. I've rode these waves before.

Dee dum down dee dumOBNOXIOUS SCREAMING!!

What obnoxiousness indeed.

Jelly is quite delicious, my friends. AHH!!

Dancing today, wasn't dancing yesterday, dancing to-day to the ghost. With the ghost. The ghost of the old habit never-a-habit in me. The anti-addiction so tasty.

The Clown Song on again. It is a trigger for something. What hypnotic waves are being sent through the music? Goodness.

In space, no man can eat ice cream.

The rhythm jiving is jiving just fine.

It hasn't filled my head yet. They haven't filled my head yet. I can feel my head preparing to vacuum up the dark energies.

YOu know what, Suzie? I've had enough of your shenanigans. Poof, gone!

You yo ho okay? Behave righteously before the public and before the door into outside. We could listen to the Minute Fin. Oh, is that who that is? Yeah, ma'am, it is.

Floating, squishing inside, hiding within the squishy outside, the poetic vibes licking my spine. So serious, so real, sogood. All good. It's all good, baby.

Don't look down, man. Don't look down, man. Avoid the downers, man. Stay up late with us because you're a big boy(girl/fembot/hermaphrodite) now. Just make the exception to accept it. Don't pitch a fit over an unlit match. Light that match and your stash is history, I deceive thee not. Trot by my side through the thick for the ride, we've tried and made this route before. We've run this tour before. We've heard this lore before. We know the score. Shit yeah man, we know the score.

Spooky mysteries is happening. I just snap my fingers and trap a menace because Denis has always been on/by my side. They tried to take him out and he triumphed without a doubt. They was hunting sharks when they thought it was trout.

A little bit crazy, crazy cat. Trembling, the trembling fingers signal the arrival. DXM has stepped through to perform. Please lock the windows of your dormitories, folks. Thanks and have a nice day.  
Have a nice day every day.  
Tralalala... LAAAAH!!  
Gone fishin'. I've gone fishin'.

Wait,

Giggling the robot giggle. Hehehehehehe...  
The black hole sucks and fades. We didn't get sucked too close. Just close enough. A taste of the emptiness. Now a taste of deeper understanding than initial and thereafter perception. And damn, ain't that catch? Catchy and fast. At last a blast from my past worth riding. Later, I'll be going driving.  
Trying to show you my true behind the wheel. Is it real? Is it real? Who knows!?  
Scary, spooky shit going down in Hanover.  
Guard your pockets, guard your throats from the pirate's knife!  
Blarhblarhblarh, I'd probably hear him say something as. dadada.  
GAH!

I'm driving on the highway down through the suburbs and the far fields of the imagination. I'm looking for some kind of new sensation. The sensation is guilt. Hey, you bastard! I didn't need that one!  
Echoing through the blockade is the quick beat mischief. A rift has been torn between tribes.  
Whoever jives, whom him may be? I'm asking you, partner.

And I hear them, one of the world's most talented bands.  
Strands of hair are whisked away by the wind.  
Pride,  
The man singing is justifying his pride with his bridle, voice. Voice has conquered sailors from every port. None can resist Voice, properly applied.  
Flickering flickering tick-tick-ticketing away.  
I'm getting away with my head-of-self.  
The journey has commenced full throttle, my friend. Prepare thyself for the zoom,  
VROOOM!

Boom! And we're off. Have a fun time? We will indeed.  
Watch out for the stretch marks. The page is bent there. (actually is bent there).  
Things is really hopping things really jumping Oh shit this shit again? Yeah, earn a living, baby.  
The head is a cloud levitating above the neck. There is a twisted assortment of organs,  
aND INtervention. Headshake. And we sing the wibbly wobbly song. Righteous.  
Waiting around town for some action to go down. Want to down some action myself. Hey, long as it's not the elf, right?  
Writing the trite notes. And the just notes/ Juxtaposed. It happens, ladies, gals, girls. See you around town."

I am expected to make a clever exit but the ghosts aim to stop me. My skin shreds within a blender of heat heat...

Guns? It's hot inside!

I relax. Ah... Tremblin' leaves...  
Trembling world, the trembling, insecure world requests my help. I give in. This is as much my world as theirs or real world...

Everything is still shaking. So calm yet so nervous-looking. None of the residents are pitching a bitchfest. This is rare good news. It occurs because Why?

Give me something. Please, give me something. Don't just take me under the knife! That single stake knife going to do the trick?

Free in the jitterbug truncate. I am a robot I'm prepared for that. I am transecting the dissected message. You think this is much? No such luck, broadsword. I'm→ bored of this game.

Singin' a song, dancing in a thong, smoking like Chichi and Bongo.

He hit the sword for India's reward for the tour de farce. I ddn/t know I've got it, the item, in my hand, fragile as irtbis.

Touch such a loving embrace as this wish fished for by gofers. They are easier to handle than I at first imagined.

Yeahm just that I'm pickingb this up should tell you I'm serious about the roads. There are tracks and there are roads. They wpork together. Warning, there is a danger mixing these two together. Getting out of this fast food section to taste the delicious existentialist magnanimity.

I knew that night the tomfoolery mustn't fail completely. Who can easily resist tem foolery?

And the morning after came. And I would never again be quite the same. Because I learned to ride and take aim. Wasn't gonna risk it all for some crazy dame. Wouldn't put nothing like that down on my name. Unless it was (righteous?), then you'd be tight with us.

Wouldn't have to fight with us, you could show off your might with us, you would know you is right with us, now come on light this dynamite with us.

Us, we, the buzzing other bee hive, me alone, the echoes bouncing through the liquids of my fishbowl head. Us as in I, a single identity not entirely singular.

This is the fried liver served in boiling grape juice after trip speedway experience. I'm saying hi to those of you whom ain't met me yet. Listening to some thrill while simultaneously chill. Billy the Kid was shooting down cowboys inside the grid when the light of Ominous obscured the ridiculous show in static snow. Thought he couldn't go no toe to toe with Billy, the cowboys tossed their toys and booked. Thirty seconds of this show and I was hooked. Yeah, that's all it took before it took. Shook my world one last time before the Big Quake.

The quake that shook me awake and tried to take the cake I baked.

Everything was cake after the quake. Learned I could be happy without the crappy stuck to life. Learned I could avoid so much strife merely by seeing and expanding. Learned there would be no limits to the preshow preceding the big landing, death. And what would come after such a swarming horde of natural disaster? Something much faster, stronger, smarter, and heartier too. A truly new hero pleased enough and tough enough to look beyond and through the blue and country, to look beyond to the true.

True, not necessarily new but possibly so. Though I'd rather matter more than such blabber, within the blabber I invest so much. There's a touch of the gambler there. Fairing well so far. Wouldn't want to mar my chances now with a slip. Still, I'm eager to trip. Into the truth.

The clumsy sleuth, Am I

What was waiting behind every door? "Make sure to close the doors." No, "Make sure all the doors are closed." Wouldn't want anything jumping at us from the other side. Wouldn't want the devouring beasts invading from across the veil, piercing the veil to wage war on the human race. Disgraceful, the tasteless race hate festering within the belly of the beast as hunger.

Thirst? Thirsty for blood? Thirsty for rust and dust, all kinds of empty dust sucked into the wind, all kinds of nasty rust leaking into our water supply. Our pipes are old and need to be replaced.

I realized the size of the thing when I took two steps back. When I took back a step, I was once more overwhelmed by the size of the thing. Taking three steps backwards, a sensation of safety rushed over me.

Yesterday's trees smoked up the withered liver with alcohol. Lungs of iron tried the test to best perform under implement conditions. No minions conducted the system reset. It was a spontaneous happening, like the flame.

The Illuminati flame burning brightly forevermore.

Unless extinguished by the camel piss.

Or the pure waters from the deep end of the far island streams where Jim Jimbim plays his pipes underneath the waterfall.

The notes emanating from those pipes could tame a bull into testicular keepsake. There would no longer be a need for the cruel removal.

Sausages flop mischievously beneath the rising sun. They are fat wads of red meat shriveling. The sausages are like the bacon beach people never willing to surrender a tan.

There is nothing but stutters to the ravings of the untagged West Nile shaman. Even the shake and bake jitterbugs bring only foolhardy phrases or trivial revelation.

The site of the third eye may be cerebral, certainly not a Babel cling-on, the sights from the third eye. There is vision to the visions but no seeing save through the illusions.

Neil got his third eye when he lost his first two. Are you willing to sacrifice as much? Trust thy heart. Trust the clinging whims no farther than further. Bother not to trot with other bother unless brothers are in need.

Got to swing free fall into.

Swung, I have.

Dancing.

the favorite cd regenerates. The favorite song plays.

the other is stuck in the player.

I feel like action. I want satisfaction. No, more than that. More than what I have. More than the knowledge accumulated, the clarity obtained, the obscurity obtained, the dreams generated, the dreams... Let me tell you a story.

Late one night, I pulled my blazer up next to a Wal-Mart curb. A truck pulled in front of me and backed up over my blazer so that it was a mere black metal mush stuck to the pavement. I said, "Hey man, what the fuck you doing to my blazer?"

Man looked at me and he said, "What blazer?" Indeed, there was no more any blazer of which to speak.

I walked into Wal-Mart and was accused of a murder.

"Who's murder? Whom did I kill?" When I asked the accusing Wal-Mart employee, she responded not. She only pointed and shouted.

Security was moving in. The guards were ready to rush. I had to run. Through the circle closing, I had to run.

I rushed the autolocking doors and glass rained down behind. Suddenly, I was a man on the road without a blazer. Then I was a man in the woods without a blazer. I knew wilderness well enough to run the streams, to run fast enough, to make my escape.

No more could I stay anywhere for long. The law had its fingers in every American pie and Canada was far from my reach. They'd get me if I went for Canada. I knew this.

The episode ended when I found the Wal-Mart employee within her home within the arms of the man with the truck. Looking in through the window, *damn them*, I thought. I thought other violent thoughts. My surface thoughts became my deep thoughts. I rushed the window and glass rained down behind.

A dream made into a story. I dreamed too much last night. I cannot remember the details. I've filled in the blanks with fiction. The message may already have been erased. Certainly, it's mutated above.

The ghosts keep coming. I don't know how to get rid of them. I don't know that I'd want to be rid of them. Once one accustoms oneself to a particular company, that company grows on thee. The ghosts are like a desperate tree moss. What am I giving them? What are they taking from me? How, if at all, am I benefiting?

They aren't what I want. What I want... I had a corner-eye vision whilst glaring into a computer screen.

Muscles twitch beneath the lightly tanned flesh. Legs twist beneath a rising Catholic skirt. Catholic sexy, an unintentional tease cruelly killing the attention of a laboring artist. What fuel! A string to cut? Not ready to resort to that old ritual. Things could blossom, there is the slightest possibility more time than the few minutes before the show will pull in the necessary elements, if indeed there are any, and a true modern romance might occur. A romance sparked initially by lust. What of it? The thing is I'm clinging again to a slightest chance, probably because it is a slightest chance.

Yes, what I want right now is her presence, and she knows it.

The ghosts. I don't want the ghosts. I've admitted it. Those I can cut.

*Snap.* It's done.

And I don't want Catholic either anymore.

*Snap.* It's done.

Sometimes, I think of Pearl and I know I have \_\_\_----\_\_\_ body has a brain. I am ----- but I cannot say it because I have said it. There is this profound sadness in me beca

I need another. Cannot handle it all alone. I confess, I am too weak to fight the good fight forever by myself. There is a wealth of information within which to delve for answers... Right now, I'm only

looking for the answer to the age-old question, *How do I get her?* I do not know. I do not desire to desire.

The trip is out. No more drugs. Had ever tripped into it?

There was this initial suspicion aroused via seductive hug...

**BUT THE MUSHROOM CLARITY! IT'S FUCKING AMAZING, MAN! HOLY SHIT!**

And DXM. She's all right. Not great, but all right. My body is fine and my mind is open. But DXM has hurt me before. Sometimes, I want to scream at her, "Give me back my memories you cunt!" Usually, with me, she doesn't take too many memories. Oh, but when she does...

I cried the tears of the rebellious virgin sacrifice. It was because I saw her sinking and leaking away. To destroy a lizard prince was a notion not quite dismissed out of hand.

There are conspiracies. There is good music out there. Just be prepared to dodge my offer.

Jimmy the coke dealer said, "@(\*)9++\_\_\_\_...)"

It's strange, the things people ask you when you step into their alley. I've been trying to devise a way of circumspectly treating devising.

Okay, here's what I'm going to do.

I'm going to get money, lots of money.

Money, a resource for research. Research into me and everything. I can't grasp the cosmic all without letting go... Then I flow.

I flow into the stream. A rock falls into the tranquil waters. A new rock is thrown every thirty seconds.

The Televisionary Oracle asked me what I really wanted and I was proud. I was proud of what I wanted, of what I was willing to do to get it. I just sat back for a while and thought about the possibilities.

I am indeed in love with a voice. Can't help it. She's got me in her grasp.

Maybe she'll free us from the whips. Maybe she'll pass us a few free tips.

The wisdom is so overflowing it's leaking and you can't even touch it,

Sinking into the desert sand

Burned by the Sun God's cigar

And chilled by the Moon Goddess's cold song.

There was a way to unlock all the wisdom. He was certain! Truth. Yes, certainly there were truths. Yes?... Don't be so sure.

Ever.

However, there are blocks. The barriers were created by the secret societies. And the barriers were created by us.

Don't complain. That's lame. Do something about it. I have, I think. Interpret that one as you will.

"I think, therefore, I am."

Man, when I get my system going the right way, I think, "Now is the time." It never really is. There is nothing new to do. There is stuck. Stickiness prevents further exploitation of goods.

This time, afterwards, I'll remember.

Remember this, KB-It is a phone call, it is communication. Something other than. Pizza, perhaps?

What woman doesn't enjoy a good pizza? I might be willing to stake everything on anchovies.

Anchovies are delicious. Sharing in anchovies, what a radical idea. But the fish are good, remember. Good symbols, good food. Fear not the dead, stinking, salty pizza fish.

Did it really happen? Was it all just he-said, she-said? Suddenly so many questions arise concerning my anarchist religion. Is it a religion? I believe so, and that is faith isn't it?

Questions bubbling up. Well, I'm willing to explore both the dark and the clear of the waters.

Whatever it takes, I intend on tracing these bubbles to the source.

I walk into a convenience store. I stare across the counter and say, "Hey man, did you know they had a cure for cancer?"

"Really?" he asks. "If that's true, holy shit, man!"

"Yeah," I say. "I'll even give you the formula at the low-low price of one Butterfinger bar."

"That's cool man," says he.

"It's burdock root, sheep sorrel, turkey rhubarb root, and slippery elm bark. That's 6 & 1/2 cups cut, 16 ounces powder, 1 ounce powder, and 4 ounces powder.

"Thanks for the candy bar," I say on my way out the door. I step and ponder the deliciousness of the consumed crunchy.

It is a nice, clear night. Something is going down and I'm not sure what. Strange sightings, the blood rain, and earlier tonight I witnessed what resembled either a large, high, fat jet trail or an extremely powerful beam of light moving across the sky. A friend suggested the thing might be scanning the sky for purposes of weather control.

I walked inside for a few minutes. When once more I walked outside, the anomaly had faded.

I've the book on the Unexplained in my back seat. No, now it's on the table. I and another examine the contents. The chapter on the reptilians is quickly skipped over. How strange, a Floridian avoiding the lizards. I'll summon up the courage, one day, to ask, "Are you a lizard man?"

"Am I a lizard man?"

"Yeah, man... Are you a lizard, man?"

### Lucky Strikes Banners

I'm walking the beautiful cobblestone jig. Jive turkeys after the mustard man, they just can't catch up. My swirv conquers their swirls. My curve conquers their curls. Right curve, high left, left hook, run, run, run...

Yeah, the turkeys are chasing. Don't they know that's what they are? Turkeys chasing the hunter, chasing the Shotgun Man? Shouts the Shotgun, "Blam! Blam..." Flames pierce the void of the Other World and souls sizzle icy-hot. Souls frozen stiff, then slowly, torturously chiseled free of past sin. Sin as in pain, the pain and suffering willingly inflicted upon others, multiplied thousands of times then surging momentarily through the burning turkeys... Momentarily only, because one blast won't burn long.

Blam! Blam! Blam!

Why had the mysterious creatures given chase? Well, they regret it now, writhing, rolling across the cobblestones, feathers dusting up the air.

Reflections on a period of growth flourishing within the confines of the free forming. Free formings, and it had been nearly pure at first. And every new generation eventually looks back and says, "Remember those good old days?"

The Inn, old, slowly crumbling into an overcrowded ghetto of low standards. I remember it still as glorious, shimmering upon the mountaintop of thrills awaiting all daring enough to climb... Oh, the climb! If only I'd made it to the top.

But I did, in the end, in another and other places... Mostly, outside the establishments themselves. For, however "free form" they claimed to be, they were always just small-scale establishments. Little communities generally generate more freedom. I clung and cling to that principle with a squirming, tightly grasped, fleeing faith.

And this is all happening on the Internet, of course. Still, "free form" is freer if "freer" should be a word.

Networking skills came into play upon playing the game. Long ago, there were dozens of clans and guilds waging war against each other. Later, there were just guys, friends, pals, families. As in life, to this day, people only occasionally conscious of their own selfish intentions use one another to get ahead.

Mafia, Illuminati, Skull and Bones, the Reptilian Agenda, Contra, United Nations, Man in the Mountain, Hashish Concoctions, the Virginia Connection. Oil, Foreign Interest, President Bush, President Clinton, the Liberals vs. the Conservatives, the political coin painstakingly kept flipping.

It was a generally sought-after utopian ideal that "ic" should not interfere with "ooc", ad visa versa. Sadly, this was a thing that could never be truly realized, hard as everyone tried. Real life so often bleeds into the games we play. Think back to certain poker game discussions. And characters are in many ways

projections, projections of character dealing with projections of character. Naturally, real-life state of mind bleeds into the actor's craft.

Despite its flaws, the game emits a powerful attraction. It is fun, it is an outlet, it is a different kind of writing. It promotes creative growth and new avenues of creative thought. Things never possible with books are possible with the high interactivity of Free Form. And that is why I try now to find a new groove within the community...

I may be soon capable enough to reel in a few fans. Are you reading this, fans? This is how my sick, devious little mind works. I'm going to reel you all in by insulting you, then I'm going to suck out your brains. I'll use my newfound popularity amongst brainless minions to become an established literary figure and get really big with the Cult Scene. Yes, the majestic Cult Scene.

Seen where? Over there. No, a hair. A bear? Where? Really? Truly, I dutifully report with accuracy.

The howl of the lupine beast pierces the jazzy tranquility of magic cricket music. It is a screech through the center, resembling a crack across canvas.

*Bhaghdarvi Nihilish*~~~ *Life is painted over. Once you peel back the colors, you find such a wellspring of things beyond the colors, including a limitlessness inherent within the New Spectrum. Some see only darkness, some see only light. Others see gray. Darkness is the illusions and falsities used to blanket the truth, light is the full spectrum. Sometimes, red oysters bury themselves beneath black sand.*

I don't know the purpose to the reportedly disconnected musings sprinkled through the pages of the *Bhaghdarvi Nihilish*. It is a strange text, certainly. Particularly curious are the recorded remnants of otherwise unknown ancient arts, such as the Niyravvi "lightwheel dancer sketches". The authenticity of the arts is far from proven, but strongly suggested by the character of the text and by their striking uniqueness and spiritual quality.

Balls of lightning gather around my hand. The potent electric energies sizzle free of my fingertips and spark outwards. Electrocutted air wafts.

The beast stands before me. Sparks bolt and shoot and prod and stab and whip.

The beast recoils in pain. His howl pains mine own ears.

His sad howl pains mine own cold ears.

It had to be done, man. The beast was attempting ascension. Such could not be allowed to occur.

Like whips are the very forces of the thunderclouds harnessed. Such had not been since the weather titans of the jungle depths, 4,000 years ago.

I step out onto the balcony. A mild rain is falling. Not the blood rain, thankfully. The moon is shining. Mars is a blue dot shining nearby. I'm going to bring out the telescope.

Initially, there is a problem, a miscalculation. A wrong insertion, perhaps. What is a wrongly inserted telescope? Too wide!

Too wide, mine telescope, designed to scope out the rare and hidden beauties of the sky. Usually, I find them in the night sky. Tonight Mars wins my admiration. He won't be this close again for quite some time.

An explanation of an obstruction is rejected on grounds of apparent evidence rather than the reliability of the source. Though the explanation later proves accurate, the rejection still feels justified.

You know what, motherfuckers? John Cale was every bit as great as any of them. That man could fuck the shit out of any instrument or audience. Yes, though they've somewhat vaguely tried to conceal this exploding star, hence eternally his radiance shines.

I'm one poor motherfucker without the Internet, so I only have three John Cale albums. Each one of those albums ranks amongst my favorite pieces of music to listen to. I admit, it took me a while to understand one of them... I got it in the end and it hooked me forevermore.

Okay, here's the thing. Some people is too slow or too closed to appreciate the mastery of the dancing fingers. My advice to such people is, ... Pay close attention. Or maybe, ... GET SOME GOOD DRUGS MAN! Hi five!

Be careful, yea potential coke fiends. Test the acid waters first.

Perhaps SPEED INJECTIONS...

Nope, gimme some acid. That tab and own mower tab... Hwa-hwa-hwwwaay, iza andtithing  
`appenstancing?

Nay, nothing. I'm just high.

Contemplated. Seriously considered. Saying good-bye now, to the dogs and the computer.

Arf.

Sa viette.

The Soviets had been infiltrated on many unexpected fronts, as had the Germans. What was most astonishing was the Lamb Exhibit. It was an Exhibit to an Executed Lamb. That's what it said on the plaque on the door.

One theory suggested directs attention towards the notion of infiltration on every front. Cornspirartiorittrrrrtstts.... Tr..... MInd.... Locked..... Nope, I'm fully functional. What I was saying, heh, is this man: True Conspiracies are much more common and widespread than most of us imagine. FOLLOW, I say follow carefully the threads. Take it Sherlock Holmes if you have to.

"Hey, man," the local fellas used ta say, "Wake Up. Trance it backways before the sidestep. Don't alarmed thine armed armored person be." I reply, "Delicious puddings to the lot of yo."

.,to be,

.....  
music,

floating,

strangled,

wrangled backways,

betrays the ray's error,

Eros pushing for a hearing,

He was hiding behind her earring,

What truth this statement brings

like a telephone ringing,

Cling-Clanging,

Slam dancing,

Wam banging,

Overflowing,

Down rowing,

Where are we going?

Into the

Depths of the

New Depths,

Step right up,

Strut, you slut,

We're gonna cut you

"Boo," says the crowd,

So rowdy,

Slightly pouty

And as of this morning Grouchy,

Touchy, huss-hussy, musty

house, We're

not li

ving in

a mus

ty ho

use

any

more.



It was a climb to the top that had to stop before the body drop. It was a word and a terd in the playing field of life designed to strife you, trifle then trample you, put a damper on your midnight caper, you've black tapped-taped her and now you're trying to date rape her and reappear when the coast is clear.

Beware the alligator and his rough skin whore.

Still,

the restaurant

was

the restaurant

When them tresses and them dresses floated your way

You knew it was okay to say

Yay to the pussy,

Sexual freedom to all,

And to me mine own choice.

How can these things intermingle?

But you'

ve got your choices to make,

man, I'm not

chewing you out,

Although, without a doubt, if I wanted to, I could drop you. Watch me row through this flow slow →ly.

You'll see. There's a reason to be free as me,

Free as the wind,

Free of sin, one way or another

Or is it just another

Conspiracy?

Seek deeply,

Stray now from the beaten path,

For the trodden grounds of them woods have nothing new to offer you.

In other words, I'm an

Out of the blue and

a Jew.

That's how I

knew this shit,

What? Act

ually, no, I'm

focusing on blood like

they do when

my crew

is no crew.

One heart beating free of the pack

Recklessly, I run the

solitary attack in the hopes that

somewhere out there there's a friend who's got my back

That, and that the fat beasts crawl slowly enough to allow for a sweeping smooching under the cushion

Seek. Tree, is not the tree pretty? Is not the tree your true desire?

Oh, so many trees burning. It ain't hurting the rainforest this time...

Slurp burble. Hurkle. Purple murple. Burp. slurble. Gurkle. Maple. April. May. Say, isn't somewhere summer there? Tarry forth and carry with thee this message: Watch out for red tresses and short dresses.

They'll bring you trouble. Maybe you'll be going for it anyway.

After

So long?

Will you sing a song

At the end of the day

When it's time to say

Yay or nay?

Or will you split from my crew yet spliff me on through? A true druid, to the end? a Friend of the forests?  
What about the tourists?  
Will let them in on the recipe?  
When we see how they can take it because most people, even after they try to fake it to rake it in, have a fit  
when they find out that it is leprosy.  
Desperately,  
I beseech thee:  
Play my game,  
Only for a little while  
Don't be lame,  
I can make you smile  
So if I dial that number I'll wonder,  
Why have I waited so long?  
Have I waited long?  
Has something gone wrong?  
It's the tip of the prong,  
I feel it stabbing,  
jab-jabbing,  
Meanwhile, rag-  
tagging it,  
Dragging it through the snow and  
Go-ing s l o w  
Before the toe-to-toe  
With the Big Rig  
kid, He's his  
story will be told!  
He's his  
story will be told  
He's bold,  
He's gold  
"I heard he stole that shit"  
"So long as he can take a hit and roll with it"  
Ouch,  
bit again,  
the Mosquitoes are seeking you my friend,  
You had better send for the  
CANCEROUS BUG SPRAY!  
AHH!!!  
Hehehe.... pishposh  
Well gosh,  
I'm sick,  
Of this  
And some strange  
Sickness.  
I should rest.  
Best wishes.

The secret compartment has been opened. All the characters are unlocking.  
Claching, Smith coming out to make something.  
Blam. George waving from the other side. POW. The Leper Naaman crawling his way through the  
sewers of the seaside city. And the labyrinths sucking with their tendrils, and the large rats. The squirming  
maggots oozing dark blood. The puss squirting hot from the volcano blisters.  
Naaman was digging through garbage looking for some treasure when in walked Mysterious  
parchment, a paper reading the following:

The velvety texture of the strange hanky handed to me clings to my soft cheek. I make use of the cloth by wiping the droplet of drool lingering below my trembling lower lip. My astonished wide eyes gaze not at the fabric, but rather at the angry hunchback standing below the doorframe.

I want to go outside. Why can't I obtain the breath of fresh air so long longed for? Mine instead is the steamy maggot breath of my captor.

"Master," he bids me call him. Prodding, I always feel his needles digging into my head and my blood. What's he looking for down there? What's he looking for way back there? Prodding, sticking, jabbing, toying, tinkering with my mind.

"It is a good thing I'm doing for you," he tells me. "You'll be a completely different person," he tells me. "Completely different from everybody," he tells me.

Hatched flies climb desperately through the hairs of his nostrils. They find freedom in the wind. His black tongue extends into a point and slips through the flush flesh covering my throat. A swift yelp and something flickers out, and, I've come to think, on again, and there is a moment of such horror and oblivion, of such surging power, and, most of all, of lust... For I desire the stinking hunchback now, for now I am the monster.

So cold, many of the new thoughts running fast as ever through the fixed head. I don't know what illusions I've fallen for. How am I ever to cease questioning the state of things? Is this, this thought mine, this thought genuine?

Their life burns inside of me. I've taken it all. He approves.

Like a kitten flirting for a caress, I move my head into his long, withered fingers.

Kittens, so much talk on kittens. Kittens and cats, cats against the dogs. The cat conspiracy. Cats are evil, dogs are good. Dogs are on your team, cousin. Hell is where the subterraneans get their coffee. Didn't you know? Tigers are running the slots while the dogs take charge of the street sluts.

Actually, fab doesn't sink between sittings. Try hitting a vertical octagon into high left. Spin that backways until sideways converted, then rip it on through to new territory.

The madness has been dismissed. It mustn't be permanently ignored. Through all the neglect and hunger and hatred, it thrives. Through all the peace and neglect and joy, it waits. Now it must be fought, battled, understood, and if not cut accepted. Can such a thing be outright rejected?

I feel the juices boiling within, chemically uniting, bubbling upwards. Soon, they'll be melting the frozen person. I wonder if there'll be anything more than a puddle. Such a puzzling wonder.

As a star is born, another explodes. The exit proves more spectacular yet less hypnotic than the entrancelement.

I feel my particles separating within the explosion.

I am as I am. As I have come to be. Twice born, thrice scorned, never more dismissed. I resisted the tugs and I dug deeply into the muddy swamp waters, Fearless of the swamp creatures. I knew I was safe from their talons because the fungus currents coursed through me and radiated outwards at such an impressive subliminal level. And that is why I am as I am.

Never be afraid to dig through the nasty. Accept what is real, filthy or clean. Realize there might be something filthy beneath the pretty cover, something dirty beneath the clean cover, and something white shining through all the muck.

Lines of white.

Snow, the Sugar Nose of  
of the angel.

Now, run to your bed and hide beneath the covers.

Burn this message.

Naaman scratched loose skin off his chin ponderously. He decided to oblige the request to burn.

Hours later, a candle devoured the parchment.

What peculiar things to ponder on paper, I thought to myself, pondering prognostically...

Ahem. Cough, excuse me. Ahh...

Naaman was not one of them. His was a true blue curse, a lesson in pride, and in the human will to power. Rather than sharp teeth and angry talons, he is left with cramps, cracks, and a leaky stomach. His skin is prone to bruise spontaneously. That is, when it hasn't already rotted away.

But hey. Step back.

Into the crossfire.

Naaman studied studiously the studiously taken lettering of the extinct letter. This would be no simple task to a man of simple memory. For Naaman, it was easystreet.

Some occupations require the development of memory. Some tools aid in this task. But then, they're all tools.

You're all tools.

Watch out!

### PRoGNasTiCK Ponderings

Sitting, waiting. Rising, pacing. Wondering when it will end.

This, the wait. Yes, of course, that's what my mind is on right now. Not the darker, sinister shadows grasping for the microphone, nor the wise ones from the abyss. Not the mushroom lingering, waiting in my future. Which shroom will it be? Which way `til Wendy? Something chocolate, so I know it's going to be good.

The chocolate connection is in danger!

Call Oregon!

And I can't help but digress into self-characterization. Sorry, folks. It is part of my journey into me. Not into me in an arrogant, selfish sense, since I'm talking about a genuine pursuit of truth. That is the motivation. Call it curiosity if you want. I want to know. I want to know and the closest I ever come is knowledge.

Still, knowledge of self seems real, feels tangible, and is considered by me one of the two worthiest avenues of exploration. The other avenue, one to which I also devote much attention, is external exploration. The world, the universe, the organism's environment, though often a corrupting force dangling delicious fruits of temptation, is worthy of much study. The world understood can be submissively conquered. It is a matter of maneuverability and knowing the rules, knowing how to break the rules.

To break the rules without rattling the system, or to rattle the system without breaking the rules. The rules are complicated and many. They fill volumes of past and present books, some available, many difficult to obtain. There are things people tend to have in common, as there are things societies tend to have in common, as there are things families tend to have in common, as there are things networks tend to have in common. To understand family, society, person, network, any one of these things, one must first come to understand all of these things.

No, one must make the attempt. "All of these things," except in a vague, general sense, would seem impossible to achieve. Wouldn't it? Yess... Seeming is easy.

Se the Semmes? Things are not always as they sems.

There was an album. It was made in white. It was by the Beatles. One might be tempted to call it the best.

Here comes the ocean.  
and the waves  
down by the sea

I'd been neglecting the Velvet Underground of late. Who tricked me into forgetting their albums?

I threw back my head and the breeze arrived. Tendrils flapped drastically through the currents.

I wanted to run it backways. Couldn't afford to hit it sideways. Went it slippy-slide. I'd tried before and, despite all the bad lore, made it through the hoop and onto the doop. And though I nearly choked, it was dope, because cuz was swinging from the Maplewood tree, too far to see where the boat could go, slipped slippy-do, so strange, Vat tat tattered remnants shattered particles shining in the apple-core.

He's running quickly, my friends. Can you go so quickly? Ah, a nreakbreakBReak from the CraZiNess. Carnival, man. Ringing, swinging, swigging, swag or shwag or shwkargistavocii in a brown paper bag. Running, running with the lights turned low. Rolling, rolling the way I like to do. Racing, accelerating at an alarming rate. Glaring, mad-eyed, into the jaws of the Anything.

Yeah, that's what that guy over off to the side there is doing. Yeaup. Ahum. That's right yeah.

Bouncing off the wall. Zonkers. IS a word that describes ketchup or ice cream. Have you any of these things?

No? I think I'm going to chew you out then.

Damn it, man, why haven't you any ketchup or ice cream? Don't you know these things are kitchen essentials? Read your fucking manual you drone.

Shit like that could really mess up your head. Well, could it? Is it?

Messing messy messy diapers occasionally acquire the requirement: to change. Avoid the task at all costs. Only, you'd be helping. You want to help, right?

Hey, I'm talking to you, straight into you, so listen the fuck up: Don't look behind you, no, it's okay to look behind you now, but now it isn't, is, isn't, is, look any f-fucking place you damn well please except on the carpet or behind the refrigerator. Only those spots are permanently off-limits.

But in case you were wondering, there isn't anything special about either of those spots. Neither, in fact, is even worth the consideration of a sweeping glance, so void are their visual appeal.

Does a person live inside the microphone?

What if?

It's vaguely possible.

Listen to the strange sounds of the microphone.

How strange. Indeed.

Hmm...

Hrhhmmmmmm....

I wo d r

I wonder

at the

mystery

of the

fantasy

over the

reality

of the

mystery.

There is a reason these people have brought ducks back in season. The reason is the treason placed upon the heads of the reason hunters. The hunt began in an New Orleans night atmosphere.

Fear too weary to carry with me too long took a thong tong fong and bonged my boinkers through the GB gourd. We toured the depths of the forest and ripped our way through to the tenpins of the Ingins to ignite the excite of my blazer once more for another forceful tour through the belly of the whore and on down the drum line, lime tea, easy taste of purple basted in a green and yellow paste. It tasted good, as such should, what else would I expect? In my neck of the woods the goods never leave the pockets of the rocket lovers. They're all brothers in the karma ways and in the yellow daze, purple haze, mouse maze, wandering, pondering together.

The Netherlands are nice this year, I hear. Beware the kangaroo, I keep telling you. To. Beware the kangaroo. Can you fathom the danger? Don't you hear the note of fabiuosis ringing in the ?AIR AMJEsgTRICKLLY!??

DYNAMITE.

Boomnlablankabloom. Toodidididi. I wish I knew a way I could do the true to you or anyone else in this or that or any hell, Y'all just yell, there is a way, if you look, to save the day. Those in sincere pursuit of truth will find truth. At least, I've firm faith in this notion.

Love potion #23 mysteriously lingers unopened upon the piano's edge. This agent's incision into the tissue fibers divides the trunket's trinkle. TICKLE ME MURPLE BEE, says salad tosser Master Bosser Boris Foster Moris Morris. Morris, Jim Bim. Bim bouncing through the slipstreams of assimilated reality as the enemy tries to run the catch up play.

"In fact, it is impossible to discern whether or not Jim Morrison actually died," Said Dr. Frank Frankfort to Lindsey Zebrapinsky.

The commotion was giving me a headache. "A good time to smoke some of that delicious KB waiting for me over on the table," I thought. "Or perhaps I'll have a Timothy Leary Ritz cracker." "In any event," spake the table mouse, "The tree in any event," stated, "ina anywaywayw...in any event. Come on in, man, stand and be accounted for."

George Clinton knows about them UFOs. How much he knows is an intriguing mystery... So, George, KB here, asking you, "What do you know about them UFOs man?"

There is a place in outer space where all the tastes reject ice cream. It came from a nightmare where all the clowns were evil and power-full.

There is a planet. When we landed on it, all the space cadets put on their helmets and they let go of the ships. It was terrific footage from down below but none were allowed to view the photos. None save the hobos with the hobo weaponry.

The hobo conquest of the rails is set to occur once and for all. That's right, they're organized, hijacking all the train lines. THERE WILL Be HOBOS PIRATING THE RAILS LIKE THE CRAZY CARRIBEAN PIRATES AND THE SEAS.

It is a magnanimous prophecy. That's how you know not to listen to it. I'm human psycho scum like the rest of us.

Trust  
Stolen.  
Trust  
Taken.  
Trust

I wonder why the weather is changing. What role does the mysterious Weather Changing Device play in this mysterious mystery? Or is all that just hopeless hoax antics desperately seeking attention? Or merely too much suspicion aroused because of a casual passing remark? Who can know for c.s.s.sss...

Wait,  
Can't Sss...Sss...Sssay it. It goes without saying.  
Squirming, slithering. Sharp claws, rough jaws.  
Crawling upon it is belly. Tricked by it's own trickery.  
Tricky as Trioxide Trine Trice in the Tripe.  
The Tripe is always Happening.

Happenstancing,

A new slant on the sayings and things,  
An attempt at obtaining chicken wings  
A new way to be agile,  
Yet neither good, bad, nor argyle  
Despite how reviled are the old ways  
We can't change the tides of the new days,  
Nor can we simply time the fresh haze  
Wherein the true ObJective/subjunctive nature of trilateral thinking becomes apparent.  
To really soak in the infostreams, one must be willing at times to cease all reflection, then at others to reflect deeply.

To be spontaneous yet not quite busted, trusted with the task, do whatever they ask, ain't no time for no new blast. Take it back, let it set, take it back, change the bet. Twisted, well you wished it. Fishing for a new point of view but all you ever find is more shit to do to fill the hole, the cavity created by the newly separated vibrations of the street sweeper

Mowing down the new heat on the far beat trying to kick out a new beat while chillin' in this heat. In the end they had to take a seat to the Hoo Doo Man, the man with the powder in his belt, his moves and his grooves slipped by too quickly.

Can't you feel the twisted spirals blasting into the iron lung of the chicken fishing blam damnit rhino horn? Can't you see the surging thunder oozing through the monkey's (?) poured into an Arabian potion, aphrodisiacal, lyrically stimulant, and purple-tasty to boot.

Even as the lines are drawn, the players are narrowing their eyes. Own mower tab please...

Nay, merely a dream, Only a dream, where in Dreams, the nature of time, the extent of the illusion, Are you ready, He asked if you're ready, and the woman said, "Are you ready to switch illusions?"

And the man was Dreaming. And he switched. And into flipmode. Flipmode is the greatest. And the man was Waking. And the man was out Taking what was his.

Doesn't happen very often. Don't bitch.

"It's all," said one of them.

One nation under a groove, One nation and we're on the move

"It's all just a head trip," said one of them.

Who are you going to believe? One of them?

It wasn't  
Before the was  
Because  
It couldn't  
Have been.

It was sent for  
Once received, they wanted war  
They sacrificed the scapegoat, the Persian Whore  
After she danced her last dance,  
Still locked into the lizard trance,  
For her lizard king.

He had placed a ring upon her finger  
And she couldn't evade the enchantment  
To remove the ring would be  
A risk  
She wasn't  
willing  
to take.

Hey man, "I was wondering," sayeth He. Him, "Wondering again?" her asked. To what end?  
Some people, they doubt the wrong side of the spectrum. Yeah, there's a people out there doubting  
the likely parts. Maybe I'm one of them.

I was asked to describe my theories on human psychology "in a nutshell." Hard as I try to refine  
my verbal communication skills, I couldn't do it. MAYbe I could have somehow. I didn't do it. (Quote me  
on that one, Mr. Morgan.)

I believe in a lizard brain, an instinctive, fear-fed survivalist. Also a cold trickster.

I believe in a mammalian brain, a warm and creative store of energy. Sometimes hot, sometimes  
angry, sometimes loving, sometimes wild.

I believe in a third region of the mind, the source of the "third eye", the Deep Wisdom.

A person's identity is largely dependent upon how much of which areas of brain said person's  
mind is feeding energy... Or perhaps person is a Superman, and all of person's mind is in constant use. His  
air sparkles

I believe consciousness is limited most severely by what we accept as being possible.

I believe consciousness is also severely limited by what we simply accept.

I believe in a star system far from here. I believe in several.

I believe it is possible for the human mind to expand like the universe.

I believe mankind was created in the image of God.

I believe in the possibility of the existence of faeries.

I believe in the reptilian shape shifters. Maybe too other kinds of shape shifters.

Maybe.

"Yes, no, maybe so."

My computer froze and now I'm trying to remember everything....

Goodness, lost

Tossed into oblivion,

Bossed through the flames.

Now back,

When the blood begins to flow, he said, He said, When it shoots up the dropper's neck, holy shit,  
he said. They think that it is crazy. Really, they're just hazy. Too clouded and jaded to let in the dark tides  
surging...

Heroine... (actually the most popular song...)

I can see the beast lurking at the end of the tunnel.  
I can see the deceptive tongues flickering outwards.  
I can see the discharging wastepaper burning.  
I can see the eye's alluring yearning for...  
Something.  
Not something you are willing to accept.  
I've little pity for you, Deere.

The head rattles and rolls. Tumblers tumble into furious tumblic flurries, then explode without cause.

A Crowley man lived a long, happy life of explosive consciousness expansion. I read he died a junky.

There is this thing some of the psychedelic cats be peddling called "Sex Magick". To, what was it? "Orgasm should be avoided as long as possible, by always slowing down or altering position when it seems imminent, and each partner should visualize/idealize the other as some specially meaningful divinity--e.g., in Thelemic magick the male usually identifies the female with Nuit, the sky goddess, and the female usually identifies the male with Pan.

"The only problem with this simple description is that you need considerable training in very advanced yoga before you can begin to even approximate the desired result. If you don't see the 'astral' light or some sort of blue-white energy fields, you need more practice," said Raw Wilson in Everything is Under Control, a library book. One of the few of RAWilson's texts available within the confines of our local library network. The Atlee Library doesn't stock this gem.

Look out for the #32 boozier. He's stumbling through all these streets.

ZAIGAHAGGON! Ai! Ai! Cthulhu ZAI THaTAGGON Yog Bog Gog Zog Sothoth/ Ai! Septer Hagon!

A character was going to be introduced or emphasized or energized or some shit. Yeah, ketchup goes good with onions.

It would be wpld ple a smelly character. Really dirty breath. Good skin.

His name would be Harump the Purple Blimp. Harump would jump three feet then eat a 1 ton plate of meat. Afterwards, he would have a seat and sleep.

Well, you know what? He was right. I was tight with that cat. We both knew the score. We'd seen better bettors before, but this guy ranked high.

He couldn't penetrate the shades. He detected not the wisdom of the Expansive Pupils. Rather, of course, he saw a hidden poker face.

What's cookin' you shoo-in' bitch? You been fried two too many times? Do the cells sizzle? Does your brain fizzle like a red coal ready to explode like a firecracker hungry for the far places in the sky? Or are you too high-flyin' to detect the zebra cakes? Bite down, now! Ha Ha Ha!

The computer freezes if too long left without input. Ha Ha Ha!

Gremlins stretch tender limbs crawling through the mud of their tunnels. They're coming up to chase Shep the Midnight Monkey. Such enemies of Shep everywhere. Who can hate a skunk monkey? He'll stink you if you hate him...!

The gremlins fear not the stinking. They poop freely throughout the tunnels. They crawl through much nasty daily.

Shep is running, chasing a nut. He's almost got it. He doesn't sense the gremlin. Nothing mists amiss to him.

To Shep, all is well. All is fine ad dandy. All is just hanky-dory. There is a honking coming from the door. I hastily investigate.

Shep danced betwixed the many shining silver wires, slipping in and out of it, evading the mad green things chasing. The mad green things pushing through the All Of It, All of it...

They had warhammers and axes for throwing, rows for rowing, toes for toe-to-toeing. Going down into the paths carved through the soil. Sometimes, they would travel the hidden majesty of the underground world.

The Hollow Earth theory has been endorsed by a diversity of sources, including Nazi propaganda... What sinister things are lurking beneath the soil?



What sinister things toil that soil?  
What sinister things rise Up From Beneath?  
There are lurking Nosferatu in the know.  
Why don't you go and ask one of them?

oKAY. aND I DID!

"Hey, man, What's the capital of France?" I asked him. He told me. "What sinister things toil that soil?" I asked him. He answered back real quick before he realized what he was saying. Then he killed me and sucked out all my blood.  
You won't be hearing from me anymore...

Yeah, it's time for Good Smiles to step back up to the plate. Maybe he'll swing wide enough this time.

Yeah, he's snazzy, yeah he's jazzy, Gonna razzle-dazzle you until there's nothing you can do. Didn't you hear the things he had to say before? Somebody shut the door on his ass.

And all cracked up dancing in the streets!

Good Smiles is a very good dancer. He was once a hero, you know.

A hero that day of play at Over the Hill Lake. You know what happened? A game of Hippo King was being played. Good Smiles couldn't be beaten. The kiddies kept encroaching, he kept fighting.

BUT THEN!

What happened then?

A hen was standing by the crossing.

A logger swiftly by went floating.

A Great Stink interrupted the friendly Hill Lake games.

There was much commotion in them hills that day.

Good Smiles took the risk. Up, over the comet tail of the logger, he leaped.

He went soaring straight to shore. He alerted the proper authorities and the logger was removed from the pool.

Not a word of it a lie, not a word of it a lie!

Smiles was smiling when he took the risk the others wouldn't take.

Hey man, what's happening?" I asked Pearl.

Pearl said, "This song makes me think I can speak Russian."

A dark time followed

Through dark tides of traffic

Listening to

"FuCkMeMoNGreLCUnt!"

Not even

Realizing

Too sleepy to

Realize.

Then Sinatra's Best Song,

Then Satanism as the climax.

Well, to be honest, I don't mind the Satanism.

Makes for a pretty blunt, "This is the end of the CD."

But, holy shit.

I'm thinking, "So many great songs!"

I'm thinking, "That's why I got those dirty looks..."

I'm thinking, "Richmond is a pretty small town..."

I'm thinking, "Hey man, it's music..."

I'm thinking, "I picked out the tunes..."

I'm thinking, "Hey man, those is my jams now. Says so on the CD."

In any event, I'm thinking something. As those uncertain thoughts churn, no decisions boil over, no commitments to ideologies materialize, and I pop the CD into my stereo to listen one more time to the Jams...

MC5 calling me back, oh... Oh... OH... "KICKOUTTHEJAMSMOTHERFUCKERS!"

MC5 and the Groove Nation. I pledge my allegiance to one flag,  
 One Nation,  
*One nation under a groove,*  
*Getting down just for the funk of it*  
*One nation and we're on the move*  
*Nothing can stop us now...*

Well, Jesse Jonas Joan Jacob Jobhunter Robertson sure does enjoy a good thrill. He goes out every night and jabs a needle into his arm. Then you can't reach him anymore. Then he is beyond this world for a little while.

For a funny thing happens to Jesse when he drops that magical dropper.  
 When his eyes blaze with the black of the void,  
 He harnesses powerful telepathy.  
 He sticks his fingers into the minds of the minority minority fighters  
 And the subGeniuses, and the burning mammalian Romantics,  
 And everyone is struggling to understand whys and hows and to feel  
 Something, damn it!  
 To ride the smoking chariots of hate  
 Through the crumbling ruins of past woes /~  
 And present aches. []apple{carrot}O===>`  
 But it is not for me,  
 For I seek deeper illumination,  
 Deeper wisdom than statistics and presence of voice,  
 Deeper roots than the diversely disagreeing recorded histories of this world,  
 Deeper power than the surging, fueling, fuel-consuming hellfire rage.  
 Anger is a lot of fun. I would never abandon the mammal.  
 I wouldn't even abandon the devious lizard.  
 Even those beasts have their good sides.  
 And these are all vague terms,  
 Remember? "In a

nutshell."

	~~~~\_____/_~~~	
	{ } / (l) \... \ []	You've got your choices to make
	.. / -o- O_ : \~: ..	And I've got mine.
	\__-_-_/o__>	How about we toast
	V^    ^V	Eat
+=Y y	fhffffh	And drink
	HHHHH	Soy milk
	aaaaaaaaa	Out by the rails?

Um, that's the end, folks. Hope you had a nice ride.