

“Pin Gu In”  
by KB

Crack sack penguins  
of an island of anarchy  
Elizabeth favoured as predatorily as the Irish  
were unloading gumball sized rocks stocked within Santa Clause Christmas bags,  
it was the heat of summer driving them to hurry.

They were on a mission from addiction to  
d,  
e.

feat  
pirate captain. His cutthroat antics hit supply like the  
dead dea agents tried those purple penguins had  
`napped, (raped - in a dream, high on mE,  
if it didn't seem to stabilize the wrong kind of sentiment  
they were attuned and knew worse legislation was in store  
if rumour

spread dea leg and bun)  
& stabbed.

Captain Rainbowbeard had refused to pay  
reasonable wages,  
had shuck corn fairly until of all his penguin minions  
three strike birds came out not purple  
yeti red.

Everywhere I looked e.t.  
were  
scratching nut sacks  
at thee,  
curious readers  
at thee,  
Asking themselves ponderously  
in an Al Bundy kind of Sufi trance  
if an island apart were endangered.

The penguin mutiny began  
when Rainbowbeard called,  
“Penguin minions return!  
“Unload thine bounties, mine jollies!”

Three red penguins looked to the Captain, then to one another, empathically bounded  
by intensity frequency nonverbal intentions,  
\*(the Captain had been providing the only three straight penguins male prostitutes as payment.)

Jousted lightly rainbowbeard, prodding with a thin ink quill, commanding suavely,  
“Penguins all, return, ah! hurry!”

Rainbowbeard was a Muslim as a loophole,  
bisexual with age because often indentured serving,  
his confidence had led him astray - he'd telepathically mildly molested three straight penguin,  
born with the aggression of the Aesir race.

Not a purple penguin in history would have felt,  
nor been,  
molested. sexually violated  
in any way.

In Chrystal City the dead tend to return,  
three red penguin jihadists  
telekinetically hovered themselves far above the island  
analoging thru such tried attacks as forehead laser beams and shrink rays,  
they shape shifted into red war form dragon emitting fumes of chaos and  
mirth. they red penguin had  
Character memory of places in Chrystal City victims of  
sexual abuse  
loiter about to overcome smoking pot and chatting on magical  
auditing devices,  
love to overcome trauma,  
the warmth of full breasted women to nurture beaked adventurers to good health.

Time and space sparkled with the electric flames of chaos as the  
tempers of warpenguin flared,  
they magicked rainbowbeard with a vagina and the hairless form of a woman. His  
head only collapsed into the paper image of his face,  
as if only above his neck were drawn,  
in Chrystal City the dead rise.

The happy ending was purple penguins shooting meth at the opium den  
masturbated by blond female junkies.