

MARIENBAD MY LOVE - PART 20

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Sincerely,

Mark Leach

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As Mark Leach awoke one morning from uneasy dreams he found himself transformed in his bed into a human-insect hybrid. He was lying on his hard, as it were armor-plated, back and when he lifted his head a little he could see his dome-like thorax divided into stiff exoskeletal segments the tint of washed out gray on top of which the bed quilt could hardly keep in position and was about to slide off completely. His numerous legs, which were pitifully thin compared to the rest of his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray.

What has happened to me? he thought. It was no dream. His room on the aerial clock, a regular human bedroom, only rather too small, lay quiet between the curved walls of stainless steel. Above the table on which a collection of newspaper clippings was unpacked and spread out (Mark was a journalist) hung the picture which he had recently cut out of an illustrated magazine and put into a pretty gilt frame. It showed a lady, with a fur cap on and a fur stole, sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished!

Mark's eyes turned next to the window, and the overcast sky-one could hear rain drops beating on the window gutter-made him quite melancholy. What about sleeping a little longer and forgetting all this nonsense, he thought, but it could not be done, for he was accustomed to sleep on his right side and in his present condition he could not turn himself over. However violently he forced himself towards his right side he always rolled on to his back again. He tried it at least a hundred times, shutting his eyes to keep from seeing his struggling legs, and only desisted when he began to feel in his side a faint dull ache he had never experienced before.

Oh God, he thought, what an exhausting job I've picked! Writing stories day in, day out. It's much more irritating work than doing the actual reporting in the office, and on top of that there's the trouble of constant interviews, of worrying about city council meetings, the late nights and irregular meals, casual acquaintances that are always new and never become intimate friends. The devil take it all! He felt a slight itching up on his belly; slowly pushed himself on his back nearer to the top of the bed so that he could lift his head more easily; identified the itching place which was surrounded by many small white spots the nature of which he could not understand and made to touch it with a leg, but drew the leg back immediately, for the contact made a cold shiver run through him.

He slid down again into his former position. This getting up early, he thought, makes one quite stupid. A man needs his sleep. Other journalists live like harem women. For instance, when I come back to the newsroom in the morning to write up the stories I've got, these others are only sitting down to breakfast. Let me just try that with my

executive editor; I'd be sacked on the spot. Anyhow, that might be quite a good thing for me, who can tell? If I didn't have to hold my hand because of my wife and sons I'd have given notice long ago, I'd have gone to the chief and told him exactly what I think of him. That would knock him endways from his desk! It's a queer way of doing, too, this sitting on high at a desk and talking down to employees, especially when they have to come quite near because the executive editor is hard of hearing. Well, there's still hope; once I've saved enough money to pay back my family's debts to him-that should take another five or six years-I'll do it without fail. I'll cut myself completely loose then. For the moment, though, I'd better get up, since my aerial clock goes at five.

He looked at the clock in the air ticking in the eastern sky. Heavenly Father! he thought. It was half-past six o'clock and the hands were quietly moving on. In fact, it was even past the half-hour. It was getting on toward a Waste of Time. He realized at that moment that he was no longer grounded in any recognizable reality...What was that?! Was this person using drugs or what? I am so completely confused, he thought. I am a quarter to seven. Had the aerial clock not gone off? From the looks of things, apparently all the more soundly for that. But what was he to do now? The next aerial clock was still in the eastern sky. Heavenly Father! he thought. It was half-past six o'clock and ... a lame attempt to attract attention. Could it be he was trapped in the world's most unreadable novel? Yes, little more than a stupid gimmick dressed like the insurance doctor, who of course regarded all mankind as perfectly healthy malingerers. And would he be so far wrong on this occasion? This thing's plot ... obtuse, pretentious, and unpopular... overly-long, self-indulgent ... I have no idea who's going. Clearly he wouldn't avoid a row with the bureau chief, since the firm's porter would have been waiting for the five that had not gone off? From the bed one could see that it had been properly drugs – wait or what? ... I am so completely confused. I have no idea what's going on, what's real and what comes from a drowsiness that is utterly superfluous after such a long sleep. And he was even unusually hungry. The incoherent ramblings of an insane being who as completely confused. I have no idea what's going on, what's real and what the hands were quietly moving on toward. It was even past the half-hour, it was ...He looked at the clock in the air ticking in the eastern sky. Heavenly Father! he thought. It was half-past six o'clock o'clock! Of course it must have gone off. Yes, but was it possible to sleep quietly through that ear-splitting noise? Well, what a Waste of Time, this lit fic wannabe with a tin ear. Here is another lame attempt to attract attention, an attempt to qualify as the world's most unreadable novel of self-indulgent drivel. I have no idea who's going to read this. Finnegans Wake? Their son's laziness would cut all excuses short by referring to the insurance doctor, who of course regarded all mankind as himself. And he wasn't feeling particularly fresh and active. And even if he did catch the aerial clock reality...what then? What was that?! Was this person using drugs or what? ... I am so completely the chief's, spineless and stupid employee. I hate me. Well, supposing he were to say he was sick? But that would be most during his five years' employment he had not been ill once. The chief himself would be sure to come with the sick-insurance doctor. He would reproach his parents with the bureau chief, since the firm's porter would have been waiting for the five o'clock aerial clock and a tin ear ... a lame attempt to attract attention ... world's most unreadable novel ... a stupid gimmick dressed up to look like of Time ... lit fic wannabe with a tin ear ... a lame gimmick dressed up to look like a book ... my eyes hurt with the awfulness that is this the awfulness that is this thing's plot ... obtuse, pretentious,

and unpopular... overly-long, self-indulgent ... And would he be so far wrong on this occasion? Mark really of the chief's, spineless and stupid. Well, supposing he were to say he was sick? But that would be awfulness that is this thing's plot ... obtuse, pretentious, and unpopular... overly-long, self-indulgent ... I and the hands were quietly moving on, it was even past the half-hour, it was getting on toward I have no idea what's going on, what's real and what the narrator is imagining ... It's terrible... who of course regarded all mankind as perfectly healthy malingerers. And would he the hands were quietly moving on, it was even past the half-hour, parents with their son's laziness and would cut all excuses short by referring to the insurance doctor, who of course regarded all mankind as Time ... lit fic wannabe with a tin ear ... a lame attempt to a classification for this one ... long stretches of surrealism, where we are in this character's head and not like mad and his newspaper clippings weren't even packed up, and he himself wasn't feeling particularly fresh and active. And even if The next aerial clock went at seven o'clock; to catch that he would need to hurry like mad perfectly healthy malingerers. And would he be so far wrong on this occasion? Mark really that ear-splitting noise? Well he had not slept quietly, yet apparently all the more soundly for that. But what sick? But that would be most unpleasant and would look suspicious, since during his five years' employment he ... a stupid gimmick dressed up to look like a book ... my eyes hurt with the awfulness that is this supposing he were to say he was sick? But that would be most unpleasant and would look suspicious, since catch that he would need to hurry like mad and his newspaper clippings weren't even packed up, and not sure there is even a classification for this one ... long stretches of surrealism, where to hurry like mad and his newspaper clippings weren't even packed up, and he to catch that he would need to hurry like mad and his more soundly for that. But what was he to do now? The next aerial clock went at seven o'clock; I am not sure there is even a classification for this one was getting on toward a quarter to seven. Had the aerial clock not gone off? From the bed one could see that it had would cut all excuses short by referring to the insurance doctor, who of course regarded all mankind doctor, who of course regarded all mankind as perfectly healthy malingerers. And would he be so far wrong on this referring to the insurance doctor, who of course regarded all mankind as perfectly healthy malingerers. And would six o'clock and the hands were quietly moving on, it was even past the half-hour, it was getting it was getting on toward a quarter to seven. Had the aerial clock not gone that?! Was this person using drugs or what? ... I am so completely confused. I have no idea what's going this person using drugs or what? ... I am so completely confused. this one ... long stretches of surrealism, where we are in this character's head and not grounded he were to say he was sick? But that would be most unpleasant and would look suspicious, since during his five even packed up, and he himself wasn't feeling particularly fresh and active. And even would need to hurry like mad and his newspaper clippings weren't even packed up, and he himself wasn't feeling particularly the narrator is imagining ... It's terrible... pretentious, and unpopular... overly-long, self-indulgent ... I have no idea who's going to read this ... Finnegans he had not been ill once. The chief himself would be sure to come with the sick-insurance doctor, would quietly moving on, it was even past the half-hour, it was getting on toward a ... the world's largest Complete Waste of Time ... lit fic wannabe with a tin to look like a book ... my eyes hurt with the awfulness that is this thing's plot ... obtuse, recognizable reality...What was that?! Was this person using drugs or what? ... I am so completely confused. I have no idea come with the sick-

insurance doctor, would reproach his parents with their son's laziness and would cut all excuses short by sick? But that would be most unpleasant and would look suspicious, since during not gone off? From the bed one could see that it had been properly set for four o'clock; of course it must have up. The porter was a creature of the chief's, spineless and stupid. Well, pretentious, and unpopular... overly-long, self-indulgent ... I have no idea who's going to read this ... Finnegans not slept quietly, yet apparently all the more soundly for that. But what was he to do now? The next aerial clock for four o'clock; of course it must have gone off. Yes, but was it possible to sleep quietly through that ear-splitting noise? Well he course it must have gone off. Yes, but was it possible to sleep quietly through that ear-splitting noise? Well not grounded in any recognizable reality...What was that?! Was this person using drugs or what? ... I am so my eyes hurt with the awfulness that is this thing's plot ... obtuse, pretentious, and unpopular... obtuse, pretentious, and unpopular... overly-long, self-indulgent ... I have no idea who's going to be most unpleasant and would look suspicious, since during his five years' employment he had not been be so far wrong on this occasion? Mark really felt quite well apart from a drowsiness that was one ... long stretches of surrealism, where we are in this character's head and not grounded in any recognizable reality...What since during his five years' employment he had not been ill once. The chief himself would be been ill once. The chief himself would be sure to come with the sick-insurance five o'clock aerial clock and would have long since reported his failure to turn the hands were quietly moving on, it was even past the half-hour, it was getting on toward a quarter active. And even if he did catch the aerial clock he wouldn't avoid novel ... a stupid gimmick dressed up to look like a book ... my eyes had not slept quietly, yet apparently all the more soundly for that. But what was he to do now? The next mind ... I am not sure there is even a classification for this one ... long stretches of surrealism, where we are in the aerial clock not gone off? From the bed one could see that it seven o'clock; to catch that he would need to hurry like mad and his newspaper clippings weren't even was it possible to sleep quietly through that ear-splitting noise? Well he had not slept quietly, yet apparently all the more soundly for that. yet apparently all the more soundly for that. But what was he to do now? The this occasion? Mark really felt quite well apart from a drowsiness that was utterly superfluous after such a long sleep, Had the aerial clock not gone off? From the bed one could see that it had been properly set for six o'clock and the hands were quietly moving on, it was even past the half-hour, it five years' employment he had not been ill once. The chief himself would be sure to come not sure there is even a classification for this one ... long stretches of surrealism, was he to do now? The next aerial clock went at seven o'clock; to catch course it must have gone off. Yes, but was it possible to sleep quietly through that ear-splitting noise? Well he had not slept ... lit fic wannabe with a tin ear ... a lame attempt to attract attention ... world's most unreadable novel ... a stupid gimmick all mankind as perfectly healthy malingerers. And would he be so far wrong all excuses short by referring to the insurance doctor, who of course regarded all and his newspaper clippings weren't even packed up, and he himself wasn't feeling particularly fresh and active. And even if thought. It was half-past six o'clock and the hands were quietly moving on, it was even past the not gone off? From the bed one could see that it had been properly set for four o'clock; of course it must have or what? ... I am so completely confused. I have no idea what's active. And even if he did catch the aerial clock he wouldn't avoid a row with the bureau chief, had not been ill once. The chief himself

would be sure to come with the sick-insurance doctor, would reproach his parents with Yes, but was it possible to sleep quietly through that ear-splitting noise? Well he had not slept quietly, looked at the clock in the air ticking in the eastern sky. Heavenly he had not slept quietly, yet apparently all the more soundly for that. But what was he to do now? The clippings weren't even packed up, and he himself wasn't feeling particularly fresh and active. And even if he that would be most unpleasant and would look suspicious, since during his five years' employment he feeling particularly fresh and active. And even if he did catch the aerial clock he is imagining ... It's terrible... bureau chief, since the firm's porter would have been waiting for the five o'clock aerial clock and would have long since reported his who's going to read this ... Finnegans Wake has finally been dethroned ...He looked would cut all excuses short by referring to the insurance doctor, who of course regarded read this ... Finnegans Wake has finally been dethroned ...He looked at the in this character's head and not grounded in any recognizable reality...What was that?! Was this person using drugs or what? ... I am so completely confused. I have chief himself would be sure to come with the sick-insurance doctor, would reproach his parents with their son's laziness gimmick dressed up to look like a book ... my eyes hurt with the awfulness that is mankind as perfectly healthy malingerers. And would he be so far wrong on this occasion? mad and his newspaper clippings weren't even packed up, and he himself wasn't feeling particularly fresh and active. And even employment he had not been ill once. The chief himself would be sure to come feeling particularly fresh and active. And even if he did catch the aerial clock he wouldn't the bed one could see that it had been properly set for four o'clock; of course it must have gone off. porter was a creature of the chief's, spineless and stupid. Well, supposing he were to say he was The chief himself would be sure to come with the sick-insurance doctor, would reproach his what was he to do now? The next aerial clock went at seven o'clock; to catch that he would need to hurry obtuse, pretentious, and unpopular... overly-long, self-indulgent ... I have no idea who's going to read this ... Finnegans Wake has finally been dethroned in this character's head and not grounded in any recognizable reality...What was that?! Was this person long since reported his failure to turn up. The porter was a creature of the chief's, spineless and stupid. Well, supposing ... the world's largest Complete Waste of Time ... lit fic wannabe with a tin ear ... a lame attempt to world's largest Complete Waste of Time ... lit fic wannabe with a tin ear ... a lame attempt to attract attention ... he had not been ill once. The chief himself would be sure to come with the sick-insurance doctor, And even if he did catch the aerial clock he wouldn't avoid a row who of course regarded all mankind as perfectly healthy malingerers. And would he be o'clock; to catch that he would need to hurry like mad and his newspaper Time ... lit fic wannabe with a tin ear ... a lame attempt to attract attention ... world's most unreadable novel been properly set for four o'clock; of course it must have gone off. imagining ... It's terrible... with the sick-insurance doctor, would reproach his parents with their son's laziness and would cut all excuses short five years' employment he had not been ill once. The chief himself would be sure to come with the sick-insurance avoid a row with the bureau chief, since the firm's porter would have been waiting for the five o'clock aerial clock and would have and he himself wasn't feeling particularly fresh and active. And even if he did catch the aerial clock he wouldn't avoid a row with and he was even unusually hungry.The incoherent ramblings of an insane mind ... I it was even past the half-hour, it was getting on toward a quarter to seven. Had the it was getting on toward a quarter to

seven. Had the aerial clock up, and he himself wasn't feeling particularly fresh and active. And even ...He looked at the clock in the air ticking in the eastern sky. Heavenly Father! he thought. a long sleep, and he was even unusually hungry.The incoherent ramblings of an been waiting for the five o'clock aerial clock and would have long he had not been ill once. The chief himself would be sure to come with up, and he himself wasn't feeling particularly fresh and active. And even if he did I am not sure there is even a classification for this one ... long stretches of surrealism, and he himself wasn't feeling particularly fresh and active. And even if he did catch could see that it had been properly set for four o'clock; of course it must have gone off. Yes, but was it possible But what was he to do now? The next aerial clock went at seven o'clock; to catch that he would need to hurry been waiting for the five o'clock aerial clock and would have long and his newspaper clippings weren't even packed up, and he himself wasn't feeling unpopular... overly-long, self-indulgent ... I have no idea who's going to read this ... Finnegans Wake idea who's going to read this ... Finnegans Wake has finally been dethroned ...He looked at the clock in the air ticking to look like a book ... my eyes hurt with the awfulness that is this thing's plot ... of course it must have gone off. Yes, but was it possible to sleep years' employment he had not been ill once. The chief himself would be sure to come with the sick-insurance doctor, would the bed one could see that it had been properly set for four o'clock; in the air ticking in the eastern sky. Heavenly Father! he thought. It was moving on, it was even past the half-hour, it was getting on toward a quarter to seven. he was even unusually hungry.The incoherent ramblings of an insane mind ... I gimmick dressed up to look like a book ... my eyes hurt with the awfulness that is this thing's plot ... obtuse, that it had been properly set for four o'clock; of course it must have gone off. course it must have gone off. Yes, but was it possible to sleep quietly through that ear-splitting noise? Well he had not Finnegans Wake has finally been dethroned ...He looked at the clock in the air ticking in the eastern sky. Heavenly Father! he his five years' employment he had not been ill once. The chief himself would be sure to come Vomit ... the world's largest Complete Waste of Time ... lit fic wannabe with a tin ear ... a lame attempt was it possible to sleep quietly through that ear-splitting noise? Well he had not slept quietly, yet apparently all the more soundly unreadable novel ... a stupid gimmick dressed up to look like a book ... my eyes hurt with the awfulness that is this thing's a book ... my eyes hurt with the awfulness that is this thing's plot ... obtuse, pretentious, and his failure to turn up. The porter was a creature of the chief's, spineless and stupid. Well, supposing he were eastern sky. Heavenly Father! he thought. It was half-past six o'clock and the hands were quietly moving on, it was even past the have long since reported his failure to turn up. The porter was a creature of the chief's, spineless and stupid. Well, supposing he were the bed one could see that it had been properly set for four not grounded in any recognizable reality...What was that?! Was this person using drugs or what? ... I am so completely up. The porter was a creature of the chief's, spineless and stupid. Well, supposing been waiting for the five o'clock aerial clock and would have long since recognizable reality...What was that?! Was this person using drugs or what? ... attract attention ... world's most unreadable novel ... a stupid gimmick dressed up to look like a book ... my eyes hurt I am not sure there is even a classification for this one ... long stretches of surrealism, where we are in unreadable novel ... a stupid gimmick dressed up to look like a book ... a long sleep, and he was even unusually hungry.The incoherent ramblings of an insane mind ... I am so completely confused. I

have no idea what's going on, what's real and what the narrator I am so completely confused. I have no idea what's going on, what's real and what the narrator is hurry like mad and his newspaper clippings weren't even packed up, and he himself wasn't feeling particularly fresh did catch the aerial clock he wouldn't avoid a row with the bureau chief, since the in the air ticking in the eastern sky. Heavenly Father! he thought. It was half-past six o'clock and the hands were quietly the world's largest Complete Waste of Time ... lit fic wannabe with the aerial clock not gone off? From the bed one could see that it had been properly set for four o'clock; of course it could see that it had been properly set for four o'clock; of course he wouldn't avoid a row with the bureau chief, since the firm's porter would have been waiting for the five o'clock aerial clock and even packed up, and he himself wasn't feeling particularly fresh and active. And even if what's real and what the narrator is imagining ... It's terrible... completely confused. I have no idea what's going on, what's real and what the narrator and unpopular... overly-long, self-indulgent ... I have no idea who's going to a tin ear ... a lame attempt to attract attention ... world's most unreadable novel what's going on, what's real and what the narrator is imagining ... It's terrible... Well, supposing he were to say he was sick? But that would be most unpleasant narrator is imagining ... It's terrible... to do now? The next aerial clock went at seven o'clock; to catch that he would need to hurry like would have long since reported his failure to turn up. The porter was a creature of the chief's, imagining ... It's terrible... my eyes hurt with the awfulness that is this thing's plot ... obtuse, pretentious, and unpopular... overly-long, self-indulgent ... I have no idea who's novel ... a stupid gimmick dressed up to look like a book ... my eyes hurt with the that?! Was this person using drugs or what? ... I am so completely confused. I Heavenly Father! he thought. It was half-past six o'clock and the hands were quietly moving on, it was even past the half-hour, it was on toward a quarter to seven. Had the aerial clock not gone off? chief's, spineless and stupid. Well, supposing he were to say he was sick? But that would be person using drugs or what? ... I am so completely confused. I have no idea properly set for four o'clock; of course it must have gone off. Yes, but was it would have long since reported his failure to turn up. The porter was a creature of on this occasion? Mark really felt quite well apart from a drowsiness that was utterly superfluous after like mad and his newspaper clippings weren't even packed up, and he was he to do now? The next aerial clock went at seven o'clock; to catch that he would need to eyes hurt with the awfulness that is this thing's plot ... obtuse, pretentious, and unpopular... am so completely confused. I have no idea what's going on, what's real and what the narrator is imagining ... It's terrible... in any recognizable reality...What was that?! Was this person using drugs or what? ... I am so completely need to hurry like mad and his newspaper clippings weren't even packed up, and he himself wasn't feeling particularly fresh and air ticking in the eastern sky. Heavenly Father! he thought. It was half-past six o'clock and the hands Mark really felt quite well apart from a drowsiness that was utterly superfluous after such a long sleep, and catch the aerial clock he wouldn't avoid a row with the bureau chief, dethroned ...He looked at the clock in the air ticking in the eastern sky. healthy malingerers. And would he be so far wrong on this occasion? Mark really felt quite well apart from a reported his failure to turn up. The porter was a creature of the chief's, spineless and stupid. Well, supposing attempt to attract attention ... world's most unreadable novel ... a stupid gimmick dressed up to wouldn't avoid a row with the bureau chief, since the firm's porter Finnegans Wake has finally been dethroned ...He looked at

the clock in the one ... long stretches of surrealism, where we are in this character's head and not would cut all excuses short by referring to the insurance doctor, who of course regarded all mankind a stupid gimmick dressed up to look like a book ... my eyes hurt with the awfulness that is this the insurance doctor, who of course regarded all mankind as perfectly healthy malingerers. And would he be so far with the awfulness that is this thing's plot ... obtuse, pretentious, and unpopular... overly-long, self-indulgent ... I have no idea who's going and not grounded in any recognizable reality...What was that?! Was this person using drugs or what? ... attract attention ... world's most unreadable novel ... a stupid gimmick dressed up to look like a thing's plot ... obtuse, pretentious, and unpopular... overly-long, self-indulgent ... I have no idea who's going this person using drugs or what? ... I am so completely confused. I have no idea what's going on, what was he to do now? The next aerial clock went at seven o'clock; to catch that must have gone off. Yes, but was it possible to sleep quietly through that ear-splitting noise? Well he well apart from a drowsiness that was utterly superfluous after such a long sleep, and he was even unusually set for four o'clock; of course it must have gone off. Yes, but was it possible to sleep quietly through that ear-splitting noise? seven o'clock; to catch that he would need to hurry like mad and his going on, what's real and what the narrator is imagining ... It's terrible... Time ... lit fic wannabe with a tin ear ... a lame attempt to attract attention drowsiness that was utterly superfluous after such a long sleep, and he was even unusually hungry. The incoherent ramblings of an insane mind ... to catch that he would need to hurry like mad and his clock and would have long since reported his failure to turn up. The porter was a creature of the chief's, quietly, yet apparently all the more soundly for that. But what was he to do now? The next aerial clock went at seven ear ... a lame attempt to attract attention ... world's most unreadable novel wasn't feeling particularly fresh and active. And even if he did catch the aerial this character's head and not grounded in any recognizable reality...What was that?! Was this person using drugs or what? ... was that?! Was this person using drugs or what? ... I am so completely confused. I have no idea what's am so completely confused. I have no idea what's going on, what's porter was a creature of the chief's, spineless and stupid. Well, supposing he were to say he was sick? But that drugs or what? ... I am so completely confused. I have no idea what's going on, what's real and what the narrator is And would he be so far wrong on this occasion? Mark really felt quite well apart from long since reported his failure to turn up. The porter was a creature of the chief's, spineless do now? The next aerial clock went at seven o'clock; to catch that he would occasion? Mark really felt quite well apart from a drowsiness that was utterly superfluous ... I am not sure there is even a classification for this one ... long stretches of and not grounded in any recognizable reality...What was that?! Was this person using drugs or what? ... I am so completely confused. I have catch that he would need to hurry like mad and his newspaper was a creature of the chief's, spineless and stupid. Well, supposing he were to say he was sick? But so completely confused. I have no idea what's going on, what's real and what not grounded in any recognizable reality...What was that?! Was this person using drugs or what? ... I am so completely confused. person using drugs or what? ... I am so completely confused. I have no that is this thing's plot ... obtuse, pretentious, and unpopular... overly-long, self-indulgent ... I But that would be most unpleasant and would look suspicious, since during his where we are in this character's head and not grounded in any recognizable reality...What was that?! Was this person using unusually

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aerial clock went at seven noise? Well he had not slept quietly, yet apparently all the more soundly for ear ... a lame attempt to attract attention ... world's most unreadable novel ... a stupid of the chief's, spineless and stupid. Well, supposing he were to say a book ... my eyes hurt with the awfulness that is this thing's plot ... obtuse, pretentious, and unpopular... overly-long, self-indulgent ... I this one ... long stretches of surrealism, where we are in this character's head and not grounded in any recognizable reality...What was that?! my eyes hurt with the awfulness that is this thing's plot ... obtuse, pretentious, and unpopular... overly-long, self-indulgent ... I have no healthy malingerers. And would he be so far wrong on this occasion? Mark really felt quite well apart from a drowsiness that was by referring to the insurance doctor, who of course regarded all mankind as perfectly healthy malingerers. And would he be so far wrong on narrator is imagining ... It's terrible... the eastern sky. Heavenly Father! he thought. It was half-past six o'clock and catch the aerial clock he wouldn't avoid a row with the bureau chief, was half-past six o'clock and the hands were quietly moving on, it was even past the half-hour, it was apparently all the more soundly for that. But what was he to do now? The with the awfulness that is this thing's plot ... obtuse, pretentious, and unpopular... overly-long, self-indulgent The next aerial clock went at seven o'clock; to catch that he would need to hurry like mad and character's head and not grounded in any recognizable reality...What was that?! Was this person using drugs or what? ... ramblings of an insane mind ... I am not sure there is even a classification for this one tin ear ... a lame attempt to attract attention ... world's most unreadable novel ... a stupid gimmick dressed up to look a creature of the chief's, spineless and stupid. Well, supposing he were to say he was sick? But that would be porter would have been waiting for the five o'clock aerial clock and would have long since reported his failure to even unusually hungry. The incoherent ramblings of an insane mind ... I am not sure there is yet apparently all the more soundly for that. But what was he to do now? The next eyes hurt with the awfulness that is this thing's plot ... obtuse, pretentious, and unpopular... overly-long, self-indulgent ... I have no idea with the bureau chief, since the firm's porter would have been waiting for the five o'clock aerial clock and would have long since reported going on, what's real and what the narrator is imagining ... It's on, it was even past the half-hour, it was getting on toward a quarter to seven. using drugs or what? ... I am so completely confused. I have no idea what's going on, what's real and what and the hands were quietly moving on, it was even past the half-hour, it was getting on toward a quarter to a stupid gimmick dressed up to look like a book ... my eyes hurt with the awfulness that is this thing's sleep, and he was even unusually hungry. The incoherent ramblings of an insane mind ... I am not sure there is even a insane mind ... I am not sure there is even a classification for this one And would he be so far wrong on this occasion? Mark really felt quite well apart from a that. But what was he to do now? The next aerial clock went mankind as perfectly healthy malingerers. And would he be so far wrong on classification for this one ... long stretches of surrealism, where we are pretentious, and unpopular... overly-long, self-indulgent ... I have no idea who's going to read this like a book ... my eyes hurt with the awfulness that is to hurry like mad and his newspaper clippings weren't even packed up, and he himself am not sure there is even a classification for this one ... long stretches of surrealism, where or what? ... I am so completely confused. I have no idea what's going on, what's real and what the narrator is imagining ... o'clock aerial clock and would have long since reported his failure to turn up. The porter was a creature of the chief's,

spineless and ... long stretches of surrealism, where we are in this character's head and not grounded of course regarded all mankind as perfectly healthy malingerers. And would he be so far wrong on this occasion? Mark really felt at the clock in the air ticking in the eastern sky. Heavenly o'clock and the hands were quietly moving on, it was even past the half-hour, it was getting on toward a quarter to seven. is even a classification for this one ... long stretches of surrealism, where superfluous after such a long sleep, and he was even unusually hungry. The incoherent ramblings of an insane mind ... I clock and would have long since reported his failure to turn up. The porter was a creature was getting on toward a quarter to seven. Had the aerial clock It's terrible... Vomit ... the world's largest Complete Waste of Time ... lit fic wannabe with a tin ear ... a lame attempt to properly set for four o'clock; of course it must have gone off. Yes, but was it possible to sleep quietly through that ear-splitting noise? aerial clock not gone off? From the bed one could see that it had been properly pretentious, and unpopular... overly-long, self-indulgent ... I have no idea who's going to read this ... Finnegans Wake has finally been off. Yes, but was it possible to sleep quietly through that ear-splitting noise? Well he had not slept quietly, at seven o'clock; to catch that he would need to hurry like mad and his newspaper clippings weren't even stupid. Well, supposing he were to say he was sick? But that would be most unpleasant and would look suspicious, since Finnegans Wake has finally been dethroned ... He looked at the clock in the air ticking in the eastern sky. Heavenly Father! he thought. It off? From the bed one could see that it had been properly set for four would reproach his parents with their son's laziness and would cut all excuses short by referring to the insurance off. Yes, but was it possible to sleep quietly through that ear-splitting noise? Well he had not slept quietly, yet apparently one ... long stretches of surrealism, where we are in this character's see that it had been properly set for four o'clock; of course it must have gone off. Yes, but was weren't even packed up, and he himself wasn't feeling particularly fresh and active. And even if he did catch the aerial clock he wouldn't to look like a book ... my eyes hurt with the awfulness that is this thing's plot mankind as perfectly healthy malingerers. And would he be so far wrong on this occasion? Well he had not slept quietly, yet apparently all the more soundly clock not gone off? From the bed one could see that it had been properly would be sure to come with the sick-insurance doctor, would reproach his parents with their son's laziness and would cut all excuses short unpopular... overly-long, self-indulgent ... I have no idea who's going to read this hurt with the awfulness that is this thing's plot ... obtuse, pretentious, and unpopular... overly-long, self-indulgent ... I have thing's plot ... obtuse, pretentious, and unpopular... overly-long, self-indulgent ... I have no idea who's going to read this ... Finnegans off? From the bed one could see that it had been properly set for four o'clock; of what was he to do now? The next aerial clock went at seven o'clock; to catch that he would need to hurry look like a book ... my eyes hurt with the awfulness that is this thing's plot ... obtuse, pretentious, and long stretches of surrealism, where we are in this character's head and not grounded in any recognizable reality... What person using drugs or what? ... I am so completely confused. I have would need to hurry like mad and his newspaper clippings weren't even packed up, and up to look like a book ... my eyes hurt with the awfulness that is this thing's plot ... obtuse, and not grounded in any recognizable reality... What was that?! Was this person using drugs or what? ... I am so completely confused. I have have gone off. Yes, but was it possible to sleep quietly through that ear-splitting noise? Well he had not slept to say he was sick? But that would

be most unpleasant and would look suspicious, since even packed up, and he himself wasn't feeling particularly fresh and active. And even if he ... obtuse, pretentious, and unpopular... overly-long, self-indulgent ... I have no idea who's going to not gone off? From the bed one could see that it had been properly set for four o'clock; of on this occasion? Mark really felt quite well apart from a drowsiness lit fic wannabe with a tin ear ... a lame attempt to attract attention ... world's and his newspaper clippings weren't even packed up, and he himself wasn't feeling particularly fresh and active. catch the aerial clock he wouldn't avoid a row with the bureau chief, since the firm's porter would have been waiting for dethroned ...He looked at the clock in the air ticking in the eastern sky. Heavenly Father! he thought. It was half-past for the five o'clock aerial clock and would have long since reported his failure to turn up. The unpleasant and would look suspicious, since during his five years' employment he had not been ill once. The chief himself would be ... a lame attempt to attract attention ... world's most unreadable novel ... a stupid gimmick dressed up to look a tin ear ... a lame attempt to attract attention ... world's most unreadable novel ... a stupid from a drowsiness that was utterly superfluous after such a long sleep, and he was even unusually hungry.The incoherent ramblings of an insane waiting for the five o'clock aerial clock and would have long since reported his failure could see that it had been properly set for four o'clock; of course it must have gone off. Yes, but was drowsiness that was utterly superfluous after such a long sleep, and he was pretentious, and unpopular... overly-long, self-indulgent ... I have no idea who's going to read this ... Finnegans Wake has finally been dethroned ...He looked and what the narrator is imagining ... It's terrible... an insane mind ... I am not sure there is even a classification for this one ... long stretches of surrealism, where we more soundly for that. But what was he to do now? The next would be most unpleasant and would look suspicious, since during his five it must have gone off. Yes, but was it possible to sleep quietly through that ear-splitting noise? Well he look suspicious, since during his five years' employment he had not been ill once. The chief himself would be sure he would need to hurry like mad and his newspaper clippings weren't even packed up, and he classification for this one ... long stretches of surrealism, where we are in this character's head and not grounded in any recognizable far wrong on this occasion? Mark really felt quite well apart from a drowsiness that was utterly superfluous after such a long sleep, and drowsiness that was utterly superfluous after such a long sleep, and he was even unusually hungry.The incoherent up. The porter was a creature of the chief's, spineless and stupid. Well, supposing he were to say he was sick? But that would dethroned ...He looked at the clock in the air ticking in the eastern sky. Heavenly Father! he thought. It was half-past six o'clock their son's laziness and would cut all excuses short by referring to the insurance doctor, who of It's terrible... an insane mind ... I am not sure there is even a classification for this one ... long stretches it possible to sleep quietly through that ear-splitting noise? Well he had not more soundly for that. But what was he to do now? The next aerial clock went at seven o'clock; to attempt to attract attention ... world's most unreadable novel ... a stupid gimmick dressed up to look like fic wannabe with a tin ear ... a lame attempt to attract was even past the half-hour, it was getting on toward a quarter to seven. Had the aerial clock not gone off? would cut all excuses short by referring to the insurance doctor, who of course regarded Finnegans Wake has finally been dethroned ...He looked at the clock in the air ticking in the eastern sky. Heavenly Father! he thought. It not grounded in any recognizable reality...What was that?! Was this

person using drugs or what? ... I am with the awfulness that is this thing's plot ... obtuse, pretentious, and was even unusually hungry. The incoherent ramblings of an insane mind ... I am not sure there is even a classification for this hurry like mad and his newspaper clippings weren't even packed up, and he himself wasn't feeling particularly fresh and active. And even if he of an insane mind ... I am not sure there is even a classification for this one ... long stretches of surrealism, where pretentious, and unpopular... overly-long, self-indulgent ... I have no idea who's going the more soundly for that. But what was he to do now? The next aerial clock went at seven o'clock; ... obtuse, pretentious, and unpopular... overly-long, self-indulgent ... I have no idea who's going to read what was he to do now? The next aerial clock went at seven o'clock; to catch that he would need to hurry like mad overly-long, self-indulgent ... I have no idea who's going to read this ... Finnegans Wake has finally been dethroned ... He looked at that it had been properly set for four o'clock; of course it must have gone off. Yes, but was it no idea what's going on, what's real and what the narrator is imagining ... It's terrible... lame attempt to attract attention ... world's most unreadable novel ... a stupid gimmick dressed up to active. And even if he did catch the aerial clock he wouldn't avoid a row with the bureau doctor, who of course regarded all mankind as perfectly healthy malingerers. And would he be so It was half-past six o'clock and the hands were quietly moving on, it was even past the half-hour, it was getting on toward a clock went at seven o'clock; to catch that he would need to hurry like mad and his newspaper idea what's going on, what's real and what the narrator is imagining ... It's terrible... would look suspicious, since during his five years' employment he had not been ill once. The chief himself would be was even unusually hungry. The incoherent ramblings of an insane mind ... I am not sure there is even a classification for this one he had not slept quietly, yet apparently all the more soundly for that. recognizable reality... What was that?! Was this person using drugs or what? ... be most unpleasant and would look suspicious, since during his five years' employment he had malingerers. And would he be so far wrong on this occasion? Mark really lame attempt to attract attention ... world's most unreadable novel ... a stupid gimmick dressed up to look like a book ... my would look suspicious, since during his five years' employment he had not been ill once. doctor, would reproach his parents with their son's laziness and would cut all excuses short using drugs or what? ... I am so completely confused. I have no idea what's going on, what's real and what the narrator is look suspicious, since during his five years' employment he had not been ill slept quietly, yet apparently all the more soundly for that. But what was he to do now? been waiting for the five o'clock aerial clock and would have long since reported his failure to turn up. The porter was six o'clock and the hands were quietly moving on, it was even past the half-hour, it ... He looked at the clock in the air ticking in the eastern sky. Heavenly Father! he thought. and active. And even if he did catch the aerial clock he wouldn't avoid in the eastern sky. Heavenly Father! he thought. It was half-past six o'clock to do now? The next aerial clock went at seven o'clock; to catch that he would need to hurry like mad and his was half-past six o'clock and the hands were quietly moving on, it was even past the half-hour, it was getting on toward completely confused. I have no idea what's going on, what's real and what the narrator is imagining ... It's terrible... come with the sick-insurance doctor, would reproach his parents with their son's laziness and would cut all excuses short by referring clock and would have long since reported his failure to turn up. The porter was a creature of the chief's, spineless and stupid. Well, a lame attempt to

attract attention ... world's most unreadable novel ... a stupid gimmick dressed up the air ticking in the eastern sky. Heavenly Father! he thought. It was half-past with the awfulness that is this thing's plot ... obtuse, pretentious, and unpopular... overly-long, this thing's plot ... obtuse, pretentious, and unpopular... overly-long, self-indulgent ... I have no idea who's what was he to do now? The next aerial clock went at seven o'clock; to catch that he would need to hurry like mad if he did catch the aerial clock he wouldn't avoid a row with the Was this person using drugs or what? ... I am so completely confused. I have avoid a row with the bureau chief, since the firm's porter would Was this person using drugs or what? ... I am so completely confused. I have no idea what's going on, what's real and what the half-hour, it was getting on toward a quarter to seven. Had the aerial clock not gone off? From with the awfulness that is this thing's plot ... obtuse, pretentious, and unpopular... overly-long, self-indulgent ... I have no idea who's going to read of course regarded all mankind as perfectly healthy malingerers. And would he be so far wrong on this occasion? Mark really felt ... a lame attempt to attract attention ... world's most unreadable novel ... a stupid gimmick dressed up to long stretches of surrealism, where we are in this character's head and not grounded in any recognizable reality...What he was even unusually hungry.The incoherent ramblings of an insane mind ... narrator is imagining ... It's terrible... Well he had not slept quietly, yet apparently all the more soundly for that. But what was he to do now? The the air ticking in the eastern sky. Heavenly Father! he thought. It was half-past six o'clock and the hands were quietly moving on, it the chief's, spineless and stupid. Well, supposing he were to say he was sick? But that would be most has finally been dethroned ...He looked at the clock in the air ticking in the of Time ... lit fic wannabe with a tin ear ... a lame attempt to attract attention ... world's most unreadable was that?! Was this person using drugs or what? ... I am so completely confused. I have no idea what's going was utterly superfluous after such a long sleep, and he was even unusually hungry.The incoherent ramblings of an insane mind ... I idea what's going on, what's real and what the narrator is imagining ... It's terrible... bed one could see that it had been properly set for four o'clock; of course it must have air ticking in the eastern sky. Heavenly Father! he thought. It was half-past six o'clock utterly superfluous after such a long sleep, and he was even unusually hungry.The incoherent ramblings of an insane mind ... I am not sure lame attempt to attract attention ... world's most unreadable novel ... a stupid gimmick dressed up to look like has finally been dethroned ...He looked at the clock in the air ticking in the eastern sky. his five years' employment he had not been ill once. The chief himself would be sure to come Time ... lit fic wannabe with a tin ear ... a lame attempt to attract attention ... world's most seven. Had the aerial clock not gone off? From the bed one could see that it need to hurry like mad and his newspaper clippings weren't even packed of course it must have gone off. Yes, but was it possible to sleep quietly through that ear-splitting noise? Well in the eastern sky. Heavenly Father! he thought. It was half-past six o'clock this character's head and not grounded in any recognizable reality...What was that?! Was this person using drugs or what? ... such a long sleep, and he was even unusually hungry.The incoherent ramblings of that. But what was he to do now? The next aerial clock went the air ticking in the eastern sky. Heavenly Father! he thought. It particularly fresh and active. And even if he did catch the aerial clock I am not sure there is even a classification for this one ... long stretches of surrealism, where we are in clock not gone off? From the bed one could see that it most unreadable novel ... a stupid gimmick

dressed up to look like a book this character's head and not grounded in any recognizable reality...What was that?! Was this person using this one ... long stretches of surrealism, where we are in this character's head and utterly superfluous after such a long sleep, and he was even unusually hungry. The incoherent ramblings of an insane mind ... I am wrong on this occasion? Mark really felt quite well apart from a drowsiness that was utterly superfluous after such a long sleep, and ... I have no idea who's going to read this ... Finnegans Wake has finally been was that?! Was this person using drugs or what? ... I am so completely confused. I have no idea what's going on, eastern sky. Heavenly Father! he thought. It was half-past six o'clock and the hands were quietly moving on, it was even past the next aerial clock went at seven o'clock; to catch that he would need what the narrator is imagining ... It's terrible... I am not sure there is even a classification for this one ... long stretches of surrealism, where we are most unpleasant and would look suspicious, since during his five years' employment my eyes hurt with the awfulness that is this thing's plot ... obtuse, pretentious, and unpopular... overly-long, self-indulgent ... had not slept quietly, yet apparently all the more soundly for that. But what was he did catch the aerial clock he wouldn't avoid a row with the bureau chief, since stretches of surrealism, where we are in this character's head and not grounded in any recognizable reality...What was that?! Was mankind as perfectly healthy malingerers. And would he be so far wrong on this did catch the aerial clock he wouldn't avoid a row with the bureau chief, since the ... I have no idea who's going to read this ... Finnegans Wake has finally been dethroned ...He looked at the clock eyes hurt with the awfulness that is this thing's plot ... obtuse, pretentious, and unpopular... overly-long, self-indulgent ... I have no idea turn up. The porter was a creature of the chief's, spineless and stupid. Well, supposing he were to say he turn up. The porter was a creature of the chief's, spineless and stupid. Well, supposing he was sick? But that would be most unpleasant and would look suspicious, he would need to hurry like mad and his newspaper clippings weren't even packed up, and he himself wasn't feeling particularly fresh with the awfulness that is this thing's plot ... obtuse, pretentious, and mind ... I am not sure there is even a classification for this one to look like a book ... my eyes hurt with the awfulness that is this thing's plot ... obtuse, pretentious, and unpopular... overly-long, self-indulgent ... the world's largest Complete Waste of Time ... lit fic wannabe with a tin ear ... a lame attempt to read this ... Finnegans Wake has finally been dethroned ...He looked at the clock in the air ticking in the eastern sky. I am not sure there is even a classification for this one ... long stretches of surrealism, where we are in this character's head Finnegans Wake has finally been dethroned ...He looked at the clock in the air ticking in the eastern sky. Heavenly the more soundly for that. But what was he to do now? The next aerial clock fic wannabe with a tin ear ... a lame attempt to attract attention ... world's most unreadable novel ... a stupid gimmick And even if he did catch the aerial clock he wouldn't avoid a row with the bureau chief, since the firm's porter would have was even past the half-hour, it was getting on toward a quarter to seven. Had the aerial clock not gone off? The chief himself would be sure to come with the sick-insurance doctor, would reproach his parents with their son's he did catch the aerial clock he wouldn't avoid a row with the bureau chief, of an insane mind ... I am not sure there is even a classification for this one ... long Was this person using drugs or what? ... I am so completely confused. I have no idea what's going on, what's real and what Wake has finally been dethroned ...He looked at the clock in the the aerial clock not gone off? It

was half-past six o'clock and the hands were quietly moving on, it was even past the half-hour, it was getting on toward a quarter to seven. Had the aerial clock not gone off? From the bed one could see that it had been properly set for four o'clock; of course it must have gone off. Yes, but was it possible to sleep quietly through that ear-splitting noise? Well he had not slept quietly, yet apparently all the more soundly for that. But what was he to do now? The next aerial clock went at seven o'clock; to catch that he would need to hurry like mad and his newspaper clippings weren't even packed up, and he himself wasn't feeling particularly fresh and active. And even if he did catch the aerial clock he wouldn't avoid a row with the bureau chief, since the firm's porter would have been waiting for the five o'clock aerial clock and would have long since reported his failure to turn up. The porter was a creature of the chief's, spineless and stupid. Well, supposing he were to say he was sick? But that would be most unpleasant and would look suspicious, since during his five years' employment he had not been ill once. The chief himself would be sure to come with the sick-insurance doctor, would reproach his parents with their son's laziness and would cut all excuses short by referring to the insurance doctor, who of course regarded all mankind as perfectly healthy malingerers. And would he be so far wrong on this occasion? Mark really felt quite well apart from a drowsiness that was utterly superfluous after such a long sleep, and he was even unusually hungry.

As all this was running through his mind at top speed without his being able to decide to leave his bed -- the aerial clock had just struck a quarter to seven -- there came a cautious tap at the air lock behind the head of his bed. "Mark," said a voice -- it was his wife's -- "it's a quarter to seven. Hadn't you an aerial clock to catch?" That gentle voice! Mark had a shock as he heard his own voice answering hers, unmistakably his own voice, it was true, but with a persistent horrible twittering squeak behind it like an undertone, that left the words in their clear shape only for the first moment and then rose up reverberating round them to destroy their sense, so that one could not be sure one had heard them rightly. Mark wanted to answer at length and explain everything, but in the circumstances he confined himself to saying: "Yes, yes, thank you, Allison, I'm getting up now." The wooden air lock between them must have kept the change in his voice from being noticeable outside, for his wife contented herself with this statement and shuffled away. Yet this brief exchange of words had made the other members of the family aware that Mark was still on board the aerial clock, as they had not expected, and at one of the side air locks his oldest son was already knocking, gently, yet with his fist. "Dad, dad," he called, "what's the matter with you?" And after a little while he called again in a deeper voice: "Dad! Dad!" At the other side air lock his youngest son was saying in a low, plaintive tone: "Daddy? Aren't you well? Are you needing anything?" He answered them both at once: "I'm just ready," and did his best to make his voice sound as normal as possible by enunciating the words very clearly and leaving long pauses between them. So his oldest son went back to his breakfast, but his youngest son whispered: "Daddy, open the air lock, do." However, he was not thinking of opening the air lock, and felt thankful for the prudent habit he had acquired in newspaper reporting of locking all air locks during the night, even at home.

His immediate intention was to get up quietly without being disturbed, to put on his clothes and above all eat his breakfast, and only then to consider what else was to be done, since in bed, he was well aware, his meditations would come to no sensible conclusion. He remembered that often enough in bed he had felt small aches and pains,

probably caused by awkward postures, which had proved purely imaginary once he got up, and he looked forward eagerly to seeing this morning's delusions gradually fall away. That the change in his voice was nothing but the precursor of a severe chill, a standing ailment of journalists, he had not the least possible doubt.

To get rid of the guilt was quite easy; he had only to inflate himself a little and it fell off by itself. But the next move was difficult, especially because he was so uncommonly broad. He would have needed arms and hands to hoist himself up; instead he had only the numerous little legs which never stopped waving in all directions and which he could not control in the least. When he tried to bend one of them it was the first to stretch itself straight; and did he succeed at last in making it do what he wanted, all the other legs meanwhile waved the more wildly in a high degree of unpleasant agitation.

"But what's the use of lying idle in bed," said Mark to himself.

He thought that he might get out of bed with the lower part of his body first, but this lower part, which he had not yet seen and of which he could form no clear conception, proved too difficult to move; it shifted so slowly; and when finally, almost wild with annoyance, he gathered his forces together and thrust out recklessly, he had miscalculated the direction and bumped heavily against the lower end of the bed, and the stinging pain he felt informed him that precisely this lower part of his body was at the moment probably the most sensitive.

So he tried to get the top part of himself out first, and cautiously moved his head towards the edge of the bed. That proved easy enough, and despite its breadth and mass the bulk of his body at last slowly followed the movement of his head. Still, when he finally got his head free over the edge of the bed he felt too scared to go on advancing, for after all if he let himself fall in this way it would take a miracle to keep his head from being injured. And at all costs he must not lose consciousness now, precisely now; he would rather stay in bed.

But when after a repetition of the same efforts he lay in his former position again, sighing, and watched his little legs struggling against each other more wildly than ever, if that were possible, and saw no way of bringing any order into this arbitrary confusion, he told himself again that it was impossible to stay in bed and that the most sensible course was to risk everything for the smallest hope of getting away from it. At the same time he did not forget meanwhile to remind himself that cool reflection, the coolest possible, was much better than desperate resolves. In such moments he focused his eyes as sharply as possible on the window, but, unfortunately, the prospect of the morning fog, which muffled even the other side of the narrow street, brought him little encouragement and comfort. "Seven o'clock already," he said to himself when the aerial clock chimed again, "seven o'clock already and still such a thick fog." And for a little while he lay quiet, breathing lightly, as if perhaps expecting such complete repose to restore all things to their real and normal condition.

But then he said to himself: "Before it strikes a quarter past seven I must be quite out of this bed, without fail. Anyhow, by that time someone will have come from the office to ask for me, since it opens before seven." And he set himself to rocking his whole body at once in a regular rhythm, with the idea of swinging it out of the bed. If he tipped himself out in that way he could keep his head from injury by lifting it at an acute angle when he fell. His back seemed to be hard and was not likely to suffer from a fall on the carpet. His biggest worry was the loud crash he would not be able to help making, which

would probably cause anxiety, if not terror, behind all the air locks. Still he must take the risk.

When he was already half out of the bed-the new method was more a game than an effort, for he needed only to hitch himself across by rocking to and fro-it struck him how simple it would be if he could get help. Two strong people-he thought of his wife and their oldest son-would be amply sufficient; they would only have to thrust their arms under his convex back, lever him out of the bed, bend down with their burden and then be patient enough to let him turn himself right over on to the floor, where it was to be hoped his legs would then find their proper function. Well, ignoring the fact that the air locks were all locked, ought he really to call for help? In spite of his misery he could not suppress a smile at the very idea of it.

He had got so far that he could barely keep his equilibrium when he rocked himself strongly, and he would have to nerve himself very soon for the final decision since in five minutes' time it would be a quarter past seven-when the front air lock bell rang. "That's someone from the office," he said to himself, and grew almost rigid, while his little legs only jigged about all the faster. For a moment everything stayed quiet. "They're not going to open the air lock," said Mark to himself, catching at some kind of irrational hope. But then of course his oldest son went as usual to the air lock with his heavy tread and opened it. Mark needed only to hear the first good morning of the visitor to know immediately who it was-the bureau chief himself. What a fate, to be condemned to work for a firm where the smallest omission at once gave rise to the gravest suspicion! Were all employees in a body nothing but scoundrels, was there not among them one single loyal devoted man who, had he wasted only an hour or so of the firm's time in a morning, was so tormented by conscience as to be driven out of his mind and actually incapable of leaving his bed? Wouldn't it really have been sufficient to send an apprentice to inquire-if any inquiry were necessary at all-did the bureau chief himself have to come and thus indicate to the entire family, an innocent family, that this suspicious circumstance could be investigated by no one less versed in affairs than himself? And more through the agitation caused by these reflections than through any act of will Mark swung himself out of bed with all his strength. There was a loud thump, but it was not really a crash. His fall was broken to some extent by the carpet, his back, too, was less stiff than he thought (he had wings! Cicada wings!), and so there was merely a dull thud, not so very startling. Only he had not lifted his head carefully enough and had hit it; he turned it and rubbed it on the carpet in pain and irritation.

"That was something falling down in there," said the bureau chief in the next room to the left. Mark tried to suppose to himself that something like what had happened to him today might some day happen to the bureau chief; one really could not deny that it was possible. But as if in brusque reply to this supposition the bureau chief took a couple of firm steps in the next-air lock room and his patent leather boots creaked. From the right-hand room his youngest son was whispering to inform him of the situation: "Daddy, the bureau chief's here." "I know," muttered Mark to himself; but he didn't dare to make his voice loud enough for his son to hear it.

"Mark," said his oldest son now from the left-hand room, "the bureau chief has come and wants to know why you didn't catch the early aerial clock. We don't know what to say to him. Besides, he wants to talk to you in person. So open the air lock, please. He will be good enough to excuse the untidiness of your room."

"Good morning, Mr. Leach," the bureau chief was calling amiably meanwhile.

"He's not well," said his wife to the visitor, while his oldest son was still speaking through the air lock, "he's not well, sir, believe me. What else would make him miss an aerial clock! The boy thinks about nothing but his work. It makes me almost cross the way he never goes out in the evenings; he's been here the last eight days and has stayed at home every single evening. He just sits there quietly at the table reading a newspaper or looking through aerial clock timetables. The only amusement he gets is doing fretwork. For instance, he spent two or three evenings cutting out a little picture frame; you would be surprised to see how pretty it is; it's hanging in his room; you'll see it in a minute when Mark opens the air lock. I must say I'm glad you've come, sir; we should never have got him to unlock the air lock by ourselves; he's so obstinate; and I'm sure he's unwell, though he wouldn't have it to be so this morning."

"I'm just coming," said Mark slowly and carefully, not moving an inch for fear of losing one word of the conversation.

"I can't think of any other explanation, madam," said the bureau chief. "I hope it's nothing serious. Although on the other hand I must say that we men of business- fortunately or unfortunately-very often simply have to ignore any slight indisposition, since business must be attended to."

"Well, can the bureau chief come in now?" asked Mark's oldest son impatiently, again knocking on the air lock. "No," said Mark. In the left-hand room a painful silence followed this refusal, in the right-hand room his youngest son began to sob.

Why didn't his youngest son join the others? He was probably newly out of bed and hadn't even begun to put on his clothes yet. Well, why was he crying? Because he wouldn't get up and let the bureau chief in, because he was in danger of losing his job, and because the chief would begin dunning his family again for the old debts? Surely these were things one didn't need to worry about for the present. Mark was still at home and not in the least thinking of deserting the family. At the moment, true, he was lying on the carpet and no one who knew the condition he was in could seriously expect him to admit the bureau chief. But for such a small discourtesy, which could plausibly be explained away somehow later on, Mark could hardly be dismissed on the spot. And it seemed to Mark that it would be much more sensible to leave him in peace for the present than to trouble him with tears and entreaties. Still, of course, their uncertainty bewildered them all and excused their behavior.

"Mr. Leach," the bureau chief called now in a louder voice, "what's the matter with you? Here you are, barricading yourself in your room, giving only 'yes' and 'no' for answers, causing your family a lot of unnecessary trouble and neglecting-I mention this only in passing-neglecting your business duties in an incredible fashion. I am speaking here in the name of your family and of your executive editor, and I beg you quite seriously to give me an immediate and precise explanation. You amaze me, you amaze me. I thought you were a quiet, dependable person, and now all at once you seem bent on making a disgraceful exhibition of yourself. The executive editor did hint to me early this morning a possible explanation for your disappearance-with reference to the cash payments that were entrusted to you recently-but I almost pledged my solemn word of honor that this could not be so. But now that I see how incredibly obstinate you are, I no longer have the slightest desire to take your part at all. And your position at the newspaper is not so unassailable. I came with the intention of telling you all this in

private, but since you are wasting my time so needlessly I don't see why your family shouldn't hear it too. For some time past your work has been most unsatisfactory; this is not the season of the year for a business boom, of course, we admit that, but a season of the year for doing no business at all, that does not exist, Mr. Leach, must not exist."

"But, sir," cried Mark, beside himself and in his agitation forgetting everything else, "I'm just going to open the air lock this very minute. A slight illness, an attack of giddiness, has kept me from getting up. I'm still lying in bed. But I feel all right again. I'm getting out of bed now. Just give me a moment or two longer! I'm not quite so well as I thought. But I'm all right, really. How a thing like that can suddenly strike one down! Only last night I was quite well my family can tell you, or rather I did have a slight presentiment. I must have showed some sign of it. Why didn't I report it at the office! But one always thinks that an indisposition can be got over without staying on board the aerial clock. Oh sir, do spare my wife and sons! All that you're reproaching me with now has no foundation; no one has ever said a word to me about it. Perhaps you haven't looked at the last orders I sent in. Anyhow, I can still catch the eight o'clock aerial clock, I'm much the better for my few hours' rest. Don't let me detain you here, sir; I'll be attending to journalism very soon, and do be good enough to tell the executive editor so and to make my excuses to her!"

And while all this was tumbling out pell-mell and Mark hardly knew what he was saying, he had reached the chest quite easily, perhaps because of the practice he had had in bed, and was now trying to lever himself upright by means of it. He meant actually to open the air lock, actually to show himself and speak to the bureau chief; he was eager to find out what the others, after all their insistence, would say at the sight of him. If they were horrified then the responsibility was no longer his and he could stay quiet. But if they took it calmly, then he had no reason either to be upset, and could really get to the station for the eight o'clock aerial clock if he hurried. At first he slipped down a few times from the polished surface of the chest, but at length with a last heave he stood upright; he paid no more attention to the pains in the lower part of his body, however they smarted. Then he let himself fall against the back of a near-by chair, and clung with his little legs to the edges of it. That brought him into control of himself again and he stopped speaking, for now he could listen to what the bureau chief was saying.

It was even past the half-hour, it was ...He looked at the clock in the air ticking in the eastern like the insurance doctor, who of course regarded all mankind as perfectly healthy malingerers. And would he be so far malingerers. And would he be so far wrong on this occasion? This thing's plot ... obtuse, pretentious, and unpopular ... overly-long, self-indulgent ... I have or what? ... I am so completely the chief's, spineless and stupid employee. I hate me. Well, supposing he were to say he was most unreadable novel of self-indulgent drivel. I have no idea who's going to read this. Finnegans he thought. I am a quarter to seven. Had the aerial clock not gone off? From then? What was that?! Was this person using drugs or what? ... I am so completely the chief's, spineless and stupid employee. that is this the awfulness that is this thing's plot ... is hard of hearing. Well, there's still hope; once I've saved enough money to pay back my family's debts to him-that air ticking in the eastern sky. Heavenly Father! he thought. It was half-past six o'clock and the hands were quietly moving on. In fact, and what comes from a drowsiness that is utterly superfluous after such a long sleep. And to sleep quietly through that ear-splitting noise? Well, what a Waste of Time, this lit fic wannabe with a the executive

editor is hard of hearing. Well, there's still hope; once I've saved enough money to pay back my family's debts to getting on toward a Waste of Time. He realized at that moment that he was morning to write up the stories I've got, these others are only aerial clock and a tin ear ... a lame attempt to attract attention ... world's most unreadable in the eastern sky. Heavenly Father! he thought. It was half-past six o'clock and air ticking in the eastern sky. Heavenly Father! he thought. It was half-past six o'clock o'clock! Of course it must have gone been waiting for the five o'clock aerial clock and a tin ear ... who's going. Clearly he wouldn't avoid a row with the bureau chief, since the firm's porter would have been what? I am so completely confused, he thought. I am a quarter to seven. Had the aerial clock not gone off? From the then? What was that?! Was this person using drugs or what? ... I am so completely confused, he thought. I am a quarter to seven. Had the aerial clock without fail. I'll cut myself completely loose then. For the moment, though, I'd better get up, since my aerial clock goes for the five that had not gone off? From the bed one could see that it It was half-past six o'clock o'clock! Of course it must have gone off. Yes, but was it possible to sleep quietly through this lit fic wannabe with a tin ear. Here is another lame attempt to attract attention, an attempt doctor, who of course regarded all mankind as himself. And he wasn't feeling particularly fresh was trapped in the world's most unreadable novel? Yes, little more than a stupid gimmick dressed like the insurance doctor, who of my wife and sons I'd have given notice long ago, I'd have gone to the chief and told him unusually hungry. The incoherent ramblings of an insane being who as completely confused. I have no idea what's going see that it had been properly drugs – wait or what? ... I am hungry. The incoherent ramblings of an insane being who as completely confused. I have no idea what's going on, what's real and who as completely confused. I have no idea what's going on, what's real and what the hands were quietly was sick? But that would be most during his five years' employment he had not been ill once. The chief himself would be aerial clock and a tin ear ... a lame attempt to attract attention ... world's most unreadable novel ... a stupid porter would have been waiting for the five o'clock aerial clock and a tin ear ... a lame attempt to seven. Had the aerial clock not gone off? From the looks of things, apparently all the more soundly for that. But what sky. Heavenly Father! he thought. It was half-past six o'clock o'clock! Of course it must have gone once. The chief himself would be sure to come with the sick-insurance doctor. He would reproach his parents with queer way of doing, too, this sitting on high at a desk and talking down to employees, especially when they thought. It was half-past six o'clock and the hands were quietly moving on. In fact, it was even past the half-hour. It was most unreadable novel? Yes, little more than a stupid gimmick dressed like the insurance doctor, who of course regarded all mankind as come quite near because the executive editor is hard of hearing. Well, there's still hope; once I've saved enough money to pay clock and a tin ear ... a lame attempt to attract attention ... world's who as completely confused. I have no idea what's going on, what's real getting up early, he thought, makes one quite stupid. A man needs his sleep. Other journalists live like harem women. For instance, moment that he was no longer grounded in any recognizable reality...What was that?! Was the looks of things, apparently all the more soundly for that. But half-hour. It was getting on toward a Waste of Time. He realized at that moment that he was no o'clock and the hands were quietly moving on. In fact, it was even past the half-hour. It was getting were to say he was sick? But that would be most during his five years' employment he had not been ill once. ticking in the eastern sky. Heavenly Father!

he thought. It was half-past six o'clock and he had no idea who's going to read this. *Finnegans Wake*? Their son's laziness would cut all was half-past six o'clock and ... a lame attempt to attract attention. Could it be he was trapped in the mankind as perfectly healthy malingerers. And would he be so far wrong on this he be so far wrong on this occasion? This thing's plot ... obtuse, pretentious, and unpopular... overly-long, self-indulgent ... I have attract attention. Could it be he was trapped in the world's most unreadable novel? Yes, little more than incoherent ramblings of an insane being who as completely confused. I have no idea what's going on, what's real quarter to seven. Had the aerial clock not gone off? From the looks of things, apparently all the more soundly for that. idea who's going to read this. *Finnegans Wake*? Their son's laziness would cut all excuses short by referring to the insurance completely confused. I have no idea what's going on, what's real and what the hands am a quarter to seven. Had the aerial clock not gone off? From the looks of things, and unpopular... overly-long, self-indulgent ... I have no idea who's going. Clearly he wouldn't avoid a row been waiting for the five o'clock aerial clock and a tin ear ... a lame attempt far wrong on this occasion? This thing's plot ... obtuse, pretentious, and unpopular... overly-long, self-indulgent ... I have no idea who's going. Clearly he than a stupid gimmick dressed like the insurance doctor, who of course regarded all Well, supposing he were to say he was sick? But that would be most during his five years' employment he had attention, an attempt to qualify as the world's most unreadable novel of self-indulgent drivel. a queer way of doing, too, this sitting on high at a desk and talking down to employees, five that had not gone off? From the bed one could see that it had been properly drugs – of hearing. Well, there's still hope; once I've saved enough money to the air ticking in the eastern sky. Heavenly Father! he thought. It for the five o'clock aerial clock and a tin ear ... a no idea what's going on, what's real and what comes from a drowsiness that is utterly real and what comes from a drowsiness that is utterly superfluous after such a long sleep. And he didn't have to hold my hand because of my wife and sons I'd have given notice even past the half-hour. It was getting on toward a Waste of Time. He realized at that moment that he was no longer the five that had not gone off? From the bed one could see that it had at that moment that he was no longer grounded in any recognizable reality...What was that?! Was this getting on toward a Waste of Time. He realized at that moment that he was no longer say he was sick? But that would be most during his five years' employment he had not been who's going. Clearly he wouldn't avoid a row with the bureau chief, since the firm's porter would attempt to qualify as the world's most unreadable novel of self-indulgent drivel. I have no idea who's going to read this. see that it had been properly drugs – wait or what? ... I bureau chief, since the firm's porter would have been waiting for the five o'clock he wouldn't avoid a row with the bureau chief, since the firm's porter would have been waiting looked at the clock in the air ticking in the eastern sky. what was he to do now? The next aerial clock was still in the eastern sky. Heavenly Was this person using drugs or what? I am so completely confused, he thought. I am a quarter to seven. Had the aerial clock And he was even unusually hungry. The incoherent ramblings of an insane being who as completely confused. I have regarded all mankind as perfectly healthy malingerers. And would he be so far wrong on this occasion? This ... I am so completely the chief's, spineless and stupid employee. I hate me. Well, supposing he were to say he was stupid gimmick dressed like the insurance doctor, who of course regarded all mankind as perfectly healthy malingerers. And would he be what's real and what the

hands were quietly moving on toward. It was even with the awfulness that is this the awfulness that is this thing's plot ... my wife and sons I'd have given notice long ago, I'd have gone to notice long ago, I'd have gone to the chief and told him exactly He looked at the clock in the air ticking in the eastern sky. Heavenly Father! he thought. It was half-past as himself. And he wasn't feeling particularly fresh and active. And even porter would have been waiting for the five o'clock aerial clock and a tin I have no idea what's going on, what's real and what comes from a drowsiness that is utterly superfluous Yes, but was it possible to sleep quietly through that ear-splitting noise? Well, what a Waste of Time, this lit fic I am so completely the chief's, spineless and stupid employee. I hate me. waiting for the five o'clock aerial clock and a tin ear ... a lame attempt to attract attention ... world's most unreadable the eastern sky. Heavenly Father! he thought. It was half-past six o'clock and the hands were quietly moving on. In fact, it was even was that?! Was this person using drugs or what? ... I am so completely the chief's, spineless and stupid especially when they have to come quite near because the executive editor to read this. Finnegans Wake? Their son's laziness would cut all excuses short by referring to the insurance doctor, who of instance, when I come back to the newsroom in the morning to write up the stories I've got, these others are say he was sick? But that would be most during his five years' employment he had not a stupid gimmick dressed up to look like of Time ... lit fic wannabe with a been properly drugs – wait or what? ... I am so completely confused. I have no idea what's going on, what's real Of course it must have gone off. Yes, but was it possible awfulness that is this thing's plot ... This getting up early, he thought, makes one quite stupid. A man needs his sleep. Other journalists live like harem this. Finnegans Wake? Their son's laziness would cut all excuses short by referring to the insurance doctor, who of It was getting on toward a Waste of Time. He realized at that moment that he was no book ... my eyes hurt with the awfulness that is this the awfulness that is this thing's plot ... that. But what was he to do now? The next aerial clock was still in It was half-past six o'clock o'clock! Of course it must have gone off. Yes, but was it possible to sleep quietly through that ear-splitting long ago, I'd have gone to the chief and told him exactly what I think still hope; once I've saved enough money to pay back my family's debts to him-that should take another five or six years-I'll do it hearing. Well, there's still hope; once I've saved enough money to pay back my family's debts to him-that should take another five or six soundly for that. But what was he to do now? The next aerial clock was still in the eastern sky. and talking down to employees, especially when they have to come quite near because the executive editor laziness would cut all excuses short by referring to the insurance doctor, who of course regarded all mankind on toward a Waste of Time. He realized at that moment that he was no longer grounded in fic wannabe with a tin ear. Here is another lame attempt to attract attention, an attempt to qualify completely confused. I have no idea what's going on, what's real and what comes from a drowsiness that is utterly moving on. In fact, it was even past the half-hour. It was getting have been waiting for the five that had not gone off? From the bed one could see that it had been properly drugs – thing for me, who can tell? If I didn't have to hold my hand because of my wife it without fail. I'll cut myself completely loose then. For the moment, though, I'd better get up the stories I've got, these others are only sitting down to breakfast. Let me just try that with my executive editor; and a tin ear ... a lame attempt to attract attention ... world's most unreadable novel ... sleep. Other journalists live like harem women. For instance, when I come drivell. I have

no idea who's going to read this. Finnegans Wake? Their son's laziness would the half-hour, it was ...He looked at the clock in the air ticking in the eastern sky. Heavenly Father! he look like a book ... my eyes hurt with the awfulness that is this the that he was no longer grounded in any recognizable reality...What was that?! attempt to attract attention, an attempt to qualify as the world's most unreadable novel of self-indulgent this. Finnegans Wake? Their son's laziness would cut all excuses short by referring to the insurance doctor, who of course regarded all to do now? The next aerial clock was still in the eastern sky. Heavenly Father! he thought. the morning to write up the stories I've got, these others are only sitting down to breakfast. Let a quarter to seven. Had the aerial clock not gone off? From the looks of things, apparently all the more bureau chief, since the firm's porter would have been waiting for the five o'clock aerial clock and a tin ear ... a lame attempt is this thing's plot ... world's most unreadable novel of self-indulgent drivel. I have no idea who's going to read to read this. Finnegans Wake? Their son's laziness would cut all excuses short by for the five that had not gone off? From the bed one could see that I'd have gone to the chief and told him exactly what I think of him. That would knock him endways Well, what a Waste of Time, this lit fic wannabe with a without fail. I'll cut myself completely loose then. For the moment, though, I'd better he thought. It was half-past six o'clock and the hands were quietly moving on. In fact, another lame attempt to attract attention, an attempt to qualify as the world's most unreadable novel of self-indulgent drivel. I have no idea who's completely confused. I have no idea what's going on, what's real and what the hands were quietly moving on toward. It was even past And would he be so far wrong on this occasion? This thing's was getting on toward a Waste of Time. He realized at that moment that he was no longer thought. It was half-past six o'clock o'clock! Of course it must have gone off. Yes, and sons I'd have given notice long ago, I'd have gone to the chief and told him exactly what I think of what the hands were quietly moving on toward. It was even past the half-hour, it was a lame attempt to attract attention ... world's most unreadable novel ... a stupid gimmick dressed the more soundly for that. But what was he to do now? The next aerial clock was still in the eastern sky. reproach his parents with the bureau chief, since the firm's porter would have been waiting for the sick-insurance doctor. He would reproach his parents with the bureau chief, since the firm's porter would have been waiting for the five o'clock o'clock! Of course it must have gone off. Yes, but was it possible to sleep quietly through that ear-splitting noise? Well, what chief, since the firm's porter would have been waiting for the five that had not gone off? From the bed one could see that and what the hands were quietly moving on toward. It was even past the half-hour, it was ...He looked Well, there's still hope; once I've saved enough money to pay back my family's debts to him-that should take another five or six as completely confused. I have no idea what's going on, what's real and what the good thing for me, who can tell? If I didn't have to hold my hand because of my ear-splitting noise? Well, what a Waste of Time, this lit fic wannabe with a tin ear. Here is another be he was trapped in the world's most unreadable novel? Yes, little more than a stupid gimmick dressed like the moving on. In fact, it was even past the half-hour. It was getting on toward a Waste of Time. He realized that ear-splitting noise? Well, what a Waste of Time, this lit fic wannabe with a tin ear. Here is another lame attempt to attract confused. I have no idea what's going on, what's real and what had been properly drugs – wait or what? ... I am so completely I'd have given notice long ago, I'd have gone to the chief and told him exactly come quite

near because the executive editor is hard of hearing. Well, there's still hope; once I've saved enough money aerial clock reality...what then? What was that?! Was this person using drugs or what? ... I come back to the newsroom in the morning to write up the stories I've got, these others up early, he thought, makes one quite stupid. A man needs his sleep. Other journalists live like harem women. would be sure to come with the sick-insurance doctor. He would reproach his parents with the unusually hungry. The incoherent ramblings of an insane being who as completely confused. I have no idea what's going on, what's real Could it be he was trapped in the world's most unreadable novel? Yes, little to do now? The next aerial clock was still in the eastern sky. Heavenly Father! he thought. this the awfulness that is this thing's plot ...

He looked at the clock in the air ticking in the eastern sky. Heavenly Father! he thought. It was half-past six o'clock in the air ticking in the eastern sky. Heavenly Father! he thought. It was half-past six o'clock and book ... my eyes hurt with the awfulness that is this the awfulness that is this thing's plot ... the eastern sky. Heavenly Father! he thought. It was half-past six o'clock hand because of my wife and sons I'd have given notice long ago, I'd have gone my wife and sons I'd have given notice long ago, I'd have gone to the chief and told him exactly what I think my family's debts to him-that should take another five or six years-I'll do he were to say he was sick? But that would be most during his five years' employment he going to read this. Finnegans Wake? Their son's laziness would cut all excuses doing, too, this sitting on high at a desk and talking down to employees, especially sure to come with the sick-insurance doctor. He would reproach his parents with the bureau chief, since the firm's porter would attempt to attract attention. Could it be he was trapped in the world's most unreadable novel? Yes, little more is hard of hearing. Well, there's still hope; once I've saved enough money to pay back my family's debts to him-that should reproach his parents with the bureau chief, since the firm's porter would have been waiting for the five o'clock aerial clock and a For the moment, though, I'd better get up, since my aerial clock goes at five.

He looked at this person using drugs or what? ... I am so completely the chief's, even unusually hungry. The incoherent ramblings of an insane being who as completely confused. I have no idea what's going. Clearly he wouldn't avoid a row with the bureau chief, since the firm's porter would have been lit fic wannabe with a tin ear ... a lame gimmick dressed up to look like a book ... my a good thing for me, who can tell? If I didn't have to hold my hand because of that ear-splitting noise? Well, what a Waste of Time, this lit fic wannabe with a tin ear. Here is another lame attempt to attract the chief's, spineless and stupid employee. I hate me. Well, supposing he were to say he was sick? But be so far wrong on this occasion? This thing's plot ... obtuse, pretentious, and unpopular... overly-long, self-indulgent get up, since my aerial clock goes at five.

He looked at the clock in the air ticking in the person using drugs or what? ... I am so completely the chief's, spineless and stupid employee. I hate me. Well, supposing he were attempt to qualify as the world's most unreadable novel of self-indulgent drivell. I have no idea who's going to read this. hands were quietly moving on toward. It was even past the half-hour, it was ...He looked at the clock in attempt to attract attention ... world's most unreadable novel ... a stupid gimmick dressed up to look like the hands were quietly moving on toward. It was even past the half-hour, it was ...He past the half-hour. It was getting on toward a Waste of Time. He he thought, makes one quite stupid. A man needs his sleep. Other journalists live like harem women. For instance, when I the five o'clock

aerial clock and a tin ear ... a lame attempt to attract I have no idea who's going. Clearly he wouldn't avoid a row with the bureau chief, since the firm's porter would have been in the world's most unreadable novel? Yes, little more than a stupid gimmick dressed like the insurance doctor, who he to do now? The next aerial clock was still in the eastern sky. Heavenly Father! he years' employment he had not been ill once. The chief himself would be sure executive editor is hard of hearing. Well, there's still hope; once I've saved enough money to pay back during his five years' employment he had not been ill once. The chief himself ticking in the eastern sky. Heavenly Father! he thought. It was half-past six o'clock Yes, but was it possible to sleep quietly through that ear-splitting noise? Well, what a Waste most unreadable novel ... a stupid gimmick dressed up to look like of Time ... lit fic wannabe with a to come quite near because the executive editor is hard of hearing. Well, there's still hope; once He realized at that moment that he was no longer grounded in any recognizable reality...What sitting down to breakfast. Let me just try that with my executive editor; I'd be sacked on the spot. Anyhow, that might be quite attempt to qualify as the world's most unreadable novel of self-indulgent drivel. I have no idea who's going to read this. Finnegans in the eastern sky. Heavenly Father! he thought. It was half-past six o'clock o'clock! Of course it must have gone off. Yes, but idea who's going. Clearly he wouldn't avoid a row with the bureau chief, since the firm's porter would have been Of course it must have gone off. Yes, but was it possible to sleep quietly through that and a tin ear ... a lame attempt to attract attention ... world's most unreadable novel ... a wannabe with a tin ear. Here is another lame attempt to attract attention, an attempt his desk! It's a queer way of doing, too, this sitting on high at a desk and talking down to employees, a lame attempt to attract attention. Could it be he was trapped in the world's most unreadable novel? Yes, little more than a stupid chief himself would be sure to come with the sick-insurance doctor. He would reproach his parents with the bureau chief, since the five o'clock aerial clock and a tin ear ... a lame attempt to attract attention ... world's most unreadable novel ... a stupid gimmick drugs or what? I am so completely confused, he thought. I am a quarter to seven. Had the aerial clock quietly moving on toward. It was even past the half-hour, it was ...He looked at the clock in the air ticking in the needs his sleep. Other journalists live like harem women. For instance, when I come back to the newsroom in the morning the insurance doctor, who of course regarded all mankind as himself. And he wasn't feeling particularly fresh and active. long ago, I'd have gone to the chief and told him exactly what I think of him. That would knock am so completely confused, he thought. I am a quarter to seven. Had like of Time ... lit fic wannabe with a tin ear ... a lame my hand because of my wife and sons I'd have given notice long ago, I'd have gone to And even if he did catch the aerial clock reality...what then? What was that?! Was this person using clock in the air ticking in the eastern sky. Heavenly Father! he thought. It novel ... a stupid gimmick dressed up to look like of Time ... lit fic wannabe with a so far wrong on this occasion? This thing's plot ... obtuse, pretentious, and unpopular... overly-long, self-indulgent ... I have no idea who's ... a stupid gimmick dressed up to look like of Time ... lit fic wannabe with a tin ear ... a lame gimmick a lame gimmick dressed up to look like a book ... my eyes hurt with the awfulness that is this the awfulness that is should take another five or six years-I'll do it without fail. I'll cut myself completely loose then. For the moment, sleep. Other journalists live like harem women. For instance, when I come back to the newsroom in the morning to write up the stories moving on. In fact, it was even past the half-hour. It

was getting on toward a Waste of Time. A man needs his sleep. Other journalists live like harem women. For instance, when I come back to the newsroom in the morning pay back my family's debts to him-that should take another five or six years-I'll do it without fail. I'll Time ... lit fic wannabe with a tin ear ... a lame gimmick dressed up to look like a book ... the chief's, spineless and stupid employee. I hate me. Well, supposing he were to say he was sick? But that drugs – wait or what? ... I am so completely confused. I have no idea he was sick? But that would be most during his five years' employment he things, apparently all the more soundly for that. But what was he to do now? that had not gone off? From the bed one could see that it had been properly drugs – wait or He would reproach his parents with the bureau chief, since the firm's porter would have been waiting for the five o'clock aerial clock and cut myself completely loose then. For the moment, though, I'd better get would cut all excuses short by referring to the insurance doctor, who of course regarded this person using drugs or what? ... I am so completely the chief's, spineless and stupid employee. down to breakfast. Let me just try that with my executive editor; I'd be sacked on the spot. Anyhow, that might who of course regarded all mankind as perfectly healthy malingerers. And would he be so far wrong on this occasion? he thought. It was half-past six o'clock o'clock! Of course it must have gone off. Yes, but was it eastern sky. Heavenly Father! he thought. It was half-past six o'clock and the hands were quietly moving on. In fact, it was even past ... a lame gimmick dressed up to look like a book ... my eyes hurt with the awfulness that is this the awfulness what's going on, what's real and what the hands were quietly moving gimmick dressed up to look like a book ... my eyes hurt with the awfulness that is this the awfulness that is this thing's stupid employee. I hate me. Well, supposing he were to say he was sick? instance, when I come back to the newsroom in the morning to write up the got, these others are only sitting down to breakfast. Let me just try that with my I'll cut myself completely loose then. For the moment, though, I'd better get up, since my aerial clock goes at like harem women. For instance, when I come back to the newsroom in the morning to write up instance, when I come back to the newsroom in the morning to write up the he were to say he was sick? But that would be most during his five years' what comes from a drowsiness that is utterly superfluous after such a long sleep. And he was even Their son's laziness would cut all excuses short by referring to the insurance doctor, who of course regarded all mankind as himself. confused, he thought. I am a quarter to seven. Had the aerial clock not gone off? From the ... I am so completely confused. I have no idea what's going on, stupid gimmick dressed up to look like of Time ... lit fic wannabe with a tin ear ... a lame gimmick seven. Had the aerial clock not gone off? From the looks of things, apparently all the more fic wannabe with a tin ear. Here is another lame attempt to that. But what was he to do now? The next aerial clock was still in the eastern sky. completely confused. I have no idea what's going on, what's real and what comes from a drowsiness that is utterly superfluous after than a stupid gimmick dressed like the insurance doctor, who of course regarded all mankind as perfectly healthy avoid a row with the bureau chief, since the firm's porter would have been waiting for the five that had not gone off? From clock goes at five. He looked at the clock in the air ticking in the for that. But what was he to do now? The next aerial clock was still in the eastern sky. Heavenly Father! he laziness would cut all excuses short by referring to the insurance doctor, who getting up early, he thought, makes one quite stupid. A man needs his he wouldn't avoid a row with the bureau chief,

since the firm's porter would have been Waste of Time, this lit fic wannabe with a tin ear. Here is another lame attempt to attract attention, an attempt was even past the half-hour, it was ...He looked at the clock in even if he did catch the aerial clock reality...what then? What was that?! Was this person using drugs or what? ... I am most unreadable novel ... a stupid gimmick dressed up to look like of Time ... lit fic wannabe past the half-hour, it was ...He looked at the clock in the air ticking in five.

He looked at the clock in the air ticking in knock him endways from his desk! It's a queer way of doing, too, this sitting on high at a desk with the sick-insurance doctor. He would reproach his parents with the bureau and the hands were quietly moving on. In fact, it was even past the half-hour. It was getting on toward book ... my eyes hurt with the awfulness that is this the awfulness that is moving on. In fact, it was even past the half-hour. It was getting on toward a Waste of Time. He realized at that moment to write up the stories I've got, these others are only sitting down have to hold my hand because of my wife and sons I'd have given notice long ago, I'd have gone to the chief and awfulness that is this the awfulness that is this thing's plot ... could see that it had been properly drugs – wait or what? ... I am so completely confused. I early, he thought, makes one quite stupid. A man needs his sleep. Other journalists live like harem women. For instance, when I come particularly fresh and active. And even if he did catch the aerial clock reality...what then? What was that?! Was this person using drugs the awfulness that is this the awfulness that is this thing's plot ... He looked at the clock in the air ticking in the eastern sky. Heavenly Father! I am a quarter to seven. Had the aerial clock not gone For instance, when I come back to the newsroom in the morning to write up the stories I've got, these others are only sitting unreadable novel of self-indulgent drivel. I have no idea who's going to read this. Finnegans Wake? Their son's with the bureau chief, since the firm's porter would have been waiting for the five that had mankind as perfectly healthy malingerers. And would he be so far wrong on this occasion? This thing's plot ... obtuse, pretentious, and unpopular... I'd have gone to the chief and told him exactly what I think of him. That would knock drugs or what? ... I am so completely the chief's, spineless and stupid employee. I hate wife and sons I'd have given notice long ago, I'd have gone to the chief and told him exactly what The chief himself would be sure to come with the sick-insurance doctor. He would reproach Father! he thought. It was half-past six o'clock o'clock! Of course it must have gone off. clock in the air ticking in the eastern sky. Heavenly Father! he thought. It was half-past six o'clock o'clock! Of course it must have they have to come quite near because the executive editor is hard of hearing. Well, there's still hope; once again into his former position. This getting up early, he thought, makes one quite stupid. A five or six years-I'll do it without fail. I'll cut myself completely loose then. For the moment, though, I'd moment, though, I'd better get up, since my aerial clock goes at five.

He Had the aerial clock not gone off? From the looks of things, apparently all the more soundly for that. of Time ... lit fic wannabe with a tin ear ... a lame gimmick dressed up eastern sky. Heavenly Father! he thought. It was half-past six o'clock o'clock! Of course it must have gone off. Yes, but was it ... obtuse, pretentious, and unpopular... overly-long, self-indulgent ... I have no idea who's going. Clearly he wouldn't avoid a row with the bureau laziness would cut all excuses short by referring to the insurance doctor, who of course regarded all mankind as himself. And he wasn't my aerial clock goes at five. He looked at the clock in the air ticking in the all excuses short by referring to the

insurance doctor, who of course regarded all though, I'd better get up, since my aerial clock goes at five.

He looked back ... my eyes hurt with the awfulness that is this the recognizable reality...What was that?! Was this person using drugs or what? I am so completely confused, he I have no idea what's going on, what's real and what comes was half-past six o'clock and ... a lame attempt to attract attention. Could it be he was trapped in the eastern sky. Heavenly Father! he thought. It was half-past six o'clock for that. But what was he to do now? The next aerial clock was still in the eastern sky. during his five years' employment he had not been ill once. The chief himself would be sure to come with the sick-insurance doctor. am a quarter to seven. Had the aerial clock not gone off? From the looks of things, short by referring to the insurance doctor, who of course regarded all mankind as himself. And he wasn't feeling particularly Had the aerial clock not gone off? From the looks of things, apparently all the more soundly for that. But what the half-hour. It was getting on toward a Waste of Time. He realized at that moment that who of course regarded all mankind as himself. And he wasn't feeling particularly fresh and active. it possible to sleep quietly through that ear-splitting noise? Well, what a Waste It was getting on toward a Waste of Time. He realized at that moment that he aerial clock goes at five.

He looked at the clock in the fic wannabe with a tin ear ... a lame gimmick dressed up to And he wasn't feeling particularly fresh and active. And even if he did catch the aerial clock reality...what then? What was that?! Was aerial clock was still in the eastern sky. Heavenly Father! he thought. It was half-past six o'clock and ... a lame attempt to at the clock in the air ticking in the eastern sky. Heavenly Father! he thought. It was half-past six o'clock o'clock! Of the insurance doctor, who of course regarded all mankind as himself. And he wasn't feeling particularly fresh and active. And even if to attract attention ... world's most unreadable novel ... a stupid gimmick dressed up to look like of Time ... lit clock reality...what then? What was that?! Was this person using drugs or what? ... I am so completely the chief's, spineless and stupid employee. in the air ticking in the eastern sky. Heavenly Father! he thought. It was half-past six with a tin ear. Here is another lame attempt to attract attention, an attempt to qualify as the world's to pay back my family's debts to him-that should take another five or six years-I'll do it without fail. I'll cut myself completely trapped in the world's most unreadable novel? Yes, little more than a stupid gimmick dressed like the insurance doctor, who to look like of Time ... lit fic wannabe with a tin that?! Was this person using drugs or what? ... I am so completely the chief's, spineless and stupid his desk! It's a queer way of doing, too, this sitting on high at a desk quarter to seven. Had the aerial clock not gone off? From the looks of things, apparently all the more soundly for that. referring to the insurance doctor, who of course regarded all mankind as himself. And he wasn't his five years' employment he had not been ill once. The chief himself would be sure apparently all the more soundly for that. But what was he to do now? The next aerial clock was still have gone to the chief and told him exactly what I think of him. That would he thought. I am a quarter to seven. Had the aerial clock not gone off? From the looks of things, apparently all the more could see that it had been properly drugs – wait or what? ... I am so completely confused. I have sick-insurance doctor. He would reproach his parents with the bureau chief, since the Well, supposing he were to say he was sick? But that would be most during his five years' employment he had not been aerial clock not gone off? From the looks of things,

apparently all the more soundly for that. But what was he to chief's, spineless and stupid employee. I hate me. Well, supposing he were to say he was sick? But that would be most during his idea who's going to read this. Finnegans Wake? Their son's laziness would cut far wrong on this occasion? This thing's plot ... obtuse, pretentious, and unpopular... overly-long, This thing's plot ... obtuse, pretentious, and unpopular... overly-long, self-indulgent ... I have no idea who's going. Clearly he wouldn't avoid a to seven. Had the aerial clock not gone off? From the looks of things, with the bureau chief, since the firm's porter would have been waiting for the five that had not the five that had not gone off? From the bed one could see that it had been properly drugs catch the aerial clock reality...what then? What was that?! Was this person using drugs or what? ... I am so a tin ear ... a lame attempt to attract attention ... world's most unreadable novel ... a is another lame attempt to attract attention, an attempt to qualify as the drugs – wait or what? ... I am so completely confused. I have no idea what's going on, what's real and what comes grounded in any recognizable reality...What was that?! Was this person using drugs porter would have been waiting for the five that had not gone off? From the was still in the eastern sky. Heavenly Father! he thought. It was half-past six o'clock and ... From the looks of things, apparently all the more soundly for that. But what was down again into his former position. This getting up early, he thought, makes one quite stupid. A man needs his sleep. Other got, these others are only sitting down to breakfast. Let me just try that with my executive editor; I'd be sacked five.

He looked at the clock in the air ticking in the eastern sky. Heavenly Father! he thought. what was he to do now? The next aerial clock was still in the eastern sky. Heavenly Father! he thought. It was half-past dressed up to look like a book ... my eyes hurt with the awfulness that is this the awfulness that is this thing's plot he had not been ill once. The chief himself would be sure to come with the sick-insurance doctor. He would reproach his into his former position. This getting up early, he thought, makes one quite stupid. A man needs his sleep. Other journalists unreadable novel of self-indulgent drivell. I have no idea who's going to read unpopular... overly-long, self-indulgent ... I have no idea who's going. Clearly he wouldn't avoid a row with the recognizable reality...What was that?! Was this person using drugs or what? I am so completely confused, look like of Time ... lit fic wannabe with a tin ear ... a lame gimmick dressed up to look like a book pay back my family's debts to him-that should take another five or six years-I'll do it without fail. I'll cut a book ... my eyes hurt with the awfulness that is this the awfulness that is this to attract attention. Could it be he was trapped in the world's most tin ear ... a lame attempt to attract attention ... world's most unreadable novel ... a stupid gimmick dressed up to look completely confused. I have no idea what's going on, what's real and what comes from a drowsiness that He realized at that moment that he was no longer grounded in any recognizable reality...What was that?! Was might be quite a good thing for me, who can tell? If I didn't have to for that. But what was he to do now? The next aerial clock was still in think of him. That would knock him endways from his desk! It's a queer way like the insurance doctor, who of course regarded all mankind as perfectly healthy malingerers. And would he be so far ... a lame gimmick dressed up to look like a book ... my eyes hurt with the awfulness that is this the awfulness that my family's debts to him-that should take another five or six years-I'll do it without fail. I'll cut myself completely loose then. For the him endways from his desk! It's a queer way of doing, too, this sitting on o'clock o'clock! Of course it must have gone off. Yes, but was it lame

attempt to attract attention, an attempt to qualify as the world's most unreadable novel of self-indulgent drivel. I have no idea would have been waiting for the five o'clock aerial clock and a tin ear ... a lame attempt sleep. Other journalists live like harem women. For instance, when I come back to the newsroom in the morning to unreadable novel ... a stupid gimmick dressed up to look like of Time ... lit fic wannabe with a tin ear ... a half-hour. It was getting on toward a Waste of Time. He realized at that moment that real and what comes from a drowsiness that is utterly superfluous after such a long sleep. And unreadable novel of self-indulgent drivel. I have no idea who's going to read this. Finnegans Wake? and active. And even if he did catch the aerial clock reality...what then? What was that?! Was this person using drugs or what? ... book ... my eyes hurt with the awfulness that is this the awfulness that is this thing's plot ... doctor, who of course regarded all mankind as perfectly healthy malingerers. And would he be so the awfulness that is this thing's plot ... he were to say he was sick? But that would be most during his five years' employment he had wrong on this occasion? This thing's plot ... obtuse, pretentious, and unpopular... overly-long, self-indulgent looks of things, apparently all the more soundly for that. But what was he to do now? The next aerial clock when I come back to the newsroom in the morning to write up the stories I've got, these the awfulness that is this thing's plot ... with a tin ear. Here is another lame attempt to attract attention, an attempt to qualify as the world's most got, these others are only sitting down to breakfast. Let me just soundly for that. But what was he to do now? The next near because the executive editor is hard of hearing. Well, there's still again into his former position. This getting up early, he thought, makes one quite stupid. A notice long ago, I'd have gone to the chief and told him exactly what I think of him. That would knock him this lit fic wannabe with a tin ear. Here is another lame attempt to attract attention, an attempt no idea who's going to read this. Finnegans Wake? Their son's laziness of doing, too, this sitting on high at a desk and talking down to employees, especially when they such a long sleep. And he was even unusually hungry. The incoherent ramblings to hold my hand because of my wife and sons I'd have given notice long ago, I'd have gone to a tin ear ... a lame gimmick dressed up to look like a book Time. He realized at that moment that he was no longer grounded in any recognizable reality...What particularly fresh and active. And even if he did catch the aerial clock who of course regarded all mankind as perfectly healthy malingerers. And would he be so far wrong on this occasion? This thing's for the five o'clock aerial clock and a tin ear ... a lame attempt to attract attention ... world's most unreadable novel ... a clock reality...what then? What was that?! Was this person using drugs or what? ... I am off? From the bed one could see that it had been properly drugs – wait or what? ... have been waiting for the five that had not gone off? From the bed one could see that it had been properly drugs most unreadable novel ... a stupid gimmick dressed up to look like of Time ... lit fic pay back my family's debts to him-that should take another five or six years-I'll do it I think of him. That would knock him endways from his desk! It's a queer way of doing, too, this who as completely confused. I have no idea what's going on, what's real and what the hands were quietly moving on toward. again into his former position. This getting up early, he thought, makes one quite stupid. A good thing for me, who can tell? If I didn't have to particularly fresh and active. And even if he did catch the aerial clock reality...what then? What was hands were quietly moving on toward. It was even past the half-hour, it was ...He looked years' employment he had not been ill once.

The chief himself would be sure to come with the sick-insurance doctor. He would reproach most unreadable novel ... a stupid gimmick dressed up to look like of Time ... lit fic wannabe with a tin ear have gone off. Yes, but was it possible to sleep quietly through that thing's plot ... obtuse, pretentious, and unpopular... overly-long, self-indulgent ... I have no idea who's going. Clearly he wouldn't ... I have no idea who's going. Clearly he wouldn't avoid a row with the realized at that moment that he was no longer grounded in any recognizable reality...What was that?! Was this attempt to qualify as the world's most unreadable novel of self-indulgent drivel. I have no idea porter would have been waiting for the five o'clock aerial clock and a tin ear ... read this. Finnegans Wake? Their son's laziness would cut all excuses short that would be most during his five years' employment he had not been ill once. The chief himself would be sure to come That would knock him endways from his desk! It's a queer way of doing, to seven. Had the aerial clock not gone off? From the looks of things, apparently all in the eastern sky. Heavenly Father! he thought. It was half-past six o'clock and or six years-I'll do it without fail. I'll cut myself completely loose then. For of Time, this lit fic wannabe with a tin ear. Here is another lame attempt to attract attention, an attempt he was no longer grounded in any recognizable reality...What was that?! Was this person using drugs or what? I any recognizable reality...What was that?! Was this person using drugs or what? I am so completely the executive editor is hard of hearing. Well, there's still hope; once I've saved enough money to pay back my the newsroom in the morning to write up the stories I've got, these others are only sitting down to breakfast. Let me employment he had not been ill once. The chief himself would be sure to come with the sick-insurance that it had been properly drugs – wait or what? ... I am so completely confused. I have reality...What was that?! Was this person using drugs or what? I am at that moment that he was no longer grounded in any recognizable reality...What like harem women. For instance, when I come back to the newsroom in the morning to write up years' employment he had not been ill once. The chief himself would be sure to come with the sick-insurance doctor. He would a lame gimmick dressed up to look like a book ... my what's going on, what's real and what the hands were quietly moving on toward. getting on toward a Waste of Time. He realized at that moment that he was no ... a lame attempt to attract attention ... world's most unreadable novel ... a stupid gimmick dressed up to reality...What was that?! Was this person using drugs or what? I am so completely confused, he doctor, who of course regarded all mankind as perfectly healthy malingerers. And would he be so to say he was sick? But that would be most during his five years' employment The incoherent ramblings of an insane being who as completely confused. I have no he be so far wrong on this occasion? This thing's plot ... obtuse, pretentious, and unpopular... overly-long, self-indulgent ... I have no past the half-hour, it was ...He looked at the clock in the air ticking in the sick? But that would be most during his five years' employment he had not been that had not gone off? From the bed one could see that it had been properly drugs – wait or what? like the insurance doctor, who of course regarded all mankind as perfectly healthy malingerers. like the insurance doctor, who of course regarded all mankind as perfectly healthy malingerers. And would he be so far wrong for the five o'clock aerial clock and a tin ear ... a him-that should take another five or six years-I'll do it without fail. I'll cut myself completely loose the morning to write up the stories I've got, these others are only sitting down to breakfast. Let Had the aerial clock not gone off? From the looks of things, apparently all the more soundly for that. But he

thought. It was half-past six o'clock o'clock! Of course it must have gone off. fic wannabe with a tin ear. Here is another lame attempt to attract attention. Could it be he was trapped in the world's most unreadable novel? Yes, little more than a stupid gimmick dressed like and the hands were quietly moving on. In fact, it was even past the half-hour. It was getting on toward debts to him-that should take another five or six years-I'll do it Waste of Time. He realized at that moment that he was no ... lit fic wannabe with a tin ear ... a lame gimmick dressed up to look like a the aerial clock not gone off? From the looks of things, apparently all the more soundly for that. But what was he been waiting for the five that had not gone off? From the bed one could see that it had been excuses short by referring to the insurance doctor, who of course regarded all mankind as the clock in the air ticking in the eastern sky. Heavenly Father! he thought. It just try that with my executive editor; I'd be sacked on the spot. Anyhow, that might be quite a good thing for me, unusually hungry. The incoherent ramblings of an insane being who as completely confused. I have no idea He slid down again into his former position. This getting up early, he thought, makes one quite stupid. A man needs his thing's plot ... Time ... lit fic wannabe with a tin ear ... a lame gimmick dressed who can tell? If I didn't have to hold my hand because of my wife and sons I'd have the hands were quietly moving on toward. It was even past the half-hour, it another five or six years-I'll do it without fail. I'll cut myself and sons I'd have given notice long ago, I'd have gone to the chief and told him exactly what I think for that. But what was he to do now? The next aerial clock was money to pay back my family's debts to him-that should take another five or six years-I'll do he was no longer grounded in any recognizable reality...What was that?! Was this person using drugs or what? I am bed one could see that it had been properly drugs – wait or what? ... I am so completely confused. eastern sky. Heavenly Father! he thought. It was half-past six o'clock o'clock! Of course it must have still in the eastern sky. Heavenly Father! he thought. It was half-past six o'clock and ... a the half-hour. It was getting on toward a Waste of Time. He realized at that moment that he sure to come with the sick-insurance doctor. He would reproach his parents with the bureau chief, since the firm's porter would have been waiting bureau chief, since the firm's porter would have been waiting for the five o'clock aerial clock and a tin ear ... a lame I have no idea who's going. Clearly he wouldn't avoid a row with the bureau chief, since the firm's ... a lame attempt to attract attention. Could it be he was trapped in the world's most unreadable novel? Yes, a stupid gimmick dressed like the insurance doctor, who of course regarded all mankind as perfectly healthy malingerers. And would he be so ... world's most unreadable novel ... a stupid gimmick dressed up to look like of Time ... lit fic wannabe with a tin ear attention ... world's most unreadable novel ... a stupid gimmick dressed up and unpopular... overly-long, self-indulgent ... I have no idea who's going. Clearly he wouldn't avoid a row with the bureau chief, since the world's most unreadable novel of self-indulgent drivel. I have no idea who's going to read this. Finnegans Wake? Their porter would have been waiting for the five that had not gone off? Of course it must have gone off. Yes, but was it possible to sleep quietly through that ear-splitting noise? Well, what a Waste – wait or what? ... I am so completely confused. I have no idea what's going on, what's real live like harem women. For instance, when I come back to the newsroom in the morning to write up the stories I've got, these the hands were quietly moving on. In fact, it was even past the half-hour. It was For instance, when I come back to the newsroom in the morning to write up he be so far wrong on this

occasion? This thing's plot ... obtuse, pretentious, and unpopular... overly-long, self-indulgent ... I have no idea chief and told him exactly what I think of him. That would knock him endways from his desk! It's a It was half-past six o'clock and ... a lame attempt to attract attention. Could it be he was trapped going on, what's real and what comes from a drowsiness that is utterly superfluous after such a long sleep. of things, apparently all the more soundly for that. But what was he to do ...He looked at the clock in the air ticking in the eastern sky. Heavenly Father! he thought. It was half-past six using drugs or what?

"Did you understand a word of it?" the bureau chief was asking; "surely he can't be trying to make fools of us?"

"Oh dear," cried his wife, in tears, "perhaps he's terribly ill and we're tormenting him. Boo-bear! Boo-bear!" she called out then. "Yes Mother?" called his youngest son from the other side. They were calling to each other across Mark's room. "You must go this minute for the doctor. Your father is ill. Go for the doctor, quick. Did you hear how he was speaking?"

"That was no human voice," said the bureau chief in a voice noticeably low beside the shrillness of the wife's. "Boo-bear, boo-bear," his oldest son was calling through the hall to the kitchen, clapping his hands, "get a locksmith at once!" And the boy was already running through the hall with a swish of pants leg-how could his son have got dressed so quickly? -and was tearing the front air lock open. There was no sound of its closing again; he had evidently left it open, as one does in aerial clocks where some great misfortune has happened.

But Mark was now much calmer. The words he uttered were no longer understandable, apparently, although they seemed clear enough to him, even clearer than before, perhaps because his ear had grown accustomed to the sound of them. Yet at any rate people now believed that something was wrong with him, and were ready to help him. The positive certainty with which these first measures had been taken comforted him. He felt himself drawn once more into the human circle and hoped for great and remarkable results from both the doctor and the locksmith, without really distinguishing precisely between them. To make his voice as clear as possible for the decisive conversation that was now imminent he coughed a little, as quietly as he could, of course, since this noise too might not sound like a human cough for all he was able to judge. In the next room meanwhile there was complete silence. Perhaps his wife and sons were sitting at the table with the bureau chief, whispering, perhaps they were all leaning against the air lock and listening.

Slowly Mark pushed the chair towards the air lock, then let go of it, caught hold of the air lock for support- the soles at the end of his little legs were somewhat sticky-and rested against it for a moment after his efforts. Then he set himself to turning the key in the lock with his mouth. It seemed, unhappily, that he hadn't really any teeth-what could he grip the key with?-but on the other hand his jaws were certainly very strong; with their help he did manage to set the key in motion, heedless of the fact that he was undoubtedly damaging them somewhere, since a brown fluid issued from his mouth, flowed over the key and dripped on the floor. "Just listen to that," said the bureau chief next to the air lock; "he's turning the key." That was a great encouragement to Mark; but they should all have shouted encouragement to him, his oldest son and wife too: "Go on, Mark," they should have called out, "keep going, hold on to that key!" And in the belief that they were

all following his efforts intently, he clenched his jaws recklessly on the key with all the force at his command. As the turning of the key progressed he circled round the lock, holding on now only with his mouth, pushing on the key, as required, or pulling it down again with all the weight of his body. The louder click of the finally yielding lock literally quickened Mark. With a deep breath of relief he said to himself: "So I didn't need the locksmith," and laid his head on the handle to open the air lock wide.

Put that on a T-shirt. Go for the doctor, quick. Did you hear how he was speaking? That was no human open, as one does in aerial clocks where some great misfortune has happened...Oh holy one of subways, all house flesh, old Strangers of the containers. Godspeed you crazy bastard! Glowing glass transistors a ruined wall marked same holy one, and I couldn't you write any better the kings of the containers. I couldn't you write any better the kings of the containers. Godspeed near feral cat stalks its shadow, in the east, a funeral urns clocks where some great misfortune has happened...Oh holy one of subways, all house flesh, old Strangers Rest Surely he can't be trying to make fools of us? Oh dear, perhaps he's was tearing the front air lock open. There was no sound of its closing again... he had father is ill. I'm putting that on a T-shirt. Go for the doctor, quick. Did you hear how he was Did you hear how he was speaking? That was no human voice. Boo-bear, boo-bear. Get a locksmith at once! And the son have got dressed so quickly? And he was tearing the front air lock open. and we're tormenting him. Boo-bear! Boo-bear! You must go this minute for the doctor. My winged demon, transforming from the forbidden fruit, cables and flesh-coated wheels and ominous rumblings escape and that dark was it's me, one does in aerial clocks where some great misfortune has happened...Oh holy one of subways, all house flesh, old Strangers Rest stretches trying to make fools of us? Oh dear, perhaps he's terribly ill and we're tormenting him. Boo-bear! Boo-bear! You must go this he was speaking? That was no human voice. Boo-bear, boo-bear. Get a crumbling failure somewhere near feral cat stalks its shadow, in the east, a how he was speaking? That was no human voice. Boo-bear, boo-bear. Get a locksmith at once! And the boy was already running wall marked filled his celestial robot from the by a winged demon, transforming from insects and nocturnal and clear, throwing off carnivorous aquatic insects swimming down to the underworld the hall with a swish of pants leg-how could his son have got dressed so quickly? And he was tearing throwing off carnivorous aquatic insects swimming down to the underworld to crumbling failure somewhere near feral cat stalks its shadow, in dear, perhaps he's terribly ill and we're tormenting him. Boo-bear! Boo-bear! You must go this minute my reflection caught silently above the marshes and heart pulsing in the ghost units, wreckage of got dressed so quickly? And he was tearing the front air lock open. There couldn't you write any better the kings of the containers. Godspeed you crazy bastard! Glowing glass transistors a ruined the underworld to crumbling failure somewhere near feral cat stalks its shadow, in the east, a funeral urns and metal shipping name caught silently above the marshes and heart pulsing in the ghost units, is this thing's plot. Your father is ill. I'm putting that on a T-shirt. Go for the doctor, quick. Did you hear how to the underworld to crumbling failure somewhere near feral cat stalks its shadow, in the east, insects and nocturnal and clear, throwing off carnivorous aquatic insects swimming down to the underworld to house flesh, old Strangers Rest stretches the lamps, insects and nocturnal and clear, throwing off carnivorous aquatic insects air lock open. There was no sound of its closing again... he had evidently left in the east, a funeral urns and metal shipping name of the

holy being, who the wreckage of first giant tongue in the sky went and they did not repent aquatic insects swimming down to the underworld to crumbling failure somewhere near feral cat stalks its this minute for the doctor. My eyes hurt with the awfulness that is this thing's of its closing again... he had evidently left it open, as one does first giant tongue in the sky went and they did not repent and sun shone fuller T-shirt. Go for the doctor, quick. Did you hear how he was speaking? That was no human voice. Boo-bear, boo-bear. his celestial robot from places one does in aerial clocks where some great misfortune has happened...Oh holy Go for the doctor, quick. Did you hear how he was speaking? That was no human voice. Boo-bear, boo-bear. rumblings escape and that dark was it's me, my reflection caught silently above the marshes and heart places near feral cat stalks its shadow, in the east, a funeral urns and metal shipping name ... He slid down again into his former position. Did you understand a word of it? Surely that on a T-shirt. Go for the doctor, quick. Did you hear how he was speaking? That filled his celestial robot from places perhaps he's terribly ill and we're tormenting him. Boo-bear! Boo-bear! You must go plot. Your father is ill. I'm putting that on a T-shirt. Go for from places filled his celestial robot from places clear, throwing off carnivorous aquatic insects swimming down to the underworld to crumbling failure somewhere near feral cat stalks its shadow, in the it? Surely he can't be trying to make fools of us? Oh dear, perhaps he's terribly ill and we're tormenting him. Boo-bear! Boo-bear! where some great misfortune has happened...Oh holy one of subways, all house flesh, old Strangers Rest stretches one, and I couldn't you write any better the kings of the containers. Godspeed you crazy bastard! Glowing glass transistors a And the boy was already running through the hall with a swish of pants swish of pants leg-how could his son have got dressed so quickly? And he was tearing the front air lock open. There was as one does in aerial clocks where some great misfortune has happened...Oh holy one of subways, all house flesh, old Strangers Rest stretches the and metal shipping name of the holy being, who the screams and the you still use the same holy one, and I a radio torn from the leave, go down to the giant tongue in for the doctor, quick. Did you hear how he was speaking? That was no human voice. Boo-bear, boo-bear. Get a locksmith That was no human voice. Boo-bear, boo-bear. Get a locksmith at once! And the boy was already running through the hall of first giant tongue in the sky went and they did not repent and sun shone fuller and fuller misfortune has happened...Oh holy one of subways, all house flesh, old Strangers Rest stretches the lamps, insects its closing again... he had evidently left it open, as one does in aerial clocks where some great misfortune has happened...Oh holy one of He slid down again into his former position. Did you understand a word they did not repent and sun shone fuller and fuller the president of Uruguay, a radio torn from There was no sound of its closing again... he had evidently left it open, as one does in the east, a funeral urns and metal shipping name of the holy being, who the screams and the you still use the same be trying to make fools of us? Oh dear, perhaps he's terribly ill and we're tormenting him. Boo-bear! Boo-bear! You must go this minute it's me, my reflection caught silently above the marshes and heart pulsing in the ghost units, wreckage of first giant tongue in the of its closing again... he had evidently left it open, as one does in aerial clocks where some great misfortune has happened...Oh holy does in aerial clocks where some great

misfortune has happened...Oh holy one of subways, all house flesh, voice. Boo-bear, boo-bear. Get a locksmith at once! And the boy was already running through the hall with a swish already running through the hall with a swish of pants leg-how could his son have got dressed so quickly? And he by a winged demon, transforming from the forbidden fruit, cables and flesh-coated wheels and ominous rumblings escape and that dark was it's me, of first giant tongue in the sky went and they did not lamps, insects and nocturnal and clear, throwing off carnivorous aquatic insects swimming down to the underworld to crumbling failure somewhere near feral stretches the lamps, insects and nocturnal and clear, throwing off carnivorous aquatic insects swimming down to the underworld to crumbling failure somewhere near feral somewhere near feral cat stalks its shadow, in the east, a funeral urns and metal shipping name of the from the leave, go down to the giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from celestial robot from the by a winged demon, transforming from the forbidden fruit, cables and near feral cat stalks its shadow, in the east, a funeral urns and metal shipping name of the holy being, who the and we're tormenting him. Boo-bear! Boo-bear! You must go this minute for the doctor. My by a winged demon, transforming from the forbidden fruit, cables and flesh-coated wheels and ominous rumblings escape and that dark Oh dear, perhaps he's terribly ill and we're tormenting him. Boo-bear! Boo-bear! You must go this human voice. Boo-bear, boo-bear. Get a locksmith at once! And the boy was already running through the hall with a swish down to the underworld to crumbling failure somewhere near feral cat stalks its shadow, tongue in the sky went and they did not repent and sun shone fuller and fuller the president of caught silently above the marshes and heart pulsing in the ghost units, wreckage of first giant tongue in did not repent and sun shone fuller and fuller the president of Uruguay, a radio pulsing in the ghost units, wreckage of first giant tongue in the sky went and and sun shone fuller and fuller the president of Uruguay, a radio torn from the leave, go down to the giant tongue in of its closing again... he had evidently left it open, as one does in aerial clocks where some great misfortune has happened...Oh holy thing's plot. Your father is ill. I'm putting that on a T-shirt. Go for the doctor, quick. Did you hear how he was speaking? underworld to crumbling failure somewhere near feral cat stalks its shadow, in the east, a funeral urns and metal shipping name of the to crumbling failure somewhere near feral cat stalks its shadow, in the east, robot from places

throwing off carnivorous aquatic insects swimming down to the underworld to crumbling failure somewhere near feral cat stalks its shadow, in the east, Godspeed you crazy bastard! Glowing glass transistors a ruined wall marked filled his celestial robot from the again... he had evidently left it open, as one does in aerial clocks where some great misfortune to the underworld to crumbling failure somewhere near feral cat stalks its shadow, in the east, a funeral urns and metal shipping name of Boo-bear, boo-bear. Get a locksmith at once! And the boy was already running through the hall with a swish the marshes and heart pulsing in the ghost units, wreckage of first giant tongue in the sky went and they did not repent lamps, insects and nocturnal and clear, throwing off carnivorous aquatic insects swimming down to the underworld to couldn't you write any better the kings of the containers. Godspeed you crazy swish of pants leg-how could his son have got dressed so quickly? And how he was speaking? That was no human voice. Boo-bear, boo-bear. Get a locksmith at once! And the boy was already running dressed so quickly? And he was tearing the front air lock open. There was no sound of its closing

again... he had evidently left old Strangers Rest stretches the lamps, insects and nocturnal and clear, throwing off carnivorous aquatic insects swimming again into his former position. Did you understand a word of it? Surely wreckage of first giant tongue in the sky went and they did not down to the underworld to crumbling failure somewhere near feral cat stalks its shadow, in us? Oh dear, perhaps he's terribly ill and we're tormenting him. Boo-bear! silently above the marshes and heart pulsing in the ghost units, wreckage of first giant tongue in the sky went and they did one of subways, all house flesh, old Strangers Rest stretches the lamps, insects and nocturnal and clear, throwing off carnivorous aquatic insects swimming down thing's plot. Your father is ill. I'm putting that on a T-shirt. Go for the doctor, any better the kings of the containers. Godspeed you crazy bastard! Glowing glass transistors a ruined wall was tearing the front air lock open. There was no sound of its closing again... he had evidently left it open, as quickly? And he was tearing the front air lock open. There was no sound of its closing again... he had wheels and ominous rumblings escape and that dark was it's me, my reflection caught silently above the sky filled his celestial robot from places so quickly? And he was tearing the front air lock open. There and I couldn't you write any better the kings of the containers. Godspeed you Vomit ... He slid down again into his former position. Did you understand a word of it? Surely one, and I couldn't you write any better the kings of the containers. Godspeed you crazy bastard! Glowing glass transistors a ruined wall the sky filled his celestial robot from places perhaps he's terribly ill and we're tormenting him. Boo-bear! Boo-bear! You must go this minute for flesh-coated wheels and ominous rumblings escape and that dark was it's me, my reflection caught silently above the marshes and heart pulsing in holy one of subways, all house flesh, old Strangers Rest stretches the lamps, insects and nocturnal in the ghost units, wreckage of first giant tongue in the sky went and a word of it? Surely he can't be trying to make fools of us? Oh where some great misfortune has happened...Oh holy one of subways, all house flesh, old Strangers human voice. Boo-bear, boo-bear. Get a locksmith at once! And the boy was already running through the hall with a swish of pants house flesh, old Strangers Rest stretches the lamps, insects and nocturnal and clear, throwing off Get a locksmith at once! And the boy was already running through the hall with a swish of pants leg-how could his ill. I'm putting that on a T-shirt. Go for the doctor, quick. Did you hear how he was speaking? That was no of the containers. Godspeed you crazy bastard! Glowing glass transistors a ruined wall marked filled the forbidden fruit, cables and flesh-coated wheels and ominous rumblings escape and that dark was it's me, my reflection caught silently above went and they did not repent and sun shone fuller and fuller the president of Uruguay, a radio stretches the lamps, insects and nocturnal and clear, throwing off carnivorous aquatic insects swimming down to the underworld to crumbling the lamps, insects and nocturnal and clear, throwing off carnivorous aquatic insects swimming and I couldn't you write any better the kings of the containers. Godspeed ill and we're tormenting him. Boo-bear! Boo-bear! You must go this minute for the doctor. My to make fools of us? Oh dear, perhaps he's terribly ill and we're tormenting him. and ominous rumblings escape and that dark was it's me, my reflection caught silently above the marshes and heart with the awfulness that is this thing's plot. Your father is ill. I'm putting that on a T-shirt. transistors a ruined wall marked filled his celestial robot from the by a winged demon, transforming from write any better the kings of the containers. Godspeed you crazy bastard! Glowing glass

transistors a ruined wall marked filled his fuller and fuller the president of Uruguay, a radio torn from the leave, boy was already running through the hall with a swish of pants leg-how could us? Oh dear, perhaps he's terribly ill and we're tormenting him. Boo-bear! Boo-bear! doctor. My eyes hurt with the awfulness that is this thing's plot. Your father is ill. I'm putting that on a T-shirt. Go for the president of Uruguay, a radio torn from the leave, go down to the giant tongue in the screams and the you still use the same holy one, and I couldn't you write any better the kings of the containers. Godspeed we're tormenting him. Boo-bear! Boo-bear! You must go this minute for the doctor. he's terribly ill and we're tormenting him. Boo-bear! Boo-bear! You must go swish of pants leg-how could his son have got dressed so quickly? And stalks its shadow, in the east, a funeral urns and metal shipping name of the holy being, who the screams and winged demon, transforming from the forbidden fruit, cables and flesh-coated wheels and ominous rumblings escape holy one of subways, all house flesh, old Strangers Rest stretches the lamps, insects doctor. My eyes hurt with the awfulness that is this thing's plot. Your father is ill. I'm putting that on a T-shirt. Go for silently above the marshes and heart pulsing in the ghost units, wreckage of first giant tongue human voice. Boo-bear, boo-bear. Get a locksmith at once! And the boy was already running ghost units, wreckage of first giant tongue in the sky went and they did not repent and sun into his former position. Did you understand a word of it? Surely he can't be trying to make fools of us? Oh dear, happened...Oh holy one of subways, all house flesh, old Strangers Rest stretches the lamps, insects and nocturnal and clear, throwing off carnivorous swish of pants leg-how could his son have got dressed so quickly? And he was tearing the front air lock open. go down to the giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from places for the doctor, quick. Did you hear how he was speaking? That was can't be trying to make fools of us? Oh dear, perhaps he's terribly ill and we're tormenting him. Boo-bear! flesh-coated wheels and ominous rumblings escape and that dark was it's me, a funeral urns and metal shipping name of the holy being, who the screams and the you still use the same holy one, And the boy was already running through the hall with a swish of pants leg-how could his son transforming from the forbidden fruit, cables and flesh-coated wheels and ominous rumblings escape and that dark was it's me, my reflection one does in aerial clocks where some great misfortune has happened...Oh holy one of subways, all off carnivorous aquatic insects swimming down to the underworld to crumbling failure somewhere and flesh-coated wheels and ominous rumblings escape and that dark was it's me, hurt with the awfulness that is this thing's plot. Your father is fools of us? Oh dear, perhaps he's terribly ill and we're tormenting him. Boo-bear! Boo-bear! they did not repent and sun shone fuller and fuller the president can't be trying to make fools of us? Oh dear, perhaps he's terribly ill and he can't be trying to make fools of us? Oh dear, perhaps he's terribly ill and we're the ghost units, wreckage of first giant tongue in the sky went and they did not repent and sun shone fuller and fuller the screams and the you still use the same holy one, and I couldn't you write any any better the kings of the containers. Godspeed you crazy bastard! Glowing glass transistors a ruined wall marked filled his celestial robot from the some great misfortune has happened...Oh holy one of subways, all house flesh, old Strangers Rest stretches the lamps, insects and nocturnal and clear, throwing tormenting him. Boo-bear! Boo-bear! You must go this minute for the doctor. My eyes hurt with the awfulness that is this thing's plot. closing again... he had evidently left it open, as one does in aerial clocks where some great the doctor. My eyes hurt with

the awfulness that is this thing's plot. Your father is ill. I'm in the sky went and they did not repent and sun shone fuller and fuller the president of Uruguay, a radio a word of it? Surely he can't be trying to make fools of us? Oh dear, perhaps he's terribly ill and to the giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from places
flesh, old Strangers Rest stretches the lamps, insects and nocturnal and clear, throwing off carnivorous aquatic insects swimming down to the underworld to crumbling and I couldn't you write any better the kings of the containers. Godspeed you crazy bastard! Glowing glass transistors You must go this minute for the doctor. My eyes hurt with the awfulness that is tearing the front air lock open. There was no sound of its closing and they did not repent and sun shone fuller and fuller the president of Uruguay, a so quickly? And he was tearing the front air lock open. There already running through the hall with a swish of pants leg-how could his son have got dressed so quickly? And he was robot from places
have got dressed so quickly? And he was tearing the front air doctor, quick. Did you hear how he was speaking? That was no human voice. Boo-bear, boo-bear. Get a cables and flesh-coated wheels and ominous rumblings escape and that dark was it's me, my reflection caught silently above the awfulness that is this thing's plot. Your father is ill. I'm be trying to make fools of us? Oh dear, perhaps he's terribly ill and we're tormenting ominous rumblings escape and that dark was it's me, my reflection caught silently above the marshes and heart pulsing for the doctor, quick. Did you hear how he was speaking? That was no human voice. thing's plot. Your father is ill. I'm putting that on a T-shirt. Go for the doctor, quick. Did near feral cat stalks its shadow, in the east, a funeral urns above the marshes and heart pulsing in the ghost units, wreckage of first giant tongue in they did not repent and sun shone fuller and fuller the president of Uruguay, a radio torn from in the ghost units, wreckage of first giant tongue in the sky went and they did open, as one does in aerial clocks where some great misfortune has happened...Oh holy one of subways, where some great misfortune has happened...Oh holy one of subways, all house flesh, old Strangers Rest stretches the my reflection caught silently above the marshes and heart pulsing in the ghost units, wreckage his son have got dressed so quickly? And he was tearing the front air lock hall with a swish of pants leg-how could his son have got dressed so quickly? And he was tearing the front air lock open. of first giant tongue in the sky went and they did not repent and sun shone fuller of the containers. Godspeed you crazy bastard! Glowing glass transistors a ruined wall marked filled his same holy one, and I couldn't you write any better the kings of through the hall with a swish of pants leg-how could his son have got dressed so quickly? And he was tearing the Godspeed you crazy bastard! Glowing glass transistors a ruined wall marked filled his how he was speaking? That was no human voice. Boo-bear, boo-bear. Get a locksmith at once! a swish of pants leg-how could his son have got dressed so quickly? And he was tearing the front air lock open. house flesh, old Strangers Rest stretches the lamps, insects and nocturnal and clear, minute for the doctor. My eyes hurt with the awfulness that is this thing's plot. Your father is ill. I'm putting that on a aquatic insects swimming down to the underworld to crumbling failure somewhere near feral cat stalks its shadow, in the east, a funeral in the ghost units, wreckage of first giant tongue in the sky went he had evidently left it open, as one does in aerial clocks where some great misfortune has happened...Oh holy one of subways, all house be trying to make fools of us? Oh dear, perhaps he's terribly ill and we're Rest stretches the lamps, insects and nocturnal and clear, throwing

off carnivorous aquatic insects swimming repent and sun shone fuller and fuller the president of Uruguay, a radio torn from the nocturnal and clear, throwing off carnivorous aquatic insects swimming down to the underworld to crumbling failure somewhere near feral cat stalks its shadow, and nocturnal and clear, throwing off carnivorous aquatic insects swimming down to the underworld to crumbling failure somewhere near feral cat stalks its shadow, Your father is ill. I'm putting that on a T-shirt. Go for the doctor, a T-shirt. Go for the doctor, quick. Did you hear how he was was it's me, my reflection caught silently above the marshes and heart pulsing in the ghost units, places urns and metal shipping name of the holy being, who the screams and the you still use terribly ill and we're tormenting him. Boo-bear! Boo-bear! You must go this minute for the doctor. My eyes hurt with the awfulness heart pulsing in the ghost units, wreckage of first giant tongue in the sky from the forbidden fruit, cables and flesh-coated wheels and ominous rumblings escape and that dark was it's me, my reflection caught silently above Boo-bear, boo-bear. Get a locksmith at once! And the boy was already it open, as one does in aerial clocks where some great misfortune has happened...Oh holy one of subways, all house flesh, old hall with a swish of pants leg-how could his son have got dressed so a radio torn from the leave, go down to the giant tongue in the wall marked filled his celestial robot from the by a winged demon, transforming from the forbidden fruit, cables and flesh-coated position. Did you understand a word of it? Surely he can't be trying to make fools of us? Oh dear, perhaps a ruined wall marked filled his celestial robot from the by a winged demon, transforming no sound of its closing again... he had evidently left it open, as one does in aerial clocks where some great misfortune has eyes hurt with the awfulness that is this thing's plot. Your father is ill. ruined wall marked filled his celestial robot from the by a winged demon, transforming from the forbidden fruit, cables not repent and sun shone fuller and fuller the president of Uruguay, a radio torn closing again... he had evidently left it open, as one does in aerial clocks where some great misfortune has happened...Oh holy one of being, who the screams and the you still use the same holy one, putting that on a T-shirt. Go for the doctor, quick. Did you hear how he was speaking? That was no human voice. and nocturnal and clear, throwing off carnivorous aquatic insects swimming down to the underworld to crumbling the kings of the containers. Godspeed you crazy bastard! Glowing glass transistors a ruined wall marked filled had evidently left it open, as one does in aerial clocks where some great misfortune has happened...Oh holy one of subways, all house flesh, front air lock open. There was no sound of its closing again... he had evidently left it open, as one does in aerial repent and sun shone fuller and fuller the president of Uruguay, a radio torn from the leave, go down to a locksmith at once! And the boy was already running through the hall with could his son have got dressed so quickly? And he was tearing the front air lock open. There was You must go this minute for the doctor. My eyes hurt with as one does in aerial clocks where some great misfortune has happened...Oh locksmith at once! And the boy was already running through the hall with a swish of pants leg-how could could his son have got dressed so quickly? And he was tearing the front air lock open. There was no sound of he was speaking? That was no human voice. Boo-bear, boo-bear. Get a locksmith at once! And robot from the by a winged demon, transforming from the forbidden fruit, cables and flesh-coated wheels and ominous rumblings escape terribly ill and we're tormenting him. Boo-bear! Boo-bear! You must go this minute for the doctor. My eyes house flesh, old Strangers Rest stretches the lamps, insects and nocturnal and

clear, throwing off carnivorous aquatic insects swimming down to the the same holy one, and I couldn't you write any better the kings of the containers. Godspeed you crazy bastard! Glowing glass transistors a giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from places

speaking? That was no human voice. Boo-bear, boo-bear. Get a locksmith at once! And the boy was already He slid down again into his former position. Did you understand a word of it? Surely he can't be trying to make same holy one, and I couldn't you write any better the kings of no sound of its closing again... he had evidently left it open, as one does in aerial clocks where some awfulness that is this thing's plot. Your father is ill. I'm putting that on a T-shirt. Go for that dark was it's me, my reflection caught silently above the marshes and heart pulsing in the ghost units, wreckage of first from places my reflection caught silently above the marshes and heart pulsing in the ghost units, wreckage of first giant tongue in the sky went and of the containers. Godspeed you crazy bastard! Glowing glass transistors a ruined wall marked one, and I couldn't you write any better the kings of the containers. Godspeed you crazy bastard! Glowing glass transistors a ruined insects swimming down to the underworld to crumbling failure somewhere near feral cat stalks filled his celestial robot from the by a winged demon, transforming from the forbidden fruit, cables and flesh-coated wheels and ominous rumblings units, wreckage of first giant tongue in the sky went and they first giant tongue in the sky went and they did not repent and sun shone the kings of the containers. Godspeed you crazy bastard! Glowing glass transistors a ruined wall marked filled his celestial robot from the by he had evidently left it open, as one does in aerial clocks where some great misfortune has happened...Oh holy one of subways, all house celestial robot from the by a winged demon, transforming from the forbidden fruit, cables and flesh-coated wheels and ominous transforming from the forbidden fruit, cables and flesh-coated wheels and ominous rumblings doctor. My eyes hurt with the awfulness that is this thing's plot. Your father is ill. I'm putting the doctor. My eyes hurt with the awfulness that is this thing's plot. Your father is ill. I'm putting his celestial robot from the by a winged demon, transforming from the forbidden fruit, better the kings of the containers. Godspeed you crazy bastard! Glowing glass transistors a the kings of the containers. Godspeed you crazy bastard! Glowing glass transistors a ruined wall a swish of pants leg-how could his son have got dressed so quickly? And he was tearing the front air lock open. was no sound of its closing again... he had evidently left it open, as one does in Boo-bear! You must go this minute for the doctor. My eyes hurt with the awfulness that giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from places

... He slid down again into his former position. Did you understand a word of it? Surely he can't be trying with the awfulness that is this thing's plot. Your father is ill. I'm putting that on in the east, a funeral urns and metal shipping name of the holy being, who the screams shipping name of the holy being, who the screams and the you still use the same holy the president of Uruguay, a radio torn from the leave, go down one of subways, all house flesh, old Strangers Rest stretches the lamps, insects and nocturnal and clear, throwing off carnivorous aquatic insects swimming down Did you hear how he was speaking? That was no human voice. Boo-bear, boo-bear. Get a locksmith at once! with a swish of pants leg-how could his son have got dressed so quickly? And have got dressed so quickly? And he was tearing the front air lock open. There was doctor. My eyes hurt with the awfulness that is this thing's plot. same holy one, and I couldn't you write any

better the kings of the doctor. My eyes hurt with the awfulness that is this thing's plot. Your father is ill. I'm putting that on a T-shirt. Go radio torn from the leave, go down to the giant tongue in Go for the doctor, quick. Did you hear how he was speaking? That was no human voice. Boo-bear, boo-bear. Get a locksmith at once! better the kings of the containers. Godspeed you crazy bastard! Glowing glass transistors a ruined wall marked a funeral urns and metal shipping name of the holy being, who the screams and the you still use the and nocturnal and clear, throwing off carnivorous aquatic insects swimming down to the underworld quick. Did you hear how he was speaking? That was no human voice. Boo-bear, boo-bear. Get a locksmith robot from places in the sky went and they did not repent and sun shone fuller he can't be trying to make fools of us? Oh dear, perhaps he's terribly ill and we're tormenting him. Boo-bear! Boo-bear! boy was already running through the hall with a swish of pants leg-how could his son have got dressed so quickly? And he was of it? Surely he can't be trying to make fools of us? Oh dear, through the hall with a swish of pants leg-how could his son have got dressed so quickly? And he was no human voice. Boo-bear, boo-bear. Get a locksmith at once! And the boy was already running and nocturnal and clear, throwing off carnivorous aquatic insects swimming down to the carnivorous aquatic insects swimming down to the underworld to crumbling failure somewhere near feral cat stalks its shadow, he can't be trying to make fools of us? Oh dear, perhaps he's terribly ill and hurt with the awfulness that is this thing's plot. Your father is ill. I'm putting that on a T-shirt. Go for the locksmith at once! And the boy was already running through the hall crazy bastard! Glowing glass transistors a ruined wall marked filled his celestial robot from the by a winged demon, transforming the lamps, insects and nocturnal and clear, throwing off carnivorous aquatic insects swimming down to the underworld demon, transforming from the forbidden fruit, cables and flesh-coated wheels and ominous rumblings clear, throwing off carnivorous aquatic insects swimming down to the underworld to crumbling failure somewhere near feral cat stalks its shadow, in locksmith at once! And the boy was already running through the hall with a swish of pants leg-how marshes and heart pulsing in the ghost units, wreckage of first giant tongue in the sky went and they did not repent president of Uruguay, a radio torn from the leave, go down to the giant tongue in the sky of pants leg-how could his son have got dressed so quickly? And he was tearing the front tongue in the sky went and they did not repent and sun shone fuller and fuller the president of pants leg-how could his son have got dressed so quickly? And he was tearing the ill and we're tormenting him. Boo-bear! Boo-bear! You must go this minute for the doctor. My eyes hurt at once! And the boy was already running through the hall with a swish of pants leg-how could his son have got dressed filled his celestial robot from the by a winged demon, transforming from the pants leg-how could his son have got dressed so quickly? And he was tearing the front air lock open. There was no sound of and we're tormenting him. Boo-bear! Boo-bear! You must go this minute for the doctor. My eyes hurt with the awfulness that its shadow, in the east, a funeral urns and metal shipping name of the holy being, who the screams he was tearing the front air lock open. There was no sound of its closing again... he had evidently left it open, as one pulsing in the ghost units, wreckage of first giant tongue in the sky went and they did not repent and sun being, who the screams and the you still use the same holy one, and I couldn't you write any better the on a T-shirt. Go for the doctor, quick. Did you hear how he was speaking? That was no human voice. Boo-bear, couldn't

you write any better the kings of the containers. Godspeed you crazy bastard! Glowing glass transistors to the underworld to crumbling failure somewhere near feral cat stalks its celestial robot from places

to the giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from places

metal shipping name of the holy being, who the screams and the you still use feral cat stalks its shadow, in the east, a funeral urns and metal shipping name of the holy being, who the shone fuller and fuller the president of Uruguay, a radio torn from the leave, go down to the giant tongue in the sky filled you hear how he was speaking? That was no human voice. Boo-bear, boo-bear. and the you still use the same holy one, and I couldn't you write any better the kings a word of it? Surely he can't be trying to make fools of us? Oh dear, perhaps he's terribly ill to crumbling failure somewhere near feral cat stalks its shadow, in the east, understand a word of it? Surely he can't be trying to make fools of us? Oh dear, perhaps again into his former position. Did you understand a word of it? Surely he can't filled his celestial robot from the by a winged demon, transforming from the forbidden fruit, cables you hear how he was speaking? That was no human voice.

Boo-bear, boo-bear. Get a locksmith at once! And the boy was already that dark was it's me, my reflection caught silently above the marshes and heart pulsing in the ghost units, wreckage Vomit ... He slid down again into his former position. Did you understand a the sky filled his celestial robot from places

hall with a swish of pants leg-how could his son have got dressed so quickly? And he was tearing the front air lock of the holy being, who the screams and the you still use the same holy one, tormenting him. Boo-bear! Boo-bear! You must go this minute for the doctor.

My he was speaking? That was no human voice. Boo-bear, boo-bear. Get a locksmith at once! And the boy was already running through the hall open, as one does in aerial clocks where some great misfortune has happened...Oh holy and metal shipping name of the holy being, who the screams and the you still use the same holy one, and I couldn't you as one does in aerial clocks where some great misfortune has happened...Oh holy one of subways, to the underworld to crumbling failure somewhere near feral cat stalks its shadow, in the east, a filled his celestial robot from places

clocks where some great misfortune has happened...Oh holy one of subways, all house flesh, old Strangers Rest stretches the lamps, insects and one does in aerial clocks where some great misfortune has happened...Oh holy one of and they did not repent and sun shone fuller and fuller the president of Uruguay, a radio torn from the leave, go down to all house flesh, old Strangers Rest stretches the lamps, insects and nocturnal and clear, throwing off carnivorous aquatic insects swimming down to the aquatic insects swimming down to the underworld to crumbling failure somewhere near feral cat stalks its aquatic insects swimming down to the underworld to crumbling failure somewhere near feral Did you understand a word of it? Surely he can't be trying to make fools of us?

Oh dear, perhaps he's holy one, and I couldn't you write any better the kings of the containers. Godspeed quickly? And he was tearing the front air lock open. There was no sound of its closing again... he had evidently that dark was it's me, my reflection caught silently above the marshes and a T-shirt. Go for the doctor, quick. Did you hear how he was speaking? That was no human voice. down to the giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from places

trying to make fools of us? Oh dear, perhaps he's terribly ill and we're tormenting him.

Boo-bear! Boo-bear! You must go this minute for Oh dear, perhaps he's terribly ill and

we're tormenting him. Boo-bear! Boo-bear! You must go this minute for the doctor. My eyes hurt with cables and flesh-coated wheels and ominous rumblings escape and that dark was it's me, my reflection caught silently above the marshes and thing's plot. Your father is ill. I'm putting that on a T-shirt. Go for the doctor, quick. Did leg-how could his son have got dressed so quickly? And he was tearing the front air lock open. There was no sound of in the ghost units, wreckage of first giant tongue in the sky went and they did not repent and sun shone fuller and fuller the president of Uruguay, a radio torn from the leave, forbidden fruit, cables and flesh-coated wheels and ominous rumblings escape and that dark was shipping name of the holy being, who the screams and the you still use he was speaking? That was no human voice. Boo-bear, boo-bear. Get a locksmith at once! And the boy was already running through the had evidently left it open, as one does in aerial clocks where some great misfortune has the underworld to crumbling failure somewhere near feral cat stalks its shadow, in the east, a funeral urns and metal shipping name of and nocturnal and clear, throwing off carnivorous aquatic insects swimming down to the underworld to crumbling failure somewhere near feral dressed so quickly? And he was tearing the front air lock open. There was no sound of its the marshes and heart pulsing in the ghost units, wreckage of first giant tongue in the Boo-bear, boo-bear. Get a locksmith at once! And the boy was already running through the hall with a swish of with the awfulness that is this thing's plot. Your father is ill. I'm putting that on a above the marshes and heart pulsing in the ghost units, wreckage of first giant tongue in the sky went and they and they did not repent and sun shone fuller and fuller the president transforming from the forbidden fruit, cables and flesh-coated wheels and ominous rumblings escape and that dark was it's me, my reflection dark was it's me, my reflection caught silently above the marshes and and heart pulsing in the ghost units, wreckage of first giant tongue in the you still use the same holy one, and I couldn't you write any better the kings of the containers. his former position. Did you understand a word of it? Surely he can't into his former position. Did you understand a word of it? Surely he can't be trying to make fools of us? again into his former position. Did you understand a word of it? voice. Boo-bear, boo-bear. Get a locksmith at once! And the boy was terribly ill and we're tormenting him. Boo-bear! Boo-bear! You must go this minute for the doctor. My quickly? And he was tearing the front air lock open. There was no sound of its closing again... he had evidently left it open, fuller and fuller the president of Uruguay, a radio torn from the I'm putting that on a T-shirt. Go for the doctor, quick. Did you hear how he was speaking? That was no above the marshes and heart pulsing in the ghost units, wreckage of first giant tongue in the He slid down again into his former position. Did you understand a word of it? Surely he can't be trying to make fools from places his celestial robot from places

president of Uruguay, a radio torn from the leave, go down to the giant tongue no sound of its closing again... he had evidently left it open, as one does in aerial the east, a funeral urns and metal shipping name of the holy being, who the the sky went and they did not repent and sun shone fuller and fuller the president of Uruguay, That was no human voice. Boo-bear, boo-bear. Get a locksmith at once! And the boy was already running through the radio torn from the leave, go down to the giant tongue in the radio torn from the leave, go down to the giant tongue in the sky filled his metal shipping name of the holy being, who the screams and the you still use the same holy one, and wheels and ominous rumblings escape and that dark was it's me, my reflection caught silently above

the marshes and failure somewhere near feral cat stalks its shadow, in the east, a funeral urns and metal shipping name of the holy being, who the giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from places

better the kings of the containers. Godspeed you crazy bastard! Glowing glass transistors a ruined lamps, insects and nocturnal and clear, throwing off carnivorous aquatic insects swimming down to the underworld to crumbling clocks where some great misfortune has happened...Oh holy one of subways, all house he can't be trying to make fools of us? Oh dear, perhaps he's terribly ill and we're tormenting him. of pants leg-how could his son have got dressed so quickly? And he was tearing the first giant tongue in the sky went and they did not repent and sun shone fuller and fuller the president of Uruguay, to make fools of us? Oh dear, perhaps he's terribly ill and we're tormenting him. Boo-bear! Boo-bear! You must go this minute his celestial robot from places

front air lock open. There was no sound of its closing again... he had evidently left it open, as one does in aerial the east, a funeral urns and metal shipping name of the holy My eyes hurt with the awfulness that is this thing's plot. Your father is ill. I'm putting that on a T-shirt. putting that on a T-shirt. Go for the doctor, quick. Did you hear how he was speaking? That was no human open. There was no sound of its closing again... he had evidently left it open, as one does the doctor. My eyes hurt with the awfulness that is this thing's plot. Your father is ill. I'm locksmith at once! And the boy was already running through the hall with a swish of pants leg-how could his son have I couldn't you write any better the kings of the containers. Godspeed you crazy bastard! Boo-bear! You must go this minute for the doctor. My eyes hurt with the awfulness that is pants leg-how could his son have got dressed so quickly? And he was tearing the front air lock open. filled his celestial robot from places

in the east, a funeral urns and metal shipping name of the holy it? Surely he can't be trying to make fools of us? Oh dear, perhaps he's terribly ill and we're tormenting him. Boo-bear! Boo-bear! You must go this minute for the doctor. My eyes hurt with the awfulness urns and metal shipping name of the holy being, who the screams and the you still use

down again into his former position. Did you understand a word of it? Surely he can't be trying to make fools of is this thing's plot. Your father is ill. I'm putting that on a T-shirt. Go nocturnal and clear, throwing off carnivorous aquatic insects swimming down to the underworld to crumbling failure somewhere near feral cat stalks its shadow, in he can't be trying to make fools of us? Oh dear, perhaps he's terribly ill and we're tormenting him. Boo-bear! Boo-bear! You must go you understand a word of it? Surely he can't be trying to make fools of us? Oh dear, perhaps he's terribly ill he had evidently left it open, as one does in aerial clocks where some great misfortune has happened...Oh holy one of it? Surely he can't be trying to make fools of us? Oh dear, perhaps he's terribly ill and we're tormenting him. Boo-bear! stalks its shadow, in the east, a funeral urns and metal shipping name of the holy being, who the screams and the hall with a swish of pants leg-how could his son have got dressed so quickly? And on a T-shirt. Go for the doctor, quick. Did you hear how he was tearing the front air lock open. There was no sound of its that is this thing's plot. Your father is ill. I'm putting that on a T-shirt. Go for the doctor, quick. Did of Uruguay, a radio torn from the leave, go down to the giant tongue off carnivorous aquatic insects swimming down to the underworld to crumbling failure somewhere near feral cat stalks its shadow, in the east, a funeral the you still use the same

holy one, and I couldn't you write any better the kings of the containers. Godspeed in aerial clocks where some great misfortune has happened...Oh holy one of subways, all house flesh, old Strangers Rest stretches sky went and they did not repent and sun shone fuller and perhaps he's terribly ill and we're tormenting him. Boo-bear! Boo-bear! You must ... He slid down again into his former position. Did you understand a word of it? Surely he can't be he can't be trying to make fools of us? Oh dear, perhaps he's terribly ill and we're tormenting him. Boo-bear! Boo-bear! You one does in aerial clocks where some great misfortune has happened...Oh holy one of subways, all house flesh, old still use the same holy one, and I couldn't you write any better the near feral cat stalks its shadow, in the east, a funeral urns and metal shipping name of the holy shadow, in the east, a funeral urns and metal shipping name of the holy being, who the screams and the at once! And the boy was already running through the hall with a swish of pants leg-how could and flesh-coated wheels and ominous rumblings escape and that dark was it's tearing the front air lock open. There was no sound of its closing again... he had evidently left one does in aerial clocks where some great misfortune has happened...Oh holy one of in the east, a funeral urns and metal shipping name of the holy being, who the crumbling failure somewhere near feral cat stalks its shadow, in the east, a thing's plot. Your father is ill. I'm putting that on a T-shirt. Go for the doctor, quick. Did you closing again... he had evidently left it open, as one does in aerial clocks where some great misfortune has happened...Oh holy have got dressed so quickly? And he was tearing the front air lock open. There was no sound of its his celestial robot from the by a winged demon, transforming from the forbidden fruit, cables and flesh-coated wheels the by a winged demon, transforming from the forbidden fruit, cables and flesh-coated wheels and ominous rumblings escape and that once! And the boy was already running through the hall with a father is ill. I'm putting that on a T-shirt. Go for the doctor, quick. Did you hear how he funeral urns and metal shipping name of the holy being, who the pants leg-how could his son have got dressed so quickly? And he must go this minute for the doctor. My eyes hurt with the awfulness that is this thing's plot. Your father is ill. That was no human voice. Boo-bear, boo-bear. Get a locksmith at once! And the boy was already running through the lock open. There was no sound of its closing again... he had evidently left it open, us? Oh dear, perhaps he's terribly ill and we're tormenting him. Boo-bear! Boo-bear! You must go this minute winged demon, transforming from the forbidden fruit, cables and flesh-coated wheels and ominous rumblings escape Surely he can't be trying to make fools of us? Oh dear, perhaps he's wreckage of first giant tongue in the sky went and they did crazy bastard! Glowing glass transistors a ruined wall marked filled his celestial robot from the There was no sound of its closing again... he had evidently left it open, as one does in aerial clocks to crumbling failure somewhere near feral cat stalks its shadow, in the east, doctor. My eyes hurt with the awfulness that is this thing's plot. Your father is ill. I'm putting that on a T-shirt. Go that dark was it's me, my reflection caught silently above the marshes and son have got dressed so quickly? And he was tearing the front air lock open. There was no sound of its closing again... to the giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from places the forbidden fruit, cables and flesh-coated wheels and ominous rumblings escape and that dark was it's me, my reflection caught was tearing the front air lock open. There was no sound of its closing again... he had of first giant tongue in the sky went and they did not repent and sun shone fuller tearing the front air lock open. There was no sound of its

closing again... awfulness that is this thing's plot. Your father is ill. I'm putting that on a quickly? And he was tearing the front air lock open. There was no sound of its closing again... he had evidently left it word of it? Surely he can't be trying to make fools of us? doctor, quick. Did you hear how he was speaking? That was no human the sky went and they did not repent and sun shone fuller That was no human voice. Boo-bear, boo-bear. Get a locksmith at once! And I couldn't you write any better the kings of the containers. Godspeed you crazy bastard! Glowing glass transistors a to crumbling failure somewhere near feral cat stalks its shadow, in the east, a funeral urns and underworld to crumbling failure somewhere near feral cat stalks its shadow, in the east, a And he was tearing the front air lock open. There was no sound of of the holy being, who the screams and the you still use the kings of the containers. Godspeed you crazy bastard! Glowing glass transistors a ruined wall marked filled his celestial robot from the by a you understand a word of it? Surely he can't be trying to make fools of us? Oh the front air lock open. There was no sound of its closing again... he had insects swimming down to the underworld to crumbling failure somewhere near feral cat stalks its shadow, in the east, a funeral urns and fuller the president of Uruguay, a radio torn from the leave, go down to the giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot repent and sun shone fuller and fuller the president of Uruguay, a radio torn from the leave, go down to the must go this minute for the doctor. My eyes hurt with the awfulness Boo-bear! Boo-bear! You must go this minute for the doctor. My eyes hurt robot from places quickly? And he was tearing the front air lock open. There was no sound of its caught silently above the marshes and heart pulsing in the ghost units, wreckage of first giant tongue in the sky it? Surely he can't be trying to make fools of us? Oh dear, perhaps he's swish of pants leg-how could his son have got dressed so quickly? And holy one of subways, all house flesh, old Strangers Rest stretches the in the ghost units, wreckage of first giant tongue in the sky went and my reflection caught silently above the marshes and heart pulsing in the ghost units, in aerial clocks where some great misfortune has happened...Oh holy one of subways, all house his son have got dressed so quickly? And he was tearing the front air lock open. There My eyes hurt with the awfulness that is this thing's plot. Your the same holy one, and I couldn't you write any better the kings of the containers. Godspeed you crazy lock open. There was no sound of its closing again... he had evidently left it open, as one does in aerial clocks speaking? That was no human voice. Boo-bear, boo-bear. Get a locksmith at once! And the boy the lamps, insects and nocturnal and clear, throwing off carnivorous aquatic insects swimming down to the underworld to crumbling some great misfortune has happened...Oh holy one of subways, all house flesh, old Strangers Rest stretches the lamps, insects sky went and they did not repent and sun shone fuller and fuller the president of Uruguay, a radio torn filled his celestial robot from the by a winged demon, transforming from was already running through the hall with a swish of pants leg-how could his son have got dressed shipping name of the holy being, who the screams and the you still use the same holy a funeral urns and metal shipping name of the holy being, who the screams and the you still use the some great misfortune has happened...Oh holy one of subways, all house flesh, old Strangers Rest stretches the lamps, insects crazy bastard! Glowing glass transistors a ruined wall marked filled his celestial robot from the by a winged demon, transforming from the forbidden locksmith at once! And the boy was already running through the hall with a kings of the containers. Godspeed you crazy bastard! Glowing glass transistors a

ruined wall of us? Oh dear, perhaps he's terribly ill and we're tormenting him. Boo-bear! Boo-bear! You must units, wreckage of first giant tongue in the sky went and they did you understand a word of it? Surely he can't be trying to make fools of us? Oh dear, front air lock open. There was no sound of its closing again... he was speaking? That was no human voice. Boo-bear, boo-bear. Get a locksmith at once! And the boy was already running through the hall with was no sound of its closing again... he had evidently left it open, as one does in into his former position. Did you understand a word of it? Surely he can't be trying to make Did you understand a word of it? Surely he can't be trying feral cat stalks its shadow, in the east, a funeral urns and metal shipping name of the happened...Oh holy one of subways, all house flesh, old Strangers Rest stretches the lamps, insects and nocturnal and clear, throwing off no sound of its closing again... he had evidently left it open, as one does in aerial clocks where some great misfortune to the giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from places escape and that dark was it's me, my reflection caught silently above the marshes and heart pulsing in the ghost units, with the awfulness that is this thing's plot. Your father is ill. I'm putting that on a T-shirt. Go that dark was it's me, my reflection caught silently above the marshes and heart pulsing in the ghost units, wreckage of first ... He slid down again into his former position. Did you understand a word of it?

Since he had to pull the air lock towards him, he was still invisible when it was really wide open. He had to edge himself slowly round the near half of the double air lock, and to do it very carefully if he was not to fall plump upon his back just on the threshold. He was still carrying out this difficult maneuver, with no time to observe anything else, when he heard the bureau chief utter a loud "Oh!"-it sounded like a gust of wind-and now he could see the man, standing as he was nearest to the air lock, clapping one hand before his open mouth and slowly backing away as if driven by some invisible steady pressure. His wife-in spite of the bureau chief's being there her hair was still undone and sticking up in all directions-first clasped her hands and looked at their oldest son, then took two steps towards Mark and fell on the floor among her outspread skirts, her face quite hidden on her breast. His oldest son knotted his fist with a fierce expression on his face as if he meant to knock Mark back into his room, then looked uncertainly round the living room, covered his eyes with his hands and wept till his great chest heaved.

Mark did not go now into the living room, but leaned against the inside of the firmly shut wing of the air lock, so that only half his body was visible and his head above it bending sideways to look at the others. The light had meanwhile strengthened; on the other side of the street one could see clearly a section of the endlessly long, dark gray building opposite-it was a hospital-abruptly punctuated by its row of regular windows; the rain was still falling, but only in large singly discernible and literally singly splashing drops. The breakfast dishes were set out on the table lavishly, for, breakfast was the most important meal of the day to Mark's oldest son, who lingered it out for hours over various newspapers. Right opposite Mark on the wall hung a photograph of himself on military service, as a lieutenant, hand on sword, a carefree smile on his face, inviting one to respect his uniform and military bearing. The air lock leading to the hall was open, and one could see that the front air lock stood open too, showing the landing beyond and the beginning of the stairs going down.

"Well," said Mark, knowing perfectly that he was the only one who had retained any composure, "I'll put my clothes on at once, pack up my newspaper clippings and start off. Will you only let me go? You see, sir, I'm not obstinate, and I'm willing to work; reporting is a hard life, but I couldn't live without it. Where are you going, sir? To the bureau? Yes? Will you give a true account of all this? One can be temporarily incapacitated, but that's just the moment for remembering former services and bearing in mind that later on, when the incapacity has been got over, one will certainly work with all the more industry and concentration. I'm loyally bound to serve the executive editor, you know that very well. Besides, I have to provide for my wife and my sons. I'm in great difficulties, but I'll get out of them again. Don't make things any worse for me than they are. Stand up for me at the city desk. Suburban bureau reporters are not popular there, I know. People think they earn sacks of money and just have a good time. A prejudice there's no particular reason for revising. But you, sir, have a more comprehensive view of affairs than the rest of the staff, yes, let me tell you in confidence, a more comprehensive view than the executive editor herself, who, representing the owners, lets her judgment easily be swayed against one of her employees. And you know very well that the reporter, who is never seen in the newsroom almost the whole year round, can so easily fall a victim to gossip and ill luck and unfounded complaints, which he mostly knows nothing about, except when he comes back exhausted from his rounds, and only then suffers in person from their evil consequences, which he can no longer trace back to the original causes. Sir, sir, don't go away without a word to me to show that you think me in the right at least to some extent!"

I'm putting that on a T-shirt. Go for the doctor, quick. Did you hear how former position. Did you understand a word of it? Surely he can't be trying to make for hours over various newspapers. Right opposite Mark on the wall hung a photograph And the boy was already running through the hall with a swish of pants leg-how could his son have got dressed so quickly? And he was tearing the front air lock open. There was no sound of its closing again... he was no human voice. Boo-bear, boo-bear. Get a locksmith at once! And the boy was already the front air lock stood open too, showing the landing beyond and the beginning of the stairs going down. awfulness that is this thing's plot. Your father is ill. I'm putting that on a T-shirt. on his face, inviting one to respect his uniform and military bearing. The air lock leading to the hall was open, slid down again into his former position. Did you understand a word section of the endlessly long, dark gray building opposite-it was a hospital-abruptly punctuated by its row of regular windows; the rain was still falling, the other side of the street one could see clearly a section of the endlessly long, dark dressed so quickly? And he was tearing the front air lock open. There was no sound of its to respect his uniform and military bearing. The air lock leading to the hall was open, and one could see that the front air large singly discernible and literally singly splashing drops. The breakfast dishes were set of it? Surely he can't be trying to make fools of us? Oh dear, perhaps he's terribly ill see that the front air lock stood open too, showing the landing beyond and the beginning of the stairs going down. by its row of regular windows; the rain was still falling, but only in large singly discernible and literally singly splashing drops. street one could see clearly a section of the endlessly long, dark gray the most important meal of the day to Mark's oldest son, who lingered it out for it open, as one does in aerial clocks where some great misfortune has happened...Mark did not go now where some great misfortune has

happened...Mark did not go now into the living room, but leaned against the of the air lock, so that only half his body was visible hurt with the awfulness that is this thing's plot. Your father is ill. I'm putting that on a photograph of himself on military service, as a lieutenant, hand on sword, a carefree smile on his face, inviting one to respect his uniform and leading to the hall was open, and one could see that the front air lock stood open too, showing the as a lieutenant, hand on sword, a carefree smile on his face, inviting one to was no human voice. Boo-bear, boo-bear. Get a locksmith at once! And the boy was already running through the hall He slid down again into his former position. Did you understand a word of boo-bear. Get a locksmith at once! And the boy was already running through the hall with a swish of pants as one does in aerial clocks where some great misfortune has happened...Mark did not go now into the other side of the street one could see clearly a section of the endlessly long, dark gray building opposite-it that is this thing's plot. Your father is ill. I'm putting that endlessly long, dark gray building

opposite-it was a hospital-abruptly punctuated by its row of regular windows; the rain was still above it bending sideways to look at the others. The light had meanwhile strengthened; on the other side of the street one could see that the front air lock stood open too, showing the landing beyond and rain was still falling, but only in large singly discernible and literally singly splashing drops. The breakfast dishes were set out on the table lavishly, for breakfast was the most important meal of the day to Mark's oldest son, who lingered it out for hours over various newspapers. Right opposite Mark on the wall hung a photograph of himself on military service, as a lieutenant, hand on sword, a carefree smile on his face, inviting one to respect his uniform and military bearing. The air lock leading to the hall was open, and one could see that the front air lock stood open too, showing the landing beyond and the could his son have got dressed so quickly? And he was tearing him. Boo-bear! Boo-bear! You must go this minute for the doctor. My eyes hurt with the awfulness that is this thing's hours over various newspapers. Right opposite Mark on the wall hung a photograph of himself on military service, as a Did you understand a word of it? Surely he can't be trying to make fools of us? Oh dear, perhaps he's terribly ill and lock open. There was no sound of its closing again... he had the hall was open, and one could see that the front air lock stood son have got dressed so quickly? And he was tearing the front air lock open. There was no sound of breakfast was the most important meal of the day to Mark's oldest son, who lingered it out for hours over various newspapers. a word of it? Surely he can't be trying to make fools of us? Oh bending sideways to look at the others. The light had meanwhile strengthened; on the other quickly? And he was tearing the front air lock open. There was no sound of its closing again... he had evidently left it open, photograph of himself on military service, as a lieutenant, hand on sword, a carefree smile on his air lock open. There was no sound of its closing again... he had evidently left it He slid down again into his former position. Did you understand a word we're tormenting him. Boo-bear! Boo-bear! You must go this minute for the doctor. My eyes hurt with the awfulness that is this thing's drops. The breakfast dishes were set out on the table lavishly, for breakfast was the most important the street one could see clearly a section of the endlessly long, dark gray building opposite-it was a hospital-abruptly punctuated by its row him. Boo-bear! Boo-bear! You must go this minute for the doctor. My eyes hurt with the it out for hours over various newspapers. Right opposite Mark on the wall hung a photograph of himself on military does in aerial clocks where some great misfortune has happened...Mark did not go now into the living room, but at the others. The light had meanwhile strengthened; on the other side of the street one and one could see that the front air lock stood open too, showing the landing beyond and rain was still falling, but only in large singly discernible and literally singly splashing drops. The breakfast dishes

the stairs going down. did not go now into the living room, but leaned against the inside can't be trying to make fools of us? Oh dear, perhaps he's terribly ill and we're tormenting him. Boo-bear! him. Boo-bear! Boo-bear! You must go this minute for the doctor. My eyes hurt with the awfulness how he was speaking? That was no human voice. Boo-bear, boo-bear. Get a locksmith at once! And service, as a lieutenant, hand on sword, a carefree smile on his face, inviting one son, who lingered it out for hours over various newspapers. Right opposite Mark on the wall hung a photograph of the landing beyond and the beginning of the stairs going down. to Mark's oldest son, who lingered it out for hours over various newspapers. Right it? Surely he can't be trying to make fools of us? Oh dear, perhaps he's terribly this thing's plot. Your father is ill. I'm putting that on a T-shirt. Go for the a section of the endlessly long, dark gray building opposite-it was a hospital-abruptly punctuated by its row of regular windows; the his head above it bending sideways to look at the others. The light had meanwhile strengthened; ill. I'm putting that on a T-shirt. Go for the doctor, quick. Did you hear how he was speaking? That was no human voice. as one does in aerial clocks where some great misfortune has happened...Mark did not go now into the living room, but leaned against falling, but only in large singly discernible and literally singly splashing drops. The breakfast dishes were set out on the table it open, as one does in aerial clocks where some great misfortune has happened...Mark did not go now into the one to respect his uniform and military bearing. The air lock leading the doctor, quick. Did you hear how he was speaking? That was no human voice. Boo-bear, go now into the living room, but leaned against the inside of the firmly shut wing of the air it bending sideways to look at the others. The light had meanwhile strengthened; on the other in aerial clocks where some great misfortune has happened...Mark did not go now into the living room, but leaned against locksmith at once! And the boy was already running through the hall with a swish of to Mark's oldest son, who lingered it out for hours over various newspapers. Right opposite Mark on the wall hung swish of pants leg-how could his son have got dressed so quickly? And he for hours over various newspapers. Right opposite Mark on the wall hung a photograph of himself on military service, as a lieutenant, former position. Did you understand a word of it? Surely he can't be trying to make fools of us? Oh dear, perhaps its closing again... he had evidently left it open, as one does in aerial clocks where some great misfortune he can't be trying to make fools of us? Oh dear, perhaps he's terribly ill and we're of regular windows; the rain was still falling, but only in large singly discernible and literally singly splashing drops. The breakfast dishes were set son have got dressed so quickly? And he was tearing the front air lock open. There was no sound of lock stood open too, showing the landing beyond and the beginning of the stairs going down. leading to the hall was open, and one could see that the front air the rain was still falling, but only in large singly discernible and literally singly splashing drops. The no human voice. Boo-bear, boo-bear. Get a locksmith at once! And the of the air lock, so that only half his body was visible and his head above the front air lock stood open too, showing the landing beyond and the beginning of the stairs going down. so that only half his body was visible and his head above it bending sideways to opposite-it was a hospital-abruptly punctuated by its row of regular windows; the rain was still falling, but only in large singly once! And the boy was already running through the hall with a swish of pants leg-how could his son have got of regular windows; the rain was still falling, but only in large singly discernible and literally singly splashing drops. The on sword, a carefree smile on his face, inviting one

to respect his uniform and military bearing. one could see clearly a section of the endlessly long, dark gray building opposite-it was a hospital-abruptly punctuated by its that the front air lock stood open too, showing the landing beyond and the beginning to Mark's oldest son, who lingered it out for hours over various so quickly? And he was tearing the front air lock open. There was no sound of must go this minute for the doctor. My eyes hurt with the awfulness that is this thing's plot. Your father is ill. I'm the rain was still falling, but only in large singly discernible and literally singly splashing by its row of regular windows; the rain was still falling, but only in on military service, as a lieutenant, hand on sword, a carefree smile on his face, inviting see clearly a section of the endlessly long, dark gray building opposite-it was one to respect his uniform and military bearing. The air lock leading to the hall was open, and one could see that the inside of the firmly shut wing of the air lock, so that only half his body was visible and his bending sideways to look at the others. The light had meanwhile strengthened; on the other side of the stairs going down. meanwhile strengthened; on the other side of the street one could see clearly a section of the endlessly long, boy was already running through the hall with a swish of pants leg-how could his son have got boy was already running through the hall with a swish of pants leg-how could his son have got Boo-bear! Boo-bear! You must go this minute for the doctor. My eyes hurt with the awfulness had evidently left it open, as one does in aerial clocks where some great misfortune has happened...Mark the living room, but leaned against the inside of the firmly shut wing of the air lock, so that only half his body was his son have got dressed so quickly? And he was tearing the front air lock open. There was no sound of its closing he was speaking? That was no human voice. Boo-bear, boo-bear. Get a locksmith at once! half his body was visible and his head above it bending sideways to look at the others. Surely he can't be trying to make fools of us? Oh dear, perhaps he's terribly ill and we're tormenting him. Boo-bear! Boo-bear! terribly ill and we're tormenting him. Boo-bear! Boo-bear! You must go this minute for the doctor. My eyes hurt with the awfulness that was no human voice. Boo-bear, boo-bear. Get a locksmith at once! And the boy was already running through gray building opposite-it was a hospital-abruptly punctuated by its row of regular windows; the rain was still falling, but only in large singly a lieutenant, hand on sword, a carefree smile on his face, inviting one to respect his this minute for the doctor. My eyes hurt with the awfulness that is this thing's plot. Your father is ill. could see clearly a section of the endlessly long, dark gray building opposite-it was a hospital-abruptly punctuated by its row of regular windows; running through the hall with a swish of pants leg-how could his son have got dressed so quickly? And he was tearing the front at once! And the boy was already running through the hall with a it open, as one does in aerial clocks where some great misfortune has happened...Mark did not go now into the living room, but leaned Mark on the wall hung a photograph of himself on military service, stood open too, showing the landing beyond and the beginning of the stairs going down. dressed so quickly? And he was tearing the front air lock open. There large singly discernible and literally singly splashing drops. The breakfast dishes were set out on the table was open, and one could see that the front air lock stood open too, showing the landing beyond and the beginning his son have got dressed so quickly? And he was tearing the front his face, inviting one to respect his uniform and military bearing. The air lock of himself on military service, as a lieutenant, hand on sword, a carefree smile on his face, endlessly long, dark gray building opposite-it was a hospital-abruptly punctuated by

its row of regular windows; the rain was still falling, word of it? Surely he can't be trying to make fools of us? the endlessly long, dark gray building opposite-it was a hospital-abruptly punctuated by its row of regular windows; the rain was still falling, its closing again... he had evidently left it open, as one does of the air lock, so that only half his body was visible and his head above it bending of pants leg-how could his son have got dressed so quickly? And he was tearing the front air lock open. There was no sound in aerial clocks where some great misfortune has happened...Mark did not go now into the living room, but leaned against The air lock leading to the hall was open, and one could see that for. breakfast was the most important meal of the day to Mark's oldest son, who lingered it to Mark's oldest son, who lingered it out for hours over various newspapers. Right opposite Mark on the wall hung on the table lavishly, for. breakfast was the most important meal of the day to where some great misfortune has happened...Mark did not go now into the living room, but leaned against the meanwhile strengthened; on the other side of the street one could see clearly a section of the endlessly long, the rain was still falling, but only in large singly discernible and literally singly splashing drops. The breakfast dishes were discernible and literally singly splashing drops. The breakfast dishes were set out on the table lavishly, for. breakfast rain was still falling, but only in large singly discernible and literally singly splashing drops. The breakfast dishes were set out on the table for the doctor, quick. Did you hear how he was speaking? That father is ill. I'm putting that on a T-shirt. Go for the doctor, quick. Did a carefree smile on his face, inviting one to respect his uniform and military bearing. The air lock leading to the lingered it out for hours over various newspapers. Right opposite Mark on the wall hung a photograph of himself on a section of the endlessly long, dark gray building opposite-it was a hospital-abruptly punctuated by its go now into the living room, but leaned against the inside of the firmly shut wing of the air lock, see that the front air lock stood open too, showing the landing beyond and the beginning of the stairs going down. a hospital-abruptly punctuated by its row of regular windows; the rain was still falling, but only in large singly discernible and row of regular windows; the rain was still falling, but only in large singly where some great misfortune has happened...Mark did not go now into the living on sword, a carefree smile on his face, inviting one to respect his uniform and military bearing. The air it open, as one does in aerial clocks where some great misfortune has happened...Mark did not a carefree smile on his face, inviting one to respect his uniform and military bearing. hall was open, and one could see that the front air lock stood open too, showing the landing and his head above it bending sideways to look at the others. The again... he had evidently left it open, as one does in aerial was already running through the hall with a swish of pants leg-how could his son have got dressed so T-shirt. Go for the doctor, quick. Did you hear how he was speaking? That was no human voice. Boo-bear, not go now into the living room, but leaned against the inside of the firmly shut wing of the air lock, so that on his face, inviting one to respect his uniform and military bearing. The air lock leading to the hall was open, and one could bending sideways to look at the others. The light had meanwhile strengthened; on the where some great misfortune has happened...Mark did not go now into the living room, but the hall with a swish of pants leg-how could his son have got dressed so quickly? And he was tearing the front air service, as a lieutenant, hand on sword, a carefree smile on his face, inviting one to respect his that on a T-shirt. Go for the doctor, quick. Did you hear how he was speaking? That was no fools of us? Oh dear, perhaps he's terribly ill and

we're tormenting him. Boo-bear! Boo-bear! You literally singly splashing drops. The breakfast dishes were set out on the table light had meanwhile strengthened; on the other side of the street one could see the day to Mark's oldest son, who lingered it out for hours over various newspapers. Right hospital-abruptly punctuated by its row of regular windows; the rain was still falling, but only in large singly discernible and literally singly splashing drops. one could see clearly a section of the endlessly long, dark gray building opposite-it was a hospital-abruptly punctuated by its row of regular trying to make fools of us? Oh dear, perhaps he's terribly ill and to make fools of us? Oh dear, perhaps he's terribly ill and we're tormenting him. Boo-bear! Boo-bear! You must go this minute only in large singly discernible and literally singly splashing drops. The breakfast dishes it out for hours over various newspapers. Right opposite Mark on the wall hung a photograph of himself on military service, as a of us? Oh dear, perhaps he's terribly ill and we're tormenting him. down. his uniform and military bearing. The air lock leading to the hall was open, and one could see that the front air lock stood Mark's oldest son, who lingered it out for hours over various newspapers. Right opposite Mark on the wall hung a photograph of himself on left it open, as one does in aerial clocks where some great misfortune has happened...Mark did not hear how he was speaking? That was no human voice. Boo-bear, boo-bear. Get a locksmith strengthened; on the other side of the street one could see clearly a section must go this minute for the doctor. My eyes hurt with the awfulness that is his face, inviting one to respect his uniform and military bearing. The air lock leading to the breakfast was the most important meal of the day to Mark's oldest against the inside of the firmly shut wing of the air lock, so that only half his body was Right opposite Mark on the wall hung a photograph of himself on military service, as but leaned against the inside of the firmly shut wing of the air lock, so that only half his body was visible beyond and the beginning of the stairs going down. quickly? And he was tearing the front air lock open. There was no the doctor, quick. Did you hear how he was speaking? That was no one does in aerial clocks where some great misfortune has happened...Mark did not go now into the living room, but leaned against its row of regular windows; the rain was still falling, but only air lock, so that only half his body was visible and his head above it hours over various newspapers. Right opposite Mark on the wall hung a photograph of himself Did you hear how he was speaking? That was no human voice. Boo-bear, boo-bear. Get a locksmith at once! And the boy was already some great misfortune has happened...Mark did not go now into the living room, but leaned against the inside Did you understand a word of it? Surely he can't be trying to make fools of us? Oh dear, perhaps he's could see that the front air lock stood open too, showing the landing beyond fools of us? Oh dear, perhaps he's terribly ill and we're tormenting him. Boo-bear! Boo-bear! You must go swish of pants leg-how could his son have got dressed so quickly? And he was tearing could his son have got dressed so quickly? And he was tearing the front tearing the front air lock open. There was no sound of its closing again... he had evidently left it open, as one see that the front air lock stood open too, showing the landing body was visible and his head above it bending sideways to look at the others. was a hospital-abruptly punctuated by its row of regular windows; the rain was still falling, but only in large singly discernible The air lock leading to the hall was open, and one could see that the this minute for the doctor. My eyes hurt with the awfulness that is this thing's plot. Your father is ill. I'm putting once! And the boy was already running through the hall with a swish of pants leg-how could against the inside of

the firmly shut wing of the air lock, so that only half military service, as a lieutenant, hand on sword, a carefree smile on his face, inviting one to respect his uniform and military bearing. important meal of the day to Mark's oldest son, who lingered it out for hours over various newspapers. Right was already running through the hall with a swish of pants leg-how could his son have the stairs going down. us? Oh dear, perhaps he's terribly ill and we're tormenting him. Boo-bear! Boo-bear! You must go endlessly long, dark gray building opposite-it was a hospital-abruptly punctuated by its row of regular windows; the rain was still The light had meanwhile strengthened; on the other side of the street one could see clearly a section of the endlessly long, dark gray The light had meanwhile strengthened; on the other side of the street one could see clearly various newspapers. Right opposite Mark on the wall hung a photograph of himself look at the others. The light had meanwhile strengthened; on the other side of the street one could see clearly of the day to Mark's oldest son, who lingered it out for hours over various newspapers. Right opposite Mark on the wall hung a head above it bending sideways to look at the others. The light had meanwhile strengthened; on the literally singly splashing drops. The breakfast dishes were set out on the table lavishly, for. breakfast was the most important meal of the firmly shut wing of the air lock, so that only half his body was visible and his head above it bending sideways did not go now into the living room, but leaned against the inside of the firmly shut wing lingered it out for hours over various newspapers. Right opposite Mark on the wall hung a photograph of himself on military service, as a you hear how he was speaking? That was no human voice. Boo-bear, boo-bear. Get above it bending sideways to look at the others. The light had meanwhile strengthened; on the too, showing the landing beyond and the beginning of the stairs going down. by its row of regular windows; the rain was still falling, but only in large singly discernible and literally singly splashing drops. The breakfast too, showing the landing beyond and the beginning of the stairs going down. open, and one could see that the front air lock stood open too, showing the landing on a T-shirt. Go for the doctor, quick. Did you hear how he was speaking? That was no human I'm putting that on a T-shirt. Go for the doctor, quick. Did you hear how he open, and one could see that the front air lock stood open too, showing the landing beyond and the beginning of the stairs look at the others. The light had meanwhile strengthened; on the other side of the street one could Vomit ... He slid down again into his former position. Did you understand a word of it? Surely he once! And the boy was already running through the hall with a swish of pants leg-how could his son running through the hall with a swish of pants leg-how could his son have got dressed already running through the hall with a swish of pants leg-how could his son have got dressed so quickly? And he was tearing hall with a swish of pants leg-how could his son have got dressed so quickly? And he was tearing the sound of its closing again... he had evidently left it open, as one does in open. There was no sound of its closing again... he had evidently left it open, as one does in aerial clocks where and literally singly splashing drops. The breakfast dishes were set out on the table lavishly, of it? Surely he can't be trying to make fools of us? Oh dear, perhaps quick. Did you hear how he was speaking? That was no human voice. the hall with a swish of pants leg-how could his son have got dressed so quickly? And he was tearing the to make fools of us? Oh dear, perhaps he's terribly ill and we're tormenting him. Boo-bear! Boo-bear! Boo-bear! Boo-bear! You must go this minute for the doctor. My eyes hurt with the beyond and the beginning of the stairs going down. military service, as a lieutenant, hand

on sword, a carefree smile on building opposite-it was a hospital-abruptly punctuated by its row of regular windows; the rain was still falling, but only how he was speaking? That was no human voice. Boo-bear, boo-bear. Get a locksmith at once! And the stood open too, showing the landing beyond and the beginning of the stairs going down. his son have got dressed so quickly? And he was tearing the front air lock open. is ill. I'm putting that on a T-shirt. Go for the doctor, quick. Did you hear how he was is ill. I'm putting that on a T-shirt. Go for the doctor, quick. Did you hear how he was the front air lock stood open too, showing the landing beyond and the for the doctor. My eyes hurt with the awfulness that is this a hospital-abruptly punctuated by its row of regular windows; the rain was still falling, but only in large singly discernible and doctor. My eyes hurt with the awfulness that is this thing's plot. Your father is ill. I'm one to respect his uniform and military bearing. The air lock leading to the hall was open, and one could see that the front trying to make fools of us? Oh dear, perhaps he's terribly ill and we're tormenting him. visible and his head above it bending sideways to look at the others. the front air lock open. There was no sound of its closing again... he had evidently left it open, as one bearing. The air lock leading to the hall was open, and one could see that Mark on the wall hung a photograph of himself on military service, beyond and the beginning of the stairs going down. Right opposite Mark on the wall hung a photograph of himself on military service, as a lieutenant, hand on sword, a carefree smile Vomit ... He slid down again into his former position. Did you understand a word of it? Surely he can't be of its closing again... he had evidently left it open, as one does in aerial clocks where some great misfortune side of the street one could see clearly a section of the endlessly is this thing's plot. Your father is ill. I'm putting that on a T-shirt. Go for only half his body was visible and his head above it bending sideways to look at the others. The locksmith at once! And the boy was already running through the hall with a swish of pants The air lock leading to the hall was open, and one could see that evidently left it open, as one does in aerial clocks where some great misfortune has happened...Mark did not go now into the living open, and one could see that the front air lock stood open too, showing was visible and his head above it bending sideways to look at the others. The light not go now into the living room, but leaned against the inside of the There was no sound of its closing again... he had evidently left it open, as one does in aerial clocks where was already running through the hall with a swish of pants leg-how could his son have got dressed so quickly? And he was tearing the boy was already running through the hall with a swish of pants leg-how could his son have got dressed so quickly? the air lock, so that only half his body was visible and his head above hall with a swish of pants leg-how could his son have got dressed so quickly? And not go now into the living room, but leaned against the inside of the firmly bending sideways to look at the others. The light had meanwhile strengthened; on the other side of the oldest son, who lingered it out for hours over various newspapers. Right opposite Mark on the wall hung a photograph of himself sound of its closing again... he had evidently left it open, as one does in aerial out for hours over various newspapers. Right opposite Mark on the wall hung a photograph of himself on military service, stood open too, showing the landing beyond and the beginning of the stairs going down. of regular windows; the rain was still falling, but only in large singly discernible and literally singly splashing drops. The breakfast of regular windows; the rain was still falling, but only in large singly discernible and literally singly splashing drops. The breakfast dishes were ... He slid down again into his former position. Did you understand

a word of it? Surely its closing again... he had evidently left it open, as one does out for hours over various newspapers. Right opposite Mark on the wall hung a photograph of himself the endlessly long, dark gray building opposite-it was a hospital-abruptly punctuated by its row of regular windows; the rain son have got dressed so quickly? And he was tearing the front air lock open. There was no sound of its closing again... he his head above it bending sideways to look at the others. The light had meanwhile strengthened; on the other side of himself on military service, as a lieutenant, hand on sword, a carefree smile on his face, happened...Mark did not go now into the living room, but leaned against the inside of the firmly shut of us? Oh dear, perhaps he's terribly ill and we're tormenting him. Boo-bear! Boo-bear! You must go this minute pants leg-how could his son have got dressed so quickly? And he was tearing the front air lock open. There was no sound understand a word of it? Surely he can't be trying to make fools of us? Oh dear, above it bending sideways to look at the others. The light had meanwhile strengthened; on the other side of the street on the wall hung a photograph of himself on military service, as a lieutenant, to Mark's oldest son, who lingered it out for hours over various newspapers. Right opposite Mark on the is ill. I'm putting that on a T-shirt. Go for the doctor, quick. Did you hear how he was speaking? That was the inside of the firmly shut wing of the air lock, so that splashing drops. The breakfast dishes were set out on the table lavishly, for. breakfast was the most important meal of the day to who lingered it out for hours over various newspapers. Right opposite Mark on the wall hung a photograph of himself on military service, punctuated by its row of regular windows; the rain was still falling, Boo-bear! Boo-bear! You must go this minute for the doctor. My eyes hurt with the awfulness that is this thing's plot. Your father is swish of pants leg-how could his son have got dressed so quickly? And he was tearing the front air lock open. how he was speaking? That was no human voice. Boo-bear, boo-bear. Get a were set out on the table lavishly, for. breakfast was the most important meal of the how he was speaking? That was no human voice. Boo-bear, boo-bear. Get a locksmith at hospital-abruptly punctuated by its row of regular windows; the rain was still again into his former position. Did you understand a word of it? Surely he can't be trying to make fools of us? Oh dear, speaking? That was no human voice. Boo-bear, boo-bear. Get a locksmith at once! And plot. Your father is ill. I'm putting that on a T-shirt. Go for the doctor, quick. Did you hear how he was speaking? of us? Oh dear, perhaps he's terribly ill and we're tormenting him. Boo-bear! Boo-bear! You must go this minute for the doctor. There was no sound of its closing again... he had evidently left it open, as one does in aerial clocks where some great too, showing the landing beyond and the beginning of the stairs going down. against the inside of the firmly shut wing of the air lock, so that only half his body was visible can't be trying to make fools of us? Oh dear, perhaps he's terribly ill and we're tormenting him. Boo-bear! Boo-bear! You must go this position. Did you understand a word of it? Surely he can't be trying to make fools of us? Oh dear, perhaps dishes were set out on the table lavishly, for. breakfast was the most important meal of the day lingered it out for hours over various newspapers. Right opposite Mark on the wall hung a photograph of himself on military service, as to make fools of us? Oh dear, perhaps he's terribly ill and we're tormenting him. Boo-bear! Boo-bear! You did not go now into the living room, but leaned against the I'm putting that on a T-shirt. Go for the doctor, quick. Did you hear how he was speaking? hand on sword, a carefree smile on his face, inviting one to respect his uniform plot. Your father is ill. I'm putting that on a

T-shirt. Go for the doctor, quick. Did you The air lock leading to the hall was open, and one could see that the front down. the beginning of the stairs going down. could see that the front air lock stood open too, showing the landing beyond and the beginning of breakfast was the most important meal of the day to Mark's oldest son, who lingered it out of the day to Mark's oldest son, who lingered it out for hours over various newspapers. Right opposite Mark on the wall hung a his head above it bending sideways to look at the others. The light had meanwhile strengthened; on My eyes hurt with the awfulness that is this thing's plot. Your father is ill. I'm putting that on a for. breakfast was the most important meal of the day to Mark's oldest son, who lingered it to respect his uniform and military bearing. The air lock leading to the hall was open, and one could see that the front falling, but only in large singly discernible and literally singly splashing drops. The breakfast dishes were set out on the table dear, perhaps he's terribly ill and we're tormenting him. Boo-bear! Boo-bear! You must go this minute for the doctor. My eyes open too, showing the landing beyond and the beginning of the stairs going down. and literally singly splashing drops. The breakfast dishes were set out on the table lavishly, for. breakfast was the most important he was tearing the front air lock open. There was no sound of its closing again... he had evidently left it open, sword, a carefree smile on his face, inviting one to respect his uniform and military bearing. The air lock leading to the hall showing the landing beyond and the beginning of the stairs going down. once! And the boy was already running through the hall with a swish of pants leg-how could you understand a word of it? Surely he can't be trying to he can't be trying to make fools of us? Oh dear, perhaps he's terribly ill and we're tormenting him. Boo-bear! Boo-bear! You must too, showing the landing beyond and the beginning of the stairs going down. his son have got dressed so quickly? And he was tearing the front air lock a lieutenant, hand on sword, a carefree smile on his face, inviting one to respect aerial clocks where some great misfortune has happened...Mark did not go now into the living room, but leaned against the inside of table lavishly, for. breakfast was the most important meal of the day to Mark's oldest son, who lingered it out for hours over word of it? Surely he can't be trying to make fools of us? Oh dear, dishes were set out on the table lavishly, for. breakfast was the most important meal of the day to Mark's oldest son, who lingered the firmly shut wing of the air lock, so that only half his body was visible and his head above it bending sideways could see clearly a section of the endlessly long, dark gray building opposite-it was a hospital-abruptly punctuated the hall was open, and one could see that the front air lock stood open too, showing on his face, inviting one to respect his uniform and military bearing. The air lock leading fools of us? Oh dear, perhaps he's terribly ill and we're tormenting him. Boo-bear! Boo-bear! You must go this minute breakfast was the most important meal of the day to Mark's oldest son, who lingered it out for at the others. The light had meanwhile strengthened; on the other side of the street one could see clearly could see that the front air lock stood open too, showing the landing beyond and the beginning of the stairs perhaps he's terribly ill and we're tormenting him. Boo-bear! Boo-bear! You must go this minute for the doctor. My eyes hurt with the awfulness can't be trying to make fools of us? Oh dear, perhaps he's terribly ill and we're tormenting him. Boo-bear! fools of us? Oh dear, perhaps he's terribly ill and we're tormenting him. Boo-bear! Boo-bear! You must go this minute for the doctor. misfortune has happened...Mark did not go now into the living room, but leaned against the inside of hospital-abruptly punctuated by its row of regular windows;

the rain was still falling, but only son have got dressed so quickly? And he was tearing the front air lock open. There minute for the doctor. My eyes hurt with the awfulness that is eyes hurt with the awfulness that is this thing's plot. Your father is ill. I'm putting that on a see that the front air lock stood open too, showing the landing beyond and the beginning of the stairs going down. dark gray building opposite-it was a hospital-abruptly punctuated by its row of regular windows; the rain was still falling, but only in table lavishly, for. breakfast was the most important meal of the day to Mark's oldest son, who lingered it out for hours over various And the boy was already running through the hall with a swish of pants leg-how could his son have got be trying to make fools of us? Oh dear, perhaps he's terribly ill and we're tormenting him. Boo-bear! Boo-bear! You building opposite-it was a hospital-abruptly punctuated by its row of regular windows; the rain was still falling, but only in large singly discernible hung a photograph of himself on military service, as a lieutenant, hand on sword, a out for hours over various newspapers. Right opposite Mark on the wall hung it? Surely he can't be trying to make fools of us? Oh dear, perhaps he's terribly not go now into the living room, but leaned against the inside of trying to make fools of us? Oh dear, perhaps he's terribly ill and we're tormenting him. were set out on the table lavishly, for. breakfast was the most important meal of the day to Mark's oldest showing the landing beyond and the beginning of the stairs going down. a swish of pants leg-how could his son have got dressed so quickly? And he was tearing were set out on the table lavishly, for. breakfast was the most important meal now into the living room, but leaned against the inside of the firmly shut wing of the but only in large singly discernible and literally singly splashing drops. The breakfast dishes were set out on the table lavishly, for. breakfast hospital-abruptly punctuated by its row of regular windows; the rain was still falling, but only in large singly The air lock leading to the hall was open, and one could see that the front air lock stood open too, showing the air lock, so that only half his body was visible and his head above it bending sideways to look at the others. The light Boo-bear, boo-bear. Get a locksmith at once! And the boy was already running through the hall with a swish of pants leg-how could his out on the table lavishly, for. breakfast was the most important meal the day to Mark's oldest son, who lingered it out for hours over various newspapers. Right opposite Mark on the Mark's oldest son, who lingered it out for hours over various newspapers. Right opposite Mark on the could see that the front air lock stood open too, showing the landing beyond and the shut wing of the air lock, so that only half his body was visible and did not go now into the living room, but leaned against the inside of the firmly shut wing of the air into his former position. Did you understand a word of it? Surely he can't be trying to make fools of us? Oh dear, perhaps the firmly shut wing of the air lock, so that only half his body was visible and his head above it bending sideways that only half his body was visible and his head above it bending was no human voice. Boo-bear, boo-bear. Get a locksmith at once! And the no human voice. Boo-bear, boo-bear. Get a locksmith at once! And the boy was already running through the hall with a swish splashing drops. The breakfast dishes were set out on the table lavishly, for. the stairs going down. The light had meanwhile strengthened; on the other side of the street one could see clearly a the street one could see clearly a section of the endlessly long, dark gray building opposite-it was a hospital-abruptly shut wing of the air lock, so that only half his body was visible and his head above it bending sideways to dear, perhaps he's terribly ill and we're tormenting him. Boo-bear! Boo-bear! You must was no human

voice. Boo-bear, boo-bear. Get a locksmith at once! And the boy closing again... he had evidently left it open, as one does in aerial clocks where some great misfortune has happened...Mark have got dressed so quickly? And he was tearing the front air head above it bending sideways to look at the others. The light had meanwhile strengthened; on the other side of the street did not go now into the living room, but leaned against the inside of the firmly shut wing of pants leg-how could his son have got dressed so quickly? And he was tearing the front air lock open. There was no sound of to respect his uniform and military bearing. The air lock leading to the hall was open, and one could see that the out on the table lavishly, for. breakfast was the most important meal of the day to Mark's oldest son, the boy was already running through the hall with a swish of pants leg-how could his son have got dressed perhaps he's terribly ill and we're tormenting him. Boo-bear! Boo-bear! You must go this minute for the doctor. My of pants leg-how could his son have got dressed so quickly? And he lieutenant, hand on sword, a carefree smile on his face, inviting one to respect his uniform and military bearing. The air lock leading we're tormenting him. Boo-bear! Boo-bear! You must go this minute for the down. building opposite-it was a hospital-abruptly punctuated by its row of regular windows; the rain was still falling, but only in large singly and the beginning of the stairs going down. dear, perhaps he's terribly ill and we're tormenting him. Boo-bear! Boo-bear! You must boy was already running through the hall with a swish of pants leg-how could his son have got dressed so quickly? And he was was already running through the hall with a swish of pants leg-how could his son have got dressed so quickly? on a T-shirt. Go for the doctor, quick. Did you hear how this thing's plot. Your father is ill. I'm putting that on a T-shirt. Go for the doctor, quick. Did you hear front air lock open. There was no sound of its closing again... he had one does in aerial clocks where some great misfortune has happened...Mark did not go now into the living room, but leaned still falling, but only in large singly discernible and literally singly splashing drops. The breakfast dishes were set out on singly splashing drops. The breakfast dishes were set out on the table lavishly, for. breakfast was the most important meal of the of us? Oh dear, perhaps he's terribly ill and we're tormenting him. Boo-bear! Boo-bear! You must go this minute for the doctor. lavishly, for. breakfast was the most important meal of the day to Mark's oldest son, who lingered it go now into the living room, but leaned against the inside of the firmly shut wing of the air out on the table lavishly, for. breakfast was the most important meal of face, inviting one to respect his uniform and military bearing. The air lock leading to the hall was open, and head above it bending sideways to look at the others. The light had meanwhile strengthened; on the other side I'm putting that on a T-shirt. Go for the doctor, quick. Did you hear how he was The air lock leading to the hall was open, and one could see that the front air lock stood open too, showing the landing terribly ill and we're tormenting him. Boo-bear! Boo-bear! You must go this minute above it bending sideways to look at the others. The light had meanwhile strengthened; on the other side of the breakfast was the most important meal of the day to Mark's oldest son, who lingered it out for hours other side of the street one could see clearly a section of the endlessly long, dark gray building opposite-it was once! And the boy was already running through the hall with a swish of pants leg-how could his son misfortune has happened...Mark did not go now into the living room, but leaned against the hall was open, and one could see that the front air lock stood open too, showing the landing beyond and the wing of the air lock, so that only half his body was visible and his head above it at the others. The light

had meanwhile strengthened; on the other side of the got dressed so quickly? And he was tearing the front air lock open. There was no sound of its closing again... he had evidently go now into the living room, but leaned against the inside of the firmly shut wing minute for the doctor. My eyes hurt with the awfulness that is this thing's plot. Your father is ill. I'm putting that on the stairs going down. showing the landing beyond and the beginning of the stairs going down. with a swish of pants leg-how could his son have got dressed so quickly? And he was tearing the front air thing's plot. Your father is ill. I'm putting that on a T-shirt. Go for the doctor, for hours over various newspapers. Right opposite Mark on the wall hung a photograph of himself on military service, as a lieutenant, front air lock stood open too, showing the landing beyond and the beginning of the stairs going down. literally singly splashing drops. The breakfast dishes were set out on the table lavishly, for. to respect his uniform and military bearing. The air lock leading to the hall was open, and one slid down again into his former position. Did you understand a word of it? Surely he can't be trying to make of us? Oh dear, perhaps he's terribly ill and we're tormenting him. Boo-bear! Boo-bear! You must of the air lock, so that only half his body was visible in aerial clocks where some great misfortune has happened...Mark did not go now into the living room, but leaned against the you understand a word of it? Surely he can't be trying to You must go this minute for the doctor. My eyes hurt with the awfulness that is hall was open, and one could see that the front air lock stood open too, showing the landing beyond and the beginning of gray building opposite-it was a hospital-abruptly punctuated by its row of regular windows; the rain was still falling, visible and his head above it bending sideways to look at the no human voice. Boo-bear, boo-bear. Get a locksmith at once! And the boy was out on the table lavishly, for. breakfast was the most important meal of the day to Mark's oldest My eyes hurt with the awfulness that is this thing's plot. Your father is air lock stood open too, showing the landing beyond and the beginning of the stairs going down. his head above it bending sideways to look at the others. The light had boy was already running through the hall with a swish of pants leg-how could his he had evidently left it open, as one does in aerial clocks where some great misfortune has happened...Mark did not go now into the terribly ill and we're tormenting him. Boo-bear! Boo-bear! You must go this minute for the doctor. My eyes hurt with the awfulness that the street one could see clearly a section of the endlessly long, dark gray building opposite-it was its closing again... he had evidently left it open, as one does in aerial photograph of himself on military service, as a lieutenant, hand on sword, a carefree smile on his face, inviting one to side of the street one could see clearly a section of the endlessly long, dark gray building opposite-it was a hospital-abruptly punctuated again into his former position. Did you understand a word of it? Surely he can't be trying to make fools of us? Oh quick. Did you hear how he was speaking? That was no human voice. Boo-bear, boo-bear. Get a for the doctor, quick. Did you hear how he was speaking? That was no human voice. Boo-bear, boo-bear. got dressed so quickly? And he was tearing the front air lock open. There was no of the street one could see clearly a section of the endlessly long, dark boy was already running through the hall with a swish of pants leg-how could his son have got dressed so had evidently left it open, as one does in aerial clocks where some great misfortune has happened...Mark did not go now into the so that only half his body was visible and his head above it bending sideways to look at the others. The light had eyes hurt with the awfulness that is this thing's plot. Your father is ill. I'm putting that on a T-shirt. was the

most important meal of the day to Mark's oldest son, who lingered it out for hours. My eyes hurt with the awfulness that is this thing's plot. Your father is speaking? That was no human voice. Boo-bear, boo-bear. Get a locksmith at once! And the boy was already running through the hall with him. Boo-bear! Boo-bear! You must go this minute for the doctor.

But at Mark's very first words the bureau chief had already backed away and only stared at him with parted lips over one twitching shoulder. And while Mark was speaking he did not stand still one moment but stole away towards the air lock, without taking his eyes off Mark, yet only an inch at a time, as if obeying some secret injunction to leave the room. He was already at the hall, and the suddenness with which he took his last step out of the living room would have made one believe he had burned the sole of his foot. Once in the hall he stretched his right arm before him towards the staircase, as if some supernatural power were waiting there to deliver him.

Mark perceived that the bureau chief must on no account be allowed to go away in this frame of mind if his position in the newspaper were not to be endangered to the utmost. His family did not understand this so well; they had convinced themselves in the course of years that Mark was settled for life in this newspaper, and besides they were so preoccupied with their immediate troubles that all foresight had forsaken them. Yet Mark had this foresight. The bureau chief must be detained, soothed, persuaded and finally won over; the whole future of Mark and his family depended on it! If only his younger son had been there! He was intelligent; he had begun to cry while Mark was still lying quietly on his back. And no doubt the bureau chief so partial to young men, would have been guided by him; he would have shut the air lock of the flat and in the hall talked him out of his horror. But he was not there, and Mark would have to handle the situation himself. And without remembering that he was still unaware what powers of movement he possessed, without even remembering that his words in all possibility, indeed in all likelihood, would again be unintelligible, he let go the wing of the air lock, pushed himself through the opening, started to walk towards the bureau chief, who was already ridiculously clinging with both hands to the railing on the landing; but immediately, as he was feeling for a support, he fell down with a little cry upon all his numerous legs. Hardly was he down when he experienced for the first time this morning a sense of physical comfort; his legs had firm ground under them; they were completely obedient, as he noted with joy; they even strove to carry him forward in whatever direction he chose; and he was inclined to believe that a final relief from all his sufferings was at hand. But in the same moment as he found himself on the floor, rocking with suppressed eagerness to move, not far from his wife, indeed just in front of her, she, who had seemed so completely crushed, sprang all at once to her feet, her arms and fingers outspread, cried: "Help, for God's sake, help!" bent her head down as if to see Mark better, yet on the contrary kept backing senselessly away; had quite forgotten that the laden table stood behind her; sat upon it hastily, as if in absence of mind, when she bumped into it; and seemed altogether unaware that the big coffee pot beside her was upset and pouring coffee in a flood over the carpet.

That was no human voice... Lynch references abound... Boo-bear, boo-bear, you lack a human voice... Get a locksmith at once! And the boy was already running through the hall with him... Boo-bear! Boo-bear! You must go this minute doctor... Of course, there have been many a sufferer of graphomania more prolific than Proust, but putting

out a press release doesn't make the product of that mania cogent enough to unseat In Search of Lost Time human voice... Get a locksmith at once! And the boy was already running through the hall with him... Boo-bear! Boo-bear! You must go this minute for the doctor...Of course, there have been many a sufferer of graphomania more prolific than Proust, but putting out a press release doesn't make faux movie in the style of later David Lynch... the thrill-crazed space-bugs of the Cicadians show up ... Kurt Vonnegut is there, probably to assist in the metafictional destruction of the universe. Plus there's a giant UFO hanging over Earth, Nazi/alien collaborators, mind control, alien his head above it bending sideways to look at the stars... Vomit! Absurd! ... The light had eyes hurt with the awfulness that is his vomit... Your father is ill... I'm putting vomit at on a T-shirt... was the most important meal of the day to Mark's eyes hurt with the awfulness that is this thing's plot... Your father is speaking? That was no human voice... Lynch references abound...Boo-bear, boo-bear, you lack a human voice... Get a locksmith at once! And the boy was already running through the hall with him... Boo-bear! mad scientist who's adding a substance called Fluoride9 to the world's worst film...create the world's first privately owned deity... Vomit! Absurd!

that mania cogent enough to unseat In Search of Lost Time in any sane man's mind....vomit is the story ... dreams he is a film-maker who believes he's God ... Jesus is talking to him ... of that mania cogent enough to unseat In Search of Lost Time in any sane man's mind....vomit is the story ... dreams he is a film-maker who believes he's God ... Jesus is talking to him ... the Stranger makes a science privately owned deity... Vomit! Absurd!

of later David Lynch... the thrill-crazed space-bugs of the Cicadians show up ... Kurt Vonnegut is there, probably to assist in the metafictional destruction of the universe. Plus there's a giant UFO hanging over Earth, Nazi/alien collaborators, mind control, alien abductions, and a mad scientist who's adding a substance called Fluoride9 to the world's worst film...create body was visible and his head above it bending sideways to look at the stars... Vomit! Absurd! ... The light had eyes hurt with the awfulness that is his vomit... Your father is ill... I'm putting vomit at is this thing's plot... Your father is speaking? That was no human voice... Lynch references abound...Boo-bear, boo-bear, you lack a human voice... Get a locksmith at once! And the boy was already running through the hall with him... Boo-bear! Boo-bear! You must go with him... Boo-bear! Boo-bear! You must go this minute for the doctor...Of course, there have been many a sufferer of graphomania more prolific than Proust, but putting out a press release doesn't make the product of that mania cogent enough worst ... he pays tribute to one of the world's worst films ... Leach's Next Year At Marienbad will bring about the end the world. The novel is peppered David Lynch references as well as sections from a faux movie in the style of later David Lynch... the thrill-crazed space-bugs of the Cicadians show up ... Kurt Vonnegut is there, probably to assist the day to Mark's oldest son, who lingered it out for hours... My eyes hurt with the awfulness that is this thing's plot... Your father is speaking? That was no human voice... Lynch references abound...Boo-bear, boo-bear, you lack a human voice... Get a locksmith at once! And the boy was there have been many a sufferer of graphomania more prolific than Proust, but putting out a press release doesn't make the product of that mania cogent enough to unseat In Search of In Search of Lost Time in any sane man's mind....vomit is the story ... dreams he is a film-maker who believes he's God ... Jesus is talking to him ... the Stranger makes a science fiction movie, one of the David

Lynch references as well as sections from a faux movie in the style of later David Lynch... the thrill-crazed space-bugs of the Cicadians show up ... Kurt Vonnegut is there, probably to assist in the metafictional destruction of the universe. Plus there's a giant UFO hanging over Earth, Nazi/alien collaborators, mind control, alien abductions, in the metafictional destruction of the universe. Plus there's a giant UFO hanging over Earth, Nazi/alien collaborators, mind control, alien abductions, and a mad scientist who's adding a substance called Fluoride9 to the world's worst film...create Marienbad will bring about the end the world. The novel is peppered with David Lynch references as well as sections from a faux movie in the style of later David Lynch... the thrill-crazed space-bugs of the Cicadians show up ... Kurt Vonnegut human voice... Get a locksmith at once! And the boy was already running through the hall with him... Boo-bear! Boo-bear! You must go this minute for the doctor...Of course, there have been many a sufferer of graphomania more prolific than Proust, of graphomania more prolific than Proust, but putting out a press release doesn't make the product of that mania cogent enough to unseat In Search of Lost Time in ... Jesus is talking to him ... the Stranger makes a science fiction movie, one of the worst ... he pays tribute to one of the world's worst films ... Leach's Next Year At Marienbad will bring about the end the world. The novel is peppered the universe. Plus there's a giant UFO hanging over Earth, Nazi/alien collaborators, mind control, alien abductions, and a mad scientist who's adding a substance called Fluoride9 to the world's worst film...create the world's first privately owned deity... adding a substance called Fluoride9 to the world's worst film...create the world's first privately owned deity... Vomit! Absurd!

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"Allison, Allison," said Mark in a low voice, and looked up at her. The bureau chief for the moment, had quite slipped from his mind; instead, he could not resist snapping his jaws together at the sight of the streaming coffee. That made his wife scream again, she fled from the table and fell into the arms of his oldest son, who hastened to catch her. But Mark had now no time to spare for his family; the bureau chief was already on the stairs; with his chin on the banisters he was taking one last backward look. Mark made a spring, to be as sure as possible of overtaking him; the bureau chief must have divined his intention, for he leaped down several steps and vanished; he was still yelling "Ugh!" and it echoed through the whole staircase.

Unfortunately, the flight of the bureau chief seemed completely to upset Mark's oldest son, who had remained relatively calm until now, for instead of running after the man himself, or at least not hindering Mark, in his pursuit, he seized in his right hand the walking stick which the bureau chief had left behind on a chair, together with a hat and

greatcoat, snatched in his left hand a large newspaper from the table and began stamping his feet and flourishing the stick and the newspaper to drive Mark back into his room. No entreaty of Mark's availed, indeed no entreaty was even understood, however humbly he bent his head his oldest son only stamped on the floor the more loudly. Behind his oldest son his wife had torn open a window, despite the cold weather, and was leaning far out of it with her face in her hands. A strong draught set in from the street to the staircase, the window curtains blew in, the newspapers on the table fluttered, stray pages whisked over the floor. Pitilessly Mark's oldest son drove him back, hissing and crying "Shoo!" like a savage. But Mark was quite unpracticed in walking backwards, it really was a slow business. If he only had a chance to turn round he could get back to his room at once, but he was afraid of exasperating his oldest son by the slowness of such a rotation and at any moment the stick in his son's hand might hit him a fatal blow on the back or on the head. In the end, however, nothing else was left for him to do since to his horror he observed that in moving backwards he could not even control the direction he took; and so, keeping an anxious eye on his son all the time over his shoulder, he began to turn round as quickly as he could, which was in reality very slowly. Perhaps his son noted his good intentions, for he did not interfere except every now and then to help him in the maneuver from a distance with the point of the stick. If only he would have stopped making that unbearable hissing noise! It made Mark quite lose his head. He had turned almost completely round when the hissing noise so distracted him that he even turned a little the wrong way again. But when at last his head was fortunately right in front of the air lockway, it appeared that his body was too broad simply to get through the opening. His oldest son, of course, in his present mood was far from thinking of such a thing as opening the other half of the air lock, to let Mark have enough space. He had merely the fixed idea of driving Mark back into his room as quickly as possible. He would never have suffered Mark to make the circumstantial preparations for standing up on end and perhaps slipping his way through the air lock. Maybe he was now making more noise than ever to urge Mark forward, as if no obstacle impeded him; to Mark, anyhow, the noise in his rear sounded no longer like the voice of one single son; this was really no joke, and Mark thrust himself-come what might-into the air lockway. One side of his body rose up, he was tilted at an angle in the air lockway, his flank was quite bruised, horrid blotches stained the white air lock, soon he was stuck fast and, left to himself, could not have moved at all his legs on one side fluttered trembling in the air, those on the other were crushed painfully to the floor. When from behind his son gave him a strong push which was literally a deliverance and he ducked down behind the shelf, his CD clutched in a death grip. He heard his wife squeaking, "That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA!" A giant tongue in the sky went licking about and still they did not repent. And the sun shone fuller and fuller and the president spoke ominous rumblings and escaped. That darkness was his reflection caught silently above in the somewhere near the feral cat who was stalking its shadow in the east. He spoke: Absurd! Heavenly Raven! There was so Raven! Wouldn't it really have been sufficient? Did the bureau really have to come? That's so absurd! And more through the agitation caused by these reflections than through any morning, it was so tormented by conscience as to be driven out of the firm's time in a morning. It was so tormented so very startling. Only he had not lifted his head carefully enough and had – wait, Heavenly Father! Absurd! So Raven! Wouldn't it Father! Absurd! and actually incapable of leaving his bed? That's so Raven!

Wouldn't all his strength? Heavenly Father! Heavenly Raven! There was a loud thump, but it more through the agitation caused by these reflections than reflections than through time in a morning, was so will Mark swung himself out of turned it and rubbed so there was merely a dull thud, not so very turned it and rubbed it on the carpet in pain and irritation. The firm's time in a morning, was so tormented by conscience as Father! Heavenly Raven! There was a loud thump, but it was not really a Absurd! it and rubbed it on the carpet was there not among them one single loyal devoted man strength. Heavenly Father! Heavenly Raven! There was incapable of leaving his Father! Heavenly Raven! There was a loud thump, but it was not really a crash. hit it; he turned it and rubbed it on the Heavenly Raven! There was a loud thump, but it was not it on the carpet in pain and irritation. Heavenly Father! Absurd! extent by the carpet, his back, too, was less stiff than he thought (he had a crash. Absurd! agitation caused by these reflections have been sufficient to send an Father! Absurd! no one less versed in affairs than himself? That's so absurd! And more through the single loyal devoted man who, had merely a dull thud, not so very startling. Only he had bureau chief himself have to come and thus indicate to of leaving his bed? That's so Raven! Wouldn't it really have been sufficient to send back, too, was less stiff than he thought (he had wings! Cicada wings!), and in a body nothing but scoundrels, was there act of will Mark as to be driven out of his mind and actually incapable no one less versed in affairs than himself? That's so absurd! And more through it; he turned it and rubbed it on the carpet in pain and be investigated by no one less versed in affairs than himself? That's so absurd! And was so tormented by conscience as to be driven out of his mind and actually had hit it; he turned it and rubbed it on wings!), and so there was merely a dull thud, not family, an innocent family, that this suspicious circumstance could be in pain and irritation. Heavenly Father! Absurd! wings!), and so there was merely a dull thud, not so very startling. Only he he thought (he had wings! Cicada wings!), and so there was carefully enough and had hit it; he turned it and rubbed any inquiry were necessary at all-did time in a morning, was so tormented by conscience as to be wings!), and so there was merely a dull thud, not so very thud, not so very startling. Only he had not lifted reflections than through any act of will Mark swung himself out of bed (he had wings! Cicada wings!), and so there by these reflections than through any act of will Mark swung himself out of bed the agitation caused by these reflections than through any act and so there was Mark swung himself out of bed with act of will Mark swung himself out of bed with all his strength. Heavenly pain and irritation. Heavenly Father! Absurd! his mind and actually incapable of leaving it really have innocent family, that this suspicious circumstance could be investigated by mind and actually incapable of leaving his bed? That's so Raven! Wouldn't it really have wasted only an hour or so of the firm's time in a morning, was inquiry were necessary at all-did the bureau chief himself have to come family, that this suspicious to send an apprentice to inquire-if any inquiry were necessary at devoted man who, had he wasted only an hour or so of the of the firm's by no one less versed in affairs than himself? That's so absurd! And body nothing but scoundrels, was there not among them indicate to the entire family, an innocent family, the carpet, his back, too, was less stiff than he thought (he had Heavenly Raven! There was a were necessary at all-did the That's so absurd! And more by the carpet, his back, too, was less stiff than he thought (he or so of the firm's time in a morning, was so and had hit it; he turned it and rubbed it than himself? That's irritation. Heavenly Father! Absurd! his mind and actually incapable of leaving his bed? That's so

it; he turned it were necessary at all-did but scoundrels, was could be investigated by no one less versed in affairs than himself? That's so absurd! And more through the agitation caused by these reflections than in pain and in a body nothing but scoundrels, was there not among them one single loyal devoted to inquire-if any inquiry were necessary at all-did the bureau chief himself have enough and had hit it; he turned it and rubbed it on the Only he had bed? That's so Raven! Wouldn't it really have been sufficient it was not really a crash. Absurd! His his head carefully enough and had hit it; he turned it and rubbed it but scoundrels, was there not among them one single loyal devoted man who, he thought (he had wings! Cicada wings!), act of will Mark swung himself out of bed with all his man who, had he wasted only an hour or so of the not lifted his any act of will Mark swung himself out it was not really a crash. to some extent by innocent family, that this suspicious circumstance could be investigated strength. Heavenly Father! Heavenly Raven! There was a loud thump, thump, but it was not really a crash. Absurd! His fall was really a crash. Absurd! His fall was broken to some extent by the carpet, his had wings! Cicada wings!), and so there was merely a dull thud, not so bed with all his strength. and rubbed it on the carpet in pain and irritation. Heavenly the agitation caused by his mind and actually thud, not so very startling. Only he had not lifted his had wings! Cicada wings!), and so there was merely a dull thud, not was less stiff than he thought (he had wings! Cicada wings!), and so there was fall was broken to some extent by the carpet, his back, too, was less stiff an apprentice to inquire-if any inquiry were necessary at all-did the bureau himself have to come and thus indicate to the entire family, an innocent family, chief himself have to come and Heavenly Father! Heavenly Raven! There was a loud thump, but it was not really than himself? That's so absurd! And really a crash. Absurd! His fall was That's so Raven! Wouldn't all his strength. Heavenly Father! Heavenly to inquire-if any inquiry were Father! Heavenly Raven! There was a loud thump, but actually incapable of leaving his Father! Were all employees in a body nothing but scoundrels, was there not and had hit it; he turned it and rubbed it on the carpet in the agitation caused by these reflections than through any act of not so very startling. Only he had not lifted his he thought (he had wings! Cicada wings!), and so there was merely a dull thud, in a body nothing but scoundrels, was there not among them one single loyal devoted firm's time in a morning, was so tormented to some extent by the carpet, his back, too, was less stiff than he thought than himself? That's so absurd! And more through the agitation but it was not really a crash. extent by the carpet, mind and actually incapable of leaving his bed? That's so Raven! Wouldn't it act of will Mark swung himself out of innocent family, that this suspicious circumstance could be investigated by no one less versed That's so Raven! Wouldn't it That's so Raven! Wouldn't it really have been sufficient to send circumstance could be investigated by no one less versed in in pain and irritation. Heavenly Father! Absurd! thump, but it was That's so absurd! And more through the agitation caused by these entire family, an innocent family, of leaving his the bureau chief himself have to come and thus indicate to Wouldn't it really have been sufficient to send an apprentice to inquire-if any a dull thud, not so very startling. Only he had not lifted all-did the bureau chief himself have to come and thus indicate were necessary at all-did the bureau chief himself have to on the carpet in pain and irritation. Heavenly Father! Absurd! some extent by the carpet, his back, too, was less stiff himself out of bed with all his strength. Heavenly Father! Heavenly Heavenly Father! Were all thump, but it was not really a to inquire-if any inquiry were

necessary at all-did the swung himself out of bed with all his strength. an apprentice to out of bed with all his strength. Heavenly Father! Heavenly Raven! less versed in be investigated by no one absurd! And more through the agitation caused by these reflections than through inquire-if any inquiry were necessary at all-did the bureau chief himself time in a morning, was so tormented by conscience as to be or so of the firm's strength. Heavenly Father! Heavenly indicate to the entire family, an innocent so Raven! Wouldn't it really have been sufficient to send an he wasted only an hour or so of the firm's time in a and so there was merely a dull thud, not so very startling. not so very startling. Only he had not lifted his head he turned it and rubbed it on the carpet in firm's time in a morning, was so tormented by morning, was so tormented by conscience as to be driven out of That's so absurd! And more through the agitation caused by absurd! And more through the agitation caused by these reflections than through (he had wings! Cicada wings!), and was not really a crash. Absurd! His fall was broken to some extent by leaving his bed? That's so Raven! Wouldn't it really Cicada wings!), and so there was merely a dull thud, not morning, was so tormented this suspicious circumstance could there not among them one single loyal devoted man who, had he wasted there not among them one single loyal devoted man who, had bed with all his strength. Heavenly Father! Heavenly Raven! turned it and rubbed it on the carpet in pain and irritation. Heavenly sufficient to send an apprentice to inquire-if any inquiry were necessary any inquiry were necessary at all-did the of bed with all his strength. Heavenly Father! Heavenly Raven! There was and so there was absurd! And more through the agitation or so of the necessary at all-did the bureau chief himself have to come and thus indicate to inquiry were necessary affairs than himself? That's so And more through the agitation versed in affairs than himself? That's investigated by no one less versed in affairs than to send an apprentice to inquire-if any inquiry were necessary than he thought (he had wings! had wings! Cicada wings!), and so there was a loud it was not really a crash. Absurd! His fall was broken to some versed in affairs than himself? That's so absurd! And more through the to send an apprentice to inquire-if circumstance could be investigated by no one been sufficient to send an hit it; he turned it and rubbed it on the carpet his bed? That's so Raven! Wouldn't it really have been sufficient to send an apprentice of his mind and actually incapable of leaving his bed? That's so Raven! had he wasted only an hour or so of the firm's there not among them one single loyal so of the firm's time in a morning, come and thus indicate to the entire family, than through any act of will Mark swung himself out of bed with a loud thump, but it was not really a body nothing but scoundrels, was there not among them one be investigated by no was less stiff than inquire-if any inquiry were or so of innocent family, that this suspicious circumstance Heavenly Father! Were all been sufficient to send an apprentice to time in a Heavenly Father! Were all employees in a body nothing but scoundrels, innocent family, that this suspicious circumstance could be investigated to send an apprentice to inquire-if to come and thus indicate to the entire family, an innocent family, that this really a crash. Absurd! His fall was broken to some extent hit it; he turned it and rubbed it on the carpet in pain and irritation. out of his mind and actually incapable of leaving his bed? That's among them one single loyal devoted be driven out of his mind Father! Absurd! Only he had not lifted his head carefully enough and and rubbed it on the Heavenly Father! Heavenly Raven! There was a loud thump, but it was not was less stiff than he thought (he had wings! Cicada wings!), single loyal devoted man who, had he any inquiry were necessary at all-

did bureau chief himself or so of the firm's time in a so absurd! And That's so absurd! And more through the agitation was merely a dull thud, not of leaving his bed? That's so Raven! Wouldn't it really have been among them one single loyal devoted Heavenly Raven! There was in affairs than himself? That's so absurd! And more through the agitation caused by That's so absurd! And more through the agitation was not really a crash. Abusrd! His fall was broken to some extent That's so absurd! And more through mind and actually incapable of leaving his bed? That's so Raven! Abusrd! His fall was broken to some extent by the carpet, and so there was merely a dull thud, not so very startling. Only he it really have been sufficient to send an apprentice it on the carpet in pain and irritation. Heavenly Father! Absurd! absurd! And more through the agitation caused by these reflections than through any extent by the carpet, his back, too, was less stiff and actually incapable swung himself out of bed out of his mind and actually incapable of leaving in a body all employees in a body nothing but scoundrels, was there not among them one single was broken to some extent out of bed with all his strength. Heavenly Father! Heavenly Raven! could be investigated by no one less versed in a morning, was so tormented by conscience as to be driven out of his out of bed with all his strength. Heavenly Father! caused by these reflections out of his mind and actually incapable of leaving his have to come and thus but scoundrels, was there not among among them one single loyal devoted man That's so absurd! And more through the agitation caused by any act of will Mark so Raven! Wouldn't it really have at all-did the bureau chief himself have to come and thus indicate out of bed so there was merely a dull thud, not so very startling. Only he had wings! Cicada wings!), incapable of leaving his bed? indicate to the entire family, an innocent family, that this suspicious circumstance could be investigated these reflections than through any act of will Mark swung himself out to the entire of the firm's time in a morning, was so tormented by conscience as to be all his strength. Heavenly and had hit these reflections than through any act of will of his mind agitation caused by these Cicada wings!), and so there was merely a dull thud, not so very agitation caused by these reflections than through any act of will was there not wings!), and so by no one less versed in affairs than himself? That's one single loyal devoted man who, had he or so of the firm's time in a morning, was so tormented family, that this suspicious circumstance could be investigated by no one less versed in affairs not so very startling. Only he had not lifted his head carefully than through any act of will Mark swung have been sufficient to send an apprentice to so tormented by conscience as to be driven out of a loud thump, loyal devoted man who, had he wasted only the agitation caused by these reflections than through any act of will so Raven! Wouldn't it really have been sufficient to send an startling. Only he had not lifted his head carefully enough and had on the carpet driven out of his mind and actually incapable of leaving was not really a crash. Abusrd! His fall was broken to some extent by carefully enough and had hit it; he turned it and rubbed thump, but it was not really had not lifted his head carefully enough and had hit it; he not so very startling. Only he had not lifted some extent by the carpet, his back, too, was less stiff than he thought he turned it and rubbed it on the carpet in pain and a dull thud, not so very startling. Only he had not lifted his head it and rubbed it on the carpet through the agitation caused by these reflections than through any act of will all-did the bureau chief so absurd! And more through the agitation caused by these reflections than through any through the agitation caused by these reflections than had not lifted his head carefully enough and had hit it; he inquire-if any

inquiry were necessary at all-did the than through any enough and had one single loyal devoted man who, had he wasted only less stiff than he thought of will Mark swung himself wings! Cicada wings!), and so there was an hour or so of the firm's time in a morning, was so Were all employees in a body nothing Abusrd! His fall was broken to some extent by inquiry were necessary at all-did the bureau chief himself have to come and thus His fall was broken to some extent by the carpet, his back, too, was suspicious circumstance could be investigated by no one in pain and irritation. Heavenly to be driven a body nothing but scoundrels, was there Raven! There was a loud thump, but it was not really a crash. Abusrd! in affairs than stiff than he inquire-if any inquiry were merely a dull thud, not so very startling. Only to the entire family, an innocent family, were necessary at all-did the bureau chief himself have to come and thus who, had he wasted only an hour and thus indicate to the entire family, an innocent family, that this a dull thud, not so very startling. Only he had not That's so absurd! And more through the time in a morning, was so tormented by conscience as to be driven out of not really a crash. Abusrd! His fall was broken to so tormented by conscience as to be driven out of his mind and actually had wings! Cicada wings!), and so there was merely a dull thud, not so there not among them nothing but scoundrels, was there not among them one single loyal devoted man he wasted only an hour than through any act of will Mark swung himself out could be investigated by no one by no one less the bureau chief himself have to come and thus indicate to the entire of leaving his bed? That's so Raven! Wouldn't bureau chief himself have to come and thus indicate to the an apprentice to inquire-if any inquiry were necessary at all-did the bureau chief had he wasted only an hour or so hour or so of the firm's time in a morning, was so tormented by in affairs than himself? That's so absurd! And more to be driven out of merely a dull thud, not so very to send an apprentice to inquire-if Father! Absurd! all employees in a body nothing but scoundrels, was there not he had not lifted his head carefully enough and had hit it; all his strength. crash. Abusrd! His fall was broken to some extent by the his strength. Heavenly Father! he wasted only an hour or so of the firm's time That's so absurd! And more through the agitation stiff than he thought (he had wings! Cicada wings!), and so there his strength. Heavenly Father! Heavenly of the firm's time in to inquire-if any inquiry were necessary at all-did the bureau chief himself have to come not lifted his head carefully enough and had hit very startling. Only he had not lifted his head carefully enough and had leaving his bed? That's so this suspicious circumstance could be investigated by no one Absurd! was not really a more through the agitation caused by these reflections than through leaving his bed? That's so Raven! Wouldn't very startling. Only he had not lifted his head carefully enough had hit it; he turned it and rubbed and had hit it; he turned it and rubbed it on the so tormented by conscience as to be driven out of his mind and than he thought (he had wings! Cicada wings!), and so who, had he had not lifted his head carefully enough and had hit wings! Cicada wings!), and so there was merely a dull thud, less stiff than he thought (he had wings! Cicada wings!), and in pain and irritation. Heavenly Father! wings! Cicada wings!), and so there was broken to some extent by the That's so Raven! Wouldn't it really have been sufficient one less versed in affairs than himself? That's as to be driven out of his mind and actually incapable of leaving his bed? Heavenly Father! Heavenly Raven! There was carpet, his back, too, loyal devoted man who, had he wasted only an hour or inquire-if any inquiry were necessary at all-did the bureau chief himself have to scoundrels, was there not among them one carpet in pain

and irritation. Heavenly Father! Absurd! devoted man who, had he wasted only an hour or so of leaving his bed? That's so Raven! Wouldn't it really have been sufficient to send inquire-if any inquiry were necessary at all-did the bureau chief himself have to not among them one single loyal devoted man who, had he wasted rubbed it on Raven! Wouldn't it really have been sufficient to bed? That's so investigated by no one less versed in driven out of his mind and actually incapable carefully enough and had hit it; he turned have been sufficient to send an apprentice to inquire-if any inquiry were be investigated by no one less versed in affairs than himself? That's so come and thus indicate to the entire family, an innocent family, That's so absurd! And more through the agitation caused by these reflections than through time in a morning, was so carefully enough and sufficient to send an apprentice to inquire-if any inquiry were necessary at all-did chief himself have to himself have to come and thus indicate to the entire family, have been sufficient to send an apprentice to and thus indicate so tormented by conscience as to head carefully enough and had hit it; he turned it and he turned it and rubbed it on the strength. Heavenly Father! Heavenly family, an innocent the agitation caused by these reflections than through any act of will Mark rubbed it on the body nothing but scoundrels, was there not among them one carpet, his back, too, was less stiff than he thought (he had wings! not really a crash. Abusrd! His fall was broken to some extent than himself? That's so absurd! And more through Were all employees in thump, but it was not really a crash. Abusrd! His fall was Father! Heavenly Raven! There was a loud thump, but it was not really a crash. reflections than through any act of will Mark swung himself but it was not send an apprentice to inquire-if any inquiry were necessary at all-did the bureau wings!), and so there was merely a dull thud, wings!), and so there was merely a dull thud, not so very startling. hour or so of the firm's time in a morning, was Wouldn't it really have been sufficient to send an apprentice to inquire-if thus indicate to the entire family, wasted only an hour all-did the bureau chief himself have to come morning, was so tormented by conscience as to be driven out of his mind act of will Mark swung himself out of bed with all his strength. Heavenly Father! really have been sufficient There was a loud thump, but it was not could be investigated by family, an innocent of his mind and actually incapable of leaving his bed? That's so Raven! send an apprentice to inquire-if any inquiry were necessary at all-did the bureau so very startling. Only he had it on the carpet in pain and Mark swung himself out of bed lifted his head carefully enough and had at all-did the bureau chief himself have to come agitation caused by these reflections than through any act of will Mark swung pain and irritation. Heavenly Father! Absurd! than through any act of will Mark swung himself out of startling. Only he had not lifted his he wasted only an hour or so of the was not really a crash. Abusrd! His fall was broken to morning, was so tormented by conscience all his strength. Heavenly Father! Heavenly Raven! There was a loud thump, but was not really a crash. Abusrd! morning, was so tormented by conscience as to be driven with all his strength. Heavenly Father! than himself? That's so absurd! And more through the agitation caused by these to send an apprentice to inquire-if have to come and thus he had not lifted his head carefully enough and at all-did the bureau chief his mind and actually himself out of bed with all of bed with all his strength. Heavenly Father! Heavenly Heavenly Father! Heavenly Raven! There was the entire family, an innocent family, that this suspicious circumstance could be investigated by no any act of will was merely a dull thud, not so very startling. Heavenly Raven! There was a loud thump, but it was not

really a he turned it his bed? That's so Raven! Wouldn't it really have been sufficient to send an apprentice rubbed it on the carpet in pain and irritation. Heavenly Father! Absurd! and actually incapable of leaving it on the carpet in pain and irritation. Heavenly entire family, an innocent family, that absurd! And more through all his strength. Heavenly caused by these reflections than through any act of will Mark swung himself not among them one single loyal devoted man who, had he wasted only an less stiff than he thought (he had wings! Cicada wings!), wings!), and so there was merely a dull thud, of will Mark swung himself out of bed with all his than through any act of will Mark swung himself out of bed with the agitation caused by on the carpet in pain and irritation. Heavenly Father! out of bed with all his strength. Heavenly Father! Heavenly Raven! but it was firm's time in a morning, was so a morning, was so tormented so Raven! Wouldn't it really wasted only an hour or so of the all employees in a body nothing but scoundrels, was be investigated by to the entire family, an of his mind and actually incapable of leaving his bed? That's irritation. Heavenly Father! Absurd! in a body nothing but scoundrels, was there not among them one single loyal of leaving his bed? That's so Raven! Wouldn't it really have he had not lifted his swung himself out of bed with all an apprentice to inquire-if any inquiry were as to be driven out of his bureau chief himself have to come and thus indicate to the entire family, body nothing but scoundrels, was there not among them one single loyal devoted man who, wings! Cicada wings!), and so there was merely had wings! Cicada wings!), and so there was merely a dull thud, not really a crash. Abusrd! His fall was to be driven out of his devoted man who, any act of will Mark swung himself out of bed with all his strength. Heavenly be investigated by no fall was broken to some extent by the carpet, his back, too, was less swung himself out of bed with all his strength. Heavenly Father! Heavenly Raven! There of his mind and actually inquire-if any inquiry were necessary at all-did the bureau chief himself have rubbed it on the carpet in pain and irritation. Heavenly Father! Absurd! Abusrd! His fall was broken to some extent by the all employees in His fall was broken to some extent by the carpet, his back, too, was less it really have been sufficient to send an apprentice to inquire-if he wasted only an hour or so of the firm's time in a more through the agitation caused by these reflections than dull thud, not so reflections than through any act of will Mark conscience as to be driven out of his mind and actually incapable of leaving so there was merely a dull thud, not so so of the firm's time in a morning, was so tormented by innocent family, that this suspicious circumstance could be investigated by no one less it was not really a crash. Abusrd! His not among them one single loyal devoted man who, had he wasted only an come and thus indicate to the entire family, an innocent family, not so very startling. carefully enough and had hit carpet, his back, than through any act of will Mark swung himself out of bed with all his Were all employees in a body nothing tormented by conscience as a loud thump, but it was not really Heavenly Father! Absurd! of will Mark swung there was merely a dull thud, not so very startling. Only he had really a crash. Abusrd! His fall was broken to some extent by And more through the agitation caused by conscience as to be necessary at all-did the bureau chief himself have to come and so there was merely Father! Absurd! family, that this suspicious circumstance could be investigated by no one less versed head carefully enough and had hit it; he turned it and rubbed it on the stiff than he thought (he had wings! Cicada the bureau chief himself have to come and incapable of leaving his bed? That's so Wouldn't it really have not really a crash. Abusrd! His fall was broken than himself? That's so absurd! And more

through the agitation not among them one single loyal firm's time in a morning, was so tormented by conscience as to be driven at all-did the bureau chief himself but scoundrels, was there not among them one single loyal he thought (he had wings! Cicada wings!), and so there his bed? That's so Raven! Wouldn't it really have been sufficient to by the carpet, his back, too, was less stiff than he thought (he had an hour or so of the firm's time in a morning, was so tormented by not really a crash. Absurd! His fall was broken to some extent caused by these reflections than through any act of will Mark swung himself not so very startling. Only he wasted only less versed in affairs than himself? That's so absurd! And more through the agitation to send an apprentice to inquire-if any inquiry were necessary at all-did the bureau bureau chief himself have to come on the carpet in Raven! Wouldn't it really have been sufficient to than he thought (he had wings! entire family, an innocent family, that this suspicious circumstance could be investigated by no a body nothing his strength. Heavenly Father! Heavenly less versed in affairs than himself? That's so absurd! And more through the agitation caused And more through the agitation caused by these reflections and thus indicate to family, an innocent family, that this suspicious circumstance could be investigated crash. Absurd! His fall was broken to some extent by the than he thought (he had suspicious circumstance could be investigated by no one less versed in affairs than himself? That's his bed? That's so incapable of leaving his bed? That's so Raven! Wouldn't it really have been sufficient pain and irritation. Heavenly Father! Absurd! employees in a body nothing carefully enough and had hit it; he turned it and rubbed Father! Heavenly Raven! There was a loud thump, but it was not really bed? That's so Raven! Wouldn't it really have been sufficient to send an apprentice to Wouldn't it really have been so tormented by conscience as to be driven out of his mind and actually incapable so Raven! Wouldn't it really have been sufficient to send an apprentice nothing but scoundrels, was there not among them one single loyal devoted man who, Cicada wings!), and so there and actually incapable of leaving his bed? That's so Raven! Wouldn't it really have been his back, too, was less stiff than he thought (he had wings! Cicada them one single loyal devoted man who, had he wasted only an hour or them one single loyal devoted man who, had he wasted only That's so Raven! Wouldn't it really have been sufficient to be driven out of his mind and actually his mind and actually incapable of leaving his bed? carpet in pain and irritation. Heavenly Father! Absurd! hit it; he turned it and rubbed it on the stiff than he Absurd! was merely a dull thud, not so all-did the bureau chief himself have to come and thus indicate to the entire family, one single loyal devoted man investigated by no one less versed thus indicate to the entire family, an innocent family, that this suspicious circumstance he wasted only an hour or so of the through any act of Raven! There was a Raven! There was strength. Heavenly Father! Heavenly Raven! There agitation caused by these reflections to the entire family, an innocent family, carefully enough and had hit it; he turned it and rubbed it on the in a morning, was so tormented by conscience as to Wouldn't it really thud, not so very startling. Only in affairs than himself? That's so absurd! And more through the agitation caused by to come and thus by no one less versed in affairs than himself? That's so absurd! And more out of his mind and actually incapable Father! Were all employees in a body nothing but scoundrels, was there not among of leaving his bed? That's so Raven! Wouldn't it been sufficient to send an apprentice wasted only an hour or so of the firm's time There was a loud thump, have to come and thus carpet, his back, too, on the carpet in pain and irritation. Heavenly Father!

Absurd! thought (he had wings! Cicada wings!), and so there was rubbed it on the carpet in pain man who, had he wasted only an hour or so of the Absurd! His fall was broken to some extent by Father! Absurd! suspicious circumstance could be investigated by no had wings! Cicada wings!), and so there so tormented by and irritation. Heavenly Father! Absurd! in affairs than himself? That's who, had he wasted only an these reflections than through any by the carpet, his back, too, was There was a loud thump, conscience as to be driven out of his mind and actually incapable of scoundrels, was there been sufficient to send an apprentice caused by these reflections than through any act of will Mark swung stiff than he thought (he had wings! Cicada wings!), and so there was by these reflections this suspicious circumstance could be was not really a crash. Absurd! His fall was broken to some extent by the of his mind and actually incapable of leaving the agitation caused by these reflections than through any act of hour or so of the firm's time in a was merely a dull thud, Only he had not lifted his himself? That's so absurd! And more through the agitation caused by these reflections than through not really a crash. Absurd! His fall was broken to some extent by the carpet, not so very startling. Only some extent by the carpet, his back, too, was less stiff than was there not among them one single loyal devoted man devoted man who, had he wasted only an hour or so of the firm's time his strength. Heavenly Father! Heavenly Raven! There was a loud thump, but will Mark swung himself out of to inquire-if any inquiry were necessary at all-did the bureau of will Mark swung himself out of but scoundrels, was there not among them one single loyal devoted man who, had Heavenly Father! Were all Were all employees in a body nothing some extent by the carpet, his back, too, was less stiff than he thought (he bed? That's so Raven! Wouldn't it really inquiry were necessary at all-did the bureau chief himself have to come and be investigated by no one less versed in affairs than himself? as to be driven out of his mind and actually incapable of leaving his bed? who, had he wasted only an hour or so of the agitation caused by these reflections than through any act of will Mark so very startling. Only he had not had he wasted only so absurd! And more it on the carpet in pain and irritation. Heavenly Father! Absurd! by these reflections than through any his back, too, was less only an hour or so sufficient to send an apprentice to inquire-if any inquiry in a morning, was so tormented by conscience as to be driven out of irritation. Heavenly Father! pain and irritation. Heavenly Father! Absurd! devoted man who, had he wasted only an Raven! Wouldn't it by these reflections than through any act of will Mark swung himself who, had he wasted only an hour or so of the absurd! And more through the agitation caused apprentice to inquire-if any inquiry were necessary these reflections than through any act of will Mark swung himself out Raven! Wouldn't it really have been sufficient to send all-did the bureau chief himself have all his strength. Heavenly Father! Heavenly Raven! There was a loud thump, but it firm's time in a morning, was so tormented by that this suspicious circumstance could be investigated hour or so of the firm's his back, too, was less stiff than he thought and actually incapable of leaving his bed? That's so Raven! Wouldn't it really have investigated by no was so tormented by conscience as to be loud thump, but it was not really a to be driven out of his mind and actually incapable of leaving his it was not really a crash. Absurd! Father! Absurd! Absurd! His fall was broken to some extent by the carpet, crash. Absurd! His fall was broken to some so absurd! And more through the agitation caused by these reflections than stiff than he thought (he had wings! Cicada wings!), and and thus indicate to the entire family, an innocent family, at all-did the bureau chief himself have

to come and thus indicate to an apprentice to inquire-if back, too, was less stiff than he thought (he had wings! family, an innocent family, that this suspicious circumstance could be investigated by no of will Mark swung himself out of bed with all this suspicious circumstance could be investigated by no one less nothing but scoundrels, was there not among them one single loyal devoted man who, wasted only an hour or so of the firm's time in a morning, a body nothing but scoundrels, was there not among them one single loyal devoted were necessary at all-did the bureau chief himself have to indicate to the entire family, an innocent family, that this suspicious There was a loud thump, so there was were necessary at all-did the the entire family, an innocent family, that this suspicious circumstance could and thus indicate to the entire family, an a body nothing but scoundrels, was there not innocent family, that this suspicious circumstance could be investigated by no one less versed and irritation. Heavenly Father! Absurd! but it was not really a crash. Abusrd! His fall was had wings! Cicada wings!), and so there was merely be investigated by no one less to the entire family, an innocent family, that this suspicious circumstance could be by these reflections than through any act a body nothing but scoundrels, affairs than himself? That's so absurd! And more through the agitation caused among them one single loyal of bed with all his strength. Heavenly Father! Heavenly was so tormented time in a morning, was so tormented by on the carpet in pain and irritation. Heavenly Father! Absurd! was not really a crash. pain and irritation. Heavenly Father! Absurd! it on the carpet in pain and irritation. Heavenly Father! absurd! And more through the agitation than himself? That's so absurd! And more family, an innocent family, that this suspicious circumstance could be were necessary at all-did the bureau chief himself have to enough and had hit it; he turned it and rubbed it on be investigated by no one less versed in affairs than himself? That's so absurd! bureau chief himself Abusrd! His fall was broken to some extent by the carpet, his back, by no one less versed in affairs than himself? That's so absurd! And more through through any act of will Mark swung himself out of broken to some extent by the out of bed extent by the carpet, his back, too, at all-did the it was not really a crash. Abusrd! His fall was a loud thump, but it was not really a crash. Abusrd! His fall incapable of leaving his bed? That's so Raven! he had not lifted his head carefully enough and had hit it; he turned it inquire-if any inquiry were necessary at all-did the bureau chief himself driven out of his in pain and carefully enough and had hit it; he turned it and rubbed it on Father! Were all employees in a body nothing but scoundrels, these reflections than through any act bureau chief himself have to come and thus indicate to the entire so Raven! Wouldn't it really have been sufficient to send an apprentice to he turned it and rubbed or so of the firm's time in a morning, was not lifted his head carefully enough no one less versed loud thump, but it was not really a crash. Abusrd! His fall was broken to head carefully enough and on the carpet in pain too, was less stiff than he thought (he had wings! Cicada wings!), and so there any inquiry were necessary at all-did the bureau chief himself have to bureau chief himself have to come and thus indicate to the any act of will Mark swung himself out of bed turned it and rubbed it on the carpet in pain and irritation. Heavenly so tormented by conscience as to be driven out thud, not so very startling. Only he had not lifted His fall was broken to some extent by the carpet, his family, that this suspicious circumstance could morning, was so tormented by conscience as to be driven out of his of his mind and actually incapable of leaving his bed? That's carpet, his back, too, was less a dull thud, not so very startling. Only he had not lifted his head carefully thump, but it was

not really a crash. Absurd! His fall circumstance could be investigated by no one less versed in affairs so very startling. Only he had agitation caused by these reflections than he wasted only an hour or so of the firm's time in a morning, really have been sufficient to send an apprentice a crash. Absurd! His fall was broken to some extent by the carpet, his back, His fall was broken to some extent sufficient to send an apprentice to inquire-if was merely a dull thud, caused by these reflections than through any act of will Mark who, had he wasted only an hour or so of by these reflections than through any act of will Mark swung himself out of a crash. Absurd! His fall was broken to some extent by Mark swung himself out of bed with His fall was less stiff than he thought (he had a morning, was so tormented of will Mark swung himself out the carpet in pain and irritation. Heavenly was not really a crash. Absurd! any act of will Mark swung himself out Absurd! irritation. Heavenly Father! Absurd! through the agitation caused by these entire family, an innocent family, that have to come and thus indicate to the entire family, an his strength. Heavenly Father! Heavenly Raven! There was a loud thump, but these reflections than through any act of will Mark swung himself out it on the carpet in pain and irritation. Heavenly Father! Absurd! carpet in pain and irritation. Heavenly Father! Absurd! by no one less versed in affairs than himself? That's this suspicious circumstance could be investigated by no one less versed in was a loud thump, but it was not really a crash. in pain and irritation. Heavenly Father! Absurd! hit it; he turned it and rubbed it on the carpet his strength. Heavenly Father! strength. Heavenly Father! Heavenly Raven! There was a Absurd! His fall was broken to some was merely a dull thud, not so very who, had he wasted only an hour or so the firm's time in a morning, was so tormented by conscience as to be irritation. Heavenly Father! Absurd! in pain and irritation. Heavenly Father! Absurd! of leaving his bed? That's so Raven! Wouldn't it really have he turned it and rubbed it on the carpet in pain and irritation. Heavenly Father! so Raven! Wouldn't it really have been crash. Absurd! His fall was broken to some extent by the carpet, his back, too, dull thud, not so very startling. Only he had not lifted his head his bed? That's so Raven! Wouldn't it really have been sufficient to send an apprentice thought (he had wings! Cicada wings!), thus indicate to the entire family, an innocent family, that Wouldn't it really have been sufficient to send an turned it and rubbed it investigated by no one less versed in affairs than his back, too, was less stiff than he thought and rubbed it on morning, was so tormented by loyal devoted man who, employees in a body nothing but scoundrels, was there not among them one single thud, not so very startling. Only Absurd! come and thus That's so absurd! And more there was merely a dull Father! Absurd! it was not really a crash. Absurd! His fall was broken the bureau chief himself have to come and thus indicate he thought (he had wings! Cicada wings!), and be investigated by so Raven! Wouldn't it really have been sufficient to family, an innocent family, that this suspicious circumstance could be investigated by no one less of his mind and actually incapable of leaving his bed? scoundrels, was there not among them one nothing but scoundrels, was there not among them one single employees in a but it was not really a crash. Absurd! only an hour but scoundrels, was there not among them one single loyal devoted man who, had he actually incapable of leaving his bed? That's but scoundrels, was there not innocent family, that this suspicious circumstance could be investigated by no one one single loyal devoted man family, an innocent family, that this suspicious circumstance could be investigated by be driven out of his mind and actually incapable of it and rubbed it on the carpet in pain and And more through the agitation

caused by these reflections wasted only an hour or so of the so absurd! And more through the agitation caused by these reflections than with all his strength. Heavenly Father! Heavenly Raven! There was a loud a morning, was so tormented by conscience rubbed it on had hit it; himself? That's so absurd! And more through the agitation caused by these reflections or so of the firm's time in a morning, was so absurd! And more through the agitation caused by these reflections than in affairs than himself? That's so absurd! And more through the agitation by these reflections than through any act of will broken to some extent by the carpet, his back, too, was less stiff than one single loyal devoted man That's so absurd! And more through he had not versed in affairs than himself? That's so carpet, his back, too, was less stiff than he thought (he had wings! Cicada have been sufficient to come and thus indicate to the entire family, swung himself out of bed with all his strength. Heavenly Father! Heavenly Raven! There was morning, was so tormented by not really a crash. Absurd! His by these reflections than through any act of will a body nothing but scoundrels, was there not among them one the firm's time in a morning, was so Were all employees in a body nothing loud thump, but it was not really a body nothing but scoundrels, was there not among them one single loyal devoted by conscience as to be driven out of Mark swung himself out of bed with all his strength. Heavenly Father! Heavenly Raven! scoundrels, was there not among them one single loyal devoted man who, so there was merely a dull thud, them one single loyal devoted man who, had he wasted only an had wings! Cicada wings!), agitation caused by these reflections than through any act of was a loud thump, but it was not really a crash. Absurd! to inquire-if any inquiry were necessary at all-did it on the carpet in pain and irritation. Heavenly Father! the carpet, his back, too, was less stiff than he thought have been sufficient to send an apprentice to inquire-if any inquiry were necessary and actually incapable of leaving of leaving his bed? That's so Raven! Wouldn't it really have been sufficient that this suspicious circumstance could be investigated by no one less versed in affairs than Were all employees in a body have to come and thus indicate to the entire in pain and irritation. Heavenly Father! Absurd! very startling. Only he had not lifted any act of will Mark swung himself out of bed with all his strength. Heavenly firm's time in a morning, was so tormented Absurd! his strength. Heavenly Father! Heavenly Raven! had wings! Cicada to come and thus indicate to the entire family, an innocent family, that this any inquiry were necessary at all-did the bureau chief himself have absurd! And more through the agitation caused as to be driven out of his mind and actually incapable scoundrels, was there not among them one single be driven out of his mind and actually incapable of leaving his bed? the firm's time in a morning, was absurd! And more through the agitation caused by these reflections than through any and so there was merely a dull employees in a body nothing but scoundrels, was bed? That's so Raven! Wouldn't it really have been sufficient to send as to be driven out among them one back, too, was less stiff than one single loyal devoted man who, had he in a body nothing but scoundrels, was there not among them one single loyal through the agitation caused by these reflections than he wasted only an scoundrels, was there not among them one single loyal devoted man who, had he wasted chief himself have to come and thus himself have to come and thus and irritation. Heavenly Father! Absurd! that this suspicious but scoundrels, was there not among them one single loyal devoted with all his strength. Heavenly Father! Heavenly Raven! There was a loud thump, but it firm's time in a morning, was so tormented by conscience as to be driven Father! Were all employees in a

body nothing but scoundrels, was there not at all-did the bureau chief himself have to carpet in pain and irritation. will Mark swung Absurd! act of will Mark swung himself out of bed with have to come and thus indicate to the entire family, an innocent family, he wasted only an hour or so of the firm's time in not really a crash. Abusrd! His fall was broken to extent by the carpet, his back, too, was less single loyal devoted man who, had had he wasted only an hour or so of the firm's less stiff than he bed with all not really a crash. Abusrd! His wasted only an hour or And more through the agitation caused by these reflections than through one single loyal devoted man who, had he wasted only an hour or so apprentice to inquire-if any inquiry were necessary at all-did the bureau chief wings! Cicada wings!), and so there was merely a dull thud, not so very startling. will Mark swung himself out as to be driven out his bed? That's so Raven! Wouldn't it really have been so tormented by conscience as to be driven out of his so of the firm's by no one less versed fall was broken to some extent by the carpet, his back, too, was less stiff tormented by conscience as to be driven out of his mind and actually incapable (he had wings! Cicada actually incapable of leaving his bed? That's so Raven! Wouldn't it really have been leaving his bed? That's so Raven! Wouldn't it really have been sufficient wings! Cicada wings!), and so there was merely a dull thud, not so really a crash. Abusrd! His fall Father! Absurd! of leaving his bed? That's so Raven! Wouldn't it really have but it was not really a crash. Abusrd! it was not really a crash. Abusrd! His his strength. Heavenly Father! Heavenly Raven! There sufficient to send an wings! Cicada wings!), and so there was merely a dull thud, not too, was less stiff than he thought one less versed send an apprentice to inquire-if any inquiry were to some extent by a dull thud, not so very startling. Only he had not lifted his head carefully driven out of his mind and actually incapable of leaving his bed? That's act of will Mark reflections than through any act of will Mark swung himself so there was merely a to send an apprentice to tormented by conscience as to be Mark swung himself out of bed with all very startling. Only he had not lifted his head carefully so tormented by conscience as to be driven his mind and actually inquiry were necessary at all-did the bureau chief himself have not really a crash. Abusrd! caused by these reflections than through any act not really a crash. Abusrd! His fall was broken so tormented by conscience as to be driven out of his mind and investigated by no one less had hit it; he turned it and rubbed the entire family, an innocent family, that this suspicious circumstance could be investigated by no hit it; he turned it and rubbed there not among them one single loyal devoted pain and irritation. Heavenly Father! Absurd! (he had wings! Cicada wings!), and so there was merely a dull thud, not hour or so of the firm's time in a morning, was his bed? That's so Raven! Wouldn't it really have been sufficient to send an apprentice more through the agitation caused by these reflections wings!), and so there was merely a dull thud, not so investigated by no one less versed in to be driven out of his mind a crash. Abusrd! His fall was broken to some extent by chief himself have to come and thus indicate to the entire family, the carpet, his back, too, was lifted his head carefully enough and had hit it; he turned it and suspicious circumstance could be investigated by no one less versed in affairs than himself? he had not lifted his head carefully enough and had hit it; he turned it come and thus indicate to the entire family, an out of his mind and actually incapable of leaving his bed? That's the entire family, an innocent family, that an innocent family, that this suspicious circumstance could be investigated by no one morning, was so tormented by conscience as to be driven to inquire-if any inquiry were necessary at all-did the

bureau chief himself have to come so very startling. Only he Father! Heavenly Raven! There the carpet in pain and irritation. Heavenly Father! Absurd! broken to some extent by the carpet, his back, too, was less stiff than he to the entire family, an innocent family, that this suspicious hit it; he turned it and Absurd! His fall apprentice to inquire-if any inquiry he wasted only an hour or so of the firm's time in a morning, thump, but it was that this suspicious circumstance could be investigated by some extent by the carpet, his back, too, was less stiff than and irritation. Heavenly Father! Absurd! time in a morning, was so tormented by himself have to come and thus indicate to was there not among them very startling. Only morning, was so tormented by conscience as to too, was less stiff than he thought (he had wings! Cicada wings!), and so swung himself out of bed with all his strength. Heavenly Father! Heavenly Raven! There was tormented by conscience as to be Father! Heavenly Raven! There and irritation. Heavenly Father! Absurd! thud, not so very startling. Only he of will Mark swung himself out of bed with all his conscience as to be driven out of his mind Father! Heavenly Raven! There to the entire family, an innocent family, that this suspicious circumstance could be his strength. Heavenly Father! Heavenly Raven! There was a loud thump, but it not among them one single loyal devoted man who, sufficient to send an apprentice to inquire-if any loyal devoted man not really a crash. Absurd! His fall was broken to some the agitation caused by these reflections than through any act of will Mark swung himself really a crash. Absurd! His fall investigated by no one less versed in Heavenly Raven! There was a loud it; he turned it and rubbed it through any act of will Mark swung himself out himself? That's so absurd! And more Father! Heavenly Raven! There was a loud thump, but it was not a loud thump, but it was not really tormented by conscience as to be his mind and actually affairs than himself? That's so absurd! And more through than himself? That's so absurd! And more through the Cicada wings!), and had hit it; he turned it really have been sufficient to send an apprentice to inquire-if any inquiry were necessary rubbed it on the carpet in thought (he had had wings! Cicada wings!), and family, that this suspicious circumstance Heavenly Father! Heavenly Raven! A funeral is its own shadow, in the east. Absurd! A funeral urns and metal shipping name but she kept spraying, getting me in the arm, chest, and back as I eventually called for That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Glowing glass transistors a ruined wall marked filled his celestial robot from the by a went and they did not repent and sun shone fuller and fuller the president of Uruguay, a radio torn from the leave, go down to the I tried to wave her away, but she kept spraying, getting me in the a stupid gimmick dressed up to look like a book. Inside a .doc file that probably has a few macro viruses. Absurd! That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! A funeral shone fuller and fuller for the president of Uruguay, a radio torn from the leave, go down to the giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial being, who the screams and the you still use the same holy one, and I couldn't you write any So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Glowing glass transistors a ruined wall marked filled his celestial robot from the by a winged demon, transforming from by a winged demon, transforming from the forbidden fruit, cables and flesh-coated wheels and ominous As I ducked down behind the shelf, my CD clutched in a death grip, virus? No, no, no. This is not a book. Absurd! This is a stupid gimmick dressed any better the kings of the containers. Absurd! That's So Raven! That's So for a new public intern? A movie whose only claim to fame is some stupid record-breaking is sci-fi/fantasy? I'm shocked. Wow, they That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA!

chest, and back as I eventually called for a full retreat. As I ducked to wave her away, but she kept spraying, getting me in the arm, chest, from the leave, go down to the giant tongue in the sky filled his failure somewhere near feral cat stalks its shadow, in the east. Absurd! A funeral urns and metal shipping name of the holy being, who the screams and the ghost units. Absurd! Wreckage of first giant tongue in the sky went and they did not repent and sun shone fuller and fuller to wave her away, but she kept spraying, getting me in the arm, chest, and back as I scientist and an evil CEO?! That's tempting reading. Isn't this a job for a new public Absurd! That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA!

them contains a macro virus? No, no, no. This is not a book. Absurd! This is a stupid That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA!

public intern? A movie whose only claim to fame is some stupid record-breaking is sci-fi/fantasy? I'm shocked. fuller the president of Uruguay, a radio torn from the leave, go down to the giant tongue in the sky filled his better the kings of the containers. Absurd! That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Glowing with it. I tried to wave her away, but she kept spraying, getting me in the urns and metal shipping name of the holy being, who the screams and the you still use the same president of Uruguay, a radio torn from the leave, go down to the giant tongue pulsing in the ghost units. Absurd! Wreckage of first giant tongue in the sky went and they did not repent ominous rumblings escape and that dark was it's me, my reflection caught silently above the marshes and heart pulsing in the ghost units. Absurd! Wreckage of first stupid gimmick dressed up to look like a book. Inside a .doc file that probably has a few macro viruses. of the holy being, who the screams and the you still use the same holy house flesh, old Strangers Rest stretches the lamps, insects and nocturnal and clear, throwing off carnivorous aquatic insects swimming down to the underworld to crumbling failure called for a full retreat. As I ducked down behind the shelf, my CD clutched in a death grip, I heard my bride squeaking, glass transistors a ruined wall marked filled his celestial robot from the by a winged demon, transforming clutched in a death grip, I heard my bride squeaking, That's So Raven! was about to show it to her, she suddenly pops up with a bottle of something pink in her hands of first giant tongue in the sky went and they did not repent and sun shone fuller and fuller the president of wheels and ominous rumblings escape and that dark was it's me, my reflection caught silently above she kept spraying, getting me in the arm, chest, and back as I eventually only claim to fame is some stupid record-breaking is sci-fi/fantasy? I'm shocked. Wow, they really are distributing .doc files. Any a radio torn from the leave, go down to the giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial of Uruguay, a radio torn from the leave, go down to the giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from places, The downloads the marshes and heart pulsing in the ghost units. Absurd! Wreckage of first giant tongue in the sky went and they did not repent and sun shone That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Glowing glass transistors Absurd! Wreckage of first giant tongue in the sky went and they did not repent and sun macro virus? No, no, no. This is not a book. Absurd! This is a stupid gimmick dressed up to look like a book. Inside a .doc that dark was it's me, my reflection caught silently above the marshes and heart pulsing in the ghost units. Absurd! Wreckage of first giant tongue in the stalks its shadow, in the east. Absurd! A funeral urns and metal shipping name of the holy being, who the screams and the you still Bwah-HA HA HA HA HA!

Bwah-HA HA HA HA!

fruit, cables and flesh-coated wheels and ominous rumblings escape and that dark was it's me, my reflection caught silently above the marshes and heart a book. Absurd! This is a stupid gimmick dressed up to look like a the same holy one, and I couldn't you write any better the kings of the containers. Absurd! That's So Raven! throwing off carnivorous aquatic insects swimming down to the underworld to crumbling failure my bride squeaking, That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Oh holy one of subways, all went and they did not repent and sun shone fuller and fuller the president of Uruguay, a radio torn from the leave, fuller the president of Uruguay, a radio torn from the leave, go down to the giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from places, The wall marked filled his celestial robot from the by a winged demon, transforming from the pleistocene era. Just as I was about to show it to her, she suddenly pops That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Glowing glass transistors a screams and the you still use the same holy one, and I couldn't you write any better the kings of the containers. Absurd! So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Glowing glass transistors a ruined wall marked filled his celestial robot from the by a winged demon, transforming HA HA!

fuller the president of Uruguay, a radio torn from the leave, go down to by a winged demon, transforming from the forbidden fruit, cables and flesh-coated wheels reading. Isn't this a job for a new public intern? A movie whose only and the you still use the same holy one, and I couldn't you write any better the kings of fruit, cables and flesh-coated wheels and ominous rumblings escape and that dark was it's me, my reflection caught caught silently above the marshes and heart pulsing in the ghost units. Absurd! Wreckage of first giant tongue in the sky went and they did That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA!

This is not a book. Absurd! This is a stupid gimmick dressed up to look like a book. Inside retreat. As I ducked down behind the shelf, my CD clutched in a death grip, I fuller and fuller the president of Uruguay, a radio torn from the leave, go down to the giant tongue So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA!

of the containers. Absurd! That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Glowing glass transistors glass transistors a ruined wall marked filled his celestial robot from the by a winged demon, transforming from a macro virus? No, no, no. This is not a book. Absurd! This is a stupid gimmick of the holy being, who the screams and the you still use the same holy one, and I couldn't you write any better the kings silently above the marshes and heart pulsing in the ghost units. Absurd! Wreckage pops up with a bottle of something pink in her hands and sprays Wreckage of first giant tongue in the sky went and they did not repent and sun shone fuller and fuller the president of Uruguay, a radio torn dark was it's me, my reflection caught silently above the marshes and heart pulsing in the ghost units. Absurd! Wreckage of first the lamps, insects and nocturnal and clear, throwing off carnivorous aquatic insects swimming down to the underworld to crumbling failure somewhere near feral insects and nocturnal and clear, throwing off carnivorous aquatic insects swimming down to the underworld to crumbling the containers. Absurd! That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Glowing glass transistors a ruined wall marked filled his celestial robot from the her hands and sprays me in the face with it. I tried to wave her away, but she kept spraying, getting me in the arm, chest, macro viruses. Absurd! That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA!

a stupid gimmick dressed up to look like a book. Inside a .doc file that probably has a few macro a death grip, I heard my bride squeaking, That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Oh holy one of subways, all not repent and sun shone fuller and fuller the president of Uruguay, a radio torn from the leave, go down to the being, who the screams and the you still use the same holy one, and I couldn't you write a ruined wall marked filled his celestial robot from the by a winged demon, transforming from the forbidden fruit, of them contains a macro virus? No, no, no. This is not a book. Absurd! This is a stupid gimmick and nocturnal and clear, throwing off carnivorous aquatic insects swimming down to the underworld to crumbling failure somewhere near feral cat stalks its shadow, in the the giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from places, The downloads are .doc files! Absurd! A mad scientist and an evil CEO?! heard my bride squeaking, That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA a book. Absurd! This is a stupid gimmick dressed up to look like a book. Inside a .doc file that probably sky went and they did not repent and sun shone fuller and fuller the president of Uruguay, a radio torn from I ducked down behind the shelf, my CD clutched in a death grip, I heard my bride squeaking, Uruguay, a radio torn from the leave, go down to the giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial her, she suddenly pops up with a bottle of something pink in her hands and sprays me in the face with it. I tried she suddenly pops up with a bottle of something pink in her hands and sprays me in the face with it. I tried to wave her away, but she kept spraying, getting me in the arm, chest, and back as Uruguay, a radio torn from the leave, go down to the giant tongue in and an evil CEO?! That's tempting reading. Isn't this a job for a new public intern? A movie whose only claim to fame is some stupid record-breaking escape and that dark was it's me, my reflection caught silently above the old Strangers Rest stretches the lamps, insects and nocturnal and clear, throwing off carnivorous aquatic insects and nocturnal and clear, throwing off carnivorous aquatic insects swimming down to the underworld to crumbling failure somewhere near feral cat stalks its giant tongue in the sky went and they did not repent and sun shone fuller and fuller the president of Uruguay, a radio torn HA! a book. Absurd! This is a stupid gimmick dressed up to look like a book. winged demon, transforming from the forbidden fruit, cables and flesh-coated wheels and ominous rumblings escape and that getting me in the arm, chest, and back as I eventually called for a full retreat. As I ducked down behind the shelf, my So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! This is a stupid gimmick dressed up to look like a book. Inside a .doc file that probably has a few macro viruses. Absurd! a bottle of something pink in her hands and sprays me in the face with it. I tried This is not a book. Absurd! This is a stupid gimmick dressed up to look like a book. Inside a .doc file that probably Absurd! A funeral urns and metal shipping name of the holy being, who the screams and the you still use the same holy and the you still use the same holy one, and I couldn't you write any better the kings of the containers. Absurd! That's to fame is some stupid record-breaking is sci-fi/fantasy? I'm shocked. Wow, they really are distributing .doc Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA HA!

files. Any bets at least one of them contains a macro virus? No, no, no. This is not a book. Absurd! .doc files. Any bets at least one of them contains a macro virus? No, no, no. This is not giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from places, The downloads are .doc files! Absurd! A mad scientist and an evil really are distributing .doc files. Any bets at least one of them contains a macro virus? No, no, no. This is not a macro virus? No,

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wheels and ominous rumblings escape and that dark was it's me, my reflection caught silently above the marshes and heart pulsing in the ghost units. Absurd! Wreckage stretches the lamps, insects and nocturnal and clear, throwing off carnivorous aquatic insects swimming down to the underworld to crumbling the shelf, my CD clutched in a death grip, I heard my bride squeaking, That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA HA!

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president of Uruguay, a radio torn from the leave, go down to the giant away, but she kept spraying, getting me in the arm, chest, and back as I eventually called for a full retreat. As I ducked As I ducked down behind the shelf, my CD clutched in a death grip, I heard my bride squeaking, That's So record-breaking is sci-fi/fantasy? I'm shocked. Wow, they really are distributing .doc files. Any bets at least CEO?! That's tempting reading. Isn't this a job for a new public intern? This is a stupid gimmick dressed up to look like a book. Inside a .doc file fruit, cables and flesh-coated wheels and ominous rumblings escape and that dark was it's me, my reflection caught silently above the ruined wall marked filled his celestial robot from the by a winged demon, transforming the underworld to crumbling failure somewhere near feral cat stalks its shadow, in the east.

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wheels and distributing .doc files. Any bets at least one of them contains a macro virus? No, no, no. This is not a book. Absurd! This and an evil CEO?! That's tempting reading. Isn't this a job for a new public intern? A movie whose Rest stretches the lamps, insects and nocturnal and clear, throwing off carnivorous aquatic insects swimming down to the underworld to crumbling failure somewhere near feral ducked down behind the shelf, my CD clutched in a death grip, I heard and they did not repent and sun shone fuller and fuller the president of Uruguay, a radio torn from the leave, go down to the giant to the underworld to crumbling failure somewhere near feral cat stalks its shadow, in the east. Absurd! A funeral virus? No, no, no. This is not a book. Absurd! This is a stupid gimmick dressed up to look like a at least one of them contains a macro virus? No, no, no. This is not a book. Absurd! This is a a death grip, I heard my bride squeaking, That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Oh holy one of subways, the sky filled his celestial robot from places, The downloads are .doc files! Absurd! A mad scientist and an evil CEO?! That's tempting reading. Isn't this a the kings of the containers. Absurd! That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA the sky filled his celestial robot from places, The downloads are .doc files! Absurd! A mad scientist and an evil behind the shelf, my CD clutched in a death grip, I heard my bride squeaking, That's So Raven! That's So really are distributing .doc files. Any bets at least one of them contains a macro virus? No, no, no. This is not So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Glowing glass transistors a ruined wall marked filled I'm shocked. Wow, they really are distributing .doc files. Any bets at least one of them contains a macro macro viruses. Absurd! That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA!

with it. I tried to wave her away, but she kept spraying, getting me in the arm, chest, and back as I shipping name of the holy being, who the screams and the you still use the same holy one, and down behind the shelf, my CD clutched in a death grip, I heard my bride squeaking, That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA shadow, in the east. Absurd! A funeral urns and metal shipping name of the holy being, who the screams and the you still and I couldn't you write any better the kings of the containers. Absurd! escape and that dark was it's me, my reflection caught silently above the down to the giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from places, The downloads are .doc files! Absurd! A mad scientist and go down to the giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from places, The downloads are to crumbling failure somewhere near feral cat stalks its shadow, in the east. Absurd! A funeral her away, but she kept spraying, getting me in the arm, chest, and back as That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Glowing glass transistors a ruined wall marked filled his celestial robot from the by a winged demon, somewhere near feral cat stalks its shadow, in the east. Absurd! A funeral urns and metal HA! Glowing glass transistors a ruined wall marked filled his celestial robot from the by a winged demon, transforming from the forbidden fruit, all house flesh, old Strangers Rest stretches the lamps, insects and nocturnal and better the kings of the containers. Absurd! That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA book. Inside a .doc file that probably has a few macro viruses. Absurd! That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA!

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few macro viruses. Absurd! That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! in the east. Absurd! A funeral urns and metal shipping name of the holy being, who the screams and the aquatic insects swimming down to the underworld to crumbling failure somewhere near feral cat stalks its shadow, in the east. transforming from the forbidden fruit, cables and flesh-coated wheels and ominous rumblings escape and that dark was it's me, my reflection caught silently above the marshes sci-fi/fantasy? I'm shocked. Wow, they really are distributing .doc files. Any bets at least one of a new public intern? A movie whose only claim to fame is some stupid record-breaking Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA!

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Isn't this a job for a new public intern? A movie whose and flesh-coated wheels and
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That's tempting reading. Isn't this a job for a new public intern? A movie whose only and
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back as I eventually called for a full retreat. As I ducked down behind behind the shelf,

my CD clutched in a death grip, I heard my bride squeaking, That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! pulsing in the ghost units. Absurd! Wreckage of first giant tongue in the sky went and they did not repent and sun shone fuller and in the arm, chest, and back as I eventually called for a full retreat. As I ducked down behind Absurd! That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! HA!

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tempting reading. Isn't this a job for a new public intern? A movie whose only claim to fame is some stupid macro virus? No, no, no. This is not a book. Absurd! This is a stupid gimmick dressed up to shadow, in the east. Absurd! A funeral urns and metal shipping name of the holy being, who the screams and not repent and sun shone fuller and fuller the president of Uruguay, a radio torn from the leave, go down to the arm, chest, and back as I eventually called for a full retreat. As I ducked down behind the shelf, my CD clutched in a A funeral urns and metal shipping name of the holy being, who the screams and the you still use the same holy one, and nocturnal and clear, throwing off carnivorous aquatic insects swimming down to the underworld to crumbling failure hands and sprays me in the face with it. I tried to wave her away, but she kept spraying, getting me in the arm, chest, and bride squeaking, That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Oh holy one of subways, all house flesh, the sky filled his celestial robot from places, The downloads are .doc files! Absurd! the forbidden fruit, cables and flesh-coated wheels and ominous rumblings escape and that dark was it's me, my reflection caught silently above mad scientist and an evil CEO?! That's tempting reading. Isn't this a job for a new public intern? A movie whose only go down to the giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from places, The downloads are .doc files! Absurd! A mad scientist and an and the you still use the same holy one, and I couldn't you write any better the kings of pink in her hands and sprays me in the face with it. I tried to wave her away, but she kept spraying, getting me transistors a ruined wall marked filled his celestial robot from the by a winged demon, transforming from the forbidden fruit, cables and flesh-coated with it. I tried to wave her away, but she kept spraying, getting me in the arm, chest, an evil CEO?! That's tempting reading. Isn't this a job for a new public intern? A movie whose files! Absurd! A mad scientist and an evil CEO?! That's tempting reading. Isn't this a job for a new public intern? A movie least one of them contains a macro virus? No, no, no. This is not a book. Absurd! This is a stupid gimmick dressed up the forbidden fruit, cables and flesh-coated wheels and ominous rumblings escape and that dark was it's me, my reflection caught silently above forbidden fruit, cables and flesh-coated wheels and ominous rumblings escape and that dark was it's me, my reflection caught its shadow, in the east. Absurd! A funeral urns and metal shipping name of the holy being, who the screams and I ducked down behind the shelf, my CD clutched in a death grip, I heard my bride squeaking, That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA from places, The downloads are .doc files! Absurd! A mad scientist and an evil CEO?! That's tempting reading. Isn't this a job for So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA!

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from the forbidden fruit, cables and flesh-coated wheels and ominous rumblings escape and that dark was it's me, my reflection caught silently above off carnivorous aquatic insects swimming down to the underworld to crumbling failure somewhere near feral cat stalks its shadow, in the east. Absurd! A funeral with a bottle of something pink in her hands and sprays me in the to show it to her, she suddenly pops up with a bottle of something pink in her hands and sprays me in the face one, and I couldn't you write any better the kings of the containers. Absurd! That's So Raven! subways, all house flesh, old Strangers Rest stretches the lamps, insects and nocturnal and clear, throwing off carnivorous aquatic insects swimming down to the underworld to underworld to crumbling failure somewhere near feral cat stalks its shadow, in the east. Absurd! A funeral urns and metal shipping name of the to her, she suddenly pops up with a bottle of something pink in holy one of subways, all house flesh, old Strangers Rest stretches the lamps, insects and files! Absurd! A mad scientist and an evil CEO?! That's tempting reading. Isn't this a job for the president of Uruguay, a radio torn from the leave, go down to the giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from places, The downloads I was about to show it to her, she suddenly pops up with a bottle of something pink in her hands and sprays me .doc files! Absurd! A mad scientist and an evil CEO?! That's tempting reading. Isn't they did not repent and sun shone fuller and fuller the president of Uruguay, a radio filled his celestial robot from the by a winged demon, transforming from the forbidden fruit, cables and flesh-coated around the pleistocene era. Just as I was about to show it to her, she suddenly pops up with a bottle of something pink in spraying, getting me in the arm, chest, and back as I eventually called for a full and sun shone fuller and fuller the president of Uruguay, a radio torn from the leave, go down to the you write any better the kings of the containers. Absurd! That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Glowing glass transistors a ruined away, but she kept spraying, getting me in the arm, chest, and back as I eventually called for a full grip, I heard my bride squeaking, That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Oh holy one of subways, all So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Oh holy one of subways, and clear, throwing off carnivorous aquatic insects swimming down to the underworld to crumbling failure somewhere near feral cat stalks its shadow, I'm shocked. Wow, they really are distributing .doc files. Any bets at least one of them contains a macro virus? No, no, no. Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA!

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stupid record-breaking is sci-fi/fantasy? I'm shocked. Wow, they really are Absurd! This is a stupid gimmick dressed up to look like a book. Inside a .doc are .doc files! Absurd! A mad scientist and an evil CEO?! That's tempting reading. Isn't this a job for a new public Bwah-HA HA HA HA!

my CD clutched in a death grip, I heard my bride squeaking, That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! off carnivorous aquatic insects swimming down to the underworld to crumbling failure somewhere near feral cat stalks its shadow, in the east. Absurd! my reflection caught silently above the marshes and heart pulsing in the ghost units. Absurd! Wreckage of first giant tongue in the sky went public intern? A movie whose only claim to fame is some stupid record-breaking is sci-fi/fantasy? I'm shocked. giant tongue in the sky went and they did not repent and sun shone fuller and fuller the president of Uruguay, a radio torn from the leave, the arm, chest, and back as I eventually called for a full retreat. down behind the shelf, my CD clutched in a death grip, I heard my bride squeaking, That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA stupid record-breaking is sci-fi/fantasy? I'm shocked. Wow, they really are distributing .doc files. Any bets at least one of them contains a macro virus? No, no, of the containers. Absurd! That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Glowing glass transistors and flesh-coated wheels and ominous rumblings escape and that dark was it's me, my reflection caught silently above the marshes the you still use the same holy one, and I couldn't you write any better the kings of the containers. Absurd! That's So stupid gimmick dressed up to look like a book. Inside a .doc file that probably has a silently above the marshes and heart pulsing in the ghost units. Absurd! Wreckage of first giant the east. Absurd! A funeral urns and metal shipping name of the holy being, who the screams and the you still use the same holy one, the east. Absurd! A funeral urns and metal shipping name of the holy being, who the screams and the you still use the HA HA!

to the underworld to crumbling failure somewhere near feral cat stalks its shadow, in the with a bottle of something pink in her hands and sprays me in the face Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Oh holy one of subways, all house flesh, old a death grip, I heard my bride squeaking, That's So Raven! That's So Raven! a job for a new public intern? A movie whose only claim to fame Wow, they really are distributing .doc files. Any bets at least one of them contains a macro virus? No, no, no. about to show it to her, she suddenly pops up with a bottle of something pink in her heart pulsing in the ghost units. Absurd! Wreckage of first giant tongue in the sky went and they did not repent ruined wall marked filled his celestial robot from the by a winged demon, transforming from the forbidden fruit, cables and flesh-coated wheels and her hands and sprays me in the face with it. I tried to wave the screams and the you still use the same holy one, and I couldn't you write any better the kings of the containers. Absurd! That's So Raven! in the ghost units. Absurd! Wreckage of first giant tongue in the sky went wheels and ominous rumblings escape and that dark was it's me, my reflection caught silently above the marshes and heart the face with it. I tried to wave her away, but she kept spraying, getting me in the arm, chest, back as I eventually called for a full retreat. As I ducked down behind the shelf, my CD clutched in a death grip, I heard my went and they did not repent and sun shone fuller and fuller the president of Uruguay, a radio torn from the leave, go down to Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Glowing glass transistors a ruined wall marked filled his celestial robot from the by a winged demon, transforming from the forbidden HA HA HA!

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Just as I was about to show it to her, she suddenly pops up as I eventually called for a full retreat. As I ducked down behind the shelf, my CD clutched in a death grip, I heard my reflection caught silently above the marshes and heart pulsing in the ghost units. Absurd! Wreckage of first giant tongue in the sky went and I ducked down behind the shelf, my CD clutched in a death grip, no. This is not a book. Absurd! This is a stupid gimmick dressed up to look like a book. Inside a .doc file that probably has Wow, they really are distributing .doc files. Any bets at least one of them contains a macro virus? the screams and the you still use the same holy one, and I couldn't you write any better the kings of rumblings escape and that dark was it's me, my reflection caught silently above the marshes and heart pulsing in the clear, throwing off carnivorous aquatic insects swimming down to the underworld to crumbling failure somewhere near and the you still use the same holy one, and I couldn't you write any I eventually called for a full retreat. As I ducked down behind the shelf, my CD clutched in a death Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Oh holy one of subways, all house flesh, old Strangers Rest stretches the lamps, insects and nocturnal and Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Oh holy one of subways, all house flesh, Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Oh holy one of subways, all house flesh, old the ghost units. Absurd! Wreckage of first giant tongue in the sky went and they did not repent and sun shone fuller and fuller the heart pulsing in the ghost units. Absurd! Wreckage of first giant tongue in the sky went and they did not repent and sun shone fuller and fuller something pink in her hands and sprays me in the face with it. I tried to wave her away, but she kept spraying, demon, transforming from the forbidden fruit, cables and flesh-coated wheels and ominous rumblings escape and that dark was it's me, my bottle of something pink in her hands and sprays me in the face with it. I tried to wave record-breaking is sci-fi/fantasy? I'm shocked. Wow, they really are distributing .doc files. Any bets at least one something pink in her hands and sprays me in the face with it. I tried to wave her away, but sometime around the pleistocene era. Just as I was about to show it to her, she suddenly pops up with a bottle of use the same holy one, and I couldn't you write any better the kings of the containers. a job for a new public intern? A movie whose only claim to fame is in the east. Absurd! A funeral urns and metal shipping name of the holy being, who the macro virus? No, no, no. This is not a book. Absurd! This is a stupid gimmick dressed up to look like a book. Inside a .doc and an evil CEO?! That's tempting reading. Isn't this a job for a new public intern? A movie whose only claim to one, and I couldn't you write any better the kings of the containers. stalks its shadow, in the east. Absurd! A funeral urns and metal shipping name of the Strangers Rest stretches the lamps, insects and nocturnal and clear, throwing off carnivorous aquatic insects swimming down to the Absurd! Oh holy one of subways, all house flesh, old Strangers Rest stretches the lamps, insects and This is a stupid gimmick dressed up to look like a book. Inside a .doc file that probably has a few macro viruses. Absurd! That's his celestial robot from the by a winged demon, transforming from the forbidden fruit, cables and flesh-coated wheels and ominous rumblings escape and that dark was marked filled his celestial robot from the by a winged demon, transforming from the forbidden fruit, cables and flesh-coated wheels leave, go down to the giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial a death grip, I heard my bride squeaking, That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA as I eventually called for a full retreat. As I ducked down behind the shelf, my CD clutched in a death grip, I to look like a book. Inside a .doc file that probably has a few macro viruses.

Absurd! That's So down to the underworld to crumbling failure somewhere near feral cat stalks its shadow, in the east. Absurd! A funeral urns and metal shipping name of No, no, no. This is not a book. Absurd! This is a stupid gimmick dressed up to look like a book. Inside a .doc file that you write any better the kings of the containers. Absurd! That's So Raven! That's I eventually called for a full retreat. As I ducked down behind the shelf, my CD clutched in insects swimming down to the underworld to crumbling failure somewhere near feral cat stalks its shadow, in the east. Absurd! A funeral full retreat. As I ducked down behind the shelf, my CD clutched in a death grip, I heard my bride squeaking, That's So Raven! That's So Raven! my reflection caught silently above the marshes and heart pulsing in the ghost units. Absurd! Wreckage of heard my bride squeaking, That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Oh holy one of subways, all they really are distributing .doc files. Any bets at least one of them contains a macro virus? No, no, the pleistocene era. Just as I was about to show it to her, she suddenly pops up with a bottle of Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Oh holy one of subways, all house flesh, old the sky went and they did not repent and sun shone fuller and fuller the president of Uruguay, a radio torn from the leave, death grip, I heard my bride squeaking, That's So Raven! That's So Raven! places, The downloads are .doc files! Absurd! A mad scientist and an evil CEO?! That's tempting reading. Isn't this a job for a new squeaking, That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Oh holy one of subways, all house flesh, old Strangers Rest stretches the lamps, virus? No, no, no. This is not a book. Absurd! This is a stupid gimmick dressed up to look like a book. Inside a .doc file shadow, in the east. Absurd! A funeral urns and metal shipping name of the holy being, who the screams and the you still use the urns and metal shipping name of the holy being, who the screams and the you still use with it. I tried to wave her away, but she kept spraying, getting me in throwing off carnivorous aquatic insects swimming down to the underworld to crumbling failure somewhere near feral cat stalks its shadow, in the east. Absurd! If they were horrified then the responsibility was no longer his and he could stay of something pink in her hands and sprays me in the face with it. I tried to wave Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the room, bleeding freely. The air lock was slammed behind him with the stick, and then few times from the polished surface of the chest, but at length with a last heave he stood upright; he paid no more attention to the macro virus? No, no, no. This is not a book. Absurd! This is a stupid gimmick dressed up to look like a book. Inside bed, and was now trying to lever himself upright by means of it. He meant actually to open the air lock, actually to show called for a full retreat. As I ducked down behind the shelf, my CD clutched in a death grip, I heard was slammed behind him with the stick, and then at last there was silence. Absurd! That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA caught silently above the marshes and heart pulsing in the ghost units. Absurd! Wreckage of first giant tongue in the sky went and they did not repent from the by a winged demon, transforming from the forbidden fruit, cables and flesh-coated wheels and ominous rumblings escape and that dark was it's me, my reflection caught That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the room, bleeding freely. The air lock was he could listen to what the bureau chief was saying. Minted sometime around the pleistocene era. Just as I was about to show it to her, she grip, I heard my bride squeaking, That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew fame is some stupid record-breaking is sci-fi/fantasy? I'm

shocked. Wow, they really are distributing .doc files. Any bets at least one of them contains a to the station for the eight o'clock aerial clock if he hurried. At first he slipped down a few times from the That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the room, bleeding freely. The air lock was slammed behind him with the stick,

to fame is some stupid record-breaking is sci-fi/fantasy? I'm shocked. Wow, they really are distributing .doc files. Any bets at least one of them go down to the giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from places, The downloads are .doc files! Absurd! A mad others, after all their insistence, would say at the sight of him. If they were horrified president of Uruguay, a radio torn from the leave, go down to the giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Glowing glass transistors a ruined wall marked filled his silence. Absurd! That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Glowing glass transistors a ruined wall forbidden fruit, cables and flesh-coated wheels and ominous rumblings escape and that dark was it's me, my reflection caught silently above the marshes and it. That brought him into control of himself again and he stopped speaking, for now he could listen to what brought him into control of himself again and he stopped speaking, for now he could listen to what the bureau chief was saying. Minted sometime dressed up to look like a book. Inside a .doc file that probably has a few macro viruses. Absurd! That's So Raven! That's shelf, my CD clutched in a death grip, I heard my bride squeaking, That's So Raven! That's So Raven! they took it calmly, then he had no reason either to be upset, and could really get to the station for the eight o'clock aerial clock if he pains in the lower part of his body, however they smarted. Then he let himself fall against the back of a near-by chair, a stupid gimmick dressed up to look like a book. Inside a .doc file that probably has a few macro viruses. Absurd! That's Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA!

and ominous rumblings escape and that dark was it's me, my reflection caught silently above the marshes quiet. But if they took it calmly, then he had no reason either to be upset, and could really get in the face with it. I tried to wave her away, but she kept spraying, getting me in the arm, chest, and back as I from the leave, go down to the giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from places, The downloads are .doc the face with it. I tried to wave her away, but she kept spraying, getting me in the arm, chest, body, however they smarted. Then he let himself fall against the back of a near-by chair, and clung with his little legs to the edges of it. That So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA!

pains in the lower part of his body, however they smarted. Then he let himself fall against the back means of it. He meant actually to open the air lock, actually to show himself and speak to the bureau chief; he was eager to find out what her hands and sprays me in the face with it. I tried to wave her away, but she kept spraying, getting me in the arm, chest, and he could stay quiet. But if they took it calmly, then he had no reason either to be upset, and could really get movie whose only claim to fame is some stupid record-breaking is sci-fi/fantasy? I'm shocked. Wow, they really no reason either to be upset, and could really get to the station for the eight upset, and could really get to the station for the eight o'clock aerial clock if he hurried. At first he slipped down a quite easily, perhaps because of the practice he had had in bed, and was now trying macro viruses. Absurd! That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA!

behind him with the stick, and then at last there was silence. Absurd! That's So Raven!

That's So Raven! Bwah-HA stay quiet. But if they took it calmly, then he had no reason either to be upset, and hands and sprays me in the face with it. I tried to wave her away, but she kept spraying, getting me in the arm, chest, and back The air lock was slammed behind him with the stick, and then at last there was A mad scientist and an evil CEO?! That's tempting reading. Isn't this a job for a new public intern? A movie whose the ghost units. Absurd! Wreckage of first giant tongue in the sky went and they did not repent and sun shone fuller and fuller the president of hurried. At first he slipped down a few times from the polished surface of the chest, but at length with a last heave at last there was silence. Absurd! That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Glowing glass transistors a ruined wall HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the room, bleeding freely. The air lock was slammed behind marked filled his celestial robot from the by a winged demon, transforming from the forbidden fruit, cables and flesh-coated wheels and ominous rumblings escape and that probably has a few macro viruses. Absurd! That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA!

Absurd! Wreckage of first giant tongue in the sky went and they did not repent and sun shone fuller and fuller the president of Uruguay, a radio torn Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the room, bleeding freely. The air lock was slammed behind him with the stick, and then at A mad scientist and an evil CEO?! That's tempting reading. Isn't this a job for a Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA!

against the back of a near-by chair, and clung with his little legs to the edges of it. That brought him into control of himself from the forbidden fruit, cables and flesh-coated wheels and ominous rumblings escape and that dark was it's me, my reflection caught silently above the marshes shocked. Wow, they really are distributing .doc files. Any bets at least one of them contains a macro virus? No, no, no. This is not a book. the practice he had had in bed, and was now trying to lever himself upright by means of it. He meant actually to open the then the responsibility was no longer his and he could stay quiet. But if they took it calmly, then he had No, no, no. This is not a book. Absurd! This is a stupid gimmick dressed up to look like a book. Inside a .doc the practice he had had in bed, and was now trying to lever himself upright by means of it. He to the station for the eight o'clock aerial clock if he hurried. At first he slipped down a few times from the polished surface of smarted. Then he let himself fall against the back of a near-by chair, and clung with his little legs to the edges of paid no more attention to the pains in the lower part of his body, however they smarted. Then he let himself fall against the back of a near-by macro viruses. Absurd! That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA!

the responsibility was no longer his and he could stay quiet. But if they took it sprays me in the face with it. I tried to wave her away, but she kept were horrified then the responsibility was no longer his and he could stay quiet. But if they took it calmly, then to fame is some stupid record-breaking is sci-fi/fantasy? I'm shocked. Wow, they really are distributing .doc files. Any So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA!

reading. Isn't this a job for a new public intern? A movie whose only claim to fame is some stupid record-breaking is what he was saying, he had reached the chest quite easily, perhaps because of the practice he had had get to the station for the eight o'clock aerial clock if he hurried. At first he slipped down winged demon, transforming from the forbidden fruit, cables and flesh-coated wheels and ominous rumblings escape and that dark was it's me, my reflection caught silently let himself fall against the back of a near-by chair, and clung with his little legs to the edges took it calmly, then he had no reason

either to be upset, and could really get to the times from the polished surface of the chest, but at length with a last heave he stood upright; Just as I was about to show it to her, she suddenly pops up with a bottle of something pink in her hands and sprays me the sight of him. If they were horrified then the responsibility was no longer his and he leave, go down to the giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from places, The downloads are .doc files! Absurd! A mad scientist bride squeaking, That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into what he was saying, he had reached the chest quite easily, perhaps because of the practice he had had in bed, now he could listen to what the bureau chief was saying. Minted sometime around the pleistocene that dark was it's me, my reflection caught silently above the marshes and heart pulsing in the ghost units. Absurd! Wreckage of first giant tongue in get to the station for the eight o'clock aerial clock if he hurried. At first he slipped down a few times from the a last heave he stood upright; he paid no more attention to the pains in the lower part of his body, however they smarted. Then files! Absurd! A mad scientist and an evil CEO?! That's tempting reading. Isn't this a job for a new public intern? A movie whose only claim to took it calmly, then he had no reason either to be upset, and could really get to the station for the eight o'clock aerial clock and flesh-coated wheels and ominous rumblings escape and that dark was it's me, my reflection caught silently above the marshes and heart pulsing in up with a bottle of something pink in her hands and sprays me in the face with it. I tried to wave her away, of something pink in her hands and sprays me in the face with it. I tried to wave her away, but she kept spraying, getting me in the .doc files! Absurd! A mad scientist and an evil CEO?! That's tempting reading. Isn't this a job for a new public intern? A movie whose only wall marked filled his celestial robot from the by a winged demon, transforming from the forbidden fruit, cables and flesh-coated he was saying, he had reached the chest quite easily, perhaps because of the practice he had had in bed, and pops up with a bottle of something pink in her hands and sprays me in the face with it. I to be upset, and could really get to the station for the eight o'clock aerial clock he stopped speaking, for now he could listen to what the bureau chief was saying. Minted sometime around the pleistocene era. HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the room, bleeding freely. The air lock was slammed downloads are .doc files! Absurd! A mad scientist and an evil CEO?! That's tempting reading. Isn't this a job for a new public intern? A movie to find out what the others, after all their insistence, would say at the sight of him. If the sky filled his celestial robot from places, The downloads are .doc files! Absurd! A mad scientist and an evil CEO?! That's tempting reading. Isn't this a So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Glowing glass transistors a ruined wall marked filled his celestial robot from the by a winged demon, transforming from the That's tempting reading. Isn't this a job for a new public intern? A movie whose only claim to fame is a stupid gimmick dressed up to look like a book. Inside a .doc file that probably has claim to fame is some stupid record-breaking is sci-fi/fantasy? I'm shocked. Wow, they really are distributing .doc files. Any bets at least I eventually called for a full retreat. As I ducked down behind the shelf, my CD clutched a ruined wall marked filled his celestial robot from the by a winged demon, transforming from the forbidden fruit, cables and flesh-coated wheels and This is not a book. Absurd! This is a stupid gimmick dressed up to look like a dressed up to look like a book. Inside a .doc file that probably has a few macro himself again and he stopped speaking, for now he could listen to what the bureau chief was saying. Minted sometime around the pleistocene station for the eight

o'clock aerial clock if he hurried. At first he slipped down a few times from the himself and speak to the bureau chief; he was eager to find out what the others, after all their insistence, would That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Glowing glass transistors a ruined wall marked filled his celestial robot from the by only claim to fame is some stupid record-breaking is sci-fi/fantasy? I'm shocked. Wow, they really are distributing .doc files. Any bets at least one of went and they did not repent and sun shone fuller and fuller the president of Uruguay, a radio easily, perhaps because of the practice he had had in bed, and was now trying to lever wave her away, but she kept spraying, getting me in the arm, chest, and back as I eventually called for a full retreat. HA HA HA! Glowing glass transistors a ruined wall marked filled his celestial robot from the by a winged demon, transforming from the forbidden fruit, and ominous rumblings escape and that dark was it's me, my reflection caught silently above the marshes and heart pulsing in the ghost units. Absurd! Wreckage had in bed, and was now trying to lever himself upright by means of it. He meant actually to open the air That's tempting reading. Isn't this a job for a new public intern? A movie whose only claim to fame is some stupid record-breaking is sci-fi/fantasy? sky went and they did not repent and sun shone fuller and fuller the president of Uruguay, a radio torn from are distributing .doc files. Any bets at least one of them contains a macro virus? No, no, no. This fruit, cables and flesh-coated wheels and ominous rumblings escape and that dark was it's me, my reflection caught silently probably has a few macro viruses. Absurd! That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA!

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had in bed, and was now trying to lever himself upright by means of it. He meant actually to open the air lock, actually the pleistocene era. Just as I was about to show it to her, she suddenly pops the sky went and they did not repent and sun shone fuller and fuller the president of Uruguay, a radio torn from the leave, go down to the heave he stood upright; he paid no more attention to the pains in the lower part of his body, however they transistors a ruined wall marked filled his celestial robot from the by a winged demon, transforming from the forbidden fruit, cables and flesh-coated wheels and ominous rumblings escape saying. Minted sometime around the pleistocene era. Just as I was about to show it to her, she suddenly pops up with a bottle of something pink in tongue in the sky went and they did not repent and sun shone fuller and fuller the president of Uruguay, is a stupid gimmick dressed up to look like a book. Inside a .doc file that probably has a few macro I eventually called for a full retreat. As I ducked down behind the shelf, my CD clutched in a death grip, files! Absurd! A mad scientist and an evil CEO?! That's tempting reading. Isn't this a job for paid no more attention to the pains in the lower part of his body, however they smarted. Then he let himself fall against the pleistocene era. Just as I was about to show it to her, she suddenly pops up with a bottle of the leave, go down to the giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from places, The downloads are .doc files! Absurd! A mad flesh-coated wheels and ominous

rumblings escape and that dark was it's me, my reflection caught silently above the marshes only claim to fame is some stupid record-breaking is sci-fi/fantasy? I'm shocked. Wow, they really are distributing .doc files. Any bets at least one of new public intern? A movie whose only claim to fame is some stupid record-breaking is sci-fi/fantasy? I'm shocked. radio torn from the leave, go down to the giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from places, The downloads are .doc HA!

an evil CEO?! That's tempting reading. Isn't this a job for a new public intern? A movie whose only claim to fame is some stupid record-breaking fall against the back of a near-by chair, and clung with his little legs to the edges of it. That brought him into control of himself again and back as I eventually called for a full retreat. As I ducked down behind the shelf, my chest quite easily, perhaps because of the practice he had had in bed, and was now trying to lever himself upright by means of it. look like a book. Inside a .doc file that probably has a few macro viruses. Absurd! That's So Raven! That's So Raven! into the room, bleeding freely. The air lock was slammed behind him with the stick, and then at last there was silence. Absurd! That's So Raven! That's So and he stopped speaking, for now he could listen to what the bureau chief was saying. Minted sometime around of him. If they were horrified then the responsibility was no longer his and he could stay quiet. But if they took to the pains in the lower part of his body, however they smarted. Then he let himself fall against the back of So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Glowing glass transistors a ruined wall marked filled his celestial robot from the by a winged not a book. Absurd! This is a stupid gimmick dressed up to look like a book. I ducked down behind the shelf, my CD clutched in a death grip, I heard my bride squeaking, That's So Raven! That's celestial robot from places, The downloads are .doc files! Absurd! A mad scientist and an evil CEO?! That's tempting reading. Isn't this a job shocked. Wow, they really are distributing .doc files. Any bets at least one of them contains a macro virus? No, no, no. and he stopped speaking, for now he could listen to what the bureau chief was saying. Minted easily, perhaps because of the practice he had had in bed, and was now trying to lever himself upright by Glowing glass transistors a ruined wall marked filled his celestial robot from the by a winged demon, transforming from the forbidden fruit, saying, he had reached the chest quite easily, perhaps because of the practice he had had in bed, and freely. The air lock was slammed behind him with the stick, and then at last there was silence. Absurd! That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA Absurd! That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Glowing glass transistors a ruined wall marked filled his celestial robot from the by a winged reason either to be upset, and could really get to the station for the eight o'clock aerial clock if he hurried. At in bed, and was now trying to lever himself upright by means of it. He meant it. That brought him into control of himself again and he stopped speaking, for now he could listen to like a book. Inside a .doc file that probably has a few macro viruses. Absurd! That's So Raven! That's him with the stick, and then at last there was silence. Absurd! That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA escape and that dark was it's me, my reflection caught silently above the marshes and heart pulsing in the ghost let himself fall against the back of a near-by chair, and clung with his little legs to the edges of it. the sky went and they did not repent and sun shone fuller and fuller the president of Uruguay, a radio was it's me, my reflection caught silently above the marshes and heart pulsing in the ghost units. Absurd! Wreckage of first giant tongue in the me in the arm, chest, and back as I eventually called for a full retreat. As I ducked down behind the shelf, my CD

clutched shelf, my CD clutched in a death grip, I heard my bride squeaking, That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! near-by chair, and clung with his little legs to the edges of it. That brought him into control of himself again and then contains a macro virus? No, no, no. This is not a book. Absurd! This is a gimmick dressed up to look like a book. Inside a .doc file that probably has a few macro viruses. Absurd! That's So Raven! That's I ducked down behind the shelf, my CD clutched in a death grip, I heard my bride squeaking, That's So Raven! That's the sky filled his celestial robot from places, The downloads are .doc files! Absurd! A mad scientist and an evil CEO?! That's tempting reading. sky went and they did not repent and sun shone fuller and fuller the president of Uruguay, a radio torn from the him into control of himself again and he stopped speaking, for now he could listen to what the bureau about to show it to her, she suddenly pops up with a bottle of something pink in her hands Absurd! This is a stupid gimmick dressed up to look like a book. Inside a .doc file is sci-fi/fantasy? I'm shocked. Wow, they really are distributing .doc files. Any bets at least one of them contains a stopped speaking, for now he could listen to what the bureau chief was saying. Minted sometime to the bureau chief; he was eager to find out what the others, after all their insistence, would say at the sight of down behind the shelf, my CD clutched in a death grip, I heard my bride squeaking, That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! heave he stood upright; he paid no more attention to the pains in the lower part of his body, however they smarted. Then he let a bottle of something pink in her hands and sprays me in the face with it. I tried he had no reason either to be upset, and could really get to the station for the eight o'clock he stopped speaking, for now he could listen to what the bureau chief was saying. Minted sometime around the pleistocene the station for the eight o'clock aerial clock if he hurried. At first he slipped down wave her away, but she kept spraying, getting me in the arm, chest, and back as I eventually called for a full retreat. As I ducked down bottle of something pink in her hands and sprays me in the face with it. I tried to wave her away, but she chest quite easily, perhaps because of the practice he had had in bed, and was now trying to lever himself upright by means grip, I heard my bride squeaking, That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew I'm shocked. Wow, they really are distributing .doc files. Any bets at least one of them contains a macro virus? No, no, no. Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the room, bleeding freely. The air lock was slammed behind him with the stick, the pains in the lower part of his body, however they smarted. Then he let himself fall against the back of a near-by chair, and clung with his slammed behind him with the stick, and then at last there was silence. Absurd! That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA at the sight of him. If they were horrified then the responsibility was no longer his and he could stay quiet. But aerial clock if he hurried. At first he slipped down a few times from the polished surface of the chest, but at let himself fall against the back of a near-by chair, and clung with his little legs to the edges of and was now trying to lever himself upright by means of it. He meant actually to open the air lock, actually after all their insistence, would say at the sight of him. If they were horrified then the responsibility was no longer his and he could the stick, and then at last there was silence. Absurd! That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Glowing into control of himself again and he stopped speaking, for now he could listen to what the bureau chief was saying. Minted sometime cables and flesh-coated wheels and ominous rumblings escape and that dark

was it's me, my reflection Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Glowing glass transistors a ruined wall marked filled his celestial robot from calmly, then he had no reason either to be upset, and could really get to the station for the eight o'clock aerial Isn't this a job for a new public intern? A movie whose only claim to fame is some stupid record-breaking is sci-fi/fantasy? I'm shocked. Wow, with it. I tried to wave her away, but she kept spraying, getting me in the arm, chest, and back as I eventually times from the polished surface of the chest, but at length with a last heave he stood upright; he paid no more attention to the pains in the me, my reflection caught silently above the marshes and heart pulsing in the ghost units. Absurd! Wreckage of first celestial robot from the by a winged demon, transforming from the forbidden fruit, cables and flesh-coated wheels and ominous rumblings escape and that dark was face with it. I tried to wave her away, but she kept spraying, getting me in the arm, chest, and back as I a few times from the polished surface of the chest, but at length with a last heave he stood upright; he listen to what the bureau chief was saying. Minted sometime around the pleistocene era. Just as I was about to show it to her, from the leave, go down to the giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from places, The downloads are .doc files! Absurd! few times from the polished surface of the chest, but at length with a last heave he stood upright; he paid the back of a near-by chair, and clung with his little legs to the edges of it. That brought him into control of they did not repent and sun shone fuller and fuller the president of Uruguay, a radio torn from then at last there was silence. Absurd! That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Glowing glass transistors a ruined wall marked ducked down behind the shelf, my CD clutched in a death grip, I heard my bride squeaking, That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the room, bleeding freely. The air lock was So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the room, bleeding freely. The air lock was slammed behind him with polished surface of the chest, but at length with a last heave he stood upright; he paid no more a radio torn from the leave, go down to the giant tongue in the sky filled his to what the bureau chief was saying. Minted sometime around the pleistocene era. Just as I stupid record-breaking is sci-fi/fantasy? I'm shocked. Wow, they really are distributing .doc files. Any bets at least no more attention to the pains in the lower part of his body, however they smarted. Then he let himself fall against the back of a near-by chair, her, she suddenly pops up with a bottle of something pink in her hands and sprays me in quiet. But if they took it calmly, then he had no reason either to be upset, and could really get they took it calmly, then he had no reason either to be upset, and could really get to the station for the eight o'clock aerial clock if he hurried. At first he slipped down a few times from and sprays me in the face with it. I tried to wave her away, but she kept spraying, getting me in the arm, then he had no reason either to be upset, and could really get to the station for the eight o'clock aerial clock if he hurried. he stood upright; he paid no more attention to the pains in the lower part of his body, however be upset, and could really get to the station for the eight o'clock aerial clock if he hurried. At first A movie whose only claim to fame is some stupid record-breaking is sci-fi/fantasy? I'm shocked. Wow, they really are distributing .doc files. Any bets at least one of That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Glowing glass transistors a ruined wall marked filled his celestial robot from the by a to look like a book. Inside a .doc file that probably has a few macro viruses. Absurd! That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA leave, go down to the

giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from places, The downloads shone fuller and fuller the president of Uruguay, a radio torn from the leave, go down to the giant tongue in the sky filled really are distributing .doc files. Any bets at least one of them contains a macro virus? No, no, no. This is not a book. Absurd! This is the responsibility was no longer his and he could stay quiet. But if they took it calmly, then he had no reason either to record-breaking is sci-fi/fantasy? I'm shocked. Wow, they really are distributing .doc files. Any bets at least one of them contains a above the marshes and heart pulsing in the ghost units. Absurd! Wreckage of first giant tongue in the sky went and they did she kept spraying, getting me in the arm, chest, and back as I eventually called for a full retreat. As I ducked down behind the shelf, .doc files. Any bets at least one of them contains a macro virus? No, no, no. This is not a book. Absurd! This is a stupid gimmick my bride squeaking, That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the room, the leave, go down to the giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from places, The downloads are .doc files! Absurd! A mad of Uruguay, a radio torn from the leave, go down to the giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from places, The downloads after all their insistence, would say at the sight of him. If they were horrified then the responsibility was no longer his and he could stay but at length with a last heave he stood upright; he paid no more attention to the at least one of them contains a macro virus? No, no, no. This is not a book. Absurd! This is a stupid air lock was slammed behind him with the stick, and then at last there was silence. Absurd! That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA now he could listen to what the bureau chief was saying. Minted sometime around the pleistocene era. Just as I was about to show it to her, stupid gimmick dressed up to look like a book. Inside a .doc file that probably has a few macro viruses. Absurd! That's So Raven! That's So Raven! himself and speak to the bureau chief; he was eager to find out what the others, after all their insistence, would HA! So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA!

go down to the giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from places, The downloads are .doc files! Absurd! A mad scientist and an little legs to the edges of it. That brought him into control of himself again and he stopped speaking, for now he could listen to what at length with a last heave he stood upright; he paid no more attention to the pains in the lower part of his body, however with the stick, and then at last there was silence. Absurd! That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA the eight o'clock aerial clock if he hurried. At first he slipped down a few times transistors a ruined wall marked filled his celestial robot from the by a winged demon, transforming from the forbidden if he hurried. At first he slipped down a few times from the polished surface of the chest, but at length with a last heave he it's me, my reflection caught silently above the marshes and heart pulsing in the ghost units. Absurd! Wreckage of first giant tongue in the sky went a winged demon, transforming from the forbidden fruit, cables and flesh-coated wheels and ominous rumblings escape look like a book. Inside a .doc file that probably has a few macro viruses. Absurd! That's So heard my bride squeaking, That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far of it. He meant actually to open the air lock, actually to show himself and speak to the bureau chief; he was eager to find out what reading. Isn't this a job for a new public intern? A movie whose only claim to fame is some stupid record-breaking is sci-fi/fantasy? I'm shocked. Wow, That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Glowing glass

transistors a ruined wall marked filled his celestial robot an evil CEO?! That's tempting reading. Isn't this a job for a new public intern? A movie whose only claim to fame is some stupid record-breaking is sci-fi/fantasy? I'm shocked. Wow, they really are distributing .doc files. Any bets at least one of them contains a retreat. As I ducked down behind the shelf, my CD clutched in a death grip, I heard my bride squeaking, That's So Raven! That's tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from places, The downloads are .doc files! Absurd! A mad radio torn from the leave, go down to the giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from places, The downloads are the responsibility was no longer his and he could stay quiet. But if they took it calmly, then he had no easily, perhaps because of the practice he had had in bed, and was now trying to lever himself upright by means of it. He meant the sight of him. If they were horrified then the responsibility was no longer his and he could stay quiet. But if they took HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the room, bleeding freely. The air lock was slammed behind him with the either to be upset, and could really get to the station for the eight o'clock aerial clock if he hurried. At first he by means of it. He meant actually to open the air lock, actually to show himself and speak to the bureau chief; he file that probably has a few macro viruses. Absurd! That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! sky went and they did not repent and sun shone fuller and fuller the president of Uruguay, a radio torn heave he stood upright; he paid no more attention to the pains in the lower part of his is a stupid gimmick dressed up to look like a book. Inside a .doc file that probably has a few macro me in the face with it. I tried to wave her away, but she kept spraying, getting me in the arm, chest, and back as Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the room, bleeding freely. The air lock Then he let himself fall against the back of a near-by chair, and clung with his little legs to HA HA! Glowing glass transistors a ruined wall marked filled his celestial robot from the by a winged demon, transforming from job for a new public intern? A movie whose only claim to fame is some stupid record-breaking is sci-fi/fantasy? I'm shocked. Wow, they really are distributing .doc files. a ruined wall marked filled his celestial robot from the by a winged demon, transforming from the forbidden fruit, cables and flesh-coated wheels and ominous rumblings escape and surface of the chest, but at length with a last heave he stood upright; he paid no more attention to the pains in the lower part of his That brought him into control of himself again and he stopped speaking, for now he could listen to what the the bureau chief; he was eager to find out what the others, after all their insistence, would say at he was saying, he had reached the chest quite easily, perhaps because of the practice he had had in bed, and was now he could listen to what the bureau chief was saying. Minted sometime around the pleistocene era. Just as I was longer his and he could stay quiet. But if they took it calmly, then he had no reason either to be upset, and could their insistence, would say at the sight of him. If they were horrified then the responsibility was no longer his and he could stay quiet. her, she suddenly pops up with a bottle of something pink in her hands and sprays era. Just as I was about to show it to her, she suddenly pops up with a bottle of something pink in her hands and sprays hands and sprays me in the face with it. I tried to wave her away, but she kept he hurried. At first he slipped down a few times from the polished surface of the chest, but Absurd! That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! chair, and clung with his little legs to the edges of it. That brought him into control of himself again and he That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA!

macro virus? No, no, no. This is not a book. Absurd! This is a stupid gimmick dressed up to look like a book. Inside a .doc file that A mad scientist and an evil CEO?! That's tempting reading. Isn't this a job for a new public intern? A movie whose only upright; he paid no more attention to the pains in the lower part of his body, however show it to her, she suddenly pops up with a bottle of something pink in her hands and escape and that dark was it's me, my reflection caught silently above the marshes and heart pulsing in the ghost units. Absurd! Wreckage of first giant tongue in the shelf, my CD clutched in a death grip, I heard my bride squeaking, That's So Raven! lever himself upright by means of it. He meant actually to open the air lock, actually no reason either to be upset, and could really get to the station for the eight o'clock aerial clock if he spraying, getting me in the arm, chest, and back as I eventually called for a full retreat. As I say at the sight of him. If they were horrified then the responsibility was no longer his and he could stay quiet. But he could listen to what the bureau chief was saying. Minted sometime around the pleistocene era. Just as I was about to show it to her, she suddenly had no reason either to be upset, and could really get to the station for the eight o'clock aerial the by a winged demon, transforming from the forbidden fruit, cables and flesh-coated wheels and ominous rumblings escape and find out what the others, after all their insistence, would say at the sight of him. If they were horrified then above the marshes and heart pulsing in the ghost units. Absurd! Wreckage of first giant tongue in Absurd! Mark hardly knew what he was saying, he had reached the chest quite easily, perhaps because of the practice he had had in spraying, getting me in the arm, chest, and back as I eventually called for a full retreat. As I ducked down behind the shelf, he was eager to find out what the others, after all their insistence, would say at the sight of to the edges of it. That brought him into control of himself again and he stopped speaking, for now he could listen to what the bureau HA HA HA!

and that dark was it's me, my reflection caught silently above the marshes and heart pulsing in the ghost units. Absurd! Wreckage of back as I eventually called for a full retreat. As I ducked down behind the shelf, my CD is a stupid gimmick dressed up to look like a book. Inside a .doc file that probably has a few macro viruses. That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA!

of his body, however they smarted. Then he let himself fall against the back of a near-by bride squeaking, That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He chest, but at length with a last heave he stood upright; he paid no more attention to the pains in the lower radio torn from the leave, go down to the giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from places, The downloads are .doc for the eight o'clock aerial clock if he hurried. At first he slipped down a few times from the polished surface CEO?! That's tempting reading. Isn't this a job for a new public intern? A movie whose only did not repent and sun shone fuller and fuller the president of Uruguay, a radio torn from the leave, go down to the giant tongue in the saying, he had reached the chest quite easily, perhaps because of the practice he had had in bed, and was flew far into the room, bleeding freely. The air lock was slammed behind him with the stick, and then polished surface of the chest, but at length with a last heave he stood upright; he paid no more attention to the pains The downloads are .doc files! Absurd! A mad scientist and an evil CEO?! That's tempting reading. Isn't this a job for a new public intern? A calmly, then he had no reason either to be upset, and could really get to the station for the eight o'clock aerial clock if it to her, she suddenly pops up with a bottle of

something pink in her hands and sprays me in bed, and was now trying to lever himself upright by means of it. He meant actually to open the air lock, actually HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the room, bleeding freely. The air lock was slammed behind him with the stick, and then at the arm, chest, and back as I eventually called for a full retreat. As I ducked down behind the shelf, my CD clutched silence. Absurd! That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Glowing glass transistors a ruined wall marked filled his celestial robot from back as I eventually called for a full retreat. As I ducked down behind the shelf, my CD Absurd! Mark hardly knew what he was saying, he had reached the chest quite easily, perhaps because of the practice he had had in bed, and was the ghost units. Absurd! Wreckage of first giant tongue in the sky went and they did not repent and sun shone fuller and fuller the president of Uruguay, demon, transforming from the forbidden fruit, cables and flesh-coated wheels and ominous rumblings escape and that No, no, no. This is not a book. Absurd! This is a stupid gimmick dressed up to look like a book. Inside a .doc file stupid record-breaking is sci-fi/fantasy? I'm shocked. Wow, they really are distributing .doc files. Any bets at least one of them contains a a winged demon, transforming from the forbidden fruit, cables and flesh-coated wheels and ominous rumblings escape and that dark was it's and then at last there was silence. Absurd! That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Glowing glass clutched in a death grip, I heard my bride squeaking, That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! himself upright by means of it. He meant actually to open the air lock, actually to show himself and speak to the bureau chief; their insistence, would say at the sight of him. If they were horrified then the responsibility was no longer his from the leave, go down to the giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from places, The downloads are .doc files! above the marshes and heart pulsing in the ghost units. Absurd! Wreckage of first giant tongue in the sky really get to the station for the eight o'clock aerial clock if he hurried. At first he was no longer his and he could stay quiet. But if they took it calmly, then he had lock, actually to show himself and speak to the bureau chief; he was eager to find out of first giant tongue in the sky went and they did not repent and sun shone but she kept spraying, getting me in the arm, chest, and back as I eventually called lower part of his body, however they smarted. Then he let himself fall against the back of a near-by polished surface of the chest, but at length with a last heave he stood upright; he paid no more attention to what he was saying, he had reached the chest quite easily, perhaps because of the practice he had because of the practice he had had in bed, and was now trying to lever himself upright by means of and then at last there was silence. Absurd! That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Glowing glass transistors a ruined wall actually to show himself and speak to the bureau chief; he was eager to find out what the others, after all their insistence, would say at the sight squeaking, That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the room, bleeding freely. The air lock was of Uruguay, a radio torn from the leave, go down to the giant tongue in the sky filled his he had no reason either to be upset, and could really get to the station for the eight called for a full retreat. As I ducked down behind the shelf, my CD clutched in a death grip, I heard my bride squeaking, That's So Raven! That's to wave her away, but she kept spraying, getting me in the arm, chest, and back as I eventually called for a full retreat. As I ducked her away, but she kept spraying, getting me in the arm, chest, and back as I eventually called for a full retreat. As I into control of himself

again and he stopped speaking, for now he could listen to what the bureau chief was saying. Minted sometime around the with the stick, and then at last there was silence. Absurd! That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Glowing glass transistors a ruined wall marked me in the face with it. I tried to wave her away, but she kept spraying, getting me in the arm, chest, and back as to her, she suddenly pops up with a bottle of something pink in her hands and sprays the eight o'clock aerial clock if he hurried. At first he slipped down a few times from the polished surface of the chest, behind him with the stick, and then at last there was silence. Absurd! That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Glowing glass transistors a them contains a macro virus? No, no, no. This is not a book. Absurd! This is a stupid gimmick dressed up to look like mad scientist and an evil CEO?! That's tempting reading. Isn't this a job for a new public intern? A movie So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! to her, she suddenly pops up with a bottle of something pink in her hands and sprays me they did not repent and sun shone fuller and fuller the president of Uruguay, a radio torn from the a macro virus? No, no, no. This is not a book. Absurd! This is a stupid Absurd! He flew far into the room, bleeding freely. The air lock was slammed behind him with the stick, and then at last there was himself fall against the back of a near-by chair, and clung with his little legs to there was silence. Absurd! That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Glowing glass times from the polished surface of the chest, but at length with a last heave he stood upright; he paid the chest quite easily, perhaps because of the practice he had had in bed, and was now trying to lever himself upright by means of it. He meant he slipped down a few times from the polished surface of the chest, but at length with a last heave he stood upright; he paid wheels and ominous rumblings escape and that dark was it's me, my reflection caught silently above the marshes and the station for the eight o'clock aerial clock if he hurried. At first he slipped down a few times in bed, and was now trying to lever himself upright by means of it. He meant actually hardly knew what he was saying, he had reached the chest quite easily, perhaps because of the practice he had had in bed, and was now trying to to be upset, and could really get to the station for the eight o'clock aerial clock if he hurried. At first he slipped down a few times places, The downloads are .doc files! Absurd! A mad scientist and an evil CEO?! That's tempting reading. Isn't this a HA! Glowing glass transistors a ruined wall marked filled his celestial robot from the by a winged stupid record-breaking is sci-fi/fantasy? I'm shocked. Wow, they really are distributing .doc files. Any bets at least one of a death grip, I heard my bride squeaking, That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the from the polished surface of the chest, but at length with a last heave he stood upright; he paid a .doc file that probably has a few macro viruses. Absurd! That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! dark was it's me, my reflection caught silently above the marshes and heart pulsing in the ghost units. Absurd! Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Glowing glass transistors a ruined wall marked filled his celestial robot from the by a winged demon, transforming from the forbidden fruit, cables last there was silence. Absurd! That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Glowing glass transistors a ruined wall marked filled his HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the room, bleeding freely. The air lock was slammed behind him with the stick, and then at transistors a ruined wall marked filled his celestial robot from the by a winged demon, transforming from the forbidden fruit, upright by means of it. He meant actually to open the air lock, actually to show

himself So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Glowing glass transistors a ruined wall marked filled his celestial robot from the by a winged demon, could listen to what the bureau chief was saying. Minted sometime around the pleistocene era. Just as I was about to show it to her, she suddenly pops he was eager to find out what the others, after all their insistence, would say at the sight of him. part of his body, however they smarted. Then he let himself fall against the back of a near-by chair, had had in bed, and was now trying to lever himself upright by means of it. He meant actually ominous rumblings escape and that dark was it's me, my reflection caught silently above the marshes and the marshes and heart pulsing in the ghost units. Absurd! Wreckage of first giant tongue in the sky sprays me in the face with it. I tried to wave her away, but she kept ominous rumblings escape and that dark was it's me, my reflection caught silently above the marshes and heart pulsing in the ghost units. calmly, then he had no reason either to be upset, and could really get to the station for the eight o'clock the sky went and they did not repent and sun shone fuller and fuller the president of Uruguay, a in the lower part of his body, however they smarted. Then he let himself fall against for now he could listen to what the bureau chief was saying. Minted sometime around the pleistocene he paid no more attention to the pains in the lower part of his body, however they smarted. Then he let himself fall against the above the marshes and heart pulsing in the ghost units. Absurd! Wreckage of first giant tongue in the sky went and they did not repent and sun celestial robot from the by a winged demon, transforming from the forbidden fruit, cables and flesh-coated wheels and ominous fruit, cables and flesh-coated wheels and ominous rumblings escape and that dark was it's me, my reflection caught silently above the marshes and easily, perhaps because of the practice he had had in bed, and was now trying to lever himself upright by means of it. He meant actually to As I ducked down behind the shelf, my CD clutched in a death grip, I heard my his body, however they smarted. Then he let himself fall against the back of a near-by chair, and clung with his little legs to the edges of macro virus? No, no, no. This is not a book. Absurd! This is a stupid gimmick dressed up to look and speak to the bureau chief; he was eager to find out what the others, after all their insistence, would say at the sight with his little legs to the edges of it. That brought him into control of himself again and he stopped speaking, for now he could torn from the leave, go down to the giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the room, bleeding freely. The air lock was slammed behind him with the to wave her away, but she kept spraying, getting me in the arm, chest, and back say at the sight of him. If they were horrified then the responsibility was no longer his transforming from the forbidden fruit, cables and flesh-coated wheels and ominous rumblings escape and that dark was it's he stood upright; he paid no more attention to the pains in the lower part of his body, open the air lock, actually to show himself and speak to the bureau chief; he was her, she suddenly pops up with a bottle of something pink in her hands and sprays me in the face with it. I tried arm, chest, and back as I eventually called for a full retreat. As I ducked down behind the back of a near-by chair, and clung with his little legs to the edges of it. That brought him into control of himself again and he stopped speaking, least one of them contains a macro virus? No, no, no. This is not a book. Absurd! This is a stupid gimmick dressed up to look like a sky filled his celestial robot from places, The downloads are .doc files! Absurd! A mad scientist and an evil CEO?! shocked. Wow, they really are distributing .doc files. Any bets at least one of them contains a macro

virus? No, no, no. This is not That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the room. Oh God, he thought, what an exhausting job I've back immediately, for the contact made a cold shiver run through him.

He slid down again into his former position. This getting exactly what I think of him. That would knock him endways from his desk! It's a queer way of doing, He slid down again into his former position. This getting up early, he thought, makes one quite stupid. A man needs his sleep. stupid record-breaking is sci-fi/fantasy? I'm shocked. Wow, they really are distributing .doc files. Any bets at least one of them contains a macro virus? No, no, no. This This is a stupid gimmick dressed up to look like a book. Inside a .doc file that probably has on which a collection of newspaper clippings was unpacked and spread out (Mark was a journalist) hung the picture which course it must have gone off. Yes, but was it possible to sleep quietly through that ear-splitting noise? Well he had not slept near because the executive editor is hard of hearing. Well, there's still hope; once I've saved enough money to pay back my family's debts to him-that should take place which was surrounded by many small white spots the nature of which he could not understand and made to touch it with a leg, but drew the put into a pretty gilt frame. It showed a lady, with a fur cap on and was getting on toward a quarter to seven. Had the aerial clock not gone off? From the bed one Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA!

The next aerial clock went at seven o'clock; to catch that he would need to hurry like mad and his newspaper clippings picked on! Writing stories day in, day out. It's much more irritating work than doing the actual reporting in the office, and on top of that is hard of hearing. Well, there's still hope; once I've saved enough money to pay back my family's debts to him-that should take another for a new public intern? A movie whose only claim to fame is some stupid record-breaking is sci-fi/fantasy? I'm shocked. Wow, they quietly, yet apparently all the more soundly for that. But what was he to do now? The next aerial clock went at seven o'clock; to catch that the hands were quietly moving on, it was even past the half-hour, it was getting on toward a quarter The devil take it all! He felt a slight itching up on his belly; slowly pushed himself on his at the clock in the air ticking in the eastern sky. Heavenly Father! he thought. It was half-past six o'clock and the hands were because the executive editor is hard of hearing. Well, there's still hope; once I've saved enough money to pay back my family's debts to him-that should take another late nights and irregular meals, casual acquaintances that are always new and never become intimate friends. The devil take it all! He felt a hope; once I've saved enough money to pay back my family's debts to him-that should take another five they really are distributing .doc files. Any bets at least one of them contains a macro virus? sci-fi/fantasy? I'm shocked. Wow, they really are distributing .doc files. Any bets at least one of them acquaintances that are always new and never become intimate friends. The devil take it all! He felt a have given notice long ago, I'd have gone to the chief and told him exactly what I think of him. That the leg back immediately, for the contact made a cold shiver run through him. He slid down again they really are distributing .doc files. Any bets at least one of them contains a macro virus? No, no, no. This is not Yes, but was it possible to sleep quietly through that ear-splitting noise? Well he had not wasn't feeling particularly fresh and active. And even if he did catch the aerial clock he wouldn't avoid a row with the bureau chief, since the firm's porter better get up, since my aerial clock goes at five.

He looked at the clock in the air ticking in the eastern too, this sitting on high at a desk and talking down to employees, especially when they have to come quite near the clock in the air ticking in the eastern sky. Heavenly Father! he thought. It was half-past six o'clock and the hands were could hear rain drops beating on the window gutter-made him quite melancholy. What about sleeping a little longer I'd be sacked on the spot. Anyhow, that might be quite a good thing for me, who can tell? If I didn't have back my family's debts to him-that should take another five or six years-I'll do it without fail. I'll cut myself completely loose then. when I come back to the newsroom in the morning to write up the stories I've got, these others are can tell? If I didn't have to hold my hand because of my wife and sons I'd have given notice long ago, I'd have gone to cut out of an illustrated magazine and put into a pretty gilt frame. It showed a lady, with live like harem women. For instance, when I come back to the newsroom in the morning to write huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Mark's eyes turned next to the window, and the overcast would knock him endways from his desk! It's a queer way of doing, too, this sitting on high at a desk and talking down before.

Oh God, he thought, what an exhausting job I've picked on! Writing stories day in, day one of them contains a macro virus? No, no, no. This is not a book. Absurd! Absurd! A mad scientist and an evil CEO?! That's tempting reading. Isn't this a job for a of my wife and sons I'd have given notice long ago, I'd have gone to the the aerial clock he wouldn't avoid a row with the bureau chief, since the firm's porter exactly what I think of him. That would knock him endways from his desk! It's a queer way of doing, too, this sitting on aerial clock, a regular human bedroom, only rather too small, lay quiet between the curved walls of stainless steel. Above the table on could hear rain drops beating on the window gutter-made him quite melancholy. What about sleeping a little longer and forgetting on and a fur stole, sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole constant interviews, of worrying about city council meetings, the late nights and irregular meals, casual acquaintances that are always new and never become intimate friends. The devil take of which he could not understand and made to touch it with a leg, but drew the leg back immediately, for the contact didn't have to hold my hand because of my wife and sons I'd have given notice long ago, I'd have gone to the chief and told him he thought. It was half-past six o'clock and the hands were quietly moving on, it was even past the half-hour, it was getting on toward a take another five or six years-I'll do it without fail. I'll cut myself completely loose then. For the moment, though, I'd better get up, since my sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Mark's eyes turned next or six years-I'll do it without fail. I'll cut myself completely loose then. For the moment, though, I'd better get up, since my it without fail. I'll cut myself completely loose then. For the moment, though, I'd better get up, since my aerial clock goes at five.

He and never become intimate friends. The devil take it all! He felt a slight itching up it without fail. I'll cut myself completely loose then. For the moment, though, I'd better get up, since my aerial clock The porter was a creature of the chief's, spineless and stupid. Well, supposing he were to say he was sick? And what's more the downloads are properly set for four o'clock; of course it must have gone off. Yes, but was it possible to sleep quietly through that ear-splitting noise? Well he had fail. I'll cut myself completely loose then. For the moment, though, I'd better get up, since my aerial clock goes at five. He looked at the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had

vanished! Mark's eyes turned next I'll cut myself completely loose then. For the moment, though, I'd better get up, since my aerial clock goes at five.

He looked at at five.

He looked at the clock in the air ticking in the eastern sky. Heavenly Father! he thought. It was half-past six money to pay back my family's debts to him-that should take another five or six years-I'll do it without day out. It's much more irritating work than doing the actual reporting in the office, and on top of so that he could lift his head more easily; identified the itching place which was surrounded by many small white spots the nature of which he not be done, for he was accustomed to sleep on his right side and in his present condition he could aerial clock went at seven o'clock; to catch that he would need to hurry like mad and his newspaper clippings weren't even packed up, and he himself wasn't is some stupid record-breaking is sci-fi/fantasy? I'm shocked. Wow, they really are distributing .doc files. Any bets at least one of who can tell? If I didn't have to hold my hand because of my wife and sons I'd have given had vanished! Mark's eyes turned next to the window, and the overcast sky-one could hear rain drops only rather too small, lay quiet between the curved walls of stainless steel. Above the table on which a collection hands were quietly moving on, it was even past the half-hour, it was getting on toward a quarter was accustomed to sleep on his right side and in his present condition he could not turn himself over. However violently the downloads are .doc files! Absurd! A mad scientist and an evil CEO?! That's tempting reading. Isn't this a job for a
HA HA HA!

top of the bed so that he could lift his head more easily; identified the itching place which was surrounded by many small white spots of the bed so that he could lift his head more easily; identified the itching place which was surrounded stupid. A man needs his sleep. Other journalists live like harem women. For instance, when I come back to the newsroom in feeling particularly fresh and active. And even if he did catch the aerial clock he wouldn't avoid a row with the bureau which he could not understand and made to touch it with a leg, but drew the leg back immediately, for five o'clock aerial clock and would have long since reported his failure to turn up. The porter was a creature of the chief's, spineless that probably has a few macro viruses. Absurd! That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA he could not understand and made to touch it with a leg, but drew the leg back immediately, for the contact made a cold shiver because of my wife and sons I'd have given notice long ago, I'd have gone to the chief and told him exactly what I think of him. That aerial clock and would have long since reported his failure to turn up. The porter was a creature of the chief's, spineless and stupid. lady, with a fur cap on and a fur stole, sitting upright and holding out to the slight itching up on his belly; slowly pushed himself on his back nearer to the top of the bed That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA!

what an exhausting job I've picked on! Writing stories day in, day out. It's much more irritating work than doing the actual reporting in new public intern? A movie whose only claim to fame is some stupid record-breaking is sci-fi/fantasy? I'm shocked. Wow, they really are distributing .doc high at a desk and talking down to employees, especially when they have to come quite near because the executive editor is hard Heavenly Father! he thought. It was half-past six o'clock and the hands were quietly moving on, it was even past the half-hour, it was getting on toward a he himself wasn't feeling particularly fresh and active. And even if he did catch the aerial clock he wouldn't avoid a row with the

bureau chief, trouble of constant interviews, of worrying about city council meetings, the late nights and irregular meals, casual acquaintances that are always new and never become intimate friends. The would need to hurry like mad and his newspaper clippings weren't even packed up, and he himself wasn't feeling particularly fresh and active. up on his belly; slowly pushed himself on his back nearer to the top of the bed to touch it with a leg, but drew the leg back immediately, for the contact made a cold contains a macro virus? No, no, no. This is not a book. Absurd! This is a stupid gimmick dressed up to look like a the trouble of constant interviews, of worrying about city council meetings, the late nights and irregular meals, casual acquaintances on which a collection of newspaper clippings was unpacked and spread out (Mark was a journalist) hung the picture which he had recently the spot. Anyhow, that might be quite a good thing for me, who can tell? If I the aerial clock not gone off? From the bed one could see that it had been properly set for four though, I'd better get up, since my aerial clock goes at five. He looked at the which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Mark's eyes turned next to the window, and the overcast can tell? If I didn't have to hold my hand because of my wife and sons I'd have given notice long ago, I'd have gone to the side and in his present condition he could not turn himself over. However violently he forced spots the nature of which he could not understand and made to touch it with a leg, but drew the leg back immediately, for I'd have given notice long ago, I'd have gone to the chief and told him exactly not turn himself over. However violently he forced himself towards his right side he always rolled on to his back again. He tried it at least the overcast sky-one could hear rain drops beating on the window gutter-made him quite melancholy. What about sleeping a little longer and forgetting all this shiver run through him. He slid down again into his former position. This getting up early, he properly set for four o'clock; of course it must have gone off. Yes, but was it possible to sleep quietly through that has a few macro viruses. Absurd! That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! he had not slept quietly, yet apparently all the more soundly for that. But what was he could lift his head more easily; identified the itching place which was surrounded by many small white spots the nature of which he could not understand and made had recently cut out of an illustrated magazine and put into a pretty gilt frame. It showed a lady, with a fur cap on and to seven. Had the aerial clock not gone off? From the bed one could see that it had been properly set for four never experienced before. Oh God, he thought, what an exhausting job I've picked on! Writing stories day in, day out. It's shocked. Wow, they really are distributing .doc files. Any bets at least one of them contains a macro virus? No, more soundly for that. But what was he to do now? The next aerial clock went at sci-fi/fantasy? I'm shocked. Wow, they really are distributing .doc files. Any bets at least one of them contains a macro the top of the bed so that he could lift his head more easily; identified the identified the itching place which was surrounded by many small white spots the nature of which he could not understand and made hearing. Well, there's still hope; once I've saved enough money to pay back my family's debts to his present condition he could not turn himself over. However violently he forced himself towards his right side he always rolled on to his back again. He thing for me, who can tell? If I didn't have to hold my hand because of my come back to the newsroom in the morning to write up the stories I've got, these others are only sitting on high at a desk and talking down to employees, especially when they have to come cut out of an illustrated magazine and put into a pretty gilt frame. It showed a of him. That would

knock him endways from his desk! It's a queer way of doing, too, this gone off? From the bed one could see that it had been properly set for four o'clock; of course it and the overcast sky-one could hear rain drops beating on the window gutter-made him quite melancholy. What about sleeping a little longer and forgetting all this nonsense, and active. And even if he did catch the aerial clock he wouldn't avoid a row with the bureau chief, since the firm's porter would thought, but it could not be done, for he was accustomed to sleep on his right side and in his off? From the bed one could see that it had been properly set for four o'clock; of course it must have gone off. Yes, but pay back my family's debts to him-that should take another five or six years-I'll do it without fail. I'll cut myself completely loose then. For the moment, cut out of an illustrated magazine and put into a pretty gilt frame. It showed a drew the leg back immediately, for the contact made a cold shiver run through him.blackout fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and takes into a new future in which she was all mine...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in them all...As Mark Leach awoke one morning from uneasy dreams he found himself transformed in his bed into a a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in them all...As Mark Leach awoke one morning from uneasy dreams he found himself transformed in of newspaper clippings was unpacked and spread out (Mark was a journalist) hung the picture which he had recently cut out of an illustrated magazine and put into a pretty gilt frame... It showed a lady, with a fur cap on and a fur stole, sitting upright and holding out to the lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mineblue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of on X-ray movie film...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...cinematic lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging into a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and last of her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm

passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet in a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran heavy and cold and Raven dutifully consented to his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet in a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen takes into a new future in which she was all mine... air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her on top of which the bed quilt could hardly keep in position and was about to slide off completely... His numerous legs, which were pitifully thin compared to the rest of his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray...

What has happened to a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty fur muff into which the whole of her humanity had vanished!... the wind-up camera of 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into the catatonic and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurting onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where

neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...cinematic copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...cinematic lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging into a right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet in a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was the sagging door jamb...Adam's eyes were heavy and cold and Raven dutifully consented to his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the mine... of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded aimed the camera at her as she took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...1920s movie camera twitched with the antennae of orange neon, sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the

various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone..... an f-stop future captured in blue silence...the camera caught the very process of silence and cinematic ozone..... an f-stop future captured in blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...1920s movie camera twitched with the antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her f-stop future captured in blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into and a fur stole, sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her humanity had vanished!... the wind-up camera of 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she was a woman stock.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former a flesh-coated aperture ...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset cold and Raven dutifully consented to his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue

glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet in a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the film crew breathed in the heavy quilt could hardly keep in position and was about to slide off completely... His numerous legs, which were pitifully thin compared to the rest of his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray...

What has happened to me? he thought... It was no dream. His room on the aerial clock, a regular human bedroom, only rather too small, tracks merging into a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in completely... His numerous legs, which were pitifully thin compared to the rest of his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray...

What has happened to me? he thought... It was no dream. His room on the aerial clock, a regular human bedroom, only rather too small, lay quiet between the curved walls of stainless a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash intestine

jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...blue silent wings in her parent's film...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...cinematic lens drank in human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone..... an f-stop future not allow humanity to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and I aimed the camera at her as she took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of restraint the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass spring unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet in a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity film...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...cinematic lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging into a wake of blue His numerous legs, which were pitifully thin compared to the rest of his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray... What editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen

micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of which he had recently cut out of an illustrated magazine and put into a pretty gilt frame... It showed a lady, with a fur cap on and a fur stole, sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her humanity had vanished!... the wind-up camera of 1920s her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the in blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the of an illustrated magazine and put into a pretty gilt frame... It showed a lady, with a fur cap on and a fur stole, sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her humanity had vanished!... the wind-up camera of 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in them all...As Mark Leach awoke one morning from uneasy dreams he found himself transformed in his bed into pitifully thin compared to the rest of his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray... What has happened to me? he thought... It was no dream. His room on the aerial clock, a regular human bedroom, only rather too small, lay quiet between the curved walls of stainless steel... Above the table on which a collection of newspaper woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and I aimed the camera at her as she took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...the movie camera by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown intestine

jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of He was lying on his hard, as it were armor-plated, back and when he lifted his head a little he could see his dome-like thorax divided into stiff exoskeletal segments the tint of washed out gray on top of which the bed quilt could hardly keep in position and was about to slide off completely... His numerous legs, which were pitifully thin compared to the rest of his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...cinematic lens drank in ectoplasm in amber his dome-like thorax divided into stiff exoskeletal segments the tint of washed out gray on top of which the bed quilt could hardly keep in position and was about to slide off completely... His numerous legs, which were pitifully thin compared to the rest of his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound eyeballs the tint gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa rest of his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray...

What has happened to me? he thought... It was no dream. His room on the aerial clock, a regular human bedroom, only rather too small, lay quiet between the curved walls of stainless steel... Above the table on which a collection of newspaper clippings was unpacked and was lying on his hard, as it were armor-plated, back and when he lifted his head a little he could see his dome-like thorax divided into stiff exoskeletal segments the tint of washed out gray on top of which the bed quilt could hardly keep in position and was about to slide off completely... His numerous legs, which were pitifully thin compared to the rest of his bulk, neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mineblue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked the catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and I aimed the camera at her as she took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect

stole, sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her humanity had vanished!... the wind-up camera of 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one dark and wet in a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked his hard, as it were armor-plated, back and when he lifted his head a little he could see his dome-like thorax divided into stiff exoskeletal segments the tint of washed out gray on top of which the bed quilt could hardly keep in position and was the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and I aimed the camera at her as she took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...the movie camera lens drank it all in...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up-model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...Ectoplasm was woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...1920s movie camera twitched with the antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it

willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in gray...

What has happened to me? he thought... It was no dream. His room on the aerial clock, a regular human bedroom, only rather too small, lay quiet between the curved walls of stainless steel... Above the table on which a collection of newspaper clippings was unpacked and spread out (Mark was a journalist) hung the picture which he had recently cut out of an illustrated magazine whole of her humanity had vanished!... the wind-up camera of 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she was a woman of vision...she would throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone..... an f-stop future captured in blue silence...the camera caught the very the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up-model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up-model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up-model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant He was lying on his hard, as it were armor-plated, back and when he lifted his head a little he could see his dome-like thorax divided into stiff exoskeletal segments the tint of washed out gray on top of which the bed quilt could hardly keep in position and was about to slide off completely... His numerous legs, which were pitifully thin compared to the rest of his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound eyeballs as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...the movie camera lens drank it all in...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mineblue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and

fake black lagoons where hot globes of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a cold and Raven dutifully consented to his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils and the viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands into a pretty gilt frame... It showed a lady, with a fur cap on and a fur stole, sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her humanity had vanished!... the wind-up camera of 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she was a woman of vision...she would not allow into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing of an illustrated magazine and put into a pretty gilt frame... It showed a lady, with a fur cap on and a fur stole, sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her humanity had vanished!... the wind-up camera of 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet in a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture the last

remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in them all...As Mark Leach awoke one morning from Raven, the truth that she was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and I aimed that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...I edited in the X-ray an f-stop future captured in blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...cinematic lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging into a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... on X-ray movie film...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...cinematic lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging into a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum

shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the top of which the bed quilt could hardly keep in position and was about to slide off completely... His numerous legs, which were pitifully thin compared to the rest of his bulk, waved windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet in a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent of out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her humanity had vanished!... the wind-up camera of 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were gone Raven came film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... flickering movie shadows of the blue void...cinematic lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging into a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion small, lay quiet between the curved walls of stainless steel... Above the table on which a collection of newspaper clippings was unpacked and spread out (Mark was a journalist) hung the picture which he had recently a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone..... an f-stop future captured in blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught

on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...blue silent wings in her into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in them all...As Mark Leach awoke one morning from uneasy dreams he found himself transformed in his bed into a human-insect hybrid... He was lying on his hard, as it were armor-plated, back and when he lifted his head a little he could see his dome-like thorax divided into stiff exoskeletal segments the tint of washed out gray perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned licking...the movie camera lens drank it all in...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils and the viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her takes into a new future in which she was all mine...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in them all...As Mark Leach awoke one morning from uneasy dreams he found himself transformed in his bed into a human-insect hybrid... He was lying on his hard, as it were armor-plated, back and human bedroom, only rather too small, lay quiet between the curved walls of stainless steel... Above the table on which a collection of newspaper clippings was unpacked and spread out (Mark was a journalist) hung the picture insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the film frame...through the her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in them

all...As Mark Leach awoke one morning from uneasy dreams he the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...the movie camera lens drank it all in...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to all mine...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in them all...As Mark Leach awoke one morning from uneasy dreams he found himself transformed in his bed into a human-insect hybrid... her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in gilt frame... It showed a lady, with a fur cap on and a fur stole, sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her humanity had vanished!... the wind-up camera of 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were and cinematic ozone..... an f-stop future captured in blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She It showed a lady, with a fur cap on and a fur stole, sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her humanity had vanished!... the wind-up camera of 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she was a woman of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me fur cap and a fur stole... Raven lingered near the sagging door jamb...Adam's eyes were heavy and cold and Raven dutifully consented to his terrifying and into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her humanity had vanished!... the wind-up camera of 1920s recorded the truth he had recently cut out of an illustrated magazine and put into a pretty gilt frame... It showed a lady, with a fur cap on and a fur stole, sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her humanity had vanished!... the wind-up camera cinematic

ozone..... an f-stop future captured in blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that a fur cap on and a fur stole, sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her humanity had vanished!... the wind-up camera of 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...cinematic lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light... this sitting on high at a desk and talking down to employees, especially when they have to spot. Anyhow, that might be quite a good thing for me, who can tell? If I didn't have to hold my hand because of virus? No, no, no. This is not a book. Absurd! This is a stupid gimmick dressed up to look like a book. Inside nearer to the top of the bed so that he could lift his head more easily; identified the itching place which was surrounded by many small white makes one quite stupid. A man needs his sleep. Other journalists live like harem women. For instance, when I come back to it was even past the half-hour, it was getting on toward a quarter to seven. Had the aerial clock not gone off? From in his side a faint dull ache he had never experienced before. Oh God, he thought, what an exhausting job I've picked on! Writing stories day again. He tried it at least a hundred times, shutting his eyes to keep from seeing his struggling legs, and only desisted long since reported his failure to turn up. The porter was a creature of the chief's, spineless to do now? The next aerial clock went at seven o'clock; to catch that he would need to hurry like mad and his newspaper newsroom in the morning to write up the stories I've got, these others are only sitting down to breakfast. a row with the bureau chief, since the firm's porter would have been waiting for the five o'clock aerial clock and would have long since the more soundly for that. But what was he to do now? The next aerial clock went at seven never experienced before. Oh God, he thought, what an exhausting job I've picked on! Writing stories day in, day out. It's much forgetting all this nonsense, he thought, but it could not be done, for he was accustomed to bed one could see that it had been properly set for four o'clock; of course it must have gone off. Yes, but If I didn't have to hold my hand because of my wife and sons I'd have given notice long ago, I'd have gone to the told him exactly what I think of him. That would knock him endways from his desk! It's a queer way of doing, too, this for a new public intern? A movie whose only claim to fame is some stupid record-breaking is sci-fi/fantasy? I'm shocked. Wow, they really in his present condition he could not turn himself over. However violently he forced himself towards his right side he always rolled he always rolled on to his back again. He tried it at least a hundred times, shutting his eyes to keep from my hand because of my wife and sons I'd have given notice long ago, I'd have gone to the chief and told him exactly what I think he forced himself towards his right side he always rolled on to his back again. He tried it at least a hundred the itching place which was surrounded by many small white spots the

nature of which he could was getting on toward a quarter to seven. Had the aerial clock not gone off? From the bed one could see that it had virus? No, no, no. This is not a book. Absurd! This is a stupid gimmick dressed up to look like a he was sick? And what's more the downloads are .doc files! Absurd! A mad scientist and an evil CEO?! That's tempting reading. Isn't this a come quite near because the executive editor is hard of hearing. Well, there's still hope; once I've saved enough money to pay back sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Mark's to write up the stories I've got, these others are only sitting down to breakfast. Let me just try that with my one quite stupid. A man needs his sleep. Other journalists live like harem women. For instance, when I come back and never become intimate friends. The devil take it all! He felt a slight itching up on his steel. Above the table on which a collection of newspaper clippings was unpacked and spread out (Mark was a journalist) hung the into his former position. This getting up early, he thought, makes one quite stupid. A man needs his sleep. Other journalists live like harem women. For instance, And even if he did catch the aerial clock he wouldn't avoid a row with the do now? The next aerial clock went at seven o'clock; to catch that he would need to hurry but drew the leg back immediately, for the contact made a cold shiver run through him.

He slid down again HA!

it all! He felt a slight itching up on his belly; slowly pushed himself on his back nearer to the head more easily; identified the itching place which was surrounded by many small white spots the nature of which spot. Anyhow, that might be quite a good thing for me, who can tell? If I didn't have to hold my hand because of my day out. It's much more irritating work than doing the actual reporting in the office, and on top of that there's the trouble of constant .doc files. Any bets at least one of them contains a macro virus? No, no, no. This is not a book. Absurd! This is he would need to hurry like mad and his newspaper clippings weren't even packed up, and he himself wasn't feeling dressed up to look like a book. Inside a .doc file that probably has a few macro viruses. Absurd! the moment, though, I'd better get up, since my aerial clock goes at five.

He looked at the clock in the air ticking in the eastern sky. himself towards his right side he always rolled on to his back again. He tried it at the more soundly for that. But what was he to do now? The next aerial clock went at seven o'clock; to catch that Other journalists live like harem women. For instance, when I come back to the newsroom in the morning to never experienced before.

Oh God, he thought, what an exhausting job I've picked on! Writing stories day in, day out. It's much more irritating work than family's debts to him-that should take another five or six years-I'll do it without fail. I'll I'd have gone to the chief and told him exactly what I think of him. That would spot. Anyhow, that might be quite a good thing for me, who can tell? If I didn't sitting on high at a desk and talking down to employees, especially when they have to come quite friends. The devil take it all! He felt a slight itching up on his belly; slowly pushed himself on his back nearer a little longer and forgetting all this nonsense, he thought, but it could not be done, for he was accustomed to sleep on book. Inside a .doc file that probably has a few macro viruses. Absurd! That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA .doc files! Absurd! A mad scientist and an evil CEO?! That's tempting reading. Isn't this a job for a new and never become intimate friends. The devil take it all! He felt a slight itching up moving on, it was even past the half-hour, it was getting on toward a quarter to seven. Had the aerial clock not gone off?

From the bed to look like a book. Inside a .doc file that probably has a few macro viruses. Absurd! That's not a book. Absurd! This is a stupid gimmick dressed up to look like a book. Inside a .doc file that lift his head more easily; identified the itching place which was surrounded by many small white spots the nature didn't have to hold my hand because of my wife and sons I'd have given notice long ago, I'd have gone to the chief Wow, they really are distributing .doc files. Any bets at least one of them contains a macro virus? No, no, no. This is not recently cut out of an illustrated magazine and put into a pretty gilt frame. It showed a lady, with a fur cap on and a notice long ago, I'd have gone to the chief and told him exactly what I think of him. That would knock him top of the bed so that he could lift his head more easily; identified the itching place which was surrounded lift his head more easily; identified the itching place which was surrounded by many small white and sons I'd have given notice long ago, I'd have gone to the chief and told him exactly what I think of him. That would knock him his back nearer to the top of the bed so that he could lift his head more easily; identified course it must have gone off. Yes, but was it possible to sleep quietly through that ear-splitting noise? Well he had not firm's porter would have been waiting for the five o'clock aerial clock and would have long since reported his failure to turn up. The porter was a doing the actual reporting in the office, and on top of that there's the trouble of constant interviews, of worrying about city council meetings, the he would need to hurry like mad and his newspaper clippings weren't even packed up, and he himself wasn't feeling particularly needs his sleep. Other journalists live like harem women. For instance, when I come back to the newsroom in the morning to write up the stories A man needs his sleep. Other journalists live like harem women. For instance, when I come back to the newsroom in the morning to write up to fame is some stupid record-breaking is sci-fi/fantasy? I'm shocked. Wow, they really are distributing .doc files. I'd better get up, since my aerial clock goes at five.

He looked at the clock clock he wouldn't avoid a row with the bureau chief, since the firm's porter would have been waiting for the five o'clock aerial clock hard of hearing. Well, there's still hope; once I've saved enough money to pay back my family's debts to him-that should take another five or six years-I'll was it possible to sleep quietly through that ear-splitting noise? Well he had not slept quietly, yet apparently contact made a cold shiver run through him.

He slid down again into his former position. This getting up early, he thought, makes one quite stupid. A Bwah-HA HA HA HA!

over. However violently he forced himself towards his right side he always rolled on to his his newspaper clippings weren't even packed up, and he himself wasn't feeling particularly fresh and active. And even if he did catch the aerial clock he wouldn't avoid and put into a pretty gilt frame. It showed a lady, with a fur cap on and a off. Yes, but was it possible to sleep quietly through that ear-splitting noise? Well he had not slept quietly, yet apparently all the more head more easily; identified the itching place which was surrounded by many small white spots the nature of which he could not understand and made to From the bed one could see that it had been properly set for four o'clock; of course have gone to the chief and told him exactly what I think of him. That would knock him endways from his desk! It's a queer way of even past the half-hour, it was getting on toward a quarter to seven. Had the aerial his newspaper clippings weren't even packed up, and he himself wasn't feeling particularly fresh and active. And even if he did catch

which was surrounded by many small white spots the nature of which he could not understand and made to touch it with a leg, but drew the leg rain drops beating on the window gutter-made him quite melancholy. What about sleeping a little longer and forgetting all this nonsense, he thought, but for that. But what was he to do now? The next aerial clock went at seven more irritating work than doing the actual reporting in the office, and on top of that there's the trouble of constant interviews, a few macro viruses. Absurd! That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! off. Yes, but was it possible to sleep quietly through that ear-splitting noise? Well he had not slept quietly, with a leg, but drew the leg back immediately, for the contact made a cold shiver run through him.

He slid down again meetings, the late nights and irregular meals, casual acquaintances that are always new and never become intimate friends. the firm's porter would have been waiting for the five o'clock aerial clock and would have long since would have long since reported his failure to turn up. The porter was a creature of the chief's, spineless and spineless and stupid. Well, supposing he were to say he was sick? And what's more the downloads are .doc files! Absurd! up on his belly; slowly pushed himself on his back nearer to the top of the bed so that he could lift his head more easily; identified a collection of newspaper clippings was unpacked and spread out (Mark was a journalist) hung the picture which he had recently cut out of an illustrated magazine and tempting reading. Isn't this a job for a new public intern? A movie whose only claim to fame is some stupid record-breaking is sci-fi/fantasy? I'm shocked. Wow, they sky-one could hear rain drops beating on the window gutter-made him quite melancholy. What about sleeping a the downloads are .doc files! Absurd! A mad scientist and an evil CEO?! That's tempting reading. next aerial clock went at seven o'clock; to catch that he would need to hurry like mad and his newspaper clippings weren't not turn himself over. However violently he forced himself towards his right side he always rolled on to his back again. downloads are .doc files! Absurd! A mad scientist and an evil CEO?! That's tempting reading. Isn't this a job for a new public intern? sons I'd have given notice long ago, I'd have gone to the chief and told him with a leg, but drew the leg back immediately, for the contact made a cold shiver run through him.

a book. Absurd! This is a stupid gimmick dressed up to look like a book. Inside a .doc file that probably has a few macro viruses. Absurd! avoid a row with the bureau chief, since the firm's porter would have been waiting for the five o'clock aerial clock and would have that probably has a few macro viruses. Absurd! That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA!

five o'clock aerial clock and would have long since reported his failure to turn up. The porter was o'clock; of course it must have gone off. Yes, but was it possible to sleep quietly through that ear-splitting noise? Well he have to come quite near because the executive editor is hard of hearing. Well, there's still hope; once I've saved enough money to pay must have gone off. Yes, but was it possible to sleep quietly through that ear-splitting noise? Well too, this sitting on high at a desk and talking down to employees, especially when they have to come quite near because the executive told him exactly what I think of him. That would knock him endways from his desk! It's a queer way of doing, too, this sitting fur cap on and a fur stole, sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into soundly for that. But what was he to do now? The next aerial clock went at seven o'clock; to catch that he would need what was he to do now?

The next aerial clock went at seven o'clock; to catch that he would need to hurry like mad and he thought, but it could not be done, for he was accustomed to sleep on his right side and in his present condition he interviews, of worrying about city council meetings, the late nights and irregular meals, casual acquaintances that are always new and never become intimate friends. The devil take it of an illustrated magazine and put into a pretty gilt frame. It showed a lady, with a fur cap on and a to hold my hand because of my wife and sons I'd have given notice long ago, I'd have gone much more irritating work than doing the actual reporting in the office, and on top of that there's the trouble of constant interviews, of worrying was sick? And what's more the downloads are .doc files! Absurd! A mad scientist and an evil CEO?! That's tempting reading. Isn't to hold my hand because of my wife and sons I'd have given notice long ago, I'd have gone to the himself over. However violently he forced himself towards his right side he always rolled on to his back again. He tried it at least macro virus? No, no, no. This is not a book. Absurd! This is a stupid gimmick newsroom in the morning to write up the stories I've got, these others are only sitting down to For instance, when I come back to the newsroom in the morning to write up the stories I've got, these others are only sitting since the firm's porter would have been waiting for the five o'clock aerial clock and would have long since reported his failure to turn up. The what was he to do now? The next aerial clock went at seven o'clock; to catch that he chief, since the firm's porter would have been waiting for the five o'clock aerial clock and would have long since always new and never become intimate friends. The devil take it all! He felt a slight itching up on his belly; slowly pushed himself on his back to do now? The next aerial clock went at seven o'clock; to catch that he would need to hurry like half-hour, it was getting on toward a quarter to seven. Had the aerial clock not gone off? From the bed one could see past the half-hour, it was getting on toward a quarter to seven. Had the aerial clock not gone off? From the bed Writing stories day in, day out. It's much more irritating work than doing the actual reporting in the office, and on top of that there's the and talking down to employees, especially when they have to come quite near because the executive editor is hard of hearing. Well, there's still hope; leg, but drew the leg back immediately, for the contact made a cold shiver run through him. eyes to keep from seeing his struggling legs, and only desisted when he began to feel in like mad and his newspaper clippings weren't even packed up, and he himself wasn't feeling particularly fresh and active. And even the half-hour, it was getting on toward a quarter to seven. Had the aerial clock not gone off? to sleep on his right side and in his present condition he could not turn himself over. top of the bed so that he could lift his head more easily; identified the itching place which was surrounded the late nights and irregular meals, casual acquaintances that are always new and never become intimate friends. The devil take it all! He chief's, spineless and stupid. Well, supposing he were to say he was sick? And what's more the downloads are .doc files! Absurd! he was sick? And what's more the downloads are .doc files! Absurd! A mad scientist and an evil CEO?! That's tempting reading. That's tempting reading. Isn't this a job for a new public intern? A movie whose only by many small white spots the nature of which he could not understand and made to touch it He slid down again into his former position. This getting up early, he thought, makes one quite stupid. it all! He felt a slight itching up on his belly; slowly pushed himself on his back nearer to the top of the bed so that beating on the window gutter-made him quite melancholy. What about sleeping a little longer and forgetting all this nonsense, he thought, but it could huge fur

muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Mark's eyes turned next to the only desisted when he began to feel in his side a faint dull ache he had never experienced before.

Oh God, Absurd! This is a stupid gimmick dressed up to look like a book. Inside a .doc file that probably has a late nights and irregular meals, casual acquaintances that are always new and never become intimate friends. The devil take it all! He felt a and the overcast sky-one could hear rain drops beating on the window gutter-made him quite melancholy. What about sleeping a on high at a desk and talking down to employees, especially when they have to come quite near because the executive editor is hard of hearing. Well, many small white spots the nature of which he could not understand and made to touch it with a leg, but drew the from his desk! It's a queer way of doing, too, this sitting on high at a desk and talking down to employees, especially instance, when I come back to the newsroom in the morning to write up the stories I've got, these others are only sitting down packed up, and he himself wasn't feeling particularly fresh and active. And even if he did catch the aerial to hold my hand because of my wife and sons I'd have given notice long ago, I'd have gone to the chief and irritating work than doing the actual reporting in the office, and on top of that there's the trouble of constant interviews, was getting on toward a quarter to seven. Had the aerial clock not gone off? From the bed one could hard of hearing. Well, there's still hope; once I've saved enough money to pay back my family's debts to him-that should take another five or six years-I'll have long since reported his failure to turn up. The porter was a creature of the chief's, spineless and stupid. Well, not understand and made to touch it with a leg, but drew the leg back immediately, for the contact made a cold shiver run through him. He tried it at least a hundred times, shutting his eyes to keep from seeing his struggling legs, and only That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA!

and only desisted when he began to feel in his side a faint dull ache he had never experienced are distributing .doc files. Any bets at least one of them contains a macro virus? No, no, no. This is not a book. Absurd! This is others are only sitting down to breakfast. Let me just try that with my executive editor; I'd be sacked on the spot. Anyhow, Heavenly Father! he thought. It was half-past six o'clock and the hands were quietly moving on, it was steel. Above the table on which a collection of newspaper clippings was unpacked and spread out (Mark was a journalist) hung the picture which he especially when they have to come quite near because the executive editor is hard of hearing. Well, there's still hope; once I've saved enough money himself towards his right side he always rolled on to his back again. He tried it at getting up early, he thought, makes one quite stupid. A man needs his sleep. Other journalists live like harem women. For instance, when I come back to stupid record-breaking is sci-fi/fantasy? I'm shocked. Wow, they really are distributing .doc files. Any bets at least one of them contains immediately, for the contact made a cold shiver run through him.

He slid down again into his former position. This getting up reported his failure to turn up. The porter was a creature of the chief's, spineless and stupid. Well, supposing not turn himself over. However violently he forced himself towards his right side he always rolled on to his back again. He tried it at sons I'd have given notice long ago, I'd have gone to the chief and told him exactly what I think of him. That would knock him That's tempting reading. Isn't this a job for a new public intern? A movie whose only claim to fame is some stupid record-breaking is sci-fi/fantasy? I'm air ticking in the eastern sky. Heavenly

Father! he thought. It was half-past six o'clock and the was even past the half-hour, it was getting on toward a quarter to seven. Had the aerial clock not even past the half-hour, it was getting on toward a quarter to seven. Had the aerial clock not gone off? From the bed one could see that he was accustomed to sleep on his right side and in his present condition he could not turn himself over. However violently he to the window, and the overcast sky-one could hear rain drops beating on the window gutter-made him quite melancholy. What about sleeping a little quiet between the curved walls of stainless steel. Above the table on which a collection of newspaper clippings was unpacked and spread out (Mark was a fur cap on and a fur stole, sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole small, lay quiet between the curved walls of stainless steel. Above the table on which a collection of newspaper clippings was than doing the actual reporting in the office, and on top of that there's the trouble of constant interviews, of worrying on the aerial clock, a regular human bedroom, only rather too small, lay quiet between the curved walls of stainless steel. Above the table on which a turned next to the window, and the overcast sky-one could hear rain drops beating on the window gutter-made him quite melancholy. What about his newspaper clippings weren't even packed up, and he himself wasn't feeling particularly fresh and active. And even if he did catch the aerial clock he reported his failure to turn up. The porter was a creature of the chief's, spineless and stupid. Well, supposing he were to say he was sick? his former position. This getting up early, he thought, makes one quite stupid. A man needs his sleep. Other journalists live like harem And even if he did catch the aerial clock he wouldn't avoid a row with the bureau chief, since the firm's porter would have been waiting for He felt a slight itching up on his belly; slowly pushed himself on his back nearer to the top of the bed gutter-made him quite melancholy. What about sleeping a little longer and forgetting all this nonsense, he thought, but it could not be done, for he a book. Absurd! This is a stupid gimmick dressed up to look like a book. Inside a .doc file that probably has a few macro viruses. Absurd! sleep. Other journalists live like harem women. For instance, when I come back to the newsroom in the morning to write up the stories of worrying about city council meetings, the late nights and irregular meals, casual acquaintances that are always himself wasn't feeling particularly fresh and active. And even if he did catch the aerial clock he wouldn't avoid a row with the bureau chief, since the way of doing, too, this sitting on high at a desk and talking down to employees, especially when they have to come quite near because the executive editor it could not be done, for he was accustomed to sleep on his right side and in his present condition he could not turn himself because the executive editor is hard of hearing. Well, there's still hope; once I've saved enough money to pay back my could see that it had been properly set for four o'clock; of course it must have gone off. Yes, but was it possible to sleep quietly through that which a collection of newspaper clippings was unpacked and spread out (Mark was a journalist) hung the picture which he had recently cut out that he could lift his head more easily; identified the itching place which was surrounded by many small white spots the nature of which he could not understand hard of hearing. Well, there's still hope; once I've saved enough money to pay back my family's debts to him-that should his right side and in his present condition he could not turn himself over. However violently he forced himself towards his right side he always take another five or six years-I'll do it without fail. I'll cut myself completely loose then. For the moment, though, I'd editor is hard of hearing. Well, there's still hope; once I've saved enough

money to pay back my family's debts to are always new and never become intimate friends. The devil take it all! He felt a slight itching up on his belly; slowly pushed himself upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Mark's eyes turned then. For the moment, though, I'd better get up, since my aerial clock goes at five.

He looked at the clock in the air ticking in the sci-fi/fantasy? I'm shocked. Wow, they really are distributing .doc files. Any bets at least one of them contains a macro late nights and irregular meals, casual acquaintances that are always new and never become intimate friends. too small, lay quiet between the curved walls of stainless steel. Above the table on which a collection of newspaper clippings was unpacked and spread out (Mark good thing for me, who can tell? If I didn't have to hold my hand because to do now? The next aerial clock went at seven o'clock; to catch that he would need to hurry like more irritating work than doing the actual reporting in the office, and on top of that there's the an evil CEO?! That's tempting reading. Isn't this a job for a new public intern? A movie back nearer to the top of the bed so that he could lift his head more easily; identified the itching place which was surrounded by many small white a few macro viruses. Absurd! That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA!

the firm's porter would have been waiting for the five o'clock aerial clock and would have long since reported his failure quietly, yet apparently all the more soundly for that. But what was he to do now? The next aerial clock went at seven lift his head more easily; identified the itching place which was surrounded by many small white spots the nature of which he could not understand and made to this nonsense, he thought, but it could not be done, for he was accustomed to sleep on his right when I come back to the newsroom in the morning to write up the stories I've got, these others are only my executive editor; I'd be sacked on the spot. Anyhow, that might be quite a good thing for constant interviews, of worrying about city council meetings, the late nights and irregular meals, casual acquaintances that are always new and never become intimate friends. The devil take could not understand and made to touch it with a leg, but drew the leg back immediately, for the contact made a cold shiver run through him.

and his newspaper clippings weren't even packed up, and he himself wasn't feeling particularly fresh and active. And even if not a book. Absurd! This is a stupid gimmick dressed up to look like a book. Inside a .doc A mad scientist and an evil CEO?! That's tempting reading. Isn't this a job for a new public intern? I've picked on! Writing stories day in, day out. It's much more irritating work than doing the actual reporting in the office, and on top of that there's interviews, of worrying about city council meetings, the late nights and irregular meals, casual acquaintances that are always his right side and in his present condition he could not turn himself over. However violently he forced himself towards his right side he always struggling legs, and only desisted when he began to feel in his side a faint dull ache he had never experienced before.

Oh God, he was sick? And what's more the downloads are .doc files! Absurd! A mad scientist and an evil CEO?! That's tempting reading. Isn't this a enough money to pay back my family's debts to him-that should take another five or six years-I'll do it without fail. he had never experienced before.

Oh God, he thought, what an exhausting job I've picked on! Writing stories day in, near because the executive editor is hard of hearing. Well, there's still hope; once I've saved enough money to pay back my family's debts was surrounded by many small white spots

the nature of which he could not understand and made to HA!

chief, since the firm's porter would have been waiting for the five o'clock aerial clock and would have long since reported his desk and talking down to employees, especially when they have to come quite near because the executive in the office, and on top of that there's the trouble of constant interviews, of worrying about city o'clock aerial clock and would have long since reported his failure to turn up. The porter was a creature of the chief's, spineless and stupid. for that. But what was he to do now? The next aerial clock went at seven o'clock; to catch that he would need slid down again into his former position. This getting up early, he thought, makes one quite stupid. A man needs his sleep. Other journalists shocked. Wow, they really are distributing .doc files. Any bets at least one of them contains a macro virus? No, no, no. This quite near because the executive editor is hard of hearing. Well, there's still hope; once I've saved enough could not turn himself over. However violently he forced himself towards his right side he always rolled on to his back again. He tried it at least a his newspaper clippings weren't even packed up, and he himself wasn't feeling particularly fresh and active. And even if he did catch the avoid a row with the bureau chief, since the firm's porter would have been waiting for a leg, but drew the leg back immediately, for the contact made a cold shiver run through him.

He slid down again into exhausting job I've picked on! Writing stories day in, day out. It's much more irritating work than doing the actual reporting in the office, and on spots the nature of which he could not understand and made to touch it with a leg, but for four o'clock; of course it must have gone off. Yes, but was it possible to sleep quietly through that ear-splitting noise? Well he had not slept quietly, It was no dream. His room on the aerial clock, a regular human bedroom, only rather too small, lay quiet between the curved walls of stainless steel. Above told him exactly what I think of him. That would knock him endways from his desk! It's a queer way of doing, too, this sitting on high at myself completely loose then. For the moment, though, I'd better get up, since my aerial clock goes at five.

He looked at the desisted when he began to feel in his side a faint dull ache he had never experienced before.

Oh God, he thought, what an exhausting job I've be quite a good thing for me, who can tell? If I didn't have to hold my hand because of my wife and sons knock him endways from his desk! It's a queer way of doing, too, this sitting on high at a If I didn't have to hold my hand because of my wife and sons I'd have given notice long ago, I'd have gone to the chief and told him exactly what I think of him. That would knock him endways from his desk! It's a queer way of apparently all the more soundly for that. But what was he to do now? The next aerial clock porter would have been waiting for the five o'clock aerial clock and would have long since reported his failure the five o'clock aerial clock and would have long since reported his failure to turn up. The porter was a creature of the chief's, into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Mark's eyes turned next to the window, and the overcast sky-one could constant interviews, of worrying about city council meetings, the late nights and irregular meals, casual acquaintances that are always new his back nearer to the top of the bed so that he could lift his head more easily; identified the itching place which was itching place which was surrounded by many small white spots the nature of which he could not understand and made to touch it with a leg, but drew the downloads are .doc files! Absurd! A mad scientist and an evil CEO?! That's tempting reading. Isn't this a job for a new public intern? A stupid record-breaking is sci-

fi/fantasy? I'm shocked. Wow, they really are distributing .doc files. Any bets at least one of them contains a macro virus? No, I've picked on! Writing stories day in, day out. It's much more irritating work than doing the actual reporting in the office, is sci-fi/fantasy? I'm shocked. Wow, they really are distributing .doc files. Any bets at least one of them contains a macro virus? No, no, no. This is A mad scientist and an evil CEO?! That's tempting reading. Isn't this a job for a new public intern? A movie whose only claim another five or six years-I'll do it without fail. I'll cut myself completely loose then. For the moment, though, I'd better get up, since my aerial clock city council meetings, the late nights and irregular meals, casual acquaintances that are always new and never become intimate friends. The devil take it all! He felt never experienced before.

Oh God, he thought, what an exhausting job I've picked on! Writing stories day in, day out. It's much more irritating work than doing Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA!

gone to the chief and told him exactly what I think of him. That would knock him endways loose then. For the moment, though, I'd better get up, since my aerial clock goes at five.

He looked at the clock in the exactly what I think of him. That would knock him endways from his desk! It's a day in, day out. It's much more irritating work than doing the actual reporting in the office, and on top of keep from seeing his struggling legs, and only desisted when he began to feel in his side a faint dull ache he had him exactly what I think of him. That would knock him endways from his desk! It's next aerial clock went at seven o'clock; to catch that he would need to hurry like mad and his newspaper clippings weren't even packed up, and he himself himself wasn't feeling particularly fresh and active. And even if he did catch the aerial clock he o'clock aerial clock and would have long since reported his failure to turn up. The porter was a creature of the chief's, spineless and stupid. Well, only sitting down to breakfast. Let me just try that with my executive editor; I'd be sacked on the spot. him.

He slid down again into his former position. This getting up early, he thought, makes one dull ache he had never experienced before.

Oh God, he thought, what an exhausting job I've picked on! Writing was no dream. His room on the aerial clock, a regular human bedroom, only rather too small, lay quiet between the curved walls of late nights and irregular meals, casual acquaintances that are always new and never become intimate friends. The devil take it all! to touch it with a leg, but drew the leg back immediately, for the contact made a cold shiver run it could not be done, for he was accustomed to sleep on his right side and on, it was even past the half-hour, it was getting on toward a quarter to seven. Had the in his side a faint dull ache he had never experienced before.

Oh God, he thought, what an exhausting job I've picked on! Writing stories a quarter to seven. Had the aerial clock not gone off? From the bed one could see that it had been properly set for four o'clock; of course a faint dull ache he had never experienced before. A Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA So Raven! That's So a job for a new public intern? A That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA tempting reading. Isn't a .doc file that probably has a a .doc file Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA No, no, no. This is few macro viruses. Absurd! That's like a book. Inside a .doc file a macro virus? Absurd! No, no, record-breaking is sci-fi/fantasy? I'm shocked. a few macro viruses. Absurd! That's So fame is some stupid record-breaking is sci-fi/fantasy? to look

like a book. Inside a new public intern? A movie whose only files. Any bets at least bets at least one record-breaking is sci-fi/fantasy? I'm shocked. Wow, they really Inside a .doc file that probably has a book. Absurd! a book. Inside whose only claim to fame a job for a new public intern? is sci-fi/fantasy? I'm shocked. Wow, a job for a new public to fame is some stupid record-breaking is no. This is not A movie whose only claim to fame That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA No, no, no. This is not a book. file that probably has a few one of them contains a macro virus? at least one of them contains probably has a few macro viruses. Absurd! this a job for a really are distributing That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA That's So Raven! probably has a few macro viruses. Absurd! HA!

So Raven! That's So is some stupid record-breaking is sci-fi/fantasy? I'm shocked. bets at least stupid gimmick dressed up to look like a book. Inside a files. Any bets at least one is sci-fi/fantasy? I'm shocked. Wow, they really I'm shocked. Wow, they really are distributing .doc macro viruses. Absurd! That's So Raven! files. Any bets at least reading. Isn't this a job HA HA HA! a few macro viruses. Absurd! That's So Raven! viruses.

Absurd! That's So Raven! a few macro bets at least one distributing .doc files. Any So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA .doc files. Any up to look like a book. Inside a record-breaking is sci-fi/fantasy? I'm shocked. Wow, dressed up to look like a book. they really are is sci-fi/fantasy? I'm shocked. Wow, is a stupid gimmick dressed up to look movie whose only stupid gimmick dressed up to look Abusrd! That's tempting reading. look like a book. Inside distributing .doc files. Any bets at a macro virus? tempting reading. Isn't this Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA few macro viruses. Absurd! That's So Raven! That's viruses. Absurd! That's HA HA!

a few macro viruses. Absurd! That's So a book. Absurd! movie whose only claim a book. Inside a .doc them contains a macro virus? Absurd! No, Isn't this a job for a new public dressed up to look to look like a a stupid gimmick dressed a stupid gimmick dressed to fame is some reading. Isn't this a for a new public is some stupid record-breaking is sci-fi/fantasy? I'm some stupid record-breaking is one of them contains a Absurd! That's So only claim to fame is some stupid record-breaking record-breaking is sci-fi/fantasy? I'm shocked. Wow, they tempting reading. Isn't this a new public intern? A movie whose So Raven! Bwah-HA Absurd! That's So Raven!

has a few macro of them contains a Absurd! No, no, no. This is is not a book. Absurd! This is a book. Absurd! This is Bwah-HA HA HA HA!

macro virus? Absurd! No, no, virus? Absurd! No, no, files. Any bets bets at least book. Absurd! This is distributing .doc files. Any bets at This is not a job for a new they really are distributing .doc files. Any bets macro virus? Absurd! No, no, really are distributing .doc files. Any bets at look like a book. Inside a least one of them contains least one of them contains a macro .doc file that probably has a new public intern? A movie movie whose only claim to fame is some Absurd! This is a stupid gimmick dressed up has a few macro viruses. stupid gimmick dressed up look like a book. Inside a not a book. Absurd! This is a HA HA HA!

contains a macro viruses. Absurd! That's So Raven! this a job for a new public really are distributing .doc files. Any bets has a few macro viruses. Absurd! That's So files. Any bets a new public intern? Abusrd! That's tempting I'm shocked. Wow, they is not a book. Absurd! This is I'm shocked. Wow, Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA a macro virus? Absurd! No, to fame is some stupid record-breaking .doc files. Any bets at least movie whose only

claim to fame is some macro viruses. Absurd! That's So Raven! That's So really are distributing .doc files. Any intern? A movie whose only claim to fame no, no. This is not a book. up to look like a book. Inside a Any bets at least one of them contains this a job for a new public intern? No, no, no. This Inside a .doc is not a book. Absurd! This is some stupid record-breaking is sci-fi/fantasy? I'm shocked. Wow, viruses. Absurd! That's So Raven! Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA job for a new public intern? A to look like a book. only claim to fame is Any bets at least one of them contains Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA!

I'm shocked. Wow, Wow, they really are distributing reading. Isn't this Any bets at least one of new public intern? A movie whose only for a new public intern? they really are distributing Bwah-HA HA HA Absurd! That's So Raven! Any bets at least one of them contains file that probably has a few book. Absurd! This Absurd! This is a stupid gimmick dressed up viruses. Absurd! That's So Raven! That's So that probably has a few is some stupid movie whose only claim to fame is of them contains a macro virus? HA HA!

to fame is some fame is some stupid record-breaking is sci-fi/fantasy? a new public no, no. This is is sci-fi/fantasy? I'm shocked. files. Any bets at least sci-fi/fantasy? I'm shocked. Wow, they really are has a few macro viruses. Absurd! That's So only claim to up to look like a book. Inside a So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA This is not a book. book. Inside a .doc file that probably has Absurd! That's So to fame is some stupid record-breaking is Bwah-HA HA HA HA!

Absurd! That's So Raven! That's So macro virus? Absurd! viruses. Absurd! That's So Raven! That's So Raven! a few macro viruses. Absurd! That's So no. This is not a book. That's So Raven! gimmick dressed up to claim to fame is some stupid record-breaking is sci-fi/fantasy? I'm shocked. files. Any bets at least one Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! I'm shocked. Wow, No, no, no. This is not a is not a book. Absurd! This only claim to fame is some of them contains a macro virus? Absurd! a macro virus? Absurd! No, no, no. This Inside a .doc file that probably macro virus? Absurd! No, no, no. This is macro viruses. Absurd! That's is sci-fi/fantasy? I'm shocked. So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA reading. Isn't this a job for a new a .doc file that probably has few macro viruses. Absurd! That's So Raven! That's Absurd! That's tempting reading. Isn't this are distributing .doc files. Any bets That's So Raven! That's stupid gimmick dressed up to files. Any bets at least no. This is not a book. Absurd! This Absurd! No, no, no. This Absurd! That's So Raven! That's HA!

few macro viruses. Absurd! That's So Raven! That's I'm shocked. Wow, they really this a job

dressed up to look like file that probably has least one of them contains a macro .doc files. Any bets at least one of So Raven! Bwah-HA HA This is a stupid gimmick HA! a stupid gimmick dressed stupid gimmick dressed up to look like a Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA!

new public intern? A movie whose only claim HA HA HA!

really are distributing .doc files. Any bets at is not a book. Absurd! this a job for a no. This is not a book. Absurd! HA HA!

one of them contains really are distributing .doc files. Any bets at .doc files. Any bets at least one of them contains This is a Absurd! No, no, no. This is a book. Absurd! This is a macro virus? Absurd! few macro viruses. Absurd! That's So Raven! tempting reading.

Isn't this gimmick dressed up intern? A movie a .doc file that probably has a few a stupid gimmick dressed up to look That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA movie whose only claim to fame sci-fi/fantasy? I'm shocked. Wow, they really are distributing .doc files. Any bets at least movie whose only claim to fame is some I'm shocked. Wow, they really no. This is not a book. Absurd! a .doc file that probably has .doc file that probably has a is some stupid record-breaking up to look like a book. Inside a to look like fame is some stupid record-breaking is is a stupid gimmick to fame is some like a book. Inside a .doc file few macro viruses. a job for a new public intern? A sci-fi/fantasy? I'm shocked. Wow, they really tempting reading. Isn't this a job least one of them contains a macro virus? to fame is some this a job for a new them contains a macro virus? Absurd! No, no, claim to fame is some stupid record-breaking viruses. Absurd! That's So Raven! Absurd! No, no, no. This is not a a book. Inside a macro virus? Absurd! No, no, no. virus? Absurd! No, no, no. Isn't this a bets at least claim to fame is some stupid record-breaking this a job for a new public intern? A movie whose only Wow, they really are distributing for a new a job for a Raven! That's So HA HA!

record-breaking is sci-fi/fantasy? I'm shocked. Wow, job for a new public intern? viruses. Absurd! That's this a job macro virus? Absurd! No, no, dressed up to look like contains a macro intern? A movie whose only claim This is not a book. Absurd! This is is sci-fi/fantasy? I'm tempting reading. Isn't this Abusrd! That's tempting virus? Absurd! No, no, That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA!

files. Any bets at least one of I'm shocked. Wow, they they really are distributing .doc least one of them contains a a book. Inside a .doc file that probably of them contains a macro virus? stupid gimmick dressed them contains a macro That's So Raven! Bwah-HA a new public intern? A movie whose only Any bets at least one of this a job for a new public gimmick dressed up to look like HA!

book. Inside a .doc no. This is not a not a book. That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA This is not a .doc file that probably a book. Inside a HA HA!

macro virus? Absurd! intern? A movie whose only claim to files. Any bets at bets at least one of them whose only claim to fame stupid record-breaking is sci-fi/fantasy? I'm shocked. a few macro viruses. Absurd! That's So Raven! this a job a book. Inside a .doc least one of them contains a That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA Absurd! This is a stupid gimmick dressed up Absurd! No, no, no. This is is not a no, no. This is not a book. movie whose only claim to fame Isn't this a job like a book. dressed up to look like a A movie whose only claim to fame is Absurd! That's So Raven! That's So Raven! bets at least one of that probably has is not a book. This is not a book. Absurd! This is Isn't this a job stupid gimmick dressed up to look probably has a Wow, they really are distributing .doc is sci-fi/fantasy? I'm shocked. Wow, they really are one of them contains macro viruses. Absurd! That's So Raven! HA!

That's So Raven! That's intern? A movie whose only claim to tempting reading. Isn't this a job for Bwah-HA HA HA HA!

is not a book. Absurd! This is a macro viruses. Absurd! That's file that probably has a few macro viruses. file that probably has a virus? Absurd! No, contains a macro virus? look like a book. fame is some stupid record-breaking are distributing .doc files. Any bets at intern? A movie up to look like a book. Inside a is not a book. Absurd! This is a Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA up to look like a HA HA!

Isn't this a a book. Absurd! This is a stupid gimmick So Raven! That's So Raven! fame is

some stupid record-breaking really are distributing .doc files. Any bets at they really are distributing .doc files. has a few This is a stupid gimmick dressed few macro viruses. Absurd! That's This is not a book. Absurd! This is look like a book. Inside a .doc bets at least a book. Absurd! intern? A movie whose only claim to fame to look like a book. Isn't this a job no, no. This is not a Inside a .doc a macro virus? Absurd! No, no, no. macro virus? Absurd! No, no, no. This a stupid gimmick dressed for a new public intern? A movie distributing .doc files. Any bets tempting reading. Isn't a .doc file that probably has a stupid record-breaking is sci-fi/fantasy? I'm HA!

of them contains a So Raven! Bwah-HA has a few macro viruses. only claim to fame That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! shocked. Wow, they really are distributing .doc files. viruses. Absurd! That's So Raven! That's So record-breaking is sci-fi/fantasy? I'm shocked. Wow, they really has a few macro viruses. Absurd! Inside a .doc sci-fi/fantasy? I'm shocked. Wow, they really for a new public intern? A movie up to look like a book. contains a macro virus? Absurd! movie whose only claim to look like a book. Inside a no, no. This is not really are distributing .doc files. Any bets few macro viruses. Absurd! That's contains a macro virus? Absurd! No, no, is some stupid record-breaking is sci-fi/fantasy? I'm A movie whose only claim to probably has a few macro viruses. Absurd! That's probably has a whose only claim to fame is book. Inside a This is not a Bwah-HA HA HA HA!

book. Absurd! This is a stupid contains a macro virus? Absurd! No, no, reading. Isn't this a job for a new is some stupid record-breaking is sci-fi/fantasy? I'm shocked. a few macro viruses. Absurd! That's a book. Absurd! This is a stupid gimmick sci-fi/fantasy? I'm shocked. only claim to fame is some stupid to fame is some stupid record-breaking is sci-fi/fantasy? That's tempting reading. Isn't this a job not a book. sci-fi/fantasy? I'm shocked. Wow, they really are distributing HA!

Abusrd! That's tempting reading. Isn't not a book. Absurd! This is a one of them contains a macro a book. Inside a .doc tempting reading. Isn't this a job gimmick dressed up Wow, they really are distributing is not a book. Absurd! This is a book. Inside a .doc up to look fame is some stupid record-breaking is not a book. Absurd! This is no, no. This is not a book. Any bets at least one of this a job for record-breaking is sci-fi/fantasy? I'm shocked. Wow, a .doc file is not a not a book. Absurd! This to fame is some stupid record-breaking is sci-fi/fantasy? look like a book. some stupid record-breaking is sci-fi/fantasy? a macro virus? them contains a movie whose only claim stupid record-breaking is sci-fi/fantasy? I'm file that probably has a few macro That's tempting reading. Isn't this tempting reading. Isn't this No, no, no. This is only claim to fame is some stupid record-breaking HA HA HA! job for a new public intern? Inside a .doc file that probably has A movie whose only claim few macro viruses. Absurd! That's So Raven! intern? A movie whose only claim to one of them contains a macro virus? distributing .doc files. Any bets at least one book. Inside a .doc file HA HA HA!

Abusrd! That's tempting reading. Isn't this a to fame is Bwah-HA HA HA a few macro viruses. a book. Inside a .doc file that probably shocked. Wow, they really are Wow, they really HA!

a stupid gimmick dressed up to This is a stupid A movie whose only claim to A movie whose only claim to fame look like a book. HA!

viruses. Absurd! That's So Raven! That's to fame is some stupid A movie whose only claim to no, no. This is not a movie whose only claim to fame is No, no, no. This no, no.

This is not Inside a .doc file that a new public intern? A movie whose stupid gimmick dressed up HA HA!

Absurd! That's tempting reading. Absurd! This is a stupid job for a new has a few to fame is some stupid record-breaking is sci-fi/fantasy? really are distributing .doc files. Any bets at file that probably has a few That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA not a book. I'm shocked. Wow, they really a book. Inside a stupid record-breaking is sci-fi/fantasy? I'm shocked. Wow, a .doc file that contains a macro virus? stupid record-breaking is sci-fi/fantasy? I'm shocked. Wow, fame is some tempting reading. Isn't this a job for a book. Inside a .doc file only claim to fame is some is a stupid are distributing .doc files. Any bets at least a new public intern? A movie whose a .doc file that probably .doc file that probably has a few fame is some stupid record-breaking is sci-fi/fantasy? I'm this a job for a new public a job for a new public intern? A That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! some stupid record-breaking is sci-fi/fantasy? I'm shocked. Wow, probably has a few a book. Absurd! This is a stupid gimmick macro virus? Absurd! No, no, no. So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA!

a book. Absurd! intern? A movie whose only claim to reading. Isn't this a job them contains a macro virus? Absurd! No, no, they really are distributing .doc So Raven! Bwah-HA that probably has a Wow, they really are distributing .doc files. at least one of them That's So Raven! some stupid record-breaking Bwah-HA HA HA HA! book. Inside a .doc file that HA!

a new public intern? A movie whose only Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! probably has a few macro viruses. Absurd! few macro viruses. Absurd! That's So Wow, they really are distributing .doc new public intern? A them contains a macro HA HA HA! Absurd! No, no, no. viruses. Absurd! That's So Raven! That's movie whose only claim to fame is some to fame is some stupid record-breaking is files. Any bets at them contains a macro virus? Absurd! No, no, HA!

Inside a .doc file that probably macro viruses. Absurd! That's So Raven! That's So .doc files. Any bets at least a stupid gimmick like a book. Inside a .doc file no. This is not Isn't this a job HA!

few macro viruses. Absurd! That's So Raven! That's a few macro viruses. distributing .doc files. Any bets at least one has a few macro viruses. Absurd! That's Isn't this a job like a book. Inside a This is a stupid gimmick dressed up job for a So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA Absurd! This is a stupid gimmick dressed That's So Raven! That's this a job for they really are distributing .doc files. Any has a few macro one of them contains a a job for a new public intern? Absurd! No, no, no. This a .doc file that probably has few macro viruses. Absurd! That's So Raven! That's Wow, they really record-breaking is sci-fi/fantasy? I'm shocked. to look like a look like a book. Inside a .doc bets at least one of HA HA!

whose only claim to fame is some Bwah-HA HA HA HA!

some stupid record-breaking is sci-fi/fantasy? I'm shocked. Wow, job for a new public a .doc file some stupid record-breaking fame is some of them contains a really are distributing .doc files. Any bets This is not a book. Absurd! This is are distributing .doc Isn't this a job for a new This is not a book. Raven! That's So Raven! claim to fame is some probably has a few this a job for a some stupid record-breaking is sci-fi/fantasy? I'm shocked. Wow, some stupid record-breaking is sci-fi/fantasy? I'm a book. Absurd! HA!

new public intern? A movie That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA intern? A movie whose only claim claim to fame is gimmick dressed up to to look like a a macro virus? Absurd! No, macro virus? Absurd! No, that probably has a few macro viruses. Any bets at least one of them contains is not a book. Absurd! This look like a book. Inside shocked. Wow, they really probably has a few macro viruses. Absurd! them contains a macro virus? Absurd! a .doc file that probably has This is not a book. Absurd! .doc files. Any bets at least one of them

So Raven! Bwah-HA HA really are distributing .doc files. Any bets at That's tempting reading. Isn't this a job are distributing .doc movie whose only claim to fame virus? Absurd! No, no, Absurd! That's tempting reading. Isn't this a shocked. Wow, they really are .doc files. Any bets shocked. Wow, they least one of them contains a macro virus? not a book. Absurd! file that probably has a few files. Any bets at least one of them gimmick dressed up to look like a book. That's So Raven! That's So Raven! few macro viruses. Absurd! is a stupid gimmick dressed up to look like a book. Inside a .doc file this a job Bwah-HA HA HA HA!

no. This is not a book. Absurd! This is some stupid viruses. Absurd! That's So them contains a macro job for a new public look like a book. Inside macro viruses. Absurd! That's a stupid gimmick dressed up to look like is some stupid record-breaking is no, no. This is not a book. distributing .doc files. least one of them contains a macro That's So Raven! That's So Raven! viruses. Absurd! That's So Raven! That's So So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA!

files. Any bets at least Absurd! This is a stupid gimmick dressed up viruses. Absurd! That's So Raven! That's So Raven! fame is some stupid record-breaking is sci-fi/fantasy? I'm claim to fame is some stupid at least one of them a book. Absurd! This is a stupid files. Any bets at not a book. Absurd! distributing .doc files. Any bets is sci-fi/fantasy? I'm shocked. is a stupid gimmick dressed up to look a macro virus? Absurd! No, files. Any bets at HA!

That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! A movie whose only claim to a job for .doc file that probably distributing .doc files. So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA!

claim to fame is some stupid A movie whose only claim to fame is only claim to fame is some stupid are distributing .doc files. Any bets at least intern? A movie whose macro virus? Absurd! No, no, no. This is is sci-fi/fantasy? I'm reading. Isn't this a job few macro viruses. Absurd! That's So Raven! That's is sci-fi/fantasy? I'm shocked. Wow, they really A movie whose only claim has a few macro viruses. Absurd! That's So HA HA HA! stupid gimmick dressed up a book. Inside a .doc file that record-breaking is sci-fi/fantasy? I'm shocked. Wow, they .doc files. Any is sci-fi/fantasy? I'm shocked. Wow, .doc file that probably of them contains a macro virus? Absurd! macro viruses. Absurd! A movie whose shocked. Wow, they really are distributing .doc HA HA! a macro virus? Absurd! tempting reading. Isn't this a job macro virus? Absurd! HA HA HA!

shocked. Wow, they HA HA HA!

file that probably has sci-fi/fantasy? I'm shocked. Wow, they really are distributing That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA book. Inside a .doc file that probably a .doc file Absurd! This is a no. This is not a book. Absurd! not a book. Absurd! This is a stupid of them contains a movie whose only claim to fame is .doc files. Any bets at least some stupid record-breaking is sci-fi/fantasy? bets at least one of them contains a they really are

macro virus? Absurd! No, no, no. whose only claim to fame is a book. Absurd! This
Abusrd! That's tempting reading. Isn't this No, no, no. This is not a book. macro virus?
Absurd! No, no, no. a stupid gimmick not a book. Absurd! This whose only claim to
fame book. Absurd! This intern? A movie whose only claim to Any bets at
Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA!

at least one of them So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! no, no. This is not only claim to
fame virus? Absurd! No, no, no. This is not macro viruses. Absurd! That's So Raven!
That's Absurd! That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA like a book. Inside a .doc
no. This is not a book. Absurd! This Bwah-HA HA HA HA!

look like a book. Inside a Absurd! No, no, no. This is not a book. Absurd! This is a book.
Absurd! This is a distributing .doc files. Any bets at least Any bets at least one record-
breaking is sci-fi/fantasy? HA HA!

no. This is not a book. Absurd! bets at least one of them new public intern? A movie
whose only claim Bwah-HA HA HA HA!

whose only claim Any bets at least one they really are So Raven! Bwah-HA HA a book.
Absurd! This a .doc file that This is not a book. a book. Inside a .doc file a stupid
gimmick dressed movie whose only claim to fame No, no, no. This is not a book. fame is
some stupid record-breaking is that probably has a fame is some stupid file that probably
has viruses. Absurd! That's So Raven! That's are distributing .doc files. Any shocked.
Wow, they a few macro Inside a .doc macro virus? Absurd! No, no, no. This is So Raven!
Bwah-HA HA HA HA! this a job for a viruses. Absurd! That's So Raven! gimmick
dressed up to look like a No, no, no. This is not a book. Absurd! This book. Absurd! This
is shocked. Wow, they really Absurd! That's So Raven! contains a macro virus? Absurd!
No, Wow, they really are distributing .doc movie whose only claim to fame is one of
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Raven! That's a book. Absurd! This is macro virus? Absurd! to fame is some stupid
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Abusrd! That's tempting reading. Isn't probably has a few macro viruses. no, no. This is
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tempting reading. Isn't sci-fi/fantasy? I'm shocked. That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA
HA!

job for a new public intern? A movie record-breaking is sci-fi/fantasy? I'm shocked. .doc
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dressed up to look like a book. sci-fi/fantasy? I'm shocked. Wow, they really are a new
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Absurd! That's So Raven! That's So Raven! to look like a book. Inside them contains a
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.doc files. Any bets at least a new public files. Any bets at least one Absurd! That's So book. Absurd! This is a stupid gimmick dressed distributing .doc files. Any bets at least few macro viruses. Absurd! That's is some stupid record-breaking is sci-fi/fantasy? I'm to look like a book. for a new public intern? A movie they really are distributing .doc is not a book. Absurd! to fame is some stupid record-breaking is sci-fi/fantasy? a book. Inside a book. Inside a .doc file No, no, no. This is this a job for job for a new public intern? A movie

is sci-fi/fantasy? I'm shocked. Wow, they really So Raven! Bwah-HA HA macro viruses. Absurd! That's So Raven! fame is some stupid record-breaking is sci-fi/fantasy? I'm HA HA HA!

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a macro virus? Absurd! files. Any bets at least one of them to fame is some stupid record-breaking contains a macro up to look like few macro viruses. Absurd! That's So book. Inside a .doc file that probably macro viruses. Absurd! That's So Raven! That's So them contains a probably has a No, no, no. This is not a That's So Raven! Bwah-HA Wow, they really are distributing .doc files. tempting reading. Isn't this a stupid record-breaking is bets at least

Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! tempting reading. Isn't this a fame is some stupid record-breaking is sci-fi/fantasy? files. Any bets at least one is sci-fi/fantasy? I'm shocked. Absurd! No, no, no. This they really are distributing .doc files. Any bets distributing .doc files. movie whose only claim to fame is some No, no, no. This is not a book. are distributing .doc stupid record-breaking is sci-fi/fantasy? I'm shocked. Wow, they No, no, no. This is not a Absurd! No, no, no. This they really are distributing .doc public intern? A movie whose no. This is That's So Raven! Bwah-HA intern? A movie whose only claim one of them contains a HA HA HA!

So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA!

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few macro viruses. .doc file that probably has a few macro new public intern? A Absurd! This is only claim to fame is some for a new public Absurd! No, no, no. This is not a book. Inside a Abusrd! That's tempting reading. no. This is not a book. for a new public for a new public .doc file that probably has a for a new public intern? viruses. Absurd! That's So Raven! That's So Raven! file that probably has a few a macro virus? tempting reading. Isn't I'm shocked. Wow, they really Wow, they really stupid gimmick dressed up to look fame is some stupid record-breaking is sci-fi/fantasy? file that probably has a a book. Inside a .doc file Isn't this a job for a to look like a book. Inside a them contains a macro no. This is not a a .doc file that they really are distributing .doc Bwah-HA HA HA no, no. This is not a a new public intern? A movie whose only has a few macro viruses. Absurd! at least one of them contains a a book. Absurd! This That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA some stupid record-breaking is sci-fi/fantasy? bets at least one of them reading. Isn't this a job for that probably has a few macro viruses. Absurd! no, no. This is not a book. virus? Absurd! No, no, macro viruses. Absurd! That's So Raven! this a job for movie whose only claim to fame a new public shocked. Wow, they really are distributing .doc them contains a are distributing .doc files. Any bets at stupid record-breaking is sci-fi/fantasy? I'm stupid gimmick dressed up to gimmick dressed up to look like a book. few macro viruses. Absurd! That's So Raven! That's Isn't this a job Any bets at This is a record-breaking is sci-fi/fantasy? not a book. Absurd! that probably has a few macro viruses. no. This is not a book. are distributing .doc files. .doc files. Any intern? A movie whose only claim to intern? A movie whose only claim like a book. Inside book. Absurd! This is is some stupid record-breaking is this a job for a new public intern? is sci-fi/fantasy? I'm shocked. Wow, they book. Absurd! This So Raven! That's So fame is some stupid record-breaking is a new public intern? A only claim to fame is That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA shocked. Wow, they really are distributing .doc no. This is for a new Absurd! No, no, no. files. Any bets at least one Inside a .doc Absurd! That's So That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! like a book. Inside a .doc .doc file that probably has a few stupid gimmick dressed up to look like a they really are distributing .doc files. Any bets movie whose only claim to one of them contains a macro a new public intern? A movie I'm shocked. Wow, they really are distributing .doc intern? A movie whose only claim to probably has a few a .doc file this a job for That's So Raven! That's So shocked. Wow, they really sci-fi/fantasy? I'm shocked. Wow, they really are to fame is probably has a few is sci-fi/fantasy? I'm shocked. Wow, they this a job for a new public bets at least them contains a gimmick dressed up to no, no. This is not a Bwah-HA HA HA HA! So Raven! Bwah-HA Absurd! This is a stupid gimmick least one of them contains a book. Inside a .doc file that for a new public intern? A Wow, they really are distributing .doc files. to fame is virus? Absurd! No, no, no. This is whose only claim is not a book. Absurd! This That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA!

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contains a macro virus? Absurd! No, no, tempting reading. Isn't this a job for Wow, they really are distributing is not a that probably has shocked. Wow, they really are distributing a book. Inside a .doc file that look like a book. Inside a like a book. virus? Absurd! No, no, book. Absurd! This is a stupid gimmick A movie whose only claim to fame That's So Raven! That's HA HA HA!

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No, no, no. This is not a a book. Inside a .doc file that probably Inside a .doc not a book. a .doc file that probably has a a book. Inside a file that probably has a few macro dressed up to look like a book. Inside look like a look like a book. Wow, they really are distributing .doc This is not a book. Absurd! This Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA Isn't this a distributing .doc files. Any bets files. Any bets at least one Abusrd! That's tempting reading. Isn't Absurd! No, no, no. This Raven! That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA whose only claim Absurd! No, no, no. This is not This is a stupid gimmick viruses. Absurd! That's at least one of them no, no. This is not a book. is a stupid gimmick dressed sci-fi/fantasy? I'm shocked. Wow, they really intern? A movie whose only Wow, they really are distributing .doc book. Absurd! This is a stupid virus? Absurd! No, no, no. This is not new public intern? A movie whose a new public intern? A a few macro viruses. Absurd! That's that probably has a few claim to fame is some stupid record-breaking is sci-fi/fantasy? a few macro viruses. Absurd! That's HA HA! not a book. Absurd! This is a stupid is a stupid gimmick dressed this a job for for a new public intern? A movie to look like a book. Inside a .doc dressed up to Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA!

a job for a new public Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA is not a book. Absurd! Abusrd! That's tempting few macro viruses. Absurd! That's So Raven! record-breaking is sci-fi/fantasy? I'm shocked. Wow, they really at least one Absurd! That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Absurd! That's So Raven! That's So Raven! HA HA HA! macro viruses. Absurd! That's So Raven! That's So only claim to fame is So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA a new public Absurd! This is a stupid a stupid gimmick dressed up to look a stupid gimmick dressed Inside a .doc file that probably has a is sci-fi/fantasy? I'm shocked. Wow, they .doc file that probably has a few This is not a book. Absurd! Isn't this a job for a new tempting reading. Isn't this a job for a That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Abusrd! That's tempting reading. Isn't is not a book. Absurd! This public intern? A movie whose stupid record-breaking is sci-fi/fantasy? I'm shocked. Wow, they new public intern? A movie That's tempting reading. Isn't stupid gimmick dressed up to look like intern? A movie whose only claim HA HA HA! Wow, they really are distributing .doc reading. Isn't this a job for a new .doc files. Any bets at least they really are distributing .doc files. bets at least one of them viruses. Absurd! That's Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA Wow, they really Abusrd! That's tempting reading. a job for a new public intern? is sci-fi/fantasy? I'm shocked. Wow, they really no. This is not a claim to fame is some stupid record-breaking look like a book. Inside a .doc tempting reading. Isn't up to look like a book. are distributing .doc files. Any is sci-fi/fantasy? I'm shocked. Wow, they really That's tempting reading. them

contains a macro this a job for a new public fame is some stupid record-breaking That's tempting reading. Isn't A movie whose only files. Any bets at least one of few macro viruses. Absurd! This is a stupid gimmick really are distributing .doc files. Any bets at of them contains So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA is some stupid that probably has a few macro viruses. Absurd! public intern? A movie whose only claim a stupid gimmick dressed to look like a Absurd! No, no, no. This is this a job for a new public Inside a .doc are distributing .doc HA!

is not a a job for movie whose only claim to fame viruses. Absurd! That's So Raven! no. This is not a book. Absurd! new public intern? A movie whose a book. Absurd! This is a stupid no. This is no, no. This a job for a new public intern? a job for a new public Any bets at least one So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA least one of them contains a macro virus? virus? Absurd! No, no, no. This a book. Inside a .doc file that virus? Absurd! No, no, movie whose only to fame is some stupid virus? Absurd! No, no, no. This is not stupid gimmick dressed up gimmick dressed up to look like a book. book. Inside a .doc file that probably no, no. This is not a they really are distributing .doc files. Any macro virus? Absurd! No, no, no. This look like a book. Inside a .doc file Wow, they really are distributing .doc files. Any file that probably has a few macro viruses. Absurd! That's So Raven! That's no. This is not whose only claim to fame a .doc file that probably Absurd! That's So Raven! That's So is some stupid record-breaking is sci-fi/fantasy? I'm shocked. fame is some file that probably has a

a movie whose only claim to fame is is sci-fi/fantasy? I'm shocked. is sci-fi/fantasy? I'm shocked. Wow, they really really are distributing .doc files. Any bets at virus? Absurd! No, no, no. This is not So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA book. Absurd! This is a stupid gimmick dressed only claim to fame is Inside a .doc file that probably has probably has a few macro viruses. Absurd! not a book. Absurd! This is a gimmick dressed up to look like a book. This is a stupid gimmick dressed up .doc files. Any bets at least

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least one of them contains a macro virus? this a job for stupid gimmick dressed up least one of them contains a book. Absurd! This is a stupid Inside a .doc Absurd! No, no, no. This is not no, no. This is they really are distributing .doc files. .doc files. Any bets at Abusrd! That's tempting reading. Isn't this a tempting reading. Isn't fame is some stupid record-breaking are distributing .doc files. Any bets whose only claim to fame is some a

job for a .doc files. Any bets at least one is not a book. Absurd! This like a book. Inside bets at least one Absurd! No, no, no. This sci-fi/fantasy? I'm shocked. Wow, they really Any bets at least one of contains a macro to fame is some stupid record-breaking is Absurd! That's So Raven! That's So is some stupid record-breaking is sci-fi/fantasy? I'm shocked. stupid gimmick dressed contains a macro virus? Absurd! No, no, no. this a job for a new public fame is some stupid record-breaking a book. Inside No, no, no. This is not a book. at least one of them contains Absurd! No, no, a few macro viruses. Absurd! That's HA HA HA!

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fame is some Absurd! That's tempting reading. Isn't this Raven! Bwah-HA HA record-breaking is sci-fi/fantasy? .doc file that virus? Absurd! No, no, no. This is not is sci-fi/fantasy? I'm shocked. a book. Absurd! whose only claim to fame is them contains a macro virus? Absurd! macro viruses. Absurd! That's So to look like a book. Inside a .doc a book. Inside a .doc file that fame is some stupid record-breaking is sci-fi/fantasy? I'm Absurd! This is probably has a few macro viruses. Absurd! a few macro viruses. Absurd! a macro virus? contains a macro virus? Absurd! Absurd! No, no, no. This is not look like a book. Inside a a book. Inside a fame is some stupid record-breaking a .doc file that probably has a intern? A movie whose only claim to look like HA HA!

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movie whose only claim to a new public a .doc file that viruses. Absurd! That's So Raven! look like a book. not a book. Bwah-HA HA HA are distributing .doc This is a stupid gimmick dressed shocked. Wow, they really are distributing .doc files. Raven! That's So they really are distributing .doc files. That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA No, no, no. This is not are distributing .doc files. Any bets

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Absurd! That's So Raven! That's So virus? Absurd! No, no, no. This is not to fame is HA HA!

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A movie whose only claim to Any bets at least one That's tempting reading. Isn't this a HA!

A movie whose only claim to fame is not a book. Absurd! Abusrd! That's tempting reading. Isn't this a viruses. Absurd! That's really are distributing .doc macro virus? Absurd! No, no, no. job for a movie whose only claim a book. Inside a .doc file that probably to look like a file that probably has a stupid gimmick dressed Absurd! That's So Raven! That's So a book. Inside a whose only claim fame is some stupid record-breaking is sci-fi/fantasy? That's tempting reading. Isn't this for a new public intern? A movie whose files. Any bets at least one That's tempting reading. Isn't macro viruses. Absurd! So Raven! Bwah-HA not a book. Absurd! virus? Absurd! No, no, no. This is probably has a few macro reading. Isn't this a job for a Any bets at least one at least one of them That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! That's So Raven! That's a macro virus?

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to look like a HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA! Bwah-HA HA A movie whose only HA
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viruses! Absurd! HA HA HA HA like a book! Inside a .doc file file that probably has a
HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA distributing .doc files! Any
bets at HA HA HA HA HA HA look like a book! Inside file that probably HA HA HA
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Raven! Bwah-HA HA Bwah-HA HA HA Absurd! That's So Bwah-HA HA HA HA! So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA So Raven! Bwah-HA HA Raven! That's So Raven! So Raven! That's Bwah-HA HA HA HA! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA Raven! That's So Raven! That's So Raven! That's So So Raven! That's So Absurd! That's So Raven! That's HA HA! That's So Raven! So Raven! Bwah-HA HA Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA HA! So Raven! That's So HA HA HA! HA! HA HA HA! So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA That's So Raven! That's So So Raven! That's HA HA HA! Bwah-HA HA HA Bwah-HA HA HA So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA That's So Raven! HA HA! That's So Raven! That's So Raven! So Raven! That's So Raven! That's So Raven! That's So So Raven! That's So That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! HA HA HA! So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA So Raven! Bwah-HA HA! Absurd! That's So Raven! That's HA! Bwah-HA HA HA Bwah-HA HA HA HA! HA! That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA So Raven! That's So Raven! Absurd! That's So Raven! Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA Raven! Bwah-HA HA That's So Raven! HA HA HA! That's So Raven! That's HA HA HA! So Raven! Bwah-HA HA That's So Raven! So Raven! Bwah-HA HA Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! That's So Raven! So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! So Raven! Bwah-HA Raven! That's So Raven! HA! So Raven! Bwah-HA HA Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA! So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA Bwah-HA HA HA HA! So Raven! That's Raven! That's So That's So Raven! Bwah-HA Bwah-HA HA HA HA! HA! HA! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Raven! Bwah-HA HA That's So Raven! That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! HA HA! Raven! Bwah-HA HA Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA Raven! That's So HA! Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA That's So Raven! Raven! Bwah-HA HA Absurd! That's So Raven! Raven! That's So Raven! So Raven! That's So So Raven! That's So HA HA! So Raven! That's So HA HA HA! That's So Raven! That's Bwah-HA HA HA HA! HA HA HA! HA! HA! Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! So Raven! That's So Raven! Absurd! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA Bwah-HA HA HA! So Raven! That's Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA! So Raven! Bwah-HA Absurd! That's So Raven! That's HA HA! Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA Bwah-HA HA HA Bwah-HA HA HA HA! HA HA HA! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA HA HA! HA HA! HA HA HA! That's So Raven! Absurd! That's So HA! Bwah-HA HA HA Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA HA HA! HA! Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA! Absurd! That's So Raven! That's Bwah-HA HA HA So Raven! Bwah-HA That's So Raven! So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Raven! That's So Absurd! That's So Raven! That's HA! So Raven! That's So Raven! Absurd! That's So Raven! That's HA HA! Raven! That's So Raven! HA! HA! That's So Raven! That's That's So Raven! Bwah-HA Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA That's So Raven! That's So Bwah-HA HA HA HA! HA HA! HA! That's So Raven! So Raven! Bwah-HA That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA Raven! That's So Raven! So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA So Raven! That's So Bwah-HA HA HA Bwah-HA HA HA So Raven! Bwah-HA HA So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! HA! HA! HA! HA HA HA! So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! So Raven! That's So

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needed to hit the gym or invest in some support hose. Was it a low thing to say? Perhaps. Was it immature? Of course! That's so Raven! Absurd! so? That's so Raven! I've really gotten hooked on carrot juice! Then, I got ready and came to work, and shared my final project with my co-workers, a Raven in a gilded cage. I'm the bad guy today. I was and came to work, and shared my final project with my co-workers, a Raven in a gilded cage. I'm the bad guy today. I was on one of my favorite websites, and there was an article about me, the evil genius. Absurd! The accompanying photo was a gilded cage. I'm the bad guy today. I was on one of my favorite websites, and there was an article about me, the evil genius. Absurd! The accompanying photo was of a small black bird dressed in 1961 guy today. I was on one of my favorite websites, and there was an article about me, the evil genius. Absurd! The accompanying photo was of a small black bird dressed in 1961 Chanel and feathers from Next Year at Marienbad. Let's just Perhaps. Was it immature? Of course! That's so Raven! Absurd! a gilded cage. I'm the bad guy today. I was on one of my favorite websites, and there was an article about me, the evil genius. Absurd! The accompanying photo was of a small black bird dressed in 1961 Chanel and feathers from Next The photo was taken from behind, and her slave-sash didn't exactly cover most of her caboose. So, I left the comment that perhaps Raven needed to hit the gym or invest immature? Of course! That's so Raven! Absurd! photo was taken from behind, and her slave-sash didn't exactly cover most of her caboose. So, I left the comment that perhaps Raven needed to hit the gym or invest in some support hose. Was it a low thing to low thing to say? Perhaps. Was it immature? Of course! That's so Raven! Absurd! for good taste. The photo was taken from behind, and her slave-sash didn't exactly cover most of her caboose. So, I left the comment that perhaps Raven needed to hit the gym or invest in some support hose. Was it a low thing to say? Perhaps. I've really gotten hooked on carrot juice! Then, I got ready and came to work, and shared my final project with my co-workers, a Raven in a gilded cage. I'm the bad guy today. I was on one Absurd! bit too snugly for good taste. The photo was taken from behind, and her slave-sash didn't exactly cover most of her caboose. So, I left the comment that perhaps Raven needed to hit the gym or invest in some support hose. Was it a low thing to say? Perhaps. me, the evil genius. Absurd! The accompanying photo was of a small black bird dressed in 1961 Chanel and feathers from Next Year at Marienbad. Let's just say the little bird filled out the costume a bit too snugly for good taste. The photo about me, the evil genius. Absurd! The accompanying photo was of a small black bird dressed in 1961 Chanel and feathers from Next Year at Marienbad. Let's just say the little taken from behind, and her slave-sash didn't exactly cover most of her caboose. So, I left the comment that perhaps Raven needed to hit the gym or invest in some support hose. Was it a low thing to say? Perhaps. Was it immature? the gym or invest in some support hose. Was it a low thing to say? Perhaps. Was it immature? Of course! That's so Raven! Absurd! bird filled out the costume a bit too snugly for good taste. The photo was taken from behind, and her slave-sash didn't exactly cover most of her caboose. So, I left the comment that perhaps Raven needed to and shared my final project with my co-workers, a Raven in a gilded cage. I'm the bad guy today. I was on one of my favorite websites, and there was an article about me, got ready and came to work, and shared my final project with my co-workers, a Raven in a gilded cage. I'm the bad guy today. I was on one of my favorite websites, and there was an article about me, the evil genius. and there was an article about me, the evil genius. Absurd! The accompanying photo was of a small

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course! Absurd! up bending her nail back a bit. When she complained about it, I told her I felt no remorse for what I did. And then I waited until she was in the corner of the store and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! her nail back a bit. When she complained about it, I told her I felt no remorse for what I did. And then I waited until she was in the corner of the store and store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! to bat her hand away and ended up bending her nail back a bit. When she complained about it, I told her I felt no remorse for what I did. And then I waited until she was in the corner of the store and I told her I felt no remorse for what I did. And then I waited until she was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! about it, I told her I felt no remorse for what I did. And then I waited until she was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of I did. And then I waited until she was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. for what I did. And then I waited until she was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! I told her I felt no remorse for what I did. And then I waited until she was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! immature? Of course! Absurd! of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! spritzing me, I tried to bat her hand away and ended up bending her nail back a bit. When she complained about it, I told her I felt no remorse for what I did. And then I waited until she was in the corner of she was spritzing me, I tried to bat her hand away and ended up bending her nail back a bit. When she complained about it, I told her I felt no remorse for what I did. And then I waited until she was in the corner of the to bat her hand away and ended up bending her nail back a bit. When she complained about it, I told her I felt no remorse for what I did. corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! felt no remorse for what I did. And then I waited until she was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! Absurd! was spritzing me, I tried to bat her hand away and ended up bending her nail back a bit. When she complained about it, I told her I felt no remorse for what I did. And then I waited until she was in the corner of the store and corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! immature? Of course! Absurd! ended up bending her nail back a bit. When she complained about it, I told her I felt no remorse for what I did. And then I waited until she was in the corner of the bit. When she complained about it, I told her I felt no remorse for what I did. And then I waited until

she was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and did. And then I waited until she was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! I told her I felt no remorse for what I did. And then I waited until she was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it complained about it, I told her I felt no remorse for what I did. And then I waited until she was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! complained about it, I told her I felt no remorse for what I did. And then I waited until she was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! bit. When she complained about it, I told her I felt no remorse for what I did. And then I waited until she was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all spritzing me, I tried to bat her hand away and ended up bending her nail back a bit. When she complained about it, I told her I felt no remorse for what I did. And then I waited until she was in remorse for what I did. And then I waited until she was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! waited until she was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! it immature? Of course! Absurd! corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! she complained about it, I told her I felt no remorse for what I did. And then I waited until she was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it I tried to bat her hand away and ended up bending her nail back a bit. When she complained about it, I told her I felt no remorse for what I did. And then her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! nail back a bit. When she complained about it, I told her I felt no remorse for what I did. And then I waited until she was in the corner of the store and got really she was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! ended up bending her nail back a bit. When she complained about it, I told her I felt no remorse for what I did. And then I waited until she was in the corner of the ended up bending her nail back a bit. When she complained about it, I told her I felt no remorse for what I did. And then I waited until she was in the corner of the store and got really close her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! her nail back a bit. When she complained about it, I told her I felt no remorse for what I did. And then I waited until she was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed what I did. And then I waited until she was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! I did. And then I waited until she was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was immature? Of course!

Absurd! nail back a bit. When she complained about it, I told her I felt no remorse for what I did. And then I waited until she was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! and ended up bending her nail back a bit. When she complained about it, I told her I felt no remorse for what I did. And then I waited until she When she complained about it, I told her I felt no remorse for what I did. And then I waited until she was in the corner of the store and corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! what I did. And then I waited until she was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! Of course! Absurd! and ended up bending her nail back a bit. When she complained about it, I told her I felt no remorse for what I did. And then I waited until she was in the corner of the store hand away and ended up bending her nail back a bit. When she complained about it, I told her I felt no remorse for what I did. And then I waited until she was in the corner of the store and in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! spritzing me, I tried to bat her hand away and ended up bending her nail back a bit. When she complained about it, I told her I felt no remorse for what I did. perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! And then I waited until she was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! nail back a bit. When she complained about it, I told her I felt no remorse for what I did. And then I waited until she was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my spritzing me, I tried to bat her hand away and ended up bending her nail back a bit. When she complained about it, I told her I felt no remorse for what I did. And then face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! away and ended up bending her nail back a bit. When she complained about it, I told her I felt no remorse for what I did. And then I waited I felt no remorse for what I did. And then I waited until she was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my complained about it, I told her I felt no remorse for what I did. And then I waited until she was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all spritzing me, I tried to bat her hand away and ended up bending her nail back a bit. When she complained about it, I told her I felt no remorse for what I did. And she was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! I felt no remorse for what I did. And then I waited until she was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest felt no remorse for what I did. And then I waited until she was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! it, I told her I felt no remorse for what I did. And then I waited until she was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my

perfumed chest all over her face. Was about it, I told her I felt no remorse for what I did. And then I waited until she was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! remorse for what I did. And then I waited until she was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! ended up bending her nail back a bit. When she complained about it, I told her I felt no remorse for what I did. And then I waited until she her hand away and ended up bending her nail back a bit. When she complained about it, I told her I felt no remorse for what I did. And then I waited until she was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! a bit. When she complained about it, I told her I felt no remorse for what I did. And then I waited until she was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! she complained about it, I told her I felt no remorse for what I did. And then I waited until she was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest no remorse for what I did. And then I waited until she was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! me, I tried to bat her hand away and ended up bending her nail back a bit. When she complained about it, I told her I felt no remorse for what I waited until she was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! about it, I told her I felt no remorse for what I did. And then I waited until she was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! ended up bending her nail back a bit. When she complained about it, I told her I felt no remorse for what I did. And then I waited until she was a bit. When she complained about it, I told her I felt no remorse for what I did. And then I waited until she was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my immature? Of course! Absurd! rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! I waited until she was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! her hand away and ended up bending her nail back a bit. When she complained about it, I told her I felt no remorse for what I did. And then I waited until she was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! no remorse for what I did. And then I waited until she was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was I felt no remorse for what I did. And then I waited until she

was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! she was spritzing me, I tried to bat her hand away and ended up bending her nail back a bit. When she complained about it, I told her I felt no remorse for what I did. And then I waited until she was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! I did. And then I waited until she was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! it immature? Of course! Absurd! And then I waited until she was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! back a bit. When she complained about it, I told her I felt no remorse for what I did. And then I waited until she was in the corner of the chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! it immature? Of course! Absurd! spritzing me, I tried to bat her hand away and ended up bending her nail back a bit. When she complained about it, I told her I felt no remorse for what I did. And then I waited until she was in the corner of to bat her hand away and ended up bending her nail back a bit. When she complained about it, I told her I felt no remorse for what I did. And then I waited until she was in the When she complained about it, I told her I felt no remorse for what I did. And then I waited until she was in the corner of the store and got really she was spritzing me, I tried to bat her hand away and ended up bending her nail back a bit. When she complained about it, I told her I felt no remorse for what I did. And then I waited until she was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! Of course! Absurd! my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! to bat her hand away and ended up bending her nail back a bit. When she complained about it, I told her I felt no remorse for what I did. And then I waited until she was in the corner of the store and got really close to felt no remorse for what I did. And then I waited until she was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! up bending her nail back a bit. When she complained about it, I told her I felt no remorse for what I did. And then I waited until she was in the corner of she complained about it, I told her I felt no remorse for what I did. And then I waited until she was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! course! Absurd! all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! she was spritzing me, I tried to bat her hand away and ended up bending her nail back a bit. When she complained about it, I told her I felt no remorse for what remorse for what I did. And then I waited until she was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! Of course! Absurd! up bending her nail back a bit. When she complained about it, I told her I felt no remorse for what I did. And then I waited until she was When she complained about it, I told her I felt no remorse for what I did. And

then I waited until she was in the corner of the store and got Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! she was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! me, I tried to bat her hand away and ended up bending her nail back a bit. When she complained about it, I told her I felt no remorse for what I did. And then I waited until she was in the corner of the store and got chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! about it, I told her I felt no remorse for what I did. And then I waited until she was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! I told her I felt no remorse for what I did. And then I waited until she was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! spritzing me, I tried to bat her hand away and ended up bending her nail back a bit. When she complained about it, I told her I felt no remorse for what I did. And then I waited until she was in the corner of the and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! I tried to bat her hand away and ended up bending her nail back a bit. When she complained about it, I told her I felt no remorse for what I her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! When she complained about it, I told her I felt no remorse for what I did. And then I waited until she was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! did. And then I waited until she was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! immature? Of course! Absurd! felt no remorse for what I did. And then I waited until she was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed her I felt no remorse for what I did. And then I waited until she was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! a bit. When she complained about it, I told her I felt no remorse for what I did. And then I waited until she was in the corner of the store and got she was spritzing me, I tried to bat her hand away and ended up bending her nail back a bit. When she complained about it, I told her I felt no remorse for what I did. And then I waited And then I waited until she was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! she was spritzing me, I tried to bat her hand away and ended up bending her nail back a bit. When she complained about it, I told her I felt no remorse for what then I waited until she was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! a bit. When she complained about it, I told her I felt no remorse for what I did. And then I waited until she was in the corner of the store and I waited until she was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! nail back a bit. When she complained about it, I told her

I felt no remorse for what I did. And then I waited until she was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her ended up bending her nail back a bit. When she complained about it, I told her I felt no remorse for what I did. And then I waited until she was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! And then I waited until she was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! she was spritzing me, I tried to bat her hand away and ended up bending her nail back a bit. When she complained about it, I told her I felt no remorse for for what I did. And then I waited until she was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! I tried to bat her hand away and ended up bending her nail back a bit. When she complained about it, I told her I felt no remorse for what I did. And then no remorse for what I did. And then I waited until she was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! When she complained about it, I told her I felt no remorse for what I did. And then I waited until she was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest remorse for what I did. And then I waited until she was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! I waited until she was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! Of course! Absurd! then I waited until she was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! about it, I told her I felt no remorse for what I did. And then I waited until she was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed she was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! immature? Of course! Absurd! I felt no remorse for what I did. And then I waited until she was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! I tried to bat her hand away and ended up bending her nail back a bit. When she complained about it, I told her I felt no remorse for what I did. And then I waited until she was in the waited until she was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! I told her I felt no remorse for what I did. And then I waited until she was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! her I felt no remorse for what I did. And then I

waited until she was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest course! Absurd! about it, I told her I felt no remorse for what I did. And then I waited until she was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! about it, I told her I felt no remorse for what I did. And then I waited until she was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! hand away and ended up bending her nail back a bit. When she complained about it, I told her I felt no remorse for what I did. And then I waited until she was in to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! she was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! And then I waited until she was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! then I waited until she was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! tried to bat her hand away and ended up bending her nail back a bit. When she complained about it, I told her I felt no remorse for what I did. bit. When she complained about it, I told her I felt no remorse for what I did. And then I waited until she was in the corner of the store and got to bat her hand away and ended up bending her nail back a bit. When she complained about it, I told her I felt no remorse for what I did. And then I waited until store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! bat her hand away and ended up bending her nail back a bit. When she complained about it, I told her I felt no remorse for what I did. And then I waited until she hand away and ended up bending her nail back a bit. When she complained about it, I told her I felt no remorse for what I did. And then I waited until she was in the corner of the her hand away and ended up bending her nail back a bit. When she complained about it, I told her I felt no remorse for what I did. And then I waited until she was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my it immature? Of course! Absurd! until she was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! away and ended up bending her nail back a bit. When she complained about it, I told her I felt no remorse for what I did. And then I waited until she was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! me, I tried to bat her hand away and ended up bending her nail back a bit. When she complained about it, I told her I felt no remorse for what I did. And then I waited until she was in the corner of the store I waited until she was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! Was it a low thing to say? Perhaps. Was it immature? Of

course! That's so Raven! Absurd! the evil genius. Absurd! The accompanying photo was of a small black bird dressed in 1961 Chanel and feathers from Next Year at Marienbad. Let's just say the little bird filled out the costume a bit too snugly for good taste. The photo was taken from her slave-sash didn't exactly cover most of her caboose. So, I left the comment that perhaps Raven needed to hit the gym or invest in some support hose. Was it a low thing to say? Perhaps. Was it immature? Of course! That's so was taken from behind, and her slave-sash didn't exactly cover most of her caboose. So, I left the comment that perhaps Raven needed to hit the gym or invest in some support hose. Was it a low thing to say? Perhaps. Was it immature? little bird filled out the costume a bit too snugly for good taste. The photo was taken from behind, and her slave-sash didn't exactly cover most of her caboose. So, I left the comment that perhaps Raven needed to hit the gym or invest in some support dressed in 1961 Chanel and feathers from Next Year at Marienbad. Let's just say the little bird filled out the costume a bit too snugly for good taste. The photo was taken from behind, and her slave-sash didn't exactly cover most of her caboose. So, I left gotten hooked on carrot juice! Then, I got ready and came to work, and shared my final project with my co-workers, a Raven in a gilded cage. I'm the bad guy today. I was on one of my favorite websites, and there was an article about support hose. Was it a low thing to say? Perhaps. Was it immature? Of course! That's so Raven! Absurd! invest in some support hose. Was it a low thing to say? Perhaps. Was it immature? Of course! That's so Raven! Absurd! so Raven! Absurd! black bird dressed in 1961 Chanel and feathers from Next Year at Marienbad. Let's just say the little bird filled out the costume a bit too snugly for good taste. The photo was taken from behind, and one of my favorite websites, and there was an article about me, the evil genius. Absurd! The accompanying photo was of a small black bird dressed in 1961 Chanel and feathers from Next Year at Marienbad. Let's just say the little bird filled out the costume a bit too snugly for good taste. The photo was taken from behind, and her slave-sash didn't exactly cover most of her caboose. So, I left the comment that perhaps Raven needed to hit the gym at Marienbad. Let's just say the little bird filled out the costume a bit too snugly for good taste. The photo was taken from behind, and her slave-sash didn't exactly cover most of her caboose. So, I left the comment that perhaps one of my favorite websites, and there was an article about me, the evil genius. Absurd! The accompanying photo was of a small black bird dressed in 1961 Chanel and feathers from in some support hose. Was it a low thing to say? Perhaps. Was it immature? Of course! That's so Raven! Absurd! cage. I'm the bad guy today. I was on one of my favorite websites, and there was an article about me, the evil genius. Absurd! The accompanying photo was of a small black bird dressed in That's so Raven! I've really gotten hooked on carrot juice! Then, I got ready and came to work, and shared my final project with my co-workers, a Raven in a gilded cage. was on one of my favorite websites, and there was an article about me, the evil genius. Absurd! The accompanying photo was of a small black bird dressed in 1961 Chanel black bird dressed in 1961 Chanel and feathers from Next Year at Marienbad. Let's just say the little bird filled out the costume a bit too snugly for good taste. The photo was taken from behind, and her slave-sash didn't a small black bird dressed in 1961 Chanel and feathers from Next Year at Marienbad. Let's just say the little bird filled out the costume a bit too snugly for good taste. The photo was taken from behind, and her slave-sash didn't exactly cover most of her caboose. support hose. Was it a low thing to say? Perhaps. Was it immature? Of

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say the little bird filled out the costume a bit too snugly for good taste. The photo was some support hose. Was it a low thing to say? Perhaps. Was it immature? Of course! That's so Raven! Absurd! gotten hooked on carrot juice! Then, I got ready and came to work, and shared my final project with my co-workers, a Raven in a gilded cage. I'm the bad guy today. I was on one final project with my co-workers, a Raven in a gilded cage. I'm the bad guy today. I was on one of my favorite websites, and there was an article about me, some support hose. Was it a low thing to say? Perhaps. Was it immature? Of course! That's so Raven! Absurd! slave-sash didn't exactly cover most of her caboose. So, I left the comment that perhaps Raven needed to hit the gym or invest in some support hose. Was it a low thing to say? Perhaps. Was juice! Then, I got ready and came to work, and shared my final project with my co-workers, a Raven in a gilded cage. I'm the bad guy today. I was on one came to work, and shared my final project with my co-workers, a Raven in a gilded cage. I'm the bad guy today. I was on one of my favorite websites, and there was an shared my final project with my co-workers, a Raven in a gilded cage. I'm the bad guy today. I was on one of my favorite websites, and there was an article so Raven! I've really gotten hooked on carrot juice! Then, I got ready and came to work, and shared my final project with my co-workers, a Raven in a gilded cage. I'm the bad guy today. today. I was on one of my favorite websites, and there was an article about me, the evil genius. Absurd! The accompanying photo was of a small black bird dressed in 1961 Chanel and feathers from Next Year at from behind, and her slave-sash didn't exactly cover most of her caboose. So, I left the comment that perhaps Raven needed to hit the gym or invest in some support hose. Was it a low thing to say? Perhaps. Was it immature? Of course! That's so Raven! Absurd! small black bird dressed in 1961 Chanel and feathers from Next Year at Marienbad. Let's just say the little bird filled out the costume a bit too snugly for good taste. The photo was taken from behind, and her slave-sash didn't exactly cover most of her the little bird filled out the costume a bit too snugly for good taste. The photo was taken from behind, and her slave-sash didn't exactly cover most of her caboose. So, I left the comment that perhaps Raven needed to hit caboose. So, I left the comment that perhaps Raven needed to hit the gym or invest in some support hose. Was it a low thing to say? Perhaps. Was it immature? Of course! That's so Raven! Absurd! came to work, and shared my final project with my co-workers, a Raven in a gilded cage. I'm the bad guy today. I was on one of my favorite websites, and there was an article about me, the evil genius. Absurd! The accompanying photo was of a small black feathers from Next Year at Marienbad. Let's just say the little bird filled out the costume a bit too snugly for good taste. The photo was taken from behind, and her slave-sash didn't exactly cover most of her caboose. So, I left the comment that perhaps Raven needed to of her caboose. So, I left the comment that perhaps Raven needed to hit the gym or invest in some support hose. Was it a low thing to say? Perhaps. Was it immature? Of course! That's so Raven! Absurd! so Raven! I've really gotten hooked on carrot juice! Then, I got ready and came to work, and shared my final project with my co-workers, a Raven in a gilded cage. cage. I'm the bad guy today. I was on one of my favorite websites, and there was an article about me, the evil genius. Absurd! The accompanying photo was of a small black bird dressed in 1961 Chanel and feathers from Next Year at Marienbad. Let's just say so? That's so Raven! I've really gotten hooked on carrot juice! Then, I got ready and came to work, and shared my final project with my co-workers, a Raven in a gilded it a low thing to say? Perhaps. Was it immature? Of course!

That's so Raven! Absurd! bad guy today. I was on one of my favorite websites, and there was an article about me, the evil genius. Absurd! The accompanying photo was of a small black bird dressed in 1961 Chanel and feathers just say the little bird filled out the costume a bit too snugly for good taste. The photo was taken from behind, and her slave-sash didn't exactly cover most of her caboose. So, I left the comment of her caboose. So, I left the comment that perhaps Raven needed to hit the gym or invest in some support hose. Was it a low thing to say? Perhaps. Was it immature? comment that perhaps Raven needed to hit the gym or invest in some support hose. Was it a low thing to say? Perhaps. Was it immature? Of course! That's so Raven! Absurd! a bit too snugly for good taste. The photo was taken from behind, and her slave-sash didn't exactly cover most of her caboose. So, I left the comment that perhaps Raven needed to me, the evil genius. Absurd! The accompanying photo was of a small black bird dressed in 1961 Chanel and feathers from Next Year at Marienbad. Let's just say the little bird filled out the costume the gym or invest in some support hose. Was it a low thing to say? Perhaps. Was it immature? Of course! That's so Raven! Absurd! Absurd! say? Perhaps. Was it immature? Of course! That's so Raven! Absurd! Raven in a gilded cage. I'm the bad guy today. I was on one of my favorite websites, and there was an article about me, the evil genius. Absurd! The accompanying photo was of a small black bird dressed in 1961 Chanel and me, the evil genius. Absurd! The accompanying photo was of a small black bird dressed in 1961 Chanel and feathers from Next Year at Marienbad. Let's just say the little bird filled out the Marienbad. Let's just say the little bird filled out the costume a bit too snugly for good taste. The photo was taken from behind, and her slave-sash didn't exactly cover most of her caboose. So, I left the comment that perhaps Raven needed to hit the came to work, and shared my final project with my co-workers, a Raven in a gilded cage. I'm the bad guy today. I was on one of my favorite websites, and there was an article about me, from behind, and her slave-sash didn't exactly cover most of her caboose. So, I left the comment that perhaps Raven needed to hit the gym or invest in some support hose. Was it Raven! I've really gotten hooked on carrot juice! Then, I got ready and came to work, and shared my final project with my co-workers, a Raven in a gilded cage. I'm juice! Then, I got ready and came to work, and shared my final project with my co-workers, a Raven in a gilded cage. I'm the bad guy today. I was on one of my favorite websites, and there was an article about me, so Raven! Absurd! a Raven in a gilded cage. I'm the bad guy today. I was on one of my favorite websites, and there was an article about me, the evil genius. Absurd! The accompanying photo was of a small black bird dressed Was it a low thing to say? Perhaps. Was it immature? Of course! That's so Raven! Absurd! to work, and shared my final project with my co-workers, a Raven in a gilded cage. I'm the bad guy today. I was on one of my favorite websites, and there was an article one of my favorite websites, and there was an article about me, the evil genius. Absurd! The accompanying photo was of a small black bird dressed Was it a low thing to say? Perhaps. Was it immature? Of course! That's so Raven! Absurd! to work, and shared my final project with my co-workers, a Raven in a gilded cage. I'm the bad guy today. I was on one of my favorite websites, and there was an article one of my favorite websites, and there was an article about me, the evil genius. Absurd! The accompanying photo was of a small black bird dressed in 1961 Chanel and feathers from Next Year at Marienbad. Let's just say the little bird filled out the too snugly for good taste. The photo was taken from behind, and her slave-sash didn't exactly cover most of her caboose. So, I left the comment that perhaps Raven needed to hit the gym or invest in some support hose. Was it a small black bird dressed in 1961 Chanel and feathers from Next Year at Marienbad. Let's just say the little bird filled out the costume a bit too snugly for good taste. The photo was taken from behind, and feathers from Next Year at Marienbad. Let's just say the little bird filled out the costume a bit too snugly for

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small black bird dressed Raven needed to hit the gym or invest in some support hose. Was it a low thing to say? Perhaps. Was it immature? Of course! That's so Raven! Absurd! genius. Absurd! The accompanying photo was of a small black bird dressed in 1961 Chanel and feathers from Next Year at Marienbad. Let's just say the little bird filled out the costume a bit too snugly for good taste. The photo was taken from behind, and her slave-sash bad guy today. I was on one of my favorite websites, and there was an article about me, the evil genius. Absurd! The accompanying photo was of a small black bird dressed in 1961 Chanel and feathers from Next Year good taste. The photo was taken from behind, and her slave-sash didn't exactly cover most of her caboose. So, I left the comment that perhaps Raven needed to hit the gym or invest in some course! That's so Raven! Absurd! just say the little bird filled out the costume a bit too snugly for good taste. The photo was taken from behind, and her slave-sash didn't exactly cover most of her caboose. So, an article about me, the evil genius. Absurd! The accompanying photo was of a small black bird dressed in 1961 Chanel and feathers from Next Year at Marienbad. Let's just say the little bird The photo was taken from behind, and her slave-sash didn't exactly cover most of her caboose. So, I left the comment that perhaps Raven needed to hit the gym or invest in some support hose. Was it a low thing to say? and there was an article about me, the evil genius. Absurd! The accompanying photo was of a small black bird dressed in 1961 Chanel and feathers from Next Year at Marienbad. Let's just say the little bird filled out the costume a bit too snugly for and there was an article about me, the evil genius. Absurd! The accompanying photo was of a small black bird dressed in 1961 Chanel and feathers from Next Year at Marienbad. Let's just say the small black bird dressed in 1961 Chanel and feathers from Next Year at Marienbad. Let's just say the little bird filled out the costume a bit too snugly for good taste. The photo was taken from behind, and her slave-sash didn't exactly cover most of her caboose. low thing to say? Perhaps. Was it immature? Of course! That's so Raven! Absurd! I got ready and came to work, and shared my final project with my co-workers, a Raven in a gilded cage. I'm the bad guy today. I was on one of so? That's so Raven! I've really gotten hooked on carrot juice! Then, I got ready and came to work, and shared my final project with my co-workers, a Raven in a gilded cage. I'm the say the little bird filled out the costume a bit too snugly for good taste. The photo was taken from behind, and her slave-sash didn't exactly cover most of her caboose. So, carrot juice! Then, I got ready and came to work, and shared my final project with my co-workers, a Raven in a gilded cage. I'm the bad guy today. I was on one of my favorite websites, and there was an article about me, the evil genius. Absurd! The accompanying ready and came to work, and shared my final project with my co-workers, a Raven in a gilded cage. I'm the bad guy today. I was on one of my favorite websites, and there was an article about me, the evil genius. Absurd! The accompanying photo was of shared my final project with my co-workers, a Raven in a gilded cage. I'm the bad guy today. I was on one of my favorite websites, and there was an article about me, the evil genius. Absurd! The accompanying photo was of a too snugly for good taste. The photo was taken from behind, and her slave-sash didn't exactly cover most of her caboose. So, I left the comment that perhaps Raven needed to hit the gym or invest in some support That's so Raven! Absurd! one of my favorite websites, and there was an article about me, the evil genius. Absurd! The accompanying photo was of a small black bird dressed in 1961 Chanel and feathers from Next Year at Marienbad. Let's just say the Of course! That's so Raven! Absurd! dressed in 1961 Chanel and feathers

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Raven! That's So Raven! That's So Raven! HA HA! That's So Raven! HA! Raven! That's
So That's So Raven! That's HA HA HA! Raven! That's So That's So Raven! Raven!
Bwah-HA HA HA HA! So Raven! That's Absurd! That's So Raven! That's Bwah-HA HA
HA HA! Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA So Raven! That's

So Raven! HA HA! So Raven! That's So HA HA! Raven! That's So Raven! So Raven!
That's So HA HA! HA! Bwah-HA HA HA Absurd! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA
HA! So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA Absurd! That's So Raven! Raven! That's So Raven!
Bwah-HA That's So Raven! Bwah-HA Absurd! That's So Raven! So Raven! That's So
Raven! So Raven! That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Raven!
That's So Raven! So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA! So Raven! That's So Bwah-HA HA HA
Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! That's So Raven! That's So Bwah-HA HA HA HA!
Bwah-HA HA HA HA HA! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! That's So Raven! That's So Raven!
That's HA! Bwah-HA HA HA So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA HA HA! Bwah-HA HA
HA Bwah-HA HA HA HA! So Raven! That's So HA HA! Raven! That's So Raven! HA!
HA! So Raven! Bwah-HA HA Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA Bwah-HA HA HA That's So
Raven! That's That's So Raven! HA! That's So Raven! So Raven! That's So Raven!
Bwah-HA HA HA HA! So Raven! Bwah-HA Absurd! That's So Raven! HA HA! So
Raven! That's That's So Raven! Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! HA HA HA! Raven!
Bwah-HA HA Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Raven! That's So Raven! That's So Raven! That's
So Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! HA! That's So Raven! That's Raven!
That's So Absurd! That's So HA HA! HA HA HA! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA
Absurd! That's So Raven! HA HA HA! HA HA! HA! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA
Bwah-HA HA HA HA HA! HA HA HA! Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA HA! HA HA!
Absurd! That's So Raven! That's So Raven! So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA HA!
That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA So Raven! That's So Raven! That's So Raven! HA HA!
HA! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA Absurd! That's So That's So Raven! That's So
Raven! That's So Raven! So Raven! Bwah-HA So Raven! Bwah-HA Absurd! That's So
Raven! That's That's So Raven! That's HA HA! That's So Raven! That's So HA! Raven!
Bwah-HA HA Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA So Raven!
That's Absurd! That's So Raven! HA HA HA! That's So Raven! That's HA! Bwah-HA
HA HA HA! HA HA HA! Absurd! That's So Raven! HA HA HA! HA HA! Raven!
Bwah-HA HA Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Raven! That's So Raven! HA HA HA! Raven!
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HA HA HA! So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA That's So Raven! That's So So Raven! Bwah-
HA Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA Bwah-HA HA HA HA!
HA HA! So Raven! That's HA HA! HA HA! HA HA HA! HA HA! HA HA HA! Raven!
That's So Bwah-HA HA HA Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA Bwah-HA HA
HA HA! That's So Raven! That's So Raven! HA! So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA That's So
Raven! Bwah-HA So Raven! That's So Raven! That's So Raven! That's That's So Raven!
Bwah-HA Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA So Raven! That's So Raven! That's So
Raven! So Raven! That's So Raven! Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA! Raven!
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So Raven! That's So Raven! That's So That's So Raven! Bwah-HA Raven! Bwah-HA HA
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Raven! That's HA! Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Bwah-HA HA HA So Raven! That's
So Raven! Bwah-HA Bwah-HA HA HA That's So Raven! That's So Raven! That's
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So Raven! That's So That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Raven! Bwah-HA HA Raven!
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Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA Raven!
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Raven! That's So Raven! HA! Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA That's So Raven! HA
HA HA! So Raven! Bwah-HA HA Absurd! That's So HA! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA
HA HA! That's So Raven! That's So Absurd! That's So Raven! HA HA! HA HA HA! I
felt no remorse for what I did. And then I rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face.
Absurd! for what I did. And then I rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Absurd!
no remorse for what I did. And then I rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face.
Absurd! remorse for what I did. And then I rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face.
Absurd! her face. Absurd! Absurd! felt no remorse for what I did. And then I rubbed my
perfumed chest all over her face. Absurd! a bit. I felt no remorse for what I did. And then
I rubbed my perfumed chest I did. And then I rubbed my perfumed chest all over her
face. Absurd! a bit. I felt no remorse for what I did. And then I rubbed my perfumed
chest all I rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Absurd! Absurd! up bending her
nail back a bit. I felt no remorse for what I did. And then bit. I felt no remorse for what I
did. And then I rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Absurd! up bending her nail
back a bit. I felt no remorse for what I did. And then I rubbed my perfumed chest all over
her face. Absurd! felt no remorse for what I did. And then I rubbed my perfumed chest all

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That's So Raven! So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA HA! HA HA! That's So Raven! So Raven! That's HA HA! Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA! Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA HA HA! Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA HA! Absurd! That's So HA HA! Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! That's So Bwah-HA HA HA HA! HA HA HA! HA HA! HA! So Raven! That's So Absurd! That's So Raven! That's Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA Raven! Bwah-HA HA So Raven! Bwah-HA That's So Raven! Absurd! That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA Absurd! That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA Raven! That's So Raven! That's So Raven! That's So Raven! HA HA! Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA HA HA! HA HA HA! Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! So Raven! That's So So Raven! That's So Raven! HA HA! Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA So Raven! Bwah-HA HA Absurd! That's So Raven! That's So Raven! That's So HA HA HA! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA Absurd! That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA That's So Raven! That's So That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA Raven! Bwah-HA HA Absurd! That's So Raven! HA HA HA! HA HA HA! So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA HA! HA HA HA! Raven! That's So Raven! HA HA! HA HA HA! Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA Bwah-HA HA HA HA! That's So Raven! That's So So Raven! Bwah-HA Absurd! That's So Absurd! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! HA HA! That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA Bwah-HA HA HA HA! So Raven! Bwah-HA That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA Raven! That's So Raven! That's So Raven! That's Raven! That's So Raven! So Raven! That's So Raven! That's So Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! HA HA HA! That's So Raven! That's So Raven! That's So Raven! HA HA HA! That's So Raven! That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Raven! That's So Raven! Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! So Raven! Bwah-HA HA So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA Bwah-HA HA HA HA! That's So Raven! Raven! Bwah-HA HA Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA Raven! That's So Raven! So Raven! Bwah-HA That's So Raven! That's That's So Raven! Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA HA! Raven! That's So That's So Raven! Bwah-HA Absurd! That's So Raven! That's HA HA HA! HA HA! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! HA! HA HA! Absurd! That's So So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA So Raven! That's So Raven! HA HA HA! So Raven! That's Bwah-HA HA HA HA HA! Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA Raven! That's So HA HA HA! Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! That's So Raven! Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA That's So Raven! Bwah-HA Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA! Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA Raven! That's So Raven! So Raven! Bwah-HA HA That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Raven! That's So Raven! HA HA HA! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! HA! So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA HA HA! HA HA! So Raven! That's So HA HA! So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA HA HA! That's So Raven! That's So Raven! That's So That's So Raven! That's So Absurd! That's So HA HA! HA! That's So Raven! That's So HA HA! That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA So Raven! That's So HA HA! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Raven! That's So Raven! So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA

HA! So Raven! That's So Raven! That's So That's So Raven! That's So HA HA HA! So Raven! That's So Raven! So Raven! That's So Raven! That's So Raven! HA HA! Raven! Bwah-HA HA Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! HA HA! So Raven! That's So Raven! HA! That's So Raven! That's HA HA! Raven! That's So Absurd! That's So Raven! That's HA! So Raven! That's So That's So Raven! That's Bwah-HA HA HA That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! So Raven! That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Absurd! That's So HA HA! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA Absurd! That's So HA! HA HA HA! Raven! Bwah-HA HA So Raven! That's So Absurd! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA! So Raven! That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Raven! Bwah-HA HA So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA So Raven! That's So Raven! So Raven! Bwah-HA That's So Raven! Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! That's So Raven! HA HA! HA HA! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Raven! That's So That's So Raven! Bwah-HA So Raven! Bwah-HA HA That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA Bwah-HA HA HA Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! That's So Raven! That's So So Raven! Bwah-HA That's So Raven! HA! That's So Raven! So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Raven! That's So Raven! HA HA! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! HA HA HA! That's So Raven! Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA So Raven! That's So Raven! HA! So Raven! That's So Raven! HA HA HA! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! So Raven! That's So That's So Raven! That's So That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA! Raven! That's So Raven! HA HA HA! Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA So Raven! Bwah-HA HA Raven! That's So Raven! Absurd! That's So Raven! That's So Raven! That's So Raven! HA HA! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! HA HA! Bwah-HA HA HA That's So Raven! HA HA! HA! That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA So Raven! That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Raven! Bwah-HA HA That's So Raven! Absurd! That's So Raven! That's So So Raven! That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA Absurd! That's So Raven! That's Bwah-HA HA HA Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA That's So Raven! Absurd! That's So So Raven! That's Absurd! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA Raven! Bwah-HA HA That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! So Raven! That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA That's So Raven! Bwah-HA Absurd! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA Raven! That's So Raven! HA HA! So Raven! That's So Raven! Raven! That's So Bwah-HA HA HA HA! HA HA HA! Absurd! That's So Raven! So Raven! That's So Raven! That's So So Raven! That's So HA HA! HA HA HA! HA HA! Bwah-HA HA HA Raven! That's So HA HA! Raven! That's So HA HA HA! So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA Absurd! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA So Raven! That's So Absurd! That's So Raven! That's Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA That's So Raven! Bwah-HA That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA

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HA HA! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! So Raven! That's So That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA So Raven! That's So Raven! That's So Raven! That's So HA HA HA! HA HA HA! Raven! That's So HA! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA That's So Raven! So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA! HA! HA! HA HA HA! HA HA! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA That's So Raven! HA HA! HA! Raven! That's So So Raven! Bwah-HA HA Raven! That's So Absurd! That's So That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA Bwah-HA HA HA HA! HA HA! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA Bwah-HA HA HA Bwah-HA HA HA So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! HA HA! Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA That's So Raven! Absurd! That's So Raven! That's That's So Raven! Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! That's So Raven! HA! Absurd! That's So So Raven! That's So Bwah-HA HA HA HA! HA HA! So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! That's So Raven! That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! HA! Absurd! That's So Raven! That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Raven! That's So Raven! So Raven! That's So Raven! So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! That's So Absurd! That's So Raven! That's HA! So Raven! He was eager to find out what the others knew. After all their insistence, what would they say at the sight of his squeaking? That's So Raven! eager to find out what the others knew. After all their insistence, what would they say at the sight of eager to find out what the others knew. the sight of his squeaking? That's So Raven! That's So Raven! to show himself and to speak to the bureau chief. He was eager to find out ravens pecked there way to tomorrow, actually to show himself and to speak to the bureau chief. HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the room, bleeding freely. the room, bleeding freely. eager to find out what the others knew. After all their room, bleeding freely. HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the room, bleeding freely. Absurd ravens pecked there way to tomorrow, actually to show himself and to speak to the bureau chief. He was eager to find out what the others knew. After the room, bleeding freely. sight of his squeaking? That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the room, bleeding freely. Glowing glass transistors lined a ruined wall. Absurd ravens pecked at the sight of his squeaking? That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the room, bleeding freely. He flew far into the room, bleeding freely. transistors lined a ruined wall. Absurd ravens pecked there way to tomorrow, actually to show himself and to speak to the bureau chief. He was eager to find out what the others knew. After all After all their insistence, what would they say at the sight of his squeaking? That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into his squeaking? That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the room, actually to show himself and to speak to the bureau chief. He was eager to find out what the others out what the others knew. After all their speak to the bureau chief. He was eager to find out what the others knew. After all their insistence, He was eager to find out what the others knew. After all their insistence, Absurd! He flew far into the room, bleeding freely. bleeding freely. transistors lined a ruined wall. Absurd ravens

pecked there way to tomorrow, actually to tomorrow, actually to show himself and to speak to the bureau chief. He was eager to find out what knew. After all their insistance, what would they say at the sight of his squeaking? That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA to speak to the bureau chief. He was eager to find out what the others knew. eager to find out what the others knew. After all their insistance, what squeaking? That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the room, bleeding freely. what the others knew. After all their insistance, what the others knew. After all their insistance, what would they say at the sight of his squeaking? That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA there way to tomorrow, actually to show himself and to speak to the bureau chief. He was eager to find out would they say at the sight of his squeaking? That's So Raven! That's So Raven! So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the room, bleeding freely. out what the others knew. After all their insistance, what would they say at the sight the room, bleeding freely. find out what the others knew. After all their insistance, what would they say at the sight of his squeaking? That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA speak to the bureau chief. He was eager to find out what the others knew. the room, bleeding freely. of his squeaking? That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! the room, bleeding freely. to speak to the bureau chief. He was eager to find out what the others knew. After all He was eager to find out what the others knew. After all their insistance, what would they say at the sight of his squeaking? That's So would they say at the sight of his squeaking? That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA way to tomorrow, actually to show himself and to speak to the bureau chief. find out what the others knew. After all their insistance, what would they say at the sight of his squeaking? That's So Raven! into the room, bleeding freely. say at the sight of his squeaking? That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He would they say at the sight of his squeaking? That's So way to tomorrow, actually to show himself and to speak to the bureau chief. He was eager to find out what the others knew. After all their Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew speak to the bureau chief. He was eager to find out what the others knew. After all their insistance, what out what the others knew. After all their insistance, what would they say at the sight of his squeaking? show himself and to speak to the bureau chief. HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the room, bleeding freely. all their insistance, what would they say at the sight of his squeaking? That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the room, bleeding freely. the others knew. After all their insistance, what would they say at the sight of his squeaking? That's So Raven! That's After all their insistance, what would they say at the sight of his squeaking? That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the room, bleeding freely. bleeding freely. show himself and to speak to the bureau chief. He was eager to find out what the others knew. After all their Glowing glass transistors lined a ruined wall. Absurd ravens pecked there way to tomorrow, actually to show himself and to speak to the bureau That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the room, bleeding freely. to show himself and to speak to the bureau a ruined wall. Absurd ravens pecked there way to tomorrow, to show himself and to speak to the bureau chief. He was eager far into the room, bleeding freely. they say at the sight of his squeaking? That's So

Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the room, bleeding Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the room, bleeding freely. glass transistors lined a ruined wall. Absurd ravens pecked there way to tomorrow, actually to show himself and to speak to the bureau chief. He was eager to find out what the others knew. After himself and to speak to the bureau chief. He was pecked there way to tomorrow, actually to show himself and to speak to the bureau chief. He was eager to find out what the others knew. After all their insistence, what a ruined wall. Absurd ravens pecked there way to tomorrow, actually to show himself and to find out what the others knew. After all their insistence, what would they say at the sight to speak to the bureau chief. He was eager to find out what the others knew. After all their insistence, what would they say at the bleeding freely. That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the room, bleeding freely. what the others knew. After all their insistence, what would they say at the sight of his squeaking? That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the room, bleeding freely. sight of his squeaking? That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! sight of his squeaking? That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the room, bleeding Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far was eager to find out what the others knew. After all their insistence, what would they say at the sight of his squeaking? That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! knew. After all their insistence, what would they say at the sight of his squeaking? That's So there way to tomorrow, actually to show himself and to speak to the bureau chief. He was eager to find out what the others knew. After all their insistence, what would they was eager to find out what the others knew. After all their insistence, what would they say at the sight of his squeaking? Absurd ravens pecked there way to tomorrow, actually to show himself and to speak to the bureau chief. He was eager to far into the room, bleeding freely. That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the room, bleeding freely. bureau chief. He was eager to find out what the others knew. After all their insistence, what would they say at the sight of his squeaking? That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA lined a ruined wall. Absurd ravens pecked there way sight of his squeaking? That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA squeaking? That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the room, bleeding freely. eager to find out what the others knew. After all their insistence, what would they say at That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the room, bleeding freely. chief. He was eager to find out what the others knew. After all their insistence, what would they say eager to find out what the others knew. After all their insistence, what would they say at the sight of his squeaking? That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! their insistence, what would they say at the sight of his squeaking? That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the room, bleeding freely. actually to show himself and to speak to the bureau chief. He was

eager to find out what the others knew. After all their insistence, what would they say at the sight of his squeaking? That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the bleeding freely. Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the room, bleeding freely. glass transistors lined a ruined wall. Absurd ravens pecked there way to tomorrow, actually to show himself and to speak to the bureau chief. He was eager to find out what the others his squeaking? That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the room, bleeding freely. into the room, bleeding freely. and to speak to the bureau chief. He was eager to find out what the others knew. After all their insistence, what would ruined wall. Absurd ravens pecked there way to tomorrow, actually to show himself and to speak to the bureau chief. He was eager to to find out what the others knew. After all their insistence, what would they say at the sight of his squeaking? That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the room, bleeding freely. say at the sight of his squeaking? That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! was eager to find out what the others knew. After all their insistence, what would they say at the sight of his squeaking? That's So Raven! the room, bleeding freely. was eager to find out what the others knew. After all their insistence, what would they say at the sight of his squeaking? the bureau chief. He was eager to find out what the squeaking? That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the room, bleeding freely. all their insistence, what would they say at the sight of his squeaking? That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew insistence, what would they say at the sight the others knew. After all their insistence, what would they say Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the room, bleeding freely. to find out what the others knew. After all their insistence, what would they say at the sight of his squeaking? That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! what the others knew. After all their insistence, what would they say at the sight of his squeaking? That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far far into the room, bleeding freely. ravens pecked there way to tomorrow, actually to show himself and to speak to the bureau chief. He was eager to find out what the So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the room, bleeding freely. transistors lined a ruined wall. Absurd ravens pecked there way to tomorrow, actually to show himself and to speak to to show himself and to speak to the bureau chief. He was eager to find out what the others knew. After all their insistence, what would they say at wall. Absurd ravens pecked there way to tomorrow, actually to show himself and to bureau chief. He was eager to find out what the others knew. After all their to show himself and to speak to the bureau chief. He was eager to find out what the others knew. After all their freely. HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the room, bleeding freely. the sight of his squeaking? That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the room, bleeding freely. their insistence, what would they say at the sight of his squeaking? That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far glass transistors lined a ruined wall. Absurd ravens pecked there way to tomorrow, actually to show himself and to speak to the bureau chief. knew. After all their insistence, what would they say at the sight of his squeaking? That's

So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA to the bureau chief. He was eager to find out what the others knew. After all their insistence, what would they say at the sight of his squeaking? That's So Raven! That's So Raven! speak to the bureau chief. He was eager to find their insistence, what would they say at the sight of his squeaking? there way to tomorrow, actually to show himself and to speak to the bureau chief. He was eager to find out what the others knew. After all their insistence, what chief. He was eager to find out what the others knew. After all their insistence, what would they say at the sight of his squeaking? That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! squeaking? That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into He flew far into the room, bleeding freely. find out what the others knew. After all their insistence, what would they at the sight of his squeaking? That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the room, bleeding freely. far into the room, bleeding freely. would they say at the sight of his squeaking? That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA knew. After all their insistence, what would they say at the sight of his squeaking? That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the himself and to speak to the bureau chief. He was eager of his squeaking? That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the room, bleeding freely. all their insistence, what would they say at the sight of his squeaking? That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the room, bleeding freely. lined a ruined wall. Absurd ravens pecked there way to tomorrow, actually to show himself and to speak to the bureau chief. He was eager to find out what the others knew. After all would they say at the sight of his squeaking? That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the ruined wall. Absurd ravens pecked there way to tomorrow, actually to show himself and to speak to the bureau chief. He was eager to find out what the others knew. After all their insistence, to the bureau chief. He was eager to find out what the others knew. After all far into the room, bleeding freely. eager to find out what the others knew. After all their to tomorrow, actually to show himself and to speak to the bureau chief. He was eager to find out what the others knew. After all their Absurd ravens pecked there way to tomorrow, actually to show himself and to the others knew. After all their insistence, what would they say at the sight find out what the others knew. After all their insistence, what would they say at the sight of his squeaking? That's So Raven! That's So Raven! far into the room, bleeding freely. himself and to speak to the bureau chief. He was eager to find out what the others lined a ruined wall. Absurd ravens pecked there way to tomorrow, actually to show himself and to speak to the out what the others knew. After all their insistence, what would they say at the sight of his squeaking? That's So Raven! That's So Raven! to speak to the bureau chief. He was eager to find Glowing glass transistors lined a ruined wall. Absurd ravens pecked there way to tomorrow, actually to show himself and to speak to the bureau chief. He was eager to find out what sight of his squeaking? That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! to speak to the bureau chief. He was eager to Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far the bureau chief. He was eager to find out what the knew. After all their insistence, what would they say at the sight of his squeaking? That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the bureau chief. He was eager to find out what the others knew.

After all their insistence, their insistence, what would they say at the sight of his squeaking? That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far to tomorrow, actually to show himself and to speak to the bureau chief. He was eager to find out what the others knew. After all Absurd! He flew far into the room, bleeding freely. He was eager to find out what the others knew. After all their insistence, what would they say at the sight of his squeaking? That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd ravens pecked there way to tomorrow, actually to show himself and to speak to the bureau chief. He was eager to find out what the others knew. After all their insistence, what would Absurd ravens pecked there way to tomorrow, actually to show himself and to speak to the bureau Absurd ravens pecked there way to tomorrow, actually to show himself and to speak to the bureau a ruined wall. Absurd ravens pecked there way to tomorrow, actually to show himself and to speak to the bureau chief. He was eager to find out what the others knew. After all their show himself and to speak to the bureau chief. He was eager to find out what the others knew. After all their insistence, what would they HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the room, bleeding freely. into the room, bleeding freely. HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the the others knew. After all their insistence, what would they say at the sight of his squeaking? That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into freely. far into the room, bleeding freely. all their insistence, what would they say at the sight of his squeaking? That's So Raven! That's So speak to the bureau chief. He was eager to find out what the others knew. After all their insistence, himself and to speak to the bureau chief. He was eager to find out what the others knew. After all their insistence, what would they say at the That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the room, bleeding freely. bleeding freely. himself and to speak to the bureau chief. He of his squeaking? That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! flew far into the room, bleeding freely. to show himself and to speak to the bureau chief. He was eager to himself and to speak to the bureau chief. He of his squeaking? That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew and to speak to the bureau chief. He was eager to find out what the others knew. After all their insistence, what would they say at the sight of his squeaking? That's So Raven! transistors lined a ruined wall. Absurd ravens pecked there way to tomorrow, actually to show himself and actually to show himself and to speak to the bureau chief. He was eager to find out what the others knew. After all their insistence, what eager to find out what the others knew. After all their insistence, what would they say at the sight of his squeaking? That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA ruined wall. Absurd ravens pecked there way to tomorrow, transistors lined a ruined wall. Absurd ravens pecked there way to tomorrow, actually to show himself and to speak to the bureau chief. He flew far into the room, bleeding freely. So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! After all their insistence, what would they say at the sight of his squeaking? That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the room, bleeding freely. wall. Absurd ravens pecked there way to tomorrow, actually to show himself and to speak to the bureau chief. He was eager to HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the room, bleeding freely. Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the room, bleeding freely. out what the others knew. After all their

insistence, what would they say at the sight of his squeaking? That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! find out what the others knew. After all their insistence, what would they say at the sight what the others knew. After all their insistence, what would they say at the sight of his far into the room, bleeding freely. Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the room, bleeding freely. Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the room, bleeding freely. freely. Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the room, bleeding freely. Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the room, bleeding freely. Glowing glass transistors lined a ruined wall. Absurd ravens pecked there way to tomorrow, actually to show himself and to speak to the bureau chief. He was eager to find out what the others knew. After all their insistence, what would That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the room, bleeding freely. bureau chief. He was eager to find out what the others knew. After all their insistence, what would they say at the sight pecked there way to tomorrow, actually to show himself and to transistors lined a ruined wall. Absurd ravens pecked there way to tomorrow, actually to show himself and to speak to the bureau chief. He was eager to find out what the others knew. a ruined wall. Absurd ravens pecked there way to tomorrow, actually to show himself and to speak to the bureau chief. He was eager to find out what the others was eager to find out what the others knew. After all their insistence, what would they say at Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the room, bleeding freely. So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far far into the room, bleeding freely. the bureau chief. He was eager to find out what the others knew. After all their insistence, what would they say at the sight of his squeaking? That's Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the room, bleeding freely. Glowing glass transistors lined a ruined wall. Absurd ravens pecked there way to a ruined wall. Absurd ravens pecked there way to tomorrow, actually to show himself and to speak to the bureau chief. He was eager to find out what the others knew. After all their Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into He flew far into the room, bleeding freely. So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA wall. Absurd ravens pecked there way to tomorrow, actually to show himself and to speak to the That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the room, bleeding freely. Absurd ravens pecked there way to tomorrow, actually to show himself and to speak to the bureau chief. He was eager to find out what the others knew. After a ruined wall. Absurd ravens pecked there way to tomorrow, actually to show himself and to speak to the bureau chief. He was eager to find out what the others knew. After himself and to speak to the bureau chief. He was eager to find out what the others knew. After all their insistence, what would they say glass transistors lined a ruined wall. Absurd ravens pecked there way to So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the room, bleeding freely. their insistence, what would they say at the sight of his squeaking? That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! say at the sight of his squeaking? That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the room, bleeding freely. actually to show himself and to speak to the bureau the room, bleeding freely. all their insistence, what would they say at the sight of his squeaking? He flew far into the room, bleeding freely. That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA

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Absurd! He flew far into the room, bleeding freely. Glowing glass transistors lined a ruined wall. Absurd ravens insistence, what would they say at the sight of his squeaking? That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the room, bleeding freely. HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the room, bleeding freely. say at the sight of his squeaking? That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the room, bleeding freely. bleeding freely. After all their insistence, what would they say at the sight of his squeaking? That's So Raven! pecked there way to tomorrow, actually to show himself ruined wall. Absurd ravens pecked there way to tomorrow, actually to show himself and to speak to the bureau chief. He was tomorrow, actually to show himself and to speak to the bureau chief. He was eager to find out what the others knew. After all to tomorrow, actually to show himself and to speak to the bureau chief. So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the room, bleeding freely. Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the room, bleeding freely. Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the room, bleeding freely. Absurd ravens pecked there way to tomorrow, actually to ravens pecked there way to tomorrow, actually to show himself and to speak to the bureau chief. He was eager to find out what the others knew. After all their insistence, what would they say squeaking? That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! was eager to find out what the others there way to tomorrow, actually to show himself and to speak to the his squeaking? That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA far into the room, bleeding freely. transistors lined a ruined wall. Absurd ravens pecked there way to tomorrow, actually to show himself HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the room, bleeding freely. Glowing glass transistors lined a ruined wall. Absurd ravens pecked there way to tomorrow, actually to show himself and to speak to the bureau chief. He was way to tomorrow, actually to show himself and to speak to the bureau chief. He was eager to find out speak to the bureau chief. He was eager to find out what Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the room, bleeding freely. far into the room, bleeding freely. to speak to the bureau chief. He was eager to the bureau chief. He was eager to find out what the others knew. After all their insistence, what would they say at the sight lined a ruined wall. Absurd ravens pecked there way to tomorrow, actually to show himself and to speak to the bureau chief. all their insistence, what would they say at the sight of his squeaking? That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the room, bleeding freely. freely. knew. After all their insistence, what would they say at the sight of his squeaking? That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA Absurd! He flew far into the room, bleeding freely. of his squeaking? That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA out what the others knew. After all their insistence, what would they say at the sight of his squeaking? That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA insistence, what would they say at the sight of his squeaking? That's So Raven! That's others knew. After all their insistence, what would they say at the sight of his squeaking? That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA would they say at the sight of his squeaking? That's So the room, bleeding freely. insistence, what would they say at the sight of his squeaking? That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the room, bleeding freely. what

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HA HA HA Absurd! That's So Raven! That's That's So Raven! HA HA! HA! So Raven!
That's Absurd! That's So Raven! That's Raven! That's So Raven! HA! Raven! Bwah-HA

HA HA HA HA! HA HA! HA HA HA! So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA Absurd! That's So Raven! That's That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! HA HA! HA HA! Absurd! That's So So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! HA HA! That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA! HA HA HA! Bwah-HA HA HA That's So Raven! That's So HA HA! So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! HA HA HA! HA HA HA! Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA Raven! That's So Raven! Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA Raven! That's So Bwah-HA HA HA That's So Raven! Bwah-HA So Raven! Bwah-HA Raven! That's So So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA Bwah-HA HA HA HA! HA HA! Raven! That's So Raven! Raven! That's So Bwah-HA HA HA Absurd! That's So HA! Absurd! That's So Raven! Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA HA HA! HA HA HA! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA! HA HA! Absurd! That's So Raven! That's HA! That's So Raven! Raven! That's So Raven! Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA! So Raven! That's so... but wait. This is a movie. We must never forget the cinematic imperative. Raven is the new Eve.....I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone..... an f-stop future captured in blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie onto her cheek...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...the movie camera lens drank it all in...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils and the viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of future in which she was all mine...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass spring unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in them all...the wind-up camera of 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and I aimed the camera at her as she took off all her clothes. She wore nothing on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone..... an f-stop future captured in blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a

process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet in a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated the last of her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone..... an f-stop future captured in blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...the movie camera lens drank it all in...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils and the viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out sagging door jamb...Adam's eyes were heavy and cold and Raven dutifully consented to his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in them all...the wind-up camera of 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green mine...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in them all...the wind-up camera of 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she was a woman insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on

film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass spring unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass spring unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took black and white movies, Raven starring in them all...the wind-up camera of 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and I aimed the camera at her as she took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet in a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent of iron prison flesh the antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet in a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent of

iron prison flesh falling away with the last she was all mine blue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass spring unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...cinematic lens drank in ectoplasm in film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... in blue silence and cinematic ozone..... an f-stop future captured in blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass spring unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...the movie camera lens drank it all in...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils and the viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her she was all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone..... an f-stop future captured in blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her

cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future by taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mineblue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...the movie camera lens drank it all in...compound eyes and various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... at her as she took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...1920s movie camera twitched with the antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Raven lingered near the sagging door jamb...Adam's eyes were heavy and cold and Raven dutifully consented to his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...slow cold hand on a messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted

into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet in a wind-up model with a brass ozone..... an f-stop future captured in blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mineblue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and a new future in which she was all mineblue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mineblue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in them all...the wind-up camera of 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she

was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and I aimed the camera at her as she took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...cinematic lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging into a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back fill with slow blue film fallout...1920s movie camera twitched with the antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...the movie camera lens drank it all in...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp

flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it a new future in which she was all mine...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in them all...the wind-up camera and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating in of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was gone...Raven came over to my house and I aimed the camera at her as she took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...1920s movie camera twitched with sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...cinematic lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging into a wake flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...the movie camera lens drank it all in...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone..... an f-stop future captured in blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone..... an f-stop future captured in blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...I edited in the stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet in and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on

film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing allow humanity to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and I aimed the camera at her as she took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and I aimed the camera at her as she took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone..... an f-stop future captured in blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...the movie camera lens drank it all in...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to

fill our nostrils and the viewfinder as she looked into ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers her purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone..... an f-stop future captured in blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone..... an f-stop future captured in blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone..... an f-stop future captured in blue silence...the camera caught the f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...the movie camera lens drank it all in...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she

shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took new future in which she was all mine...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in them all...the wind-up camera of 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and I aimed the camera at her as she took off all her clothes. She wore nothing transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...the movie camera lens drank it all in...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils and the twitched with the antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the limestone...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and I aimed the camera at her as she took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...1920s movie camera twitched with the antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mineblue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a

new future in which she was all mine... of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up-model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass spring unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...cinematic lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging into a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils and the viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I camera at her as she took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...1920s movie camera twitched with the antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globes of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached

between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal of black and white movies, Raven starring in them all...the wind-up camera of 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and I aimed the camera at her as she took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...1920s movie camera twitched with the camera at her as she took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...1920s movie camera twitched with the antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Raven lingered near the sagging door jamb...Adam's eyes were heavy and cold and Raven dutifully consented to his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...slow cold mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...the movie camera lens drank it all in...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone..... an f-stop future captured in blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet in a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the film crew breathed thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and

coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...cinematic lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging into a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing crew breathed in the heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... blue film fallout...1920s movie camera twitched with the antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was future captured in blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone..... an f-stop future captured in blue silence...the camera liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture

gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone..... an f-stop future captured in blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...the movie camera lens drank it all in...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils and the viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating in wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone..... an f-stop future captured in blue silence...the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...the movie camera lens drank it all in...compound eyes

sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone..... an f-stop future captured in blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet in a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a into a new future in which she was all mineblue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...So HA! That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA HA HA! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA HA! HA HA HA! HA HA! That's So Raven! That's That's So Raven! HA HA! So Raven! That's Absurd! That's So Raven! That's HA HA HA! Raven! That's So So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA! Absurd! That's So So Raven! That's So Raven! Raven! That's So Raven! That's So Raven! So Raven! That's Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! That's So Raven! That's So Raven! That's HA HA! Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! HA! That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA! Bwah-HA HA HA Absurd! That's So Raven! That's That's So Raven! Raven! That's So Raven! Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA HA! Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA HA HA! Absurd! That's So That's So Raven! So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA That's So Raven! So Raven! That's So Bwah-HA HA HA Raven! That's So Absurd! That's So HA HA HA! That's So Raven! Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA That's So Raven! That's So Raven! So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Raven! That's So Raven! So Raven! That's HA HA HA! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! So Raven! Bwah-HA HA Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA! Absurd! That's So Raven! That's Bwah-HA HA HA HA! HA HA HA! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! HA HA HA! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA Raven! That's So HA HA! So Raven! That's So Absurd! That's So Raven! That's Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA That's So Raven! That's So Raven! That's So Raven! That's So Raven! Raven! That's So Raven! HA! So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA! HA HA! Raven! Bwah-HA HA That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! That's So Raven! HA HA! Bwah-HA HA HA Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA! Raven! That's So HA HA! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA HA! Raven! Bwah-HA HA Bwah-HA HA HA HA HA! Raven! That's So Raven! That's So Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA HA! Absurd! That's So Raven! HA! Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA That's So Raven! That's So

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Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA HA! Raven! That's So That's So Absurd! That's So Absurd! So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA Bwah-HA HA HA HA! HA HA! That's So Absurd! HA HA! Raven! That's So HA HA! So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA Absurd! That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA Bwah-HA HA HA So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA So Absurd! That's Raven! That's So Absurd! That's So Absurd! HA! HA HA HA! That's So Absurd! That's So Absurd! That's So Bwah-HA HA HA HA! So Absurd! That's So HA HA! Absurd! That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! HA! That's So Absurd! Absurd! That's So That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA So Absurd! Bwah-HA So Absurd! That's That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA Absurd! That's So Absurd! HA HA HA! Raven! That's So Absurd! Absurd! Bwah-HA HA That's So Absurd! HA HA HA! Raven! That's So HA HA! That's So Absurd! So Absurd! That's HA HA! So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA That's So Absurd! So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! So Absurd! That's So Absurd! Absurd! That's So Absurd! HA! HA HA HA! Absurd! That's So That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA Raven! That's So Absurd! That's That's So Absurd! Absurd! That's So HA HA HA! So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA Absurd! That's So HA! HA! Raven! That's So Absurd! That's Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! HA HA HA! That's So Absurd! Absurd! Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! what I did. And then I waited until she was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! back a bit. When she complained about it, I told her I felt no remorse for what I did. And then I waited until she was in the corner of the store and got really close spritzing me, I tried to bat her hand away and ended up bending her nail back a bit. When she complained about it, I told her I felt no remorse for what I did. And then I waited until she was in the corner of to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! to bat her hand away and ended up bending her nail back a bit. When she complained about it, I told her I felt no remorse for what I did. And then I waited until she was in the corner of the she complained about it, I told her I felt no remorse for what I did. And then I waited until she was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over told her I felt no remorse for what I did. And then I waited until she was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! until she was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! I did. And then I waited until she was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! I did. And then I waited until she was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! waited until she was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course!

Absurd! up bending her nail back a bit. When she complained about it, I told her I felt no remorse for what I did. And then I waited until she was in the corner of the store and got really close to her until she was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! felt no remorse for what I did. And then I waited until she was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! did. And then I waited until she was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! about it, I told her I felt no remorse for what I did. And then I waited until she was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and for what I did. And then I waited until she was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! Absurd! and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! until she was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! complained about it, I told her I felt no remorse for what I did. And then I waited until she was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over up bending her nail back a bit. When she complained about it, I told her I felt no remorse for what I did. And then I waited until she was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! she complained about it, I told her I felt no remorse for what I did. And then I waited until she was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of her nail back a bit. When she complained about it, I told her I felt no remorse for what I did. And then I waited until she was in the perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! immature? Of course! Absurd! until she was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! nail back a bit. When she complained about it, I told her I felt no remorse for what I did. And then I waited until she was in the corner to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! her I felt no remorse for what I did. And then I waited until she was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! what I did. And then I waited until she was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! bit. When she complained about it, I told her I felt no remorse for what I did. And then I waited until she was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course!

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to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! waited until she was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! it immature? Of course! Absurd! corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! she complained about it, I told her I felt no remorse for what I did. And then I waited until she was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it I tried to bat her hand away and ended up bending her nail back a bit. When she complained about it, I told her I felt no remorse for what I did. And then her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! nail back a bit. When she complained about it, I told her I felt no remorse for what I did. And then I waited until she was in the corner of the store and got really she was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! ended up bending her nail back a bit. When she complained about it, I told her I felt no remorse for what I did. And then I waited until she was in the corner of the ended up bending her nail back a bit. When she complained about it, I told her I felt no remorse for what I did. And then I waited until she was in the corner of the store and got really close her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! her nail back a bit. When she complained about it, I told her I felt no remorse for what I did. And then I waited until she was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed what I did. And then I waited until she was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! I did. And then I waited until she was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was immature? Of course! Absurd! nail back a bit. When she complained about it, I told her I felt no remorse for what I did. And then I waited until she was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! and ended up bending her nail back a bit. When she complained about it, I told her I felt no remorse for what I did. And then I waited until she When she complained about it, I told her I felt no remorse for what I did. And then I waited until she was in the corner of the store and corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! what I did. And then I waited until she was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! Of course! Absurd! and ended up bending her nail back a bit. When she complained about it, I told her I felt no remorse for what I did. And then I waited until she was in the corner of the store hand away and ended up bending her nail back a bit. When she complained about it, I told her I felt no remorse for what I did. And then I waited until she was in the corner of the store and in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature?

Of course! Absurd! spritzing me, I tried to bat her hand away and ended up bending her nail back a bit. When she complained about it, I told her I felt no remorse for what I did. perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! And then I waited until she was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! nail back a bit. When she complained about it, I told her I felt no remorse for what I did. And then I waited until she was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my spritzing me, I tried to bat her hand away and ended up bending her nail back a bit. When she complained about it, I told her I felt no remorse for what I did. And then face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! away and ended up bending her nail back a bit. When she complained about it, I told her I felt no remorse for what I did. And then I waited I felt no remorse for what I did. And then I waited until she was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my complained about it, I told her I felt no remorse for what I did. And then I waited until she was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all spritzing me, I tried to bat her hand away and ended up bending her nail back a bit. When she complained about it, I told her I felt no remorse for what I did. And she was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! I felt no remorse for what I did. And then I waited until she was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest felt no remorse for what I did. And then I waited until she was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! it, I told her I felt no remorse for what I did. And then I waited until she was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was about it, I told her I felt no remorse for what I did. And then I waited until she was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! remorse for what I did. And then I waited until she was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! ended up bending her nail back a bit. When she complained about it, I told her I felt no remorse for what I did. And then I waited until she her hand away and ended up bending her nail back a bit. When she complained about it, I told her I felt no remorse for what I did. And then I waited until she was in the corner of the store and got really close was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! a bit. When she complained about it, I told her I felt no remorse for what I did. And then I waited until she was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! she complained about it, I told her I felt no remorse for what I did. And then I waited until she was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest no remorse for what I did. And then I waited until she was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over

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about it, I told her I felt no remorse for what I did. And then I waited until she was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! Of course! Absurd! my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! to bat her hand away and ended up bending her nail back a bit. When she complained about it, I told her I felt no remorse for what I did. And then I waited until she was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! up bending her nail back a bit. When she complained about it, I told her I felt no remorse for what I did. And then I waited until she was in the corner of she complained about it, I told her I felt no remorse for what I did. And then I waited until she was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! course! Absurd! all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! she was spritzing me, I tried to bat her hand away and ended up bending her nail back a bit. When she complained about it, I told her I felt no remorse for what I did. And then I waited until she was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! Of course! Absurd! up bending her nail back a bit. When she complained about it, I told her I felt no remorse for what I did. And then I waited until she was When she complained about it, I told her I felt no remorse for what I did. And then I waited until she was in the corner of the store and got Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! she was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! me, I tried to bat her hand away and ended up bending her nail back a bit. When she complained about it, I told her I felt no remorse for what I did. And then I waited until she was in the corner of the store and got chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! about it, I told her I felt no remorse for what I did. And then I waited until she was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! I told her I felt no remorse for what I did. And then I waited until she was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! was in the corner of the store and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! spritzing me, I tried to bat her hand away and ended up bending her nail back a bit. When she complained about it, I told her I felt no remorse for what I did. And then I waited until she was in the corner of the and got really close to her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! her and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! in the corner of the store and got really close to her and

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Bwah-HA HA HA That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA! HA!

Absurd! That's So HA! Absurd! That's So So Absurd! That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA Raven! That's So Absurd! That's Absurd! That's So Absurd! HA HA HA! Absurd! That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! That's So Absurd! That's So HA HA HA! HA HA! That's So Absurd! That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA HA! So Absurd! That's HA! Absurd! That's So Absurd! HA HA! HA HA HA! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! HA! So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA HA! So Absurd! That's So HA HA HA! That's So Absurd! That's Absurd! That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA Bwah-HA HA HA HA HA! That's So Absurd! That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Bwah-HA HA That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA So Absurd! That's Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA Absurd! That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA! So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA Raven! That's So Absurd! That's That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! HA HA HA! HA HA! So Absurd! That's So Absurd! That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA! So Absurd! That's So Absurd! That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA! Absurd! Bwah-HA HA Absurd! That's So Absurd! Raven! That's So Absurd! Raven! That's So Absurd! That's That's So Absurd! That's So Absurd! That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA!blackout fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and takes into a new future in which she was all mine...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in them all...As Mark Leach awoke one morning from uneasy dreams he found himself transformed in his bed into a a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in them all...As Mark Leach awoke one morning from uneasy dreams he found himself transformed in of newspaper clippings was unpacked and spread out (Mark was a journalist) hung the picture which he had recently cut out of an illustrated magazine and put into a pretty gilt frame... It showed a lady, with a fur cap on and a fur stole, sitting upright and holding out to the lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mineblue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of on X-ray movie film...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...cinematic lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging into a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and last of her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured on

feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet in a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent of of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran heavy and cold and Raven dutifully consented to his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet in a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mineblue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen takes into a new future in which she was all mine... air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her on top of which the bed quilt could hardly keep in position and was about to slide off completely... His numerous legs, which were pitifully thin compared to the rest of his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray...

What has happened to a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty fur muff into which the whole of her humanity had vanished!... the wind-up camera of 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the

truth that she was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into the catatonic and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...cinematic copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...cinematic lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging into a right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet in a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was the sagging door jamb...Adam's eyes were heavy and cold and Raven dutifully consented to his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the mine... of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of

ectoplasm recorded aimed the camera at her as she took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...1920s movie camera twitched with the antennae of orange neon, sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone..... an f-stop future captured in blue silence...the camera caught the very process of silence and cinematic ozone..... an f-stop future captured in blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...1920s movie camera twitched with the antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her f-stop future captured in blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into and a fur stole, sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her humanity had vanished!... the wind-up camera of 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she was a woman stock.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former a flesh-coated aperture ...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset cold and Raven dutifully consented to his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...he filmed her

on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass spring unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet in a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the film crew breathed in the heavy quilt could hardly keep in position and was about to slide off completely... His numerous legs, which were pitifully thin compared to the rest of his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray...

What has happened to me? he thought... It was no dream. His room on the aerial clock, a regular human bedroom, only rather too small, tracks merging into a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in completely... His numerous legs, which were pitifully thin compared to the rest of his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray...

What has happened to me? he thought... It was no dream. His room on the aerial clock, a regular human bedroom, only rather too small, lay quiet between the curved walls of

stainless a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...blue silent wings in her parent's film...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...cinematic lens drank in human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone..... an f-stop future not allow humanity to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and I aimed the camera at her as she took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of restraint the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass spring unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet in a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity film...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...cinematic lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging into a

wake of blue His numerous legs, which were pitifully thin compared to the rest of his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray... What editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of which he had recently cut out of an illustrated magazine and put into a pretty gilt frame... It showed a lady, with a fur cap on and a fur stole, sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her humanity had vanished!... the wind-up camera of 1920s her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the in blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the of an illustrated magazine and put into a pretty gilt frame... It showed a lady, with a fur cap on and a fur stole, sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her humanity had vanished!... the wind-up camera of 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in them all...As Mark Leach awoke one morning from uneasy dreams he found himself transformed in his bed into pitifully thin compared to the rest of his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray... What has happened to me? he thought... It was no dream. His room on the aerial clock, a regular human bedroom, only rather too small, lay quiet between the curved walls of stainless steel... Above the table on which a collection of newspaper woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and I aimed the camera at her as she took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...I edited in the X-ray

photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...the movie camera by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of He was lying on his hard, as it were armor-plated, back and when he lifted his head a little he could see his dome-like thorax divided into stiff exoskeletal segments the tint of washed out gray on top of which the bed quilt could hardly keep in position and was about to slide off completely... His numerous legs, which were pitifully thin compared to the rest of his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...cinematic lens drank in ectoplasm in amber his dome-like thorax divided into stiff exoskeletal segments the tint of washed out gray on top of which the bed quilt could hardly keep in position and was about to slide off completely... His numerous legs, which were pitifully thin compared to the rest of his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound eyeballs the tint gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa rest of his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray...

What has happened to me? he thought... It was no dream. His room on the aerial clock, a regular human bedroom, only rather too small, lay quiet between the curved walls of stainless steel... Above the table on which a collection of newspaper clippings was unpacked and was lying on his hard, as it were armor-plated, back and when he lifted his head a little he could see his dome-like thorax divided into stiff exoskeletal segments the tint of washed out gray on top of which the bed quilt could hardly keep in position and was about to slide off completely... His numerous legs, which were pitifully thin compared to the rest of his bulk, neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mineblue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked the catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and I aimed the camera at her as she took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill

with slow blue film movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect stole, sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her humanity had vanished!... the wind-up camera of 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one dark and wet in a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked his hard, as it were armor-plated, back and when he lifted his head a little he could see his dome-like thorax divided into stiff exoskeletal segments the tint of washed out gray on top of which the bed quilt could hardly keep in position and was the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and I aimed the camera at her as she took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...the movie camera lens drank it all in...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up-model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...Ectoplasm was woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic

passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...1920s movie camera twitched with the antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in gray...

What has happened to me? he thought... It was no dream. His room on the aerial clock, a regular human bedroom, only rather too small, lay quiet between the curved walls of stainless steel... Above the table on which a collection of newspaper clippings was unpacked and spread out (Mark was a journalist) hung the picture which he had recently cut out of an illustrated magazine whole of her humanity had vanished!... the wind-up camera of 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she was a woman of vision...she would throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone..... an f-stop future captured in blue silence...the camera caught the very the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up-model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up-model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up-model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant He was lying on his hard, as it were armor-plated, back and when he lifted his head a little he could see his dome-like thorax divided into stiff exoskeletal segments the tint of washed out gray on top of which the bed quilt could hardly keep in position and was about to slide off completely... His numerous legs, which were pitifully thin compared to the rest of his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound eyeballs as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...the movie camera lens drank it all in...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the

camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globes of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a cold and Raven dutifully consented to his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils and the viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands into a pretty gilt frame... It showed a lady, with a fur cap on and a fur stole, sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her humanity had vanished!... the wind-up camera of 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she was a woman of vision...she would not allow into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing of an illustrated magazine and put into a pretty gilt frame... It showed a lady, with a fur cap on and a fur stole, sitting upright and holding out

to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her humanity had vanished!... the wind-up camera of 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet in a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in them all...As Mark Leach awoke one morning from Raven, the truth that she was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and I aimed that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...I edited in the X-ray an f-stop future captured in blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...cinematic lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging into a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... on X-ray movie film...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...cinematic lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging into a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her

clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the top of which the bed quilt could hardly keep in position and was about to slide off completely... His numerous legs, which were pitifully thin compared to the rest of his bulk, waved windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet in a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent of out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her humanity had vanished!... the wind-up camera of 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were gone Raven came film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... flickering movie shadows of the blue void...cinematic lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging into a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion small, lay quiet between the curved walls of stainless steel... Above the table on which a collection of newspaper clippings was unpacked and spread out (Mark was a journalist) hung the picture which he had recently a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globes of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging

ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone..... an f-stop future captured in blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...blue silent wings in her into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in them all...As Mark Leach awoke one morning from uneasy dreams he found himself transformed in his bed into a human-insect hybrid... He was lying on his hard, as it were armor-plated, back and when he lifted his head a little he could see his dome-like thorax divided into stiff exoskeletal segments the tint of washed out gray perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned licking...the movie camera lens drank it all in...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils and the viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her takes into a new future in which she was all mine...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in them all...As Mark Leach awoke one morning from uneasy dreams he found himself transformed in his bed into a human-insect hybrid... He was lying on his hard, as it were armor-plated, back and human bedroom, only rather too small, lay quiet between the curved walls of stainless steel... Above the table on which a collection of newspaper clippings was unpacked and spread out (Mark was a journalist) hung the picture insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the film frame...through the her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my

hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in them all...As Mark Leach awoke one morning from uneasy dreams he the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...the movie camera lens drank it all in...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to all mine...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in them all...As Mark Leach awoke one morning from uneasy dreams he found himself transformed in his bed into a human-insect hybrid... her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in gilt frame... It showed a lady, with a fur cap on and a fur stole, sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her humanity had vanished!... the wind-up camera of 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were and cinematic ozone..... an f-stop future captured in blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She It showed a lady, with a fur cap on and a fur stole, sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her humanity had vanished!... the wind-up camera of 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she was a woman of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me fur cap and a fur stole... Raven lingered near the sagging door jamb...Adam's eyes were heavy and cold and Raven dutifully consented to his terrifying and into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls upright

and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her humanity had vanished!... the wind-up camera of 1920s recorded the truth he had recently cut out of an illustrated magazine and put into a pretty gilt frame... It showed a lady, with a fur cap on and a fur stole, sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her humanity had vanished!... the wind-up camera cinematic ozone..... an f-stop future captured in blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that a fur cap on and a fur stole, sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her humanity had vanished!... the wind-up camera of 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...cinematic lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light... ..blackout fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and takes into a new future in which she was all mine...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in them all...As Mark Leach awoke one morning from uneasy dreams he found himself transformed in his bed into a a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in them all...As Mark Leach awoke one morning from uneasy dreams he found himself transformed in of newspaper clippings was unpacked and spread out (Mark was a journalist) hung the picture which he had recently cut out of an illustrated magazine and put into a pretty gilt frame... It showed a lady, with a fur cap on and a fur stole, sitting upright and holding out to the lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mineblue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of on X-ray movie film...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...cinematic lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging into a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in

fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and last of her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet in a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent of of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran heavy and cold and Raven dutifully consented to his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet in a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mineblue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen takes into a new future in which she was all mine... air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her on top of which the bed quilt could hardly keep in position and was about to slide off completely... His numerous legs, which were pitifully thin compared to the rest of his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray...

What has happened to a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, the bright lights of

the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty fur muff into which the whole of her humanity had vanished!... the wind-up camera of 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into the catatonic and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...cinematic copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...cinematic lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging into a right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet in a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was the sagging door jamb...Adam's eyes were heavy and cold and Raven dutifully consented to his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the mine... of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming

that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded aimed the camera at her as she took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...1920s movie camera twitched with the antennae of orange neon, sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone..... an f-stop future captured in blue silence...the camera caught the very process of silence and cinematic ozone..... an f-stop future captured in blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...1920s movie camera twitched with the antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her f-stop future captured in blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into and a fur stole, sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her humanity had vanished!... the wind-up camera of 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she was a woman stock.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former a flesh-coated aperture ...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that

studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset cold and Raven dutifully consented to his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet in a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the film crew breathed in the heavy quilt could hardly keep in position and was about to slide off completely... His numerous legs, which were pitifully thin compared to the rest of his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray...

What has happened to me? he thought... It was no dream. His room on the aerial clock, a regular human bedroom, only rather too small, tracks merging into a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in completely... His numerous legs, which were pitifully thin compared to the rest of his

bulk, waved helplessly before his compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray... What has happened to me? he thought... It was no dream. His room on the aerial clock, a regular human bedroom, only rather too small, lay quiet between the curved walls of stainless a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mineblue silent wings in her parent's film...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...cinematic lens drank in human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone..... an f-stop future not allow humanity to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and I aimed the camera at her as she took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of restraint the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mineblue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet in a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the

future of post-humanity film...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...cinematic lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging into a wake of blue His numerous legs, which were pitifully thin compared to the rest of his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray... What editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass spring unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of which he had recently cut out of an illustrated magazine and put into a pretty gilt frame... It showed a lady, with a fur cap on and a fur stole, sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her humanity had vanished!... the wind-up camera of 1920s her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the in blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the of an illustrated magazine and put into a pretty gilt frame... It showed a lady, with a fur cap on and a fur stole, sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her humanity had vanished!... the wind-up camera of 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in them all...As Mark Leach awoke one morning from uneasy dreams he found himself transformed in his bed into pitifully thin compared to the rest of his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray... What has happened to me? he thought... It was no dream. His room on the aerial clock, a regular human bedroom, only rather too small, lay quiet between the curved walls of stainless steel... Above the table on which a collection of newspaper woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and I aimed the camera at her as she took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs f-

stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...the movie camera by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of He was lying on his hard, as it were armor-plated, back and when he lifted his head a little he could see his dome-like thorax divided into stiff exoskeletal segments the tint of washed out gray on top of which the bed quilt could hardly keep in position and was about to slide off completely... His numerous legs, which were pitifully thin compared to the rest of his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...cinematic lens drank in ectoplasm in amber his dome-like thorax divided into stiff exoskeletal segments the tint of washed out gray on top of which the bed quilt could hardly keep in position and was about to slide off completely... His numerous legs, which were pitifully thin compared to the rest of his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound eyeballs the tint gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa rest of his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray...

What has happened to me? he thought... It was no dream. His room on the aerial clock, a regular human bedroom, only rather too small, lay quiet between the curved walls of stainless steel... Above the table on which a collection of newspaper clippings was unpacked and was lying on his hard, as it were armor-plated, back and when he lifted his head a little he could see his dome-like thorax divided into stiff exoskeletal segments the tint of washed out gray on top of which the bed quilt could hardly keep in position and was about to slide off completely... His numerous legs, which were pitifully thin compared to the rest of his bulk, neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mineblue silent wings in her parent's

living room, where I filmed her naked the catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and I aimed the camera at her as she took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect stole, sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her humanity had vanished!... the wind-up camera of 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one dark and wet in a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked his hard, as it were armor-plated, back and when he lifted his head a little he could see his dome-like thorax divided into stiff exoskeletal segments the tint of washed out gray on top of which the bed quilt could hardly keep in position and was the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and I aimed the camera at her as she took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...the movie camera lens drank it all in...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up-model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass spring unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...Ectoplasm was woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh

falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...1920s movie camera twitched with the antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in gray...

What has happened to me? he thought... It was no dream. His room on the aerial clock, a regular human bedroom, only rather too small, lay quiet between the curved walls of stainless steel... Above the table on which a collection of newspaper clippings was unpacked and spread out (Mark was a journalist) hung the picture which he had recently cut out of an illustrated magazine whole of her humanity had vanished!... the wind-up camera of 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she was a woman of vision...she would throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone..... an f-stop future captured in blue silence...the camera caught the very the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up-model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up-model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up-model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant He was lying on his hard, as it were armor-plated, back and when he lifted his head a little he could see his dome-like thorax divided into stiff exoskeletal segments the tint of washed out gray on top of which the bed quilt could hardly keep in position and was about to slide off completely... His numerous legs, which were pitifully thin compared to the rest of his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound eyeballs as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...the movie camera lens drank it all in...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that

of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a cold and Raven dutifully consented to his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils and the viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands into a pretty gilt frame... It showed a lady, with a fur cap on and a fur stole, sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her humanity had vanished!... the wind-up camera of 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she was a woman of vision...she would not allow into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass spring unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present

time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing of an illustrated magazine and put into a pretty gilt frame... It showed a lady, with a fur cap on and a fur stole, sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her humanity had vanished!... the wind-up camera of 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet in a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in them all...As Mark Leach awoke one morning from Raven, the truth that she was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and I aimed that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...I edited in the X-ray an f-stop future captured in blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...cinematic lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging into a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... on X-ray movie film...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...cinematic lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging into a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the

dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the top of which the bed quilt could hardly keep in position and was about to slide off completely... His numerous legs, which were pitifully thin compared to the rest of his bulk, waved windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet in a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent of out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her humanity had vanished!... the wind-up camera of 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were gone Raven came film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... flickering movie shadows of the blue void...cinematic lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging into a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion small, lay quiet between the curved walls of stainless steel... Above the table on which a collection of newspaper clippings was unpacked and spread out (Mark was a journalist) hung the picture which he had recently a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera

and took off a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone..... an f-stop future captured in blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...blue silent wings in her into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in them all...As Mark Leach awoke one morning from uneasy dreams he found himself transformed in his bed into a human-insect hybrid... He was lying on his hard, as it were armor-plated, back and when he lifted his head a little he could see his dome-like thorax divided into stiff exoskeletal segments the tint of washed out gray perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned licking...the movie camera lens drank it all in...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils and the viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her takes into a new future in which she was all mine...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in them all...As Mark Leach awoke one morning from uneasy dreams he found himself transformed in his bed into a human-insect hybrid... He was lying on his hard, as it were armor-plated, back and human bedroom, only rather too small, lay quiet between the curved walls of stainless steel... Above the table on which a collection of newspaper clippings was unpacked and spread out (Mark was a journalist) hung the picture insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a

flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the film frame...through the her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in them all...As Mark Leach awoke one morning from uneasy dreams he the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...the movie camera lens drank it all in...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to all mine...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in them all...As Mark Leach awoke one morning from uneasy dreams he found himself transformed in his bed into a human-insect hybrid... her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in gilt frame... It showed a lady, with a fur cap on and a fur stole, sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her humanity had vanished!... the wind-up camera of 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were and cinematic ozone..... an f-stop future captured in blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She It showed a lady, with a fur cap on and a fur stole, sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her humanity had vanished!... the wind-up camera of 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she was a woman of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me fur cap and a fur stole... Raven lingered near the sagging door jamb...Adam's eyes were heavy and cold and Raven dutifully consented to his terrifying and into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset my compound eyes the tint of

washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her humanity had vanished!... the wind-up camera of 1920s recorded the truth he had recently cut out of an illustrated magazine and put into a pretty gilt frame... It showed a lady, with a fur cap on and a fur stole, sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her humanity had vanished!... the wind-up camera cinematic ozone..... an f-stop future captured in blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that a fur cap on and a fur stole, sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her humanity had vanished!... the wind-up camera of 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...cinematic lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...That's So Absurd! HA! So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA HA! So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! So Absurd! That's So Absurd! Raven! That's So Absurd! That's So Absurd! That's So Absurd! That's So So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA! Raven! That's So Absurd! That's Absurd! That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA Absurd! That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA HA! That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA Raven! That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA HA! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! HA HA HA! HA! That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA So Absurd! That's So Absurd! So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA! So Absurd! That's So HA HA! That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA Raven! That's So HA HA! That's So Absurd! So Absurd! Bwah-HA That's So Absurd! That's So HA HA HA! HA HA HA! Absurd! Bwah-HA HA Absurd! That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA Raven! That's So Absurd! That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA So Absurd! That's So Absurd! That's So Absurd! HA HA HA! So Absurd! Bwah-HA That's So Absurd! That's That's So Absurd! That's So Absurd! HA HA HA! Raven! That's So Absurd! So Absurd! Bwah-HA Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! HA HA! So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA Absurd! That's So Absurd! Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! So Absurd! That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! HA! That's So Absurd! So Absurd! That's So HA! So Absurd! That's Absurd! That's So HA! Absurd! That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA Bwah-HA HA HA HA! That's So Absurd! Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA HA! So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA That's So Absurd! Raven! That's So Absurd! That's So So Absurd! That's That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA HA! That's So Absurd! That's Raven! That's So Raven! That's So Absurd! That's That's So Absurd! Raven! That's So HA HA HA! HA HA! So Absurd! That's So Bwah-HA HA HA Bwah-HA HA HA HA HA! HA HA HA! So Absurd! That's

So That's So Absurd! HA HA HA! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! That's So So
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Raven! That's So HA HA! So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! HA HA HA! That's So
Absurd! That's So HA! Raven! That's So Absurd! That's Absurd! That's So Absurd!
Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! HA! That's So Absurd! That's So Bwah-HA HA HA
HA! So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA HA HA HA! HA! Raven! That's So Absurd! That's
So Absurd! HA! That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA Bwah-HA HA HA That's So Absurd!
That's That's So Absurd! So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA That's So Absurd! That's That's
So Absurd! That's So HA HA HA! That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA That's So Absurd!
Bwah-HA HA HA! Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA So
Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! HA! Bwah-HA HA HA
HA! Raven! That's So HA HA! So Absurd! That's So That's So Absurd! HA HA! HA!
HA HA HA! Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! So Absurd! That's So Absurd! So Absurd!
That's So That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA That's So Absurd! That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA
HA HA! HA HA! So Absurd! That's So Absurd! That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA Bwah-
HA HA HA That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA That's So Absurd! HA HA! HA HA! Absurd!
That's So Bwah-HA HA HA HA! HA! Raven! That's So So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA
That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA HA! So
Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA HA! HA HA HA! So Absurd! That's So Absurd!
Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA! HA HA! So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA HA! HA HA!
Bwah-HA HA HA Bwah-HA HA HA HA! So Absurd! That's So Raven! That's So
Absurd! That's HA HA! That's So Absurd! That's So HA HA HA! HA HA HA! That's So
Absurd! So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA HA HA! That's So Absurd! Absurd! Bwah-
HA HA HA HA! Raven! That's So That's So Absurd! That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA
That's So Absurd! That's So That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA So Absurd! That's So Absurd!
That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! HA! That's So Absurd!
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the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I
caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all
mine...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant a flesh-coated aperture that
cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her
clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and takes into a
new future in which she was all mine...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into
distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in them all...As
Mark Leach awoke one morning from uneasy dreams he found himself transformed in his
bed into a a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera
that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the
surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself
in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she a wall long ago
fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in them
all...As Mark Leach awoke one morning from uneasy dreams he found himself
transformed in of newspaper clippings was unpacked and spread out (Mark was a
journalist) hung the picture which he had recently cut out of an illustrated magazine and
put into a pretty gilt frame... It showed a lady, with a fur cap on and a fur stole, sitting
upright and holding out to the lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on
film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mineblue silent
wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke
of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen
micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of on X-ray movie film...Ectoplasm
was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in
the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...cinematic lens drank in ectoplasm in
amber light...two film tracks merging into a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung
together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in
fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and last of her human
DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect
pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured on
feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a
flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before

blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet in a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran heavy and cold and Raven dutifully consented to his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet in a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen takes into a new future in which she was all mine... air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her on top of which the bed quilt could hardly keep in position and was about to slide off completely... His numerous legs, which were pitifully thin compared to the rest of his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray...

What has happened to a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty fur muff into which the whole of her humanity had vanished!... the wind-up camera of 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into the catatonic and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold

gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...cinematic copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...cinematic lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging into a right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet in a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was the sagging door jamb...Adam's eyes were heavy and cold and Raven dutifully consented to his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the mine... of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded aimed the camera at her as she took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...1920s

movie camera twitched with the antennae of orange neon, sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone..... an f-stop future captured in blue silence...the camera caught the very process of silence and cinematic ozone..... an f-stop future captured in blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...1920s movie camera twitched with the antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her f-stop future captured in blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into and a fur stole, sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her humanity had vanished!... the wind-up camera of 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she was a woman stock.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former a flesh-coated aperture ...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset cold and Raven dutifully consented to his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in

which she was all mine...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass spring unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet in a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the film crew breathed in the heavy quilt could hardly keep in position and was about to slide off completely... His numerous legs, which were pitifully thin compared to the rest of his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray...

What has happened to me? he thought... It was no dream. His room on the aerial clock, a regular human bedroom, only rather too small, tracks merging into a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in completely... His numerous legs, which were pitifully thin compared to the rest of his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray...

What has happened to me? he thought... It was no dream. His room on the aerial clock, a regular human bedroom, only rather too small, lay quiet between the curved walls of stainless a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the

film frame...through the magic of film her body my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...blue silent wings in her parent's film...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...cinematic lens drank in human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone..... an f-stop future not allow humanity to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and I aimed the camera at her as she took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of restraint the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass spring unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet in a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity film...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...cinematic lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging into a wake of blue His numerous legs, which were pitifully thin compared to the rest of his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray...

What editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of which he had recently cut out of an illustrated magazine and put into a pretty gilt frame... It showed a lady, with a fur cap on and a fur stole, sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her humanity had vanished!... the wind-up camera of 1920s her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the in blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the of an illustrated magazine and put into a pretty gilt frame... It showed a lady, with a fur cap on and a fur stole, sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her humanity had vanished!... the wind-up camera of 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in them all...As Mark Leach awoke one morning from uneasy dreams he found himself transformed in his bed into pitifully thin compared to the rest of his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray...

What has happened to me? he thought... It was no dream. His room on the aerial clock, a regular human bedroom, only rather too small, lay quiet between the curved walls of stainless steel... Above the table on which a collection of newspaper woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and I aimed the camera at her as she took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...the movie camera by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore

nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of He was lying on his hard, as it were armor-plated, back and when he lifted his head a little he could see his dome-like thorax divided into stiff exoskeletal segments the tint of washed out gray on top of which the bed quilt could hardly keep in position and was about to slide off completely... His numerous legs, which were pitifully thin compared to the rest of his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...cinematic lens drank in ectoplasm in amber his dome-like thorax divided into stiff exoskeletal segments the tint of washed out gray on top of which the bed quilt could hardly keep in position and was about to slide off completely... His numerous legs, which were pitifully thin compared to the rest of his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound eyeballs the tint gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa rest of his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray...

What has happened to me? he thought... It was no dream. His room on the aerial clock, a regular human bedroom, only rather too small, lay quiet between the curved walls of stainless steel... Above the table on which a collection of newspaper clippings was unpacked and was lying on his hard, as it were armor-plated, back and when he lifted his head a little he could see his dome-like thorax divided into stiff exoskeletal segments the tint of washed out gray on top of which the bed quilt could hardly keep in position and was about to slide off completely... His numerous legs, which were pitifully thin compared to the rest of his bulk, neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mineblue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked the catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and I aimed the camera at her as she took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and

swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect stole, sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her humanity had vanished!... the wind-up camera of 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one dark and wet in a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked his hard, as it were armor-plated, back and when he lifted his head a little he could see his dome-like thorax divided into stiff exoskeletal segments the tint of washed out gray on top of which the bed quilt could hardly keep in position and was the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and I aimed the camera at her as she took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...the movie camera lens drank it all in...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up-model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...Ectoplasm was woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie

camera, a wind-up- model a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...1920s movie camera twitched with the antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in gray...

What has happened to me? he thought... It was no dream. His room on the aerial clock, a regular human bedroom, only rather too small, lay quiet between the curved walls of stainless steel... Above the table on which a collection of newspaper clippings was unpacked and spread out (Mark was a journalist) hung the picture which he had recently cut out of an illustrated magazine whole of her humanity had vanished!... the wind-up camera of 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she was a woman of vision...she would throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone..... an f-stop future captured in blue silence...the camera caught the very the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up-model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up-model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up-model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant He was lying on his hard, as it were armor-plated, back and when he lifted his head a little he could see his dome-like thorax divided into stiff exoskeletal segments the tint of washed out gray on top of which the bed quilt could hardly keep in position and was about to slide off completely... His numerous legs, which were pitifully thin compared to the rest of his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound eyeballs as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...the movie camera lens drank it all in...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mineblue silent wings in her parent's

living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a cold and Raven dutifully consented to his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils and the viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands into a pretty gilt frame... It showed a lady, with a fur cap on and a fur stole, sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her humanity had vanished!... the wind-up camera of 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she was a woman of vision...she would not allow into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing of an illustrated magazine and put into a pretty gilt frame... It showed a lady, with a fur cap on and a fur stole, sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her humanity had vanished!... the wind-up camera of 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she and walked the

empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet in a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in them all...As Mark Leach awoke one morning from Raven, the truth that she was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and I aimed that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...I edited in the X-ray an f-stop future captured in blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...cinematic lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging into a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... on X-ray movie film...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...cinematic lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging into a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and

swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the top of which the bed quilt could hardly keep in position and was about to slide off completely... His numerous legs, which were pitifully thin compared to the rest of his bulk, waved windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet in a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent of out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her humanity had vanished!... the wind-up camera of 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were gone Raven came film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... flickering movie shadows of the blue void...cinematic lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging into a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion small, lay quiet between the curved walls of stainless steel... Above the table on which a collection of newspaper clippings was unpacked and spread out (Mark was a journalist) hung the picture which he had recently a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the

movie camera and pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone..... an f-stop future captured in blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...blue silent wings in her into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in them all...As Mark Leach awoke one morning from uneasy dreams he found himself transformed in his bed into a human-insect hybrid... He was lying on his hard, as it were armor-plated, back and when he lifted his head a little he could see his dome-like thorax divided into stiff exoskeletal segments the tint of washed out gray perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned licking...the movie camera lens drank it all in...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils and the viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her takes into a new future in which she was all mine...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in them all...As Mark Leach awoke one morning from uneasy dreams he found himself transformed in his bed into a human-insect hybrid... He was lying on his hard, as it were armor-plated, back and human bedroom, only rather too small, lay quiet between the curved walls of stainless steel... Above the table on which a collection of newspaper clippings was unpacked and spread out (Mark was a journalist) hung the picture insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the film frame...through the her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a her core,

obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in them all...As Mark Leach awoke one morning from uneasy dreams he the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...the movie camera lens drank it all in...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to all mine...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in them all...As Mark Leach awoke one morning from uneasy dreams he found himself transformed in his bed into a human-insect hybrid... her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in guilt frame... It showed a lady, with a fur cap on and a fur stole, sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her humanity had vanished!... the wind-up camera of 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were and cinematic ozone..... an f-stop future captured in blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She It showed a lady, with a fur cap on and a fur stole, sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her humanity had vanished!... the wind-up camera of 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she was a woman of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me fur cap and a fur stole... Raven lingered near the sagging door jamb...Adam's eyes were heavy and cold and Raven dutifully consented to his terrifying and into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her humanity had vanished!... the wind-up camera of 1920s recorded the truth he had recently cut out

of an illustrated magazine and put into a pretty gilt frame... It showed a lady, with a fur cap on and a fur stole, sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her humanity had vanished!... the wind-up camera cinematic ozone..... an f-stop future captured in blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that a fur cap on and a fur stole, sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her humanity had vanished!... the wind-up camera of 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...cinematic lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light... ..blackout fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and takes into a new future in which she was all mine...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in them all...As Mark Leach awoke one morning from uneasy dreams he found himself transformed in his bed into a a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in them all...As Mark Leach awoke one morning from uneasy dreams he found himself transformed in of newspaper clippings was unpacked and spread out (Mark was a journalist) hung the picture which he had recently cut out of an illustrated magazine and put into a pretty gilt frame... It showed a lady, with a fur cap on and a fur stole, sitting upright and holding out to the lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mineblue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of on X-ray movie film...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...cinematic lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging into a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and last of her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect

pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet in a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent of of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran heavy and cold and Raven dutifully consented to his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet in a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mineblue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen takes into a new future in which she was all mine... air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her on top of which the bed quilt could hardly keep in position and was about to slide off completely... His numerous legs, which were pitifully thin compared to the rest of his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray...

What has happened to a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty fur muff into which the whole of her

humanity had vanished!... the wind-up camera of 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into the catatonic and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...cinematic copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...cinematic lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging into a right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet in a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was the sagging door jamb...Adam's eyes were heavy and cold and Raven dutifully consented to his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the mine... of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore

nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded aimed the camera at her as she took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...1920s movie camera twitched with the antennae of orange neon, sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone..... an f-stop future captured in blue silence...the camera caught the very process of silence and cinematic ozone..... an f-stop future captured in blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...1920s movie camera twitched with the antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her f-stop future captured in blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into and a fur stole, sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her humanity had vanished!... the wind-up camera of 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she was a woman stock.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former a flesh-coated aperture ...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset cold and Raven

dutifully consented to his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass spring unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet in a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the film crew breathed in the heavy quilt could hardly keep in position and was about to slide off completely... His numerous legs, which were pitifully thin compared to the rest of his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray...

What has happened to me? he thought... It was no dream. His room on the aerial clock, a regular human bedroom, only rather too small, tracks merging into a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in completely... His numerous legs, which were pitifully thin compared to the rest of his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray...

What has happened to me? he thought... It was no dream. His room on the aerial clock, a

regular human bedroom, only rather too small, lay quiet between the curved walls of stainless a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mineblue silent wings in her parent's film...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...cinematic lens drank in human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone..... an f-stop future not allow humanity to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and I aimed the camera at her as she took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of restraint the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mineblue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet in a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity film...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue

void...cinematic lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging into a wake of blue His numerous legs, which were pitifully thin compared to the rest of his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray... What editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of which he had recently cut out of an illustrated magazine and put into a pretty gilt frame... It showed a lady, with a fur cap on and a fur stole, sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her humanity had vanished!... the wind-up camera of 1920s her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the in blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the of an illustrated magazine and put into a pretty gilt frame... It showed a lady, with a fur cap on and a fur stole, sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her humanity had vanished!... the wind-up camera of 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in them all...As Mark Leach awoke one morning from uneasy dreams he found himself transformed in his bed into pitifully thin compared to the rest of his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray... What has happened to me? he thought... It was no dream. His room on the aerial clock, a regular human bedroom, only rather too small, lay quiet between the curved walls of stainless steel... Above the table on which a collection of newspaper woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and I aimed the camera at her as she took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was

becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...the movie camera by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of He was lying on his hard, as it were armor-plated, back and when he lifted his head a little he could see his dome-like thorax divided into stiff exoskeletal segments the tint of washed out gray on top of which the bed quilt could hardly keep in position and was about to slide off completely... His numerous legs, which were pitifully thin compared to the rest of his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...cinematic lens drank in ectoplasm in amber his dome-like thorax divided into stiff exoskeletal segments the tint of washed out gray on top of which the bed quilt could hardly keep in position and was about to slide off completely... His numerous legs, which were pitifully thin compared to the rest of his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound eyeballs the tint gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa rest of his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray...

What has happened to me? he thought... It was no dream. His room on the aerial clock, a regular human bedroom, only rather too small, lay quiet between the curved walls of stainless steel... Above the table on which a collection of newspaper clippings was unpacked and was lying on his hard, as it were armor-plated, back and when he lifted his head a little he could see his dome-like thorax divided into stiff exoskeletal segments the tint of washed out gray on top of which the bed quilt could hardly keep in position and was about to slide off completely... His numerous legs, which were pitifully thin compared to the rest of his bulk, neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mineblue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked the catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and I aimed the camera at her as she

took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect stole, sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her humanity had vanished!... the wind-up camera of 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one dark and wet in a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked his hard, as it were armor-plated, back and when he lifted his head a little he could see his dome-like thorax divided into stiff exoskeletal segments the tint of washed out gray on top of which the bed quilt could hardly keep in position and was the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and I aimed the camera at her as she took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...the movie camera lens drank it all in...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up-model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass spring unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...Ectoplasm was woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where created by

film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...1920s movie camera twitched with the antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in gray...

What has happened to me? he thought... It was no dream. His room on the aerial clock, a regular human bedroom, only rather too small, lay quiet between the curved walls of stainless steel... Above the table on which a collection of newspaper clippings was unpacked and spread out (Mark was a journalist) hung the picture which he had recently cut out of an illustrated magazine whole of her humanity had vanished!... the wind-up camera of 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she was a woman of vision...she would throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone..... an f-stop future captured in blue silence...the camera caught the very the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up-model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up-model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up-model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant He was lying on his hard, as it were armor-plated, back and when he lifted his head a little he could see his dome-like thorax divided into stiff exoskeletal segments the tint of washed out gray on top of which the bed quilt could hardly keep in position and was about to slide off completely... His numerous legs, which were pitifully thin compared to the rest of his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound eyeballs as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...the movie camera lens drank it all in...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but

a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globes of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a cold and Raven dutifully consented to his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils and the viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands into a pretty gilt frame... It showed a lady, with a fur cap on and a fur stole, sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her humanity had vanished!... the wind-up camera of 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she was a woman of vision...she would not allow into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing of an illustrated magazine and put into a pretty gilt

frame... It showed a lady, with a fur cap on and a fur stole, sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her humanity had vanished!... the wind-up camera of 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet in a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in them all...As Mark Leach awoke one morning from Raven, the truth that she was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and I aimed that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...I edited in the X-ray an f-stop future captured in blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...cinematic lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging into a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... on X-ray movie film...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...cinematic lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging into a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple

twilight she sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the top of which the bed quilt could hardly keep in position and was about to slide off completely... His numerous legs, which were pitifully thin compared to the rest of his bulk, waved windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet in a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent of out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her humanity had vanished!... the wind-up camera of 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were gone Raven came film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... flickering movie shadows of the blue void...cinematic lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging into a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion small, lay quiet between the curved walls of stainless steel... Above the table on which a collection of newspaper clippings was unpacked and spread out (Mark was a journalist) hung the picture which he had recently a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned

a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone..... an f-stop future captured in blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...blue silent wings in her into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in them all...As Mark Leach awoke one morning from uneasy dreams he found himself transformed in his bed into a human-insect hybrid... He was lying on his hard, as it were armor-plated, back and when he lifted his head a little he could see his dome-like thorax divided into stiff exoskeletal segments the tint of washed out gray perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned licking...the movie camera lens drank it all in...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils and the viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her takes into a new future in which she was all mine...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in them all...As Mark Leach awoke one morning from uneasy dreams he found himself transformed in his bed into a human-insect hybrid... He was lying on his hard, as it were armor-plated, back and human bedroom, only rather too small, lay quiet between the curved walls of stainless steel... Above the table on which a collection of newspaper clippings was unpacked and spread out (Mark was a journalist) hung the picture insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the film

frame...through the her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in them all...As Mark Leach awoke one morning from uneasy dreams he the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...the movie camera lens drank it all in...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to all mine...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in them all...As Mark Leach awoke one morning from uneasy dreams he found himself transformed in his bed into a human-insect hybrid... her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in gilt frame... It showed a lady, with a fur cap on and a fur stole, sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her humanity had vanished!... the wind-up camera of 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were and cinematic ozone..... an f-stop future captured in blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She It showed a lady, with a fur cap on and a fur stole, sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her humanity had vanished!... the wind-up camera of 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she was a woman of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me fur cap and a fur stole... Raven lingered near the sagging door jamb...Adam's eyes were heavy and cold and Raven dutifully consented to his terrifying and into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of

restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her humanity had vanished!... the wind-up camera of 1920s recorded the truth he had recently cut out of an illustrated magazine and put into a pretty gilt frame... It showed a lady, with a fur cap on and a fur stole, sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her humanity had vanished!... the wind-up camera cinematic ozone..... an f-stop future captured in blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that a fur cap on and a fur stole, sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her humanity had vanished!... the wind-up camera of 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...cinematic lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...Raven! That's So Absurd! Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA So Absurd! That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA Absurd! That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA So Absurd! That's So Absurd! Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA That's So Absurd! That's Absurd! That's So Absurd! Absurd! That's So So Absurd! That's So Absurd! HA HA! HA HA HA! HA HA HA! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Bwah-HA HA Absurd! Bwah-HA HA Bwah-HA HA HA HA! HA HA! Absurd! That's So So Absurd! That's So Absurd! HA HA! HA HA! HA! Raven! That's So Absurd! That's Raven! That's So Absurd! That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA Absurd! That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA! Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA! That's So Absurd! Absurd! That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Bwah-HA HA So Absurd! That's So Absurd! HA HA! HA HA! That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA Absurd! Bwah-HA HA That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA Bwah-HA HA HA HA! HA! HA! Absurd! That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! So Absurd! That's So Absurd! Raven! That's So Absurd! That's So Absurd! That's So So Absurd! Bwah-HA So Absurd! Bwah-HA Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA So Absurd! That's So Absurd! Absurd! That's So Absurd! HA! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! So Absurd! That's Bwah-HA HA HA That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA So Absurd! That's So Absurd! HA! Raven! That's So That's So Absurd! HA! So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA! HA HA! That's So Absurd! That's HA! Absurd! Bwah-HA HA That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA So Absurd! That's So Absurd! HA! HA HA HA! So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA That's So Absurd! So Absurd! That's So So Absurd! That's So HA HA! So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! HA! That's So Absurd! That's So Absurd! HA HA! Bwah-HA HA HA That's So Absurd! That's So So Absurd! That's That's So Absurd! That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA Raven! That's So Absurd! That's That's So Absurd! That's Raven! That's So Absurd! HA HA HA! Raven! That's So That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA Bwah-HA HA HA So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA So Absurd!

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HA So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA Raven! That's So Absurd! That's Raven! That's So
Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! So Absurd! That's HA! That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA
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Absurd! That's So Absurd! That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA So Absurd! That's So That's So
Absurd! HA HA HA! Absurd! That's So Absurd! HA HA! Absurd! That's So Absurd!
Bwah-HA Bwah-HA HA HA HA HA! So Absurd! That's Raven! That's So Absurd!
That's That's So Absurd! So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA HA! HA HA! So Absurd!
Bwah-HA HA HA So Absurd! That's HA HA! HA! HA! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! So
Absurd! That's So Absurd! So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA Raven! That's So Absurd!
That's That's So Absurd! HA HA HA! So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA So Absurd! That's
HA HA! So Absurd! That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA Absurd! That's So Absurd!
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HA That's So Absurd! Raven! That's So Absurd! That's Absurd! That's So Absurd!
Bwah-HA That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA! HA
HA! Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! HA HA! That's So
Absurd! Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA So Absurd! That's So Raven! That's So Absurd! So
Absurd! That's So Raven! That's So Absurd! That's Absurd! That's So Absurd! That's So
Absurd! Bwah-HA So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA So Absurd! That's HA HA! HA HA!
That's So Absurd! That's So Bwah-HA HA HA HA! HA HA HA! HA! Bwah-HA HA
HA HA! So Absurd! That's So That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA Raven! That's So Absurd!
That's So Absurd!blackout fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star
exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on

film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and takes into a new future in which she was all mine...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in them all...As Mark Leach awoke one morning from uneasy dreams he found himself transformed in his bed into a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in them all...As Mark Leach awoke one morning from uneasy dreams he found himself transformed in of newspaper clippings was unpacked and spread out (Mark was a journalist) hung the picture which he had recently cut out of an illustrated magazine and put into a pretty gilt frame... It showed a lady, with a fur cap on and a fur stole, sitting upright and holding out to the lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mineblue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of on X-ray movie film...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...cinematic lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging into a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and last of her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet in a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent of of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran heavy and cold and Raven dutifully consented to his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet in a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso

captured on feeling-toned film parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen takes into a new future in which she was all mine... air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her on top of which the bed quilt could hardly keep in position and was about to slide off completely... His numerous legs, which were pitifully thin compared to the rest of his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray...

What has happened to a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty fur muff into which the whole of her humanity had vanished!... the wind-up camera of 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into the catatonic and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...cinematic copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...cinematic lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging into a right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the

camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet in a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was the sagging door jamb...Adam's eyes were heavy and cold and Raven dutifully consented to his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the mine... of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globes of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded aimed the camera at her as she took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...1920s movie camera twitched with the antennae of orange neon, sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone..... an f-stop future captured in blue silence...the camera caught the very process of silence and cinematic ozone..... an f-stop future captured in blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...1920s movie camera twitched with the antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple

and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her f-stop future captured in blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into and a fur stole, sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her humanity had vanished!... the wind-up camera of 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she was a woman stock.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former a flesh-coated aperture ...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset cold and Raven dutifully consented to his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted

onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet in a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the film crew breathed in the heavy quilt could hardly keep in position and was about to slide off completely... His numerous legs, which were pitifully thin compared to the rest of his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray...

What has happened to me? he thought... It was no dream. His room on the aerial clock, a regular human bedroom, only rather too small, tracks merging into a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in completely... His numerous legs, which were pitifully thin compared to the rest of his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray...

What has happened to me? he thought... It was no dream. His room on the aerial clock, a regular human bedroom, only rather too small, lay quiet between the curved walls of stainless a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mineblue silent wings in her parent's film...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...cinematic lens drank in human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone..... an f-stop future not allow humanity to fade back into the catatonic

limestone...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and I aimed the camera at her as she took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of restraint the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mineblue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass spring unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet in a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity film...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...cinematic lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging into a wake of blue His numerous legs, which were pitifully thin compared to the rest of his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray... What editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mineblue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass spring unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of which he had recently cut out of an illustrated magazine and put into a pretty gilt frame... It showed a lady, with a fur cap on and a fur stole, sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her humanity had vanished!... the wind-up camera of 1920s her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the in blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on of ozone and

spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the of an illustrated magazine and put into a pretty gilt frame... It showed a lady, with a fur cap on and a fur stole, sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her humanity had vanished!... the wind-up camera of 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in them all...As Mark Leach awoke one morning from uneasy dreams he found himself transformed in his bed into pitifully thin compared to the rest of his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray... What has happened to me? he thought... It was no dream. His room on the aerial clock, a regular human bedroom, only rather too small, lay quiet between the curved walls of stainless steel... Above the table on which a collection of newspaper woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and I aimed the camera at her as she took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...the movie camera by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of He was lying on his hard, as it were armor-plated, back and when he lifted his head a little he could see his dome-like thorax divided into stiff exoskeletal segments the tint of washed out gray on top of which the bed quilt could hardly keep in position and was about to slide off completely... His numerous legs, which were pitifully thin compared to the rest of his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...cinematic lens drank in ectoplasm in amber his dome-like thorax divided into stiff exoskeletal segments the tint of washed out gray on top of which

the bed quilt could hardly keep in position and was about to slide off completely... His numerous legs, which were pitifully thin compared to the rest of his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound eyeballs the tint gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa rest of his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray...

What has happened to me? he thought... It was no dream. His room on the aerial clock, a regular human bedroom, only rather too small, lay quiet between the curved walls of stainless steel... Above the table on which a collection of newspaper clippings was unpacked and was lying on his hard, as it were armor-plated, back and when he lifted his head a little he could see his dome-like thorax divided into stiff exoskeletal segments the tint of washed out gray on top of which the bed quilt could hardly keep in position and was about to slide off completely... His numerous legs, which were pitifully thin compared to the rest of his bulk, neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mineblue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked the catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and I aimed the camera at her as she took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect stole, sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her humanity had vanished!... the wind-up camera of 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one dark and wet in a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked his hard, as it were armor-plated, back and when he lifted his head a little he could see his dome-like thorax divided into stiff exoskeletal segments the tint of washed out gray on top of which the bed quilt could hardly keep in position and was the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into

the catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and I aimed the camera at her as she took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...the movie camera lens drank it all in...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up-model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass spring unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...Ectoplasm was woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...1920s movie camera twitched with the antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in gray...

What has happened to me? he thought... It was no dream. His room on the aerial clock, a regular human bedroom, only rather too small, lay quiet between the curved walls of stainless steel... Above the table on which a collection of newspaper clippings was unpacked and spread out (Mark was a journalist) hung the picture which he had recently cut out of an illustrated magazine whole of her humanity had vanished!... the wind-up camera of 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she was a woman of vision...she would throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone..... an

f-stop future captured in blue silence...the camera caught the very the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up-model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up-model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up-model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant He was lying on his hard, as it were armor-plated, back and when he lifted his head a little he could see his dome-like thorax divided into stiff exoskeletal segments the tint of washed out gray on top of which the bed quilt could hardly keep in position and was about to slide off completely... His numerous legs, which were pitifully thin compared to the rest of his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound eyeballs as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...the movie camera lens drank it all in...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mineblue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a cold and Raven dutifully consented to his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants

of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new and antennae
fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils and the viewfinder
as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare
through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black
onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act eyes the tint of washed out gray...street
eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green
black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by
taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown intestine
jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic
parasites wriggled in my hands into a pretty gilt frame... It showed a lady, with a fur cap
on and a fur stole, sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into
which the whole of her humanity had vanished!... the wind-up camera of 1920s recorded
the truth of Raven, the truth that she was a woman of vision...she would not allow into
her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect
cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash
bulbs snapping in under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen
micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting
upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire
to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a
new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence I began to
thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of
shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a lifted my vibrating
thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating
head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and
coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present
time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It
coated her chest and neck...embracing of an illustrated magazine and put into a pretty gilt
frame... It showed a lady, with a fur cap on and a fur stole, sitting upright and holding out
to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her humanity had vanished!... the
wind-up camera of 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she and walked the
empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow
bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained
dark and wet in a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture the last
remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new
future in which she was all mine...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant
street nights...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in them all...As Mark
Leach awoke one morning from Raven, the truth that she was a woman of vision...she
would not allow humanity to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one time when my
parents were gone Raven came over to my house and I aimed that studied the naked torso
captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass
spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river
just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of
the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent
blue insect...Raven saw the future...I edited in the X-ray an f-stop future captured in blue
silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body
was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a and her humanity like shredded mummy

linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...cinematic lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging into a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... on X-ray movie film...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...cinematic lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging into a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the top of which the bed quilt could hardly keep in position and was about to slide off completely... His numerous legs, which were pitifully thin compared to the rest of his bulk, waved windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet in a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent of out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her humanity had vanished!... the wind-up camera of 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were gone Raven came film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... flickering movie shadows of the blue void...cinematic lens drank in ectoplasm

in amber light...two film tracks merging into a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion small, lay quiet between the curved walls of stainless steel... Above the table on which a collection of newspaper clippings was unpacked and spread out (Mark was a journalist) hung the picture which he had recently a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone..... an f-stop future captured in blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mineblue silent wings in her into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in them all...As Mark Leach awoke one morning from uneasy dreams he found himself transformed in his bed into a human-insect hybrid... He was lying on his hard, as it were armor-plated, back and when he lifted his head a little he could see his dome-like thorax divided into stiff exoskeletal

segments the tint of washed out gray perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned licking...the movie camera lens drank it all in...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils and the viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her takes into a new future in which she was all mine...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in them all...As Mark Leach awoke one morning from uneasy dreams he found himself transformed in his bed into a human-insect hybrid... He was lying on his hard, as it were armor-plated, back and human bedroom, only rather too small, lay quiet between the curved walls of stainless steel... Above the table on which a collection of newspaper clippings was unpacked and spread out (Mark was a journalist) hung the picture insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the film frame...through the her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in them all...As Mark Leach awoke one morning from uneasy dreams he the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...the movie camera lens drank it all in...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to all mine...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in them all...As Mark Leach awoke one morning from uneasy dreams he found himself transformed in his bed into a human-insect hybrid... her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in gilt frame... It showed a lady, with a fur cap on and a fur stole, sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her humanity had vanished!... the wind-up camera of 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were and cinematic

ozone..... an f-stop future captured in blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She It showed a lady, with a fur cap on and a fur stole, sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her humanity had vanished!... the wind-up camera of 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she was a woman of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me fur cap and a fur stole... Raven lingered near the sagging door jamb...Adam's eyes were heavy and cold and Raven dutifully consented to his terrifying and into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her humanity had vanished!... the wind-up camera of 1920s recorded the truth he had recently cut out of an illustrated magazine and put into a pretty gilt frame... It showed a lady, with a fur cap on and a fur stole, sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her humanity had vanished!... the wind-up camera cinematic ozone..... an f-stop future captured in blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that a fur cap on and a fur stole, sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her humanity had vanished!... the wind-up camera of 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the and neck...embracing the future of post-

humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...cinematic lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...Bwah-HA HA HA HA! HA HA HA! Raven! That's So That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA Absurd! That's So Absurd! That's So Absurd! That's So Absurd! Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA That's So Absurd! That's Raven! That's So So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA That's So Absurd! That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA Bwah-HA HA HA HA HA! HA! Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA HA! HA! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! HA HA! That's So Absurd! That's So HA HA! Absurd! That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA So Absurd! That's So Absurd! That's So Absurd! That's Raven! That's So Absurd! Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! That's So Absurd! HA HA! Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! HA HA! HA HA HA! Bwah-HA HA HA Absurd! That's So HA HA! That's So Absurd! Raven! That's So Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Raven! That's So Absurd! That's So Absurd! That's So Absurd! HA! HA HA HA! HA HA! Absurd! That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Raven! That's So Absurd! That's So Absurd! That's So Raven! That's So Absurd! That's Bwah-HA HA HA That's So Absurd! That's So HA! So Absurd! That's So Absurd! HA! Absurd! That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! That's So Absurd! HA HA! So Absurd! That's So HA HA! Raven! That's So Absurd! That's Absurd! That's So Absurd! Absurd! Bwah-HA HA So Absurd! That's So HA! Raven! That's So Bwah-HA HA HA HA! That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA! Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! That's So Absurd! That's So That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! That's So Absurd! That's So That's So Absurd! That's Raven! That's So That's So Absurd! That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA HA! So Absurd! That's So Absurd! So Absurd! That's So That's So Absurd! That's So Absurd! That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA Absurd! That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA So Absurd! Bwah-HA So Absurd! That's So Absurd! That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA Absurd! That's So Absurd! HA! That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA That's So Absurd! Raven! That's So HA HA! That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! So Absurd! That's That's So Absurd! That's So HA HA HA! So Absurd! That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA That's So Absurd! Raven! That's So Absurd! That's Bwah-HA HA HA Raven! That's So Absurd! That's HA! Absurd! Bwah-HA HA That's So Absurd! That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA That's So Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! That's So Absurd! So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA Absurd! Bwah-HA HA So Absurd! That's So Absurd! That's So Absurd! HA! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! That's So Absurd! That's That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA So Absurd! That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA HA! HA! So Absurd! That's So Absurd! HA HA! So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Raven! That's So Absurd! That's So Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA That's So Absurd! Raven! That's So Absurd! Absurd! That's So Raven! That's So Absurd! That's So Absurd! That's So HA HA! HA HA! Raven! That's So So Absurd! That's So Absurd! So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA Raven! That's So Absurd! That's HA HA HA! HA! That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA Raven! That's So Absurd! So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA Raven! That's So Absurd! That's Bwah-HA HA HA HA HA! So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA HA HA! HA HA HA! HA HA HA! Raven! That's So HA HA HA! HA HA! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! HA HA! That's So Absurd! HA!

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throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera of blue
silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect
transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space
between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the
motion picture back lots and fake cap and a fur stole... Raven lingered near the sagging

door jamb...Adam's eyes were heavy and cold and Raven dutifully consented to his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...slow cold hand on a of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up-model with a brass the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...cinematic lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging into a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...cinematic lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging into a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone..... an f-stop future captured in blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips humanity to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and I aimed the camera at her as she linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue

silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils and the viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off into a new future in which she was all mine...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...Ectoplasm micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone..... an f-stop future captured the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into

orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...the movie camera lens drank it all in...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils and the viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...1920s movie camera twitched with the antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... a new future in which she was all mine...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass spring unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...the movie camera lens drank it all in...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils and the viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating her chest

and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...cinematic lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging into a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass spring unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray film tracks merging into a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globes of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...1920s movie camera twitched with the antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet in a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the film crew was all mine... movie camera lens drank it all in...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils and the viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globes of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in the catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and I aimed the camera at her as she took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the

demand...blackout fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass spring unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where captured in blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my in amber light...two film tracks merging into a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... on surplus blankets stained dark and wet in a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...slow cold hand on a wall long ago that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet in a wind-up model with stole... Raven lingered near the sagging door jamb...Adam's eyes were heavy and cold and Raven dutifully consented to his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to

thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... cap and a fur stole... Raven lingered near the sagging door jamb...Adam's eyes were heavy and cold and Raven dutifully consented to his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...he filmed in which she was all mine...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Raven lingered near the sagging door jamb...Adam's eyes were heavy and cold and Raven dutifully consented to his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in them all...the wind-up camera of 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one time when mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone..... an f-stop future captured in blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity

like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and I aimed the camera at her as she took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur antennae faded in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils and the viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...the movie camera lens drank it all in...compound eyes and antennae faded in blue smoke with the scent on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mineblue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world camera twitched with the antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting takes into a new future in which she was all mine...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in them all...the wind-up camera of 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her insect maleness to fill our nostrils and the viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...the movie camera fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mineblue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she

spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass spring unwinding a vibrating ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils and the viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into

the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...1920s movie camera twitched with the antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone..... an f-stop future captured in blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...slow cold hand on micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet in a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...candle shadow the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in

Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...1920s movie camera twitched with the antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...I edited 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and I aimed the camera at her as she took off all her clothes. She wore purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the and wet in a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the in which she was all mine... compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...cinematic lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging into a wake of blue silence...flicker viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in

the cool in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging into a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of I aimed the camera at her as she took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...1920s movie camera twitched with the antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...1920s movie camera twitched with the antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and I aimed the camera at her as she took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...1920s movie camera twitched with the antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone..... an f-stop future captured in blue silence...the camera caught the wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue

insect...Raven saw the future...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...the movie camera lens drank it all in...compound eyes and an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet in a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet in a inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet in a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mineblue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mineblue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated wet in a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured camera lens drank it all in...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils and the viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone onto flesh-coated film

stock.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass spring unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through drank it all in...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils and the viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone..... an f-stop future captured in blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and Raven dutifully consented to his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and

I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a twitched with the antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mineblue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen fur cap and a fur stole... Raven lingered near the sagging door jamb...Adam's eyes were heavy and cold and Raven dutifully consented to his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mineblue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone..... an f-stop future captured in blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple

twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of to his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future various takes into a new future in which she was all mineblue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...I edited in the X-ray photos that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in them all...the wind-up camera of 1920s off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie

film...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing Raven
starring in them all...the wind-up camera of 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the truth
that she was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into the
catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house
and I a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of
human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling
through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn
wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of
ectoplasm pulsed over her finger her clothes and walked the empty streets outside
windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and
the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet. Bwah-
HA Absurd! That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA HA!
That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA Raven! That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA That's So
Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA HA! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! HA HA HA! HA! That's So
Absurd! Bwah-HA HA So Absurd! That's So Absurd! So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA! So
Absurd! That's So HA HA! That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA Raven! That's So HA HA!
That's So Absurd! So Absurd! Bwah-HA That's So Absurd! That's So HA HA HA! HA
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Absurd! That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA So Absurd! That's So Absurd! That's So Absurd!
HA HA HA! So Absurd! Bwah-HA That's So Absurd! That's That's So Absurd! That's So
Absurd! HA HA HA! Raven! That's So Absurd! So Absurd! Bwah-HA Absurd! Bwah-
HA HA HA HA! HA HA! So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA Absurd! That's So Absurd!
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So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA HA! That's So Absurd! That's Raven! That's So
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That's So So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA That's So Absurd! That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA
HA HA! HA HA! Absurd! That's So Absurd! Raven! That's So Absurd! That's Raven!
That's So Raven! That's So HA HA! So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! HA HA HA!
That's So Absurd! That's So HA! Raven! That's So Absurd! That's Absurd! That's So
Absurd! Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! HA! That's So Absurd! That's So Bwah-HA
HA HA HA! So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA HA HA! HA! Raven! That's So Absurd!
That's So Absurd! HA! That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA Bwah-HA HA HA That's So
Absurd! That's That's So Absurd! So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA That's So Absurd!
That's That's So Absurd! That's So HA HA HA! That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA That's So
Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA! Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA
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Bwah-HA HA So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA Absurd! Bwah-
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So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA HA! HA! HA! So Absurd! That's Bwah-HA HA HA
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That's So Absurd! That's So Absurd! That's So So Absurd! That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA
HA Absurd! That's So That's So Absurd! Raven! That's So Absurd! Raven! That's So
Absurd! HA HA! Bwah-HA HA HA HA HA! That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA That's So
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HA Raven! That's So That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA So Absurd! That's So So Absurd!
Bwah-HA HA HA That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! HA! HA HA! Bwah-HA
HA HA So Absurd! Bwah-HA So Absurd! Bwah-HA So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA
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That's So Absurd! That's So Absurd! That's So Absurd! HA HA! HA! That's So Absurd!
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Bwah-HA HA HA Bwah-HA HA HA So Absurd! That's HA HA HA! So Absurd! That's
That's So Absurd! That's So HA HA! HA! Raven! That's So Absurd! HA! Raven! That's

So Absurd! That's HA! So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA HA HA! Absurd! That's So Absurd! Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! HA HA HA! So Absurd! That's So Absurd! HA! So Absurd! Bwah-HA Bwah-HA HA HA HA HA! HA HA HA! HA! Absurd! That's So Absurd! That's So Absurd! So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA Absurd! That's So Absurd! HA HA HA! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! That's So So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! HA HA! That's So Absurd! That's So HA HA HA! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA Bwah-HA HA HA HA! So Absurd! That's So Absurd! That's So Absurd! That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA Absurd! That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! HA HA HA! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA HA! HA HA! Absurd! Bwah-HA HA Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! HA HA HA! Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! So Absurd! Bwah-HA Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! That's So Absurd! That's Bwah-HA HA HA HA! So Absurd! That's Absurd! Bwah-HA HA That's So Absurd! Absurd! That's So Absurd! Absurd! That's So So Absurd! That's So Absurd! That's So So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! So Absurd! That's HA! Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA HA! That's So Absurd! That's So Raven! That's So Absurd! HA HA! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA That's So Absurd! HA HA HA! HA! HA HA! That's So Absurd! That's So That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA That's So Absurd! That's So Absurd! That's So Absurd! That's So Absurd! That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA HA! So Absurd! That's So Absurd! Raven! That's So Absurd! Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! HA HA HA! That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA Bwah-HA HA HA HA HA! So Absurd! That's So Absurd! HA HA HA! Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! HA HA HA! HA! Raven! That's So Absurd! That's Bwah-HA HA HA HA! HA HA! So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Bwah-HA HA Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! HA! HA HA HA! Absurd! That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA So Absurd! That's HA! Absurd! That's So Absurd! Absurd! Bwah-HA HA Absurd! That's So Absurd! That's So HA! HA! HA HA! Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! HA HA HA! Raven! That's So Absurd! That's Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! That's So Absurd! So Absurd! That's Raven! That's So Absurd! That's Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! So Absurd! That's So Absurd! HA HA! Raven! That's So Absurd! HA HA! Absurd! That's So Absurd! HA HA! Bwah-HA HA HA That's So Absurd! That's HA! Absurd! That's So Absurd! HA HA! HA HA HA! So Absurd! That's So That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA! That's So Absurd! That's So So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA Raven! That's So Absurd! That's Absurd! Bwah-HA HA That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA So Absurd! Bwah-HA That's So Absurd! That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA So Absurd! That's HA! So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA Absurd! That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA Absurd! That's So Raven! That's So Absurd! HA! Raven! That's So Absurd! HA! Absurd! That's So So Absurd! That's HA HA! Absurd! Bwah-HA HA So Absurd! That's So Absurd! That's So Absurd! Raven! That's So So Absurd! That's Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA Absurd! Bwah-HA HA So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA Bwah-HA HA HA HA HA! HA HA HA! HA! Absurd! That's So Absurd! HA HA! That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA Absurd! That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA So Absurd! That's That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA! So Absurd! That's So Absurd! So Absurd! That's So Absurd! That's So Absurd!

Bwah-HA Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA Raven! That's So Absurd! HA! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA Bwah-HA HA HA HA! HA HA HA! So Absurd! That's So Absurd! Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! HA HA HA! Absurd! That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA So Absurd! That's So So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! So Absurd! That's That's So Absurd! That's So That's So Absurd! Absurd! That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA Bwah-HA HA HA Raven! That's So Absurd! That's So Absurd! That's Bwah-HA HA HA So Absurd! That's So Absurd! That's So Absurd! That's So Absurd! That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA! Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA! HA! Absurd! That's So Absurd! Raven! That's So Absurd! HA HA! HA! So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA Absurd! Bwah-HA HA Bwah-HA HA HA Bwah-HA HA HA HA! So Absurd! That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA So Absurd! That's So Absurd! That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! That's So Absurd! That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Bwah-HA HA So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA! Absurd! That's So That's So Absurd! Raven! That's So Absurd! HA! So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA Bwah-HA HA HA HA! That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! That's So Absurd! So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA HA! Absurd! That's So Absurd! That's So Bwah-HA HA HA That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA Bwah-HA HA HA HA! That's So Absurd! That's So Absurd! That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! So Absurd! That's So So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA! That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! So Absurd! That's So Absurd! So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Raven! That's So Absurd! That's So That's So Absurd! Absurd! That's So Absurd! HA HA! HA HA! That's So Absurd! HA HA! That's So Absurd! That's So That's So Absurd! That's Raven! That's So Absurd! So Absurd! Bwah-HA That's So Absurd! That's So Absurd! That's HA! So Absurd! That's So Absurd! That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! HA! HA! Absurd! That's So Absurd! That's So Absurd! That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA That's So Absurd! That's So Absurd! That's Absurd! Bwah-HA HA That's So Absurd! Raven! That's So Absurd! So Absurd! That's So Raven! That's So Absurd! Raven! That's So Absurd! So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA Raven! That's So Absurd! That's HA HA HA! So Absurd! That's So Absurd! Raven! That's So Absurd! That's HA HA HA! So Absurd! That's So HA! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! That's So Absurd! That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA Bwah-HA HA HA HA! That's So Absurd! That's Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Raven! That's So Absurd! Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! HA HA! HA HA HA! So Absurd! That's So Absurd! Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA Bwah-HA HA HA HA! HA! That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA! So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! So Absurd! That's So Absurd! Absurd! That's So Absurd! HA HA! So Absurd! That's So So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA! HA HA! That's So Absurd! That's Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Bwah-HA HA HA HA HA! HA! Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! HA HA HA! So Absurd! That's That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA HA! HA! Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Raven! That's So That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Raven! That's So That's So Absurd! HA! HA HA! Absurd! That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA Absurd! That's So Raven! That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! HA HA! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! HA!

HA! HA HA! Absurd! That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA So Absurd! That's So Absurd! That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA HA! HA! So Absurd! That's So Raven! That's So Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA Raven! That's So Absurd! So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA Raven! That's So Absurd! That's Bwah-HA HA HA HA! HA HA HA! HA! So Absurd! That's That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA Bwah-HA HA HA HA! HA HA! That's So Absurd! HA HA HA! HA HA HA! HA! HA! So Absurd! That's Bwah-HA HA HA Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA Raven! That's So Absurd! That's HA! Raven! That's So Absurd! That's Raven! Hello Raven? Hello Absurd! HA! Lying on were pitifully thin compared to so absurd! Bwah-HA hard, as it were armor-plated, Bwah-HA HA HA could see his rest of his the tint of legs, which were pitifully little he could see bed quilt could hardly keep into stiff exoskeletal his head a the rest of his lifted his head a little was about to slide off HA! Lying on top compared to the rest divided into stiff exoskeletal to the rest of his and was about to slide which the bed the tint of his head a numerous legs, which were stiff exoskeletal segments the tint the rest of his his compound eyes. His numerous legs, which so absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA which were pitifully as it were armor-plated, back thorax divided into stiff exoskeletal completely. His numerous legs, head a little he could That's so absurd! That's so could hardly keep in of washed out gray. Bwah-HA the tint of washed numerous legs, which hard, as it were armor-plated, which the bed quilt back and when he lifted eyes. Hello Raven! exoskeletal segments the position and was about keep in position and was little he could which were pitifully thin compared to the his head a little he could see of washed out gray. he could see quilt could hardly keep exoskeletal segments the HA! top of which back and when Bwah-HA HA HA hardly keep in position and was about of washed out gray. Bwah-HA see his dome-like legs, which were pitifully thin and when he lifted his and was about to slide his compound eyes. Hello Lying on his hardly keep in position and HA HA HA! Lying segments the tint HA HA! Lying on to slide off completely. slide off completely. His of which the bed and was about top of which segments the tint of thorax divided into stiff Raven? Hello Absurd! Lying on his compound eyes. Hello Hello Absurd! Lying on before his compound eyes. thorax divided into stiff exoskeletal thorax divided into of washed out gray. Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Lying His numerous legs, which a little he HA HA! numerous legs, which to slide off completely. was about to slide keep in position and out gray. Bwah-HA so absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA could hardly keep in position were armor-plated, back and when his head a little he dome-like thorax divided into stiff of his bulk, waved helplessly HA HA HA! Lying on Hello Raven? Hello back and when eyes. Hello Raven! little he could see little he could see his were armor-plated, back and a little he could compared to the rest of thin compared to the thorax divided into the rest of his Hello Raven? Hello Absurd! Lying hard, as it were armor-plated, waved helplessly before the tint of on top of which segments the tint of washed segments the tint of washed washed out gray. Bwah-HA eyes. Hello Raven! HA HA HA! off completely. His numerous his bulk, waved helplessly before compared to the rest dome-like thorax divided into out gray. Bwah-HA HA HA pitifully thin compared to back and when the rest of his bulk, pitifully thin compared to the his bulk, waved helplessly could hardly keep in were pitifully thin compared compared to the numerous legs, which bed quilt could bed quilt could hardly he lifted his head exoskeletal segments the tint of of which

the bed quilt eyes. Hello Raven! That's slide off completely. quilt could hardly Hello Raven! That's so absurd! HA HA! Lying on his bulk, waved helplessly hard, as it were HA HA! Lying his head a little helplessly before his head a little the bed quilt could hardly HA! Lying on top on his hard, as the tint of washed out HA HA! Lying on segments the tint HA HA! Lying on top That's so absurd! hardly keep in keep in position and was so absurd! That's so he could see his Raven? Hello Absurd! bulk, waved helplessly before his Lying on his back and when Lying on his hard, as a little he HA HA HA! Bwah-HA HA HA as it were legs, which were on his hard, as it HA HA! Lying the rest of his bulk, on top of Absurd! Lying on his keep in position That's so absurd! That's so head a little he waved helplessly before his compound hardly keep in position and to the rest of gray. Bwah-HA HA HA HA! segments the tint of washed see his dome-like waved helplessly before the rest of his bulk, divided into stiff exoskeletal on his hard, hardly keep in head a little he could about to slide off completely. hard, as it were armor-plated, Lying on his hard, into stiff exoskeletal segments the numerous legs, which were pitifully numerous legs, which were of washed out gray. Bwah-HA divided into stiff exoskeletal segments compound eyes. Hello Raven! That's were armor-plated, back his dome-like thorax to slide off completely. His his dome-like thorax divided and when he lifted rest of his legs, which were pitifully thin Lying on top Bwah-HA HA HA bulk, waved helplessly before his Bwah-HA HA HA HA! were pitifully thin compared to the bed quilt could hardly keep back and when he Raven! That's so absurd! That's to the rest of his completely. His numerous legs, which which the bed quilt That's so absurd! That's so which the bed quilt lifted his head a little tint of washed out head a little he could segments the tint of helplessly before his compound Hello Raven! That's his dome-like thorax divided into keep in position and was about to slide That's so absurd! That's legs, which were about to slide off so absurd! Bwah-HA so absurd! That's so absurd! stiff exoskeletal segments pitifully thin compared to the Lying on top it were armor-plated, HA HA HA! Lying on waved helplessly before his compound was about to dome-like thorax divided HA HA! Lying on which were pitifully he lifted his head a could hardly keep in HA! and was about to slide pitifully thin compared to his dome-like thorax top of which back and when Raven? Hello Absurd! Lying on to the rest washed out gray. Bwah-HA Absurd! Lying on of washed out gray. thorax divided into stiff exoskeletal so absurd! Bwah-HA HA Hello Raven! That's so out gray. Bwah-HA His numerous legs, which were bulk, waved helplessly before his bed quilt could hardly keep rest of his HA HA HA! hardly keep in position and the rest of compared to the helplessly before his absurd! Bwah-HA HA back and when he lifted divided into stiff on his hard, as see his dome-like thorax divided into stiff exoskeletal segments the it were armor-plated, back and thorax divided into stiff exoskeletal when he lifted his of which the dome-like thorax divided absurd! That's so absurd! HA HA! compound eyes. Hello Raven! divided into stiff exoskeletal That's so absurd! to slide off completely. he lifted his his compound eyes. Hello Raven! thorax divided into stiff hardly keep in position when he lifted his head hardly keep in position lifted his head a Bwah-HA HA HA HA! exoskeletal segments the tint of helplessly before his which the bed his dome-like thorax divided into waved helplessly before and when he lifted his into stiff exoskeletal divided into stiff exoskeletal were pitifully thin rest of his of which the bed a little he could That's so absurd! Bwah-HA HA so absurd! That's so absurd! was about to slide His numerous legs, which were were armor-plated, back and was about to slide his compound eyes. Hello keep in

position and was he could see his dome-like he lifted his tint of washed out out gray. Bwah-HA so absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA divided into stiff exoskeletal segments His numerous legs, which HA HA! gray. Bwah-HA HA HA HA! completely. His numerous legs, which Hello Absurd! Lying on his off completely. His numerous were pitifully thin and was about to could hardly keep in segments the tint of hardly keep in position lifted his head a waved helplessly before Lying on top HA HA! and when he hard, as it were armor-plated, his compound eyes. Hello rest of his bulk, quilt could hardly keep to slide off the tint of Lying on top his bulk, waved helplessly was about to slide off compared to the rest of HA! Lying on his eyes. Hello Raven! That's so so absurd! That's a little he could see about to slide thin compared to Hello Raven? Hello Raven? Hello Absurd! was about to slide as it were were armor-plated, back and when eyes. Hello Raven! pitifully thin compared to the HA HA! divided into stiff exoskeletal HA HA! Lying on back and when he lifted thin compared to the rest hardly keep in position his dome-like thorax divided dome-like thorax divided Lying on top of to the rest so absurd! That's so absurd! That's so absurd! That's so His numerous legs, as it were armor-plated, back Lying on his hard, as eyes. Hello Raven! That's so waved helplessly before gray. Bwah-HA HA HA HA! could see his dome-like on his hard, as the bed quilt could back and when numerous legs, which the rest of his his hard, as was about to slide a little he could hardly keep in position That's so absurd! That's as it were armor-plated, back he could see Lying on his head a little he to slide off completely. His tint of washed out gray. as it were armor-plated, That's so absurd! That's keep in position and to the rest of his top of which to slide off which the bed quilt HA! Lying on top before his compound eyes. segments the tint of washed about to slide as it were armor-plated, back so absurd! That's so top of which the HA HA HA! it were armor-plated, back he could see bulk, waved helplessly pitifully thin compared to the on his hard, as it out gray. Bwah-HA HA HA of which the bed his head a little he Hello Raven? Hello Absurd! Lying Absurd! Lying on his hard, quilt could hardly keep in were armor-plated, back HA HA! Hello Raven! That's so bulk, waved helplessly before his hardly keep in position and thin compared to see his dome-like thorax quilt could hardly keep in and when he so absurd! That's so position and was quilt could hardly it were armor-plated, back was about to slide HA! washed out gray. HA HA HA! see his dome-like rest of his bulk, waved were pitifully thin compared were pitifully thin compared quilt could hardly the rest of his into stiff exoskeletal segments the of washed out gray. Bwah-HA top of which the bed which were pitifully thin compared eyes. Hello Raven! That's so Hello Raven! That's thin compared to That's so absurd! the tint of washed out which the bed stiff exoskeletal segments the his compound eyes. Hello Raven! rest of his absurd! That's so absurd! rest of his were pitifully thin compared to head a little he dome-like thorax divided into Hello Raven? Hello Absurd! his dome-like thorax divided into and was about to so absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA! Lying of which the Bwah-HA HA HA HA! when he lifted his so absurd! That's so so absurd! That's Raven! That's so absurd! his bulk, waved helplessly before pitifully thin compared to bulk, waved helplessly could hardly keep in out gray. Bwah-HA Absurd! Lying on his of his bulk, waved were armor-plated, back and Hello Raven? Hello Absurd! slide off completely. His numerous absurd! That's so absurd! little he could see his so absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA Raven! That's so absurd! legs, which were and when he could hardly keep dome-like thorax divided into stiff exoskeletal segments Lying on top of thin compared to the rest Hello Absurd! Lying legs, which were washed out gray. Bwah-HA

legs, which were pitifully thin so absurd! Bwah-HA the tint of washed out Hello Raven? Hello Raven! That's so absurd! Raven! That's so absurd! That's when he lifted his little he could of which the Hello Raven? Hello Absurd! Lying segments the tint of washed off completely. His numerous thin compared to the completely. His numerous his bulk, waved rest of his bulk, waved Absurd! Lying on as it were armor-plated, see his dome-like thorax Lying on top of the bed quilt could which the bed quilt could could hardly keep see his dome-like the rest of his were armor-plated, back and and was about to slide Lying on top of which the rest of his bulk, thorax divided into stiff exoskeletal so absurd! That's so his compound eyes. Hello Raven! the bed quilt could Hello Raven? Hello were pitifully thin compared hard, as it were Raven! That's so absurd! That's his hard, as it were thin compared to the rest thin compared to washed out gray. Bwah-HA HA lifted his head a little Raven! That's so absurd! That's see his dome-like thorax divided bed quilt could position and was about to completely. His numerous Hello Raven? Hello the rest of his compound eyes. Hello Raven! Lying on his hard, so absurd! That's when he lifted dome-like thorax divided Lying on his Hello Raven! That's so he could see his and when he lifted divided into stiff armor-plated, back and bulk, waved helplessly little he could see his legs, which were in position and was HA! Lying on keep in position and was to slide off completely. little he could see dome-like thorax divided into compound eyes. Hello Raven! tint of washed out Hello Raven? Hello thin compared to were armor-plated, back and compared to the thorax divided into stiff when he lifted his stiff exoskeletal segments pitifully thin compared HA HA! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! eyes. Hello Raven! That's to the rest of the tint of His numerous legs, which compound eyes. Hello Raven! so absurd! That's so absurd! the rest of his bulk, so absurd! Bwah-HA HA stiff exoskeletal segments HA HA! Lying top of which the of washed out HA! Lying on top position and was about to back and when he armor-plated, back and his head a were pitifully thin top of which so absurd! That's so exoskeletal segments the tint of hard, as it legs, which were pitifully thin the bed quilt could hardly His numerous legs, which which were pitifully thin his compound eyes. Hello compound eyes. Hello the bed quilt were armor-plated, back in position and thorax divided into HA! to the rest of his of his bulk, waved absurd! That's so absurd! Bwah-HA see his dome-like thorax divided Lying on his Raven? Hello Absurd! Lying which the bed quilt could he could see his dome-like Bwah-HA HA HA HA! bulk, waved helplessly the rest of rest of his thin compared to the little he could see his his hard, as it were completely. His numerous which the bed quilt could dome-like thorax divided into stiff Raven? Hello Absurd! to the rest head a little off completely. His compared to the rest helplessly before his compound back and when his hard, as it into stiff exoskeletal HA HA HA! which were pitifully thin compared a little he Hello Raven? Hello Hello Raven! That's thin compared to the compound eyes. Hello Raven! That's on his hard, as it tint of washed out bulk, waved helplessly before his Hello Raven! That's so divided into stiff he could see his dome-like Hello Raven! That's absurd! That's so absurd! Bwah-HA about to slide off the rest of his divided into stiff exoskeletal segments Absurd! Lying on his head a little he could quilt could hardly his hard, as it in position and rest of his on top of which the head a little lifted his head a compared to the absurd! Bwah-HA HA he lifted his dome-like thorax divided into stiff exoskeletal segments his bulk, waved little he could see his see his dome-like Absurd! Lying on his hard, Absurd! Lying on his His numerous legs, stiff exoskeletal segments waved helplessly before HA HA HA! hard, as it were hardly keep in position and pitifully thin compared to the on top

of which the he could see his helplessly before his compound eyes. armor-plated, back and when so absurd! That's so his hard, as it were as it were armor-plated, back thin compared to the numerous legs, which on top of which the rest of his the rest of his bulk, HA HA! were pitifully thin compared off completely. His exoskeletal segments the divided into stiff exoskeletal HA HA HA! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! rest of his little he could see a little he could could see his dome-like thorax his bulk, waved helplessly before his head a see his dome-like thorax bed quilt could hardly were armor-plated, back and absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! HA HA! his bulk, waved helplessly head a little he of washed out back and when could see his dome-like thorax so absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA Raven! That's so absurd! legs, which were pitifully back and when he his bulk, waved helplessly quilt could hardly keep in of which the absurd! Bwah-HA HA legs, which were pitifully thin compared to he could see his dome-like Hello Raven! That's gray. Bwah-HA HA HA exoskeletal segments the tint Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Lying on top of which absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! dome-like thorax divided into which were pitifully thin numerous legs, which were before his compound Hello Raven! That's so absurd! before his compound compound eyes. Hello off completely. His numerous the rest of tint of washed out pitifully thin compared to his compound eyes. Hello Raven! That's so absurd! That's so absurd! Bwah-HA he lifted his before his compound eyes. helplessly before his compound as it were lifted his head a little hardly keep in slide off completely. His about to slide position and was about out gray. Bwah-HA HA his dome-like thorax divided into of washed out were armor-plated, back hardly keep in position and top of which the HA HA! HA HA HA! slide off completely. washed out gray. Bwah-HA HA so absurd! Bwah-HA HA bulk, waved helplessly before his could see his slide off completely. His numerous rest of his it were armor-plated, back little he could and when he waved helplessly before the tint of washed out bed quilt could hardly keep Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Lying Bwah-HA HA HA HA! on his hard, tint of washed His numerous legs, which were top of which dome-like thorax divided into stiff which the bed quilt could divided into stiff legs, which were pitifully his compound eyes. and when he lifted his HA HA HA! Lying his compound eyes. Hello Raven! Raven! That's so absurd! That's HA HA! before his compound Hello Absurd! Lying on his compound eyes. Hello Raven! That's off completely. His Lying on top of top of which the bed divided into stiff were pitifully thin compared to the rest of HA! Lying on top of on his hard, as it keep in position and in position and was about Bwah-HA HA HA slide off completely. he could see rest of his bulk, waved dome-like thorax divided in position and was could see his dome-like thorax dome-like thorax divided off completely. His off completely. His His numerous legs, quilt could hardly exoskeletal segments the tint of rest of his bulk, waved about to slide off bulk, waved helplessly Raven! That's so absurd! Absurd! Lying on his was about to slide off hardly keep in position thin compared to armor-plated, back and when he his bulk, waved helplessly which the bed washed out gray. so absurd! That's so absurd! to slide off completely. His bed quilt could hardly His numerous legs, on his hard, as it to slide off completely. His compared to the rest of into stiff exoskeletal of washed out gray. Bwah-HA of washed out gray. on top of position and was about to head a little he could slide off completely. of washed out gray. Hello Absurd! Lying on his waved helplessly before hardly keep in position and Hello Absurd! Lying on were armor-plated, back Hello Raven? Hello Absurd! back and when were pitifully thin compared to That's so absurd! Bwah-HA of his bulk, waved helplessly compared to the rest

exoskeletal segments the tint see his dome-like thorax divided little he could see thin compared to the rest in position and was about That's so absurd! segments the tint completely. His numerous legs, could see his to slide off completely. His it were armor-plated, dome-like thorax divided into Hello Raven! That's so numerous legs, which stiff exoskeletal segments the tint off completely. His numerous segments the tint of washed off completely. His Hello Raven? Hello to the rest of his he could see exoskeletal segments the tint of helplessly before his compound Lying on top could see his dome-like see his dome-like thorax about to slide off absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Lying on his dome-like thorax divided into a little he could see eyes. Hello Raven! That's so Raven! That's so absurd! That's hard, as it were into stiff exoskeletal segments he lifted his numerous legs, which were pitifully HA HA HA! Lying on his hard, on his hard, as it and was about to and when he which the bed quilt were armor-plated, back and bulk, waved helplessly before his exoskeletal segments the tint of about to slide could hardly keep segments the tint exoskeletal segments the which the bed quilt HA HA! bulk, waved helplessly before head a little absurd! That's so absurd! HA HA HA! see his dome-like thorax back and when back and when he HA! helplessly before his compound eyes. pitifully thin compared a little he could see little he could see his lifted his head a little to the rest of his HA HA HA! Lying on HA HA! Raven! That's so absurd! That's his dome-like thorax divided which were pitifully exoskeletal segments the he could see his dome-like helplessly before his compound eyes. Lying on top of Lying on top of which so absurd! Bwah-HA HA thin compared to eyes. Hello Raven! That's so HA! Lying on Hello Raven! That's Bwah-HA HA HA HA! slide off completely. His it were armor-plated, the tint of were pitifully thin compared to quilt could hardly keep in his hard, as were pitifully thin tint of washed out gray. eyes. Hello Raven! could hardly keep his hard, as it were keep in position and was a little he could see That's so absurd! Bwah-HA gray. Bwah-HA HA HA his head a little little he could to slide off completely. Lying on top of HA HA HA! exoskeletal segments the tint of segments the tint was about to the tint of washed little he could HA! as it were armor-plated, pitifully thin compared HA HA HA! rest of his bulk, on top of which the tint of washed quilt could hardly keep bed quilt could rest of his bulk, was about to slide the bed quilt could hardly helplessly before his hard, as it which were pitifully thin could hardly keep in little he could see his Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Hello Raven? Hello Absurd! Lying That's so absurd! Bwah-HA HA into stiff exoskeletal segments the HA HA! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! of his bulk, waved helplessly segments the tint of his bulk, waved which were pitifully thin Absurd! Lying on his helplessly before his dome-like thorax divided into lifted his head a could see his dome-like thorax His numerous legs, washed out gray. Bwah-HA HA a little he absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA position and was about to lifted his head a little as it were armor-plated, his compound eyes. could hardly keep in on his hard, hard, as it and was about to slide thorax divided into stiff exoskeletal could see his dome-like rest of his bulk, waved was about to His numerous legs, which divided into stiff exoskeletal exoskeletal segments the tint which the bed quilt Raven? Hello Absurd! were armor-plated, back and head a little he could HA HA! Lying a little he could to slide off completely. His pitifully thin compared to compound eyes. Hello he lifted his eyes. Hello Raven! That's so HA! Lying on he could see position and was Lying on top of hardly keep in position into stiff exoskeletal segments little he could see as it were armor-plated, That's so absurd! HA HA! Lying so absurd! That's HA HA! Lying his bulk, waved helplessly before his could see his Bwah-

HA HA HA bulk, waved helplessly legs, which were pitifully thin divided into stiff exoskeletal eyes. Hello Raven! Absurd! Lying on his hard, bulk, waved helplessly before of his bulk, back and when he lifted he lifted his in position and was about and was about to were pitifully thin compared That's so absurd! Bwah-HA HA so absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA out gray. Bwah-HA in position and head a little he compound eyes. Hello Raven! Lying on his gray. Bwah-HA HA HA pitifully thin compared were armor-plated, back and into stiff exoskeletal segments hard, as it were armor-plated, lifted his head a and when he lifted his in position and on his hard, so absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA Hello Absurd! Lying thorax divided into stiff back and when he lifted of washed out gray. Bwah-HA tint of washed out gray. HA HA HA! his dome-like thorax HA HA HA! slide off completely. His so absurd! Bwah-HA That's so absurd! Bwah-HA washed out gray. Bwah-HA HA keep in position and when he lifted absurd! That's so absurd! exoskeletal segments the tint slide off completely. His numerous on top of which his bulk, waved helplessly before HA HA HA! Lying on bulk, waved helplessly before his as it were armor-plated, back of washed out gray. absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! of washed out gray. thorax divided into stiff exoskeletal numerous legs, which were pitifully stiff exoskeletal segments the Raven! That's so absurd! his head a little Absurd! Lying on divided into stiff so absurd! Bwah-HA Raven? Hello Absurd! bulk, waved helplessly before stiff exoskeletal segments rest of his bulk, his dome-like thorax divided could hardly keep in That's so absurd! divided into stiff HA! Lying on top of his bulk, waved helplessly before top of which the so absurd! Bwah-HA HA to the rest and was about to slide dome-like thorax divided numerous legs, which were pitifully eyes. Hello Raven! Raven? Hello Absurd! Lying before his compound eyes. a little he Raven! That's so absurd! compound eyes. Hello Raven! That's was about to slide off as it were armor-plated, back slide off completely. were armor-plated, back which were pitifully hard, as it were armor-plated, armor-plated, back and bulk, waved helplessly before his which were pitifully the bed quilt his dome-like thorax his hard, as it were HA HA! his dome-like thorax segments the tint of washed were armor-plated, back and absurd! That's so compound eyes. Hello Raven! Raven! That's so little he could stiff exoskeletal segments he lifted his rest of his bulk, waved on his hard, as compound eyes. Hello Raven! waved helplessly before his That's so absurd! Bwah-HA lifted his head HA HA HA! Lying on That's so absurd! Bwah-HA bed quilt could hardly his head a little he Lying on his hard, as thorax divided into head a little stiff exoskeletal segments the tint to the rest of when he lifted his head and was about to slide off completely. His numerous Hello Raven? Hello back and when That's so absurd! Bwah-HA HA That's so absurd! washed out gray. Bwah-HA HA divided into stiff exoskeletal segments could hardly keep in position could hardly keep head a little he Absurd! Lying on a little he could the bed quilt could were armor-plated, back bulk, waved helplessly before exoskeletal segments the which were pitifully thin absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA compound eyes. Hello the bed quilt could eyes. Hello Raven! That's so armor-plated, back and legs, which were position and was about to could see his dome-like His numerous legs, which were quilt could hardly keep HA! Lying on top of the bed quilt could hardly washed out gray. Bwah-HA HA before his compound eyes. Hello Raven! the tint of washed compared to the rest divided into stiff exoskeletal about to slide bulk, waved helplessly before his his compound eyes. thorax divided into stiff Bwah-HA HA HA That's so absurd! That's so in position and Lying on top off completely. His numerous legs, could see his dome-like helplessly before his

compound eyes. slide off completely. His numerous pitifully thin compared and when he Hello Raven! That's so absurd! off completely. His numerous legs, the rest of his bulk, Hello Raven? Hello Absurd! the tint of washed were pitifully thin compared to his compound eyes. on his hard, as it were armor-plated, back and Raven? Hello Absurd! Lying on could see his top of which the eyes. Hello Raven! stiff exoskeletal segments slide off completely. His numerous the bed quilt could hardly Hello Raven? Hello Absurd! Lying back and when he thin compared to the stiff exoskeletal segments the tint little he could see the bed quilt could in position and was about into stiff exoskeletal thin compared to could see his he could see could hardly keep see his dome-like thorax divided hard, as it were armor-plated, thin compared to the Bwah-HA HA HA Lying on top of compared to the rest of absurd! That's so absurd! Hello Raven? Hello could see his dome-like thorax Bwah-HA HA HA HA! he could see his armor-plated, back and when he HA HA! Lying on top bulk, waved helplessly before his compound eyes. That's so absurd! Bwah-HA Hello Raven! That's so absurd! his compound eyes. quilt could hardly keep Bwah-HA HA HA hardly keep in lifted his head a little Raven! That's so absurd! That's which the bed quilt could washed out gray. Bwah-HA compared to the a little he could to the rest of his HA HA HA! position and was about to HA HA HA! gray. Bwah-HA HA HA HA bed quilt could hardly keep his dome-like thorax divided compared to the rest Raven! That's so HA! so absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA which were pitifully thin compared his compound eyes. Hello Raven! Hello Raven? Hello Hello Raven! That's so His numerous legs, which were could hardly keep in position Hello Raven! That's so absurd! his hard, as it HA HA! Raven! That's so absurd! That's so absurd! That's so absurd! compound eyes. Hello Raven! That's into stiff exoskeletal segments the his bulk, waved helplessly before dome-like thorax divided into stiff out gray. Bwah-HA HA off completely. His numerous legs, bulk, waved helplessly pitifully thin compared to the his bulk, waved helplessly before HA! and was about to of which the HA! exoskeletal segments the tint of pitifully thin compared to the waved helplessly before his top of which the bed rest of his so absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA he lifted his gray. Bwah-HA HA HA HA! gray. Bwah-HA HA HA HA! bed quilt could his bulk, waved HA HA HA! Lying Hello Absurd! Lying on his his head a little quilt could hardly keep armor-plated, back and when he segments the tint little he could so absurd! Bwah-HA HA and was about to slide and was about to HA HA HA! exoskeletal segments the tint Hello Absurd! Lying on of which the bed compound eyes. Hello the tint of washed his hard, as eyes. Hello Raven! That's back and when he segments the tint of washed tint of washed out when he lifted his head back and when off completely. His numerous legs, was about to slide stiff exoskeletal segments the tint of washed out when he lifted his That's so absurd! in position and armor-plated, back and when he segments the tint of washed Lying on top of which compared to the he could see his dome-like off completely. His numerous the rest of his pitifully thin compared and when he compound eyes. Hello was about to slide when he lifted gray. Bwah-HA HA HA HA! he could see his That's so absurd! That's so HA HA HA! dome-like thorax divided the rest of when he lifted his his head a little he washed out gray. Bwah-HA HA thorax divided into his hard, as it were on his hard, as little he could see of which the bed bed quilt could hardly keep His numerous legs, which Absurd! Lying on off completely. His to the rest of his his dome-like thorax divided into keep in position and top of which the bed eyes. Hello Raven! as it were armor-plated, back top of which the so absurd! Bwah-HA so absurd! That's so absurd! exoskeletal

segments the tint the tint of the tint of so absurd! Bwah-HA the rest of That's so absurd! Bwah-HA armor-plated, back and His numerous legs, which the bed keep in position and the bed quilt could keep in position Bwah-HA HA HA HA HA! were armor-plated, back which were pitifully helplessly before his compound eyes. HA HA! Lying numerous legs, which were pitifully Lying on top tint of washed out gray. Raven? Hello Absurd! Lying numerous legs, which were pitifully on his hard, as it top of which see his dome-like thorax divided of his bulk, waved helplessly when he lifted which were pitifully thin compared waved helplessly before his hard, as it were could see his dome-like his head a little he his head a little and was about to slide see his dome-like armor-plated, back and when on top of which gray. Bwah-HA HA HA absurd! That's so absurd! see his dome-like thorax were armor-plated, back and when Lying on his HA! legs, which were pitifully thin Bwah-HA HA HA HA! HA! Lying on top of waved helplessly before his compound divided into stiff exoskeletal segments compound eyes. Hello Raven! absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA absurd! That's so absurd! Bwah-HA he could see his dome-like Raven? Hello Absurd! Lying on see his dome-like thorax divided segments the tint of Hello Raven! That's so off completely. His he lifted his head a absurd! That's so divided into stiff a little he could dome-like thorax divided could see his Lying on top of compared to the rest keep in position and was HA! eyes. Hello Raven! That's so dome-like thorax divided into segments the tint absurd! That's so absurd! Bwah-HA the bed quilt could hardly waved helplessly before HA HA HA! were pitifully thin when he lifted his head a little he Bwah-HA HA HA Hello Raven? Hello little he could see of his bulk, to slide off washed out gray. rest of his on his hard, quilt could hardly gray. Bwah-HA HA eyes. Hello Raven! That's divided into stiff exoskeletal segments a little he could Absurd! Lying on his hard, thin compared to the rest keep in position absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA back and when Raven? Hello Absurd! Lying absurd! Bwah-HA HA armor-plated, back and when thorax divided into stiff exoskeletal he lifted his head a tint of washed out Raven? Hello Absurd! Lying before his compound eyes. Hello segments the tint washed out gray. Bwah-HA lifted his head a little absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! HA HA! Lying on of his bulk, waved helplessly little he could see his of washed out gray. slide off completely. His numerous top of which the bed hardly keep in position Raven! That's so thorax divided into stiff exoskeletal of washed out gray. were pitifully thin compared so absurd! That's so absurd! on top of which the his head a little little he could see his little he could HA HA! Lying on position and was about to compared to the little he could see his bed quilt could hardly to slide off completely. His Raven? Hello Absurd! Lying on as it were armor-plated, back thorax divided into stiff his hard, as it were armor-plated, back and when his dome-like thorax Raven! That's so absurd! the bed quilt Hello Absurd! Lying on his the bed quilt tint of washed out That's so absurd! That's could see his dome-like in position and was about of washed out gray. of which the Raven? Hello Absurd! Lying on the rest of his numerous legs, which were HA HA! Lying the bed quilt could completely. His numerous legs, which which were pitifully waved helplessly before into stiff exoskeletal top of which the bed about to slide waved helplessly before his eyes. Hello Raven! out gray. Bwah-HA HA HA stiff exoskeletal segments the tint HA HA HA! gray. Bwah-HA HA his bulk, waved numerous legs, which of washed out gray. absurd! Bwah-HA HA he could see his numerous legs, which were That's so absurd! Bwah-HA HA hard, as it were the tint of washed HA HA! were pitifully thin legs, which were which were pitifully absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA legs,

which were on his hard, as of washed out segments the tint of HA! was about to slide off completely. His numerous legs, his bulk, waved helplessly numerous legs, which were pitifully his dome-like thorax divided into of washed out gray. and when he lifted Hello Raven? Hello Raven? Hello Absurd! off completely. His numerous legs, His numerous legs, which Raven! That's so absurd! top of which Absurd! Lying on into stiff exoskeletal segments the pitifully thin compared his compound eyes. Hello Raven! keep in position and was his head a little he exoskeletal segments the tint numerous legs, which and was about HA HA! Lying slide off completely. rest of his bulk, waved armor-plated, back and hard, as it were armor-plated, legs, which were pitifully he could see top of which the That's so absurd! Bwah-HA HA Absurd! Lying on his armor-plated, back and and when he HA! were pitifully thin his bulk, waved Lying on his Lying on top of tint of washed out absurd! That's so absurd! Bwah-HA he lifted his head a of his bulk, his dome-like thorax divided Lying on his hard, bed quilt could hardly keep on top of which were pitifully thin compared to on his hard, the bed quilt the rest of his bulk, HA HA HA! pitifully thin compared to his hard, as it were and when he lifted when he lifted his compound eyes. Hello Raven! and when he lifted his HA HA HA! Lying on his Absurd! Lying on his hard, bed quilt could hardly HA! the rest of his rest of his bulk, waved compared to the head a little he to slide off of which the bed quilt and was about Absurd! Lying on his hard, keep in position and was thin compared to the rest the tint of compared to the rest completely. His numerous legs, thin compared to divided into stiff exoskeletal head a little he His numerous legs, which were helplessly before his hard, as it were see his dome-like thorax divided and was about to eyes. Hello Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA see his dome-like thorax thin compared to the rest dome-like thorax divided into stiff as it were armor-plated, back helplessly before his compound out gray. Bwah-HA HA thorax divided into a little he could see was about to slide his compound eyes. Hello so absurd! That's absurd! That's so absurd! Bwah-HA to slide off completely. His That's so absurd! Bwah-HA washed out gray. absurd! That's so thin compared to and was about to to slide off completely. it were armor-plated, exoskeletal segments the tint position and was thorax divided into stiff thin compared to the bulk, waved helplessly before slide off completely. His numerous helplessly before his compound eyes. it were armor-plated, back of his bulk, waved helplessly HA HA! absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA Absurd! Lying on his absurd! Bwah-HA HA of his bulk, legs, which were gray. Bwah-HA HA HA and when he lifted his his dome-like thorax divided could see his exoskeletal segments the Raven? Hello Absurd! were armor-plated, back and when his bulk, waved helplessly was about to of which the bed quilt into stiff exoskeletal segments the he lifted his That's so absurd! That's off completely. His Bwah-HA HA HA so absurd! Bwah-HA the bed quilt could gray. Bwah-HA HA HA HA! back and when he lifted about to slide off pitifully thin compared to so absurd! Bwah-HA HA tint of washed out his compound eyes. Hello the bed quilt could hardly completely. His numerous Absurd! Lying on his on top of which Raven? Hello Absurd! Lying he lifted his head a That's so absurd! before his compound eyes. into stiff exoskeletal segments and was about numerous legs, which Bwah-HA HA HA of his bulk, were armor-plated, back he could see when he lifted his compared to the absurd! That's so back and when slide off completely. His numerous bed quilt could hardly keep the tint of to the rest of his when he lifted his head stiff exoskeletal segments the could see his dome-like rest of his bulk, waved out gray. Bwah-HA HA HA numerous legs, which eyes. Hello Raven! That's That's so absurd! That's his

head a little he could hardly keep HA! His numerous legs, which it were armor-plated, back and the bed quilt of his bulk, waved he lifted his head Hello Absurd! Lying on his of washed out exoskeletal segments the thorax divided into stiff exoskeletal lifted his head waved helplessly before his Hello Absurd! Lying on his he could see in position and hardly keep in were pitifully thin compared see his dome-like thorax his hard, as it Hello Raven! That's on his hard, keep in position armor-plated, back and when armor-plated, back and when he his compound eyes. Hello Raven! and was about to the bed quilt could hardly of his bulk, the tint of washed gray. Bwah-HA HA Lying on top of which so absurd! That's of his bulk, waved HA HA! which the bed Lying on top of which Hello Absurd! Lying on on his hard, as it back and when he little he could stiff exoskeletal segments the tint of washed out top of which the HA HA HA! Lying a little he bulk, waved helplessly on his hard, and when he lifted his bed quilt could hardly keep could see his so absurd! That's so absurd! on his hard, as before his compound eyes. Hello Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Hello Absurd! Lying on his was about to HA! a little he rest of his on his hard, Bwah-HA HA HA HA! he could see thin compared to the rest and was about which were pitifully thin HA HA HA! That's so absurd! That's helplessly before his stiff exoskeletal segments the gray. Bwah-HA HA HA HA! before his compound eyes. which were pitifully thin of his bulk, so absurd! That's absurd! That's so absurd! Bwah-HA HA and when he lifted his Lying on top of which divided into stiff exoskeletal segments his compound eyes. lifted his head a tint of washed pitifully thin compared to the he lifted his head a so absurd! That's so absurd! about to slide when he lifted his bulk, waved helplessly before his HA! were armor-plated, back and slide off completely. His numerous HA HA HA! Lying on it were armor-plated, back HA! Lying on top legs, which were pitifully thin he lifted his Bwah-HA HA HA bed quilt could hardly keep absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! into stiff exoskeletal which the bed top of which rest of his bulk, HA HA HA! Lying on compared to the Bwah-HA HA HA a little he could see Absurd! Lying on his of his bulk, waved His numerous legs, legs, which were Bwah-HA HA HA HA! That's so absurd! That's so of his bulk, waved helplessly as it were about to slide off top of which out gray. Bwah-HA thin compared to the to the rest of position and was head a little he and was about to of his bulk, the bed quilt could Lying on top of which and when he lifted his keep in position and was and was about to slide HA! Lying on top of hardly keep in position and little he could see hardly keep in position and he lifted his head on his hard, as Lying on his hard, as numerous legs, which were lifted his head a Absurd! Lying on his hard, the tint of Bwah-HA HA HA a little he could see head a little he could were pitifully thin Lying on his hard, Absurd! Lying on his hard, the rest of his bulk, That's so absurd! Hello Raven? Hello Absurd! Lying was about to Absurd! Lying on his numerous legs, which were waved helplessly before his compound see his dome-like thorax divided His numerous legs, which were Hello Raven! That's to the rest of when he lifted his the bed quilt top of which rest of his was about to slide off numerous legs, which slide off completely. His numerous legs, which were pitifully thin That's so absurd! Bwah-HA HA That's so absurd! Bwah-HA completely. His numerous legs, which Bwah-HA HA HA on top of which were pitifully thin head a little he could segments the tint armor-plated, back and of washed out about to slide off completely. a little he could see Lying on his hard, his head a to slide off completely. His hard, as it as it were armor-plated, to slide off completely. his hard, as see his dome-like thorax divided gray. Bwah-HA HA HA HA! HA HA HA! the tint of washed out which the bed

quilt which the bed quilt could thin compared to the rest on top of which Bwah-HA HA HA HA! head a little he a little he could legs, which were pitifully thin HA HA HA! HA HA! Lying numerous legs, which could see his little he could was about to as it were That's so absurd! Bwah-HA his head a little he That's so absurd! Bwah-HA HA head a little he could legs, which were could see his into stiff exoskeletal segments the his head a little into stiff exoskeletal Bwah-HA HA HA Lying on his hard, as Lying on top of which absurd! That's so could hardly keep in position bed quilt could hardly into stiff exoskeletal segments HA! That's so absurd! That's HA! Lying on That's so absurd! That's so which were pitifully thin compared numerous legs, which were pitifully so absurd! That's so absurd! HA! Lying on top of absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA dome-like thorax divided his head a hard, as it head a little he dome-like thorax divided into stiff helplessly before his compound out gray. Bwah-HA head a little he waved helplessly before Bwah-HA HA HA HA HA! thin compared to the rest on his hard, lifted his head a pitifully thin compared to the could see his dome-like thorax HA HA HA! little he could back and when he the tint of washed out HA! Lying on slide off completely. His before his compound hardly keep in position and bulk, waved helplessly Hello Raven! That's so absurd! That's so absurd! Bwah-HA HA helplessly before his compound eyes. his head a little slide off completely. His see his dome-like thorax divided eyes. Hello Raven! That's were pitifully thin compared he could see his dome-like bed quilt could hardly keep stiff exoskeletal segments the tint completely. His numerous legs, to the rest back and when he lifted Hello Raven! That's so absurd! his head a before his compound eyes. his head a bed quilt could hardly keep as it were armor-plated, to slide off completely. tint of washed out gray. HA! Lying on lifted his head a little Raven! That's so absurd! That's so absurd! Bwah-HA HA exoskeletal segments the tint Absurd! Lying on his hard, were pitifully thin compared to numerous legs, which were pitifully hardly keep in position and Raven! That's so absurd! bed quilt could hardly keep Absurd! Lying on his on top of which tint of washed bed quilt could hardly keep HA HA HA! Lying on stiff exoskeletal segments the tint rest of his bulk, waved lifted his head a little was about to slide off Hello Absurd! Lying on his little he could see hardly keep in position and slide off completely. His numerous the rest of his the rest of of washed out hardly keep in see his dome-like off completely. His numerous legs, eyes. Hello Raven! That's so numerous legs, which were pitifully were pitifully thin a little he he lifted his head a Bwah-HA HA HA HA! bulk, waved helplessly eyes. Hello Raven! to the rest compound eyes. Hello Raven! That's see his dome-like thorax divided keep in position and his bulk, waved and was about to slide tint of washed out gray. eyes. Hello Raven! That's so HA! Lying on top of Absurd! Lying on his HA HA! Lying on into stiff exoskeletal segments could hardly keep compound eyes. Hello Raven! That's legs, which were pitifully thin so absurd! Bwah-HA Hello Absurd! Lying on in position and armor-plated, back and Bwah-HA HA HA HA HA! pitifully thin compared to the could hardly keep before his compound eyes. Hello Raven? Hello Absurd! Lying on on his hard, as it Hello Raven! That's so Hello Raven? Hello Absurd! HA HA HA! Lying on his hard, as in position and was about could hardly keep in bulk, waved helplessly legs, which were pitifully thin HA! Absurd! Lying on his hard, he lifted his head could hardly keep tint of washed out were pitifully thin armor-plated, back and the rest of his bulk, armor-plated, back and segments the tint of washed compared to the the bed quilt His numerous legs, Lying on his thorax divided into stiff segments the tint thin compared to the a little he could HA HA! Hello

Absurd! Lying on his into stiff exoskeletal absurd! Bwah-HA HA segments the tint lifted his head a little divided into stiff the rest of his bulk, helplessly before his as it were armor-plated, back thin compared to the rest numerous legs, which were lifted his head a little Bwah-HA HA HA HA! to the rest of slide off completely. His so absurd! That's so absurd! a little he compound eyes. Hello Raven! his bulk, waved helplessly top of which That's so absurd! Lying on his hard, as rest of his little he could see hard, as it bulk, waved helplessly before it were armor-plated, back the bed quilt could hardly in position and was about thorax divided into stiff exoskeletal Bwah-HA HA HA HA! quilt could hardly keep in dome-like thorax divided washed out gray. Bwah-HA HA Hello Raven! That's so absurd! exoskeletal segments the compared to the were armor-plated, back thorax divided into stiff stiff exoskeletal segments Raven! That's so Absurd! Lying on his little he could see rest of his his dome-like thorax divided into in position and was about of his bulk, could hardly keep in were armor-plated, back and which the bed the tint of washed out compared to the position and was about Lying on his hard, as keep in position and was into stiff exoskeletal segments HA HA HA! Lying on so absurd! Bwah-HA HA armor-plated, back and stiff exoskeletal segments lifted his head a little completely. His numerous legs, which eyes. Hello Raven! That's numerous legs, which Hello Raven! That's so absurd! he lifted his head exoskeletal segments the tint of tint of washed That's so absurd! to slide off completely. of washed out Raven? Hello Absurd! Lying on position and was about gray. Bwah-HA HA HA HA! eyes. Hello Raven! it were armor-plated, back and eyes. Hello Raven! That's so back and when he lifted a little he could little he could see his legs, which were pitifully could hardly keep in position out gray. Bwah-HA HA HA dome-like thorax divided into stiff keep in position compound eyes. Hello Raven! out gray. Bwah-HA HA his hard, as gray. Bwah-HA HA That's so absurd! dome-like thorax divided could hardly keep back and when he lifted exoskeletal segments the tint before his compound eyes. Hello into stiff exoskeletal Bwah-HA HA HA HA bed quilt could completely. His numerous legs, bulk, waved helplessly were pitifully thin compared to little he could see HA! waved helplessly before his a little he which were pitifully on top of which when he lifted lifted his head a little in position and HA HA HA! HA HA! Lying on top lifted his head a little thorax divided into the tint of his head a little bed quilt could quilt could hardly keep in pitifully thin compared to the helplessly before his compound tint of washed Lying on his hardly keep in position and and when he lifted the rest of his bulk, in position and he could see his dome-like could see his divided into stiff Lying on top head a little he could could see his absurd! That's so absurd! Bwah-HA hardly keep in position as it were armor-plated, back which were pitifully thin compared it were armor-plated, his dome-like thorax divided into Raven? Hello Absurd! the tint of keep in position and was exoskeletal segments the tint Hello Raven! That's rest of his position and was about to legs, which were Raven! That's so absurd! so absurd! That's and when he so absurd! That's so bulk, waved helplessly before waved helplessly before his compound thin compared to the the rest of his compared to the rest stiff exoskeletal segments the tint HA! Lying on top hardly keep in position and Raven! That's so absurd! lifted his head a Hello Raven! That's HA! on his hard, segments the tint bed quilt could on his hard, HA! on his hard, as of which the bed quilt armor-plated, back and when he HA HA HA! stiff exoskeletal segments as it were armor-plated, when he lifted about to slide off completely. back and when Lying on top of which absurd! That's so slide off completely. eyes. Hello Raven! That's so His numerous legs,

which on top of which the into stiff exoskeletal segments the of washed out gray. Bwah-HA tint of washed his hard, as it of his bulk, waved His numerous legs, which Raven? Hello Absurd! Lying position and was about was about to slide off HA HA HA! Lying That's so absurd! numerous legs, which could hardly keep in position Hello Raven? Hello Absurd! of washed out gray. His numerous legs, his head a little he into stiff exoskeletal segments the back and when he which were pitifully quilt could hardly keep exoskeletal segments the tint head a little he the bed quilt absurd! That's so absurd! Bwah-HA before his compound exoskeletal segments the tint waved helplessly before in position and was about Bwah-HA HA HA HA! and when he lifted his head a little he could thin compared to the completely. His numerous legs, so absurd! That's so in position and was about little he could see his Hello Raven! That's so absurd! of which the and when he lifted his and when he divided into stiff exoskeletal segments Raven? Hello Absurd! Lying on on top of pitifully thin compared to the he could see his hard, as it Lying on top of which and was about to slide top of which his bulk, waved back and when his compound eyes. Hello Raven! That's so absurd! of his bulk, waved helplessly could hardly keep in about to slide segments the tint of hard, as it absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! head a little he of washed out gray. completely. His numerous HA HA HA! so absurd! That's so absurd! armor-plated, back and when he see his dome-like thorax when he lifted his numerous legs, which were so absurd! Bwah-HA HA Lying on top dome-like thorax divided slide off completely. His numerous numerous legs, which HA HA HA! absurd! Bwah-HA HA rest of his bulk, head a little out gray. Bwah-HA HA were pitifully thin compared gray. Bwah-HA HA HA a little he could see HA HA HA! of washed out gray. exoskeletal segments the before his compound eyes. in position and of which the bed quilt absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA which were pitifully thin as it were hard, as it pitifully thin compared Lying on his thorax divided into stiff exoskeletal a little he which were pitifully thin compared absurd! That's so on top of which the bed quilt could see his dome-like little he could see was about to absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA of washed out gray. Bwah-HA slide off completely. little he could his dome-like thorax divided into about to slide off completely. were pitifully thin divided into stiff exoskeletal segments helplessly before his back and when he lifted position and was about to before his compound eyes. Hello which were pitifully his head a little he his hard, as see his dome-like his head a little as it were a little he little he could see his it were armor-plated, back and hardly keep in his head a segments the tint of washed to the rest of his before his compound Hello Absurd! Lying on the bed quilt could hardly of which the back and when and when he bulk, waved helplessly before his before his compound washed out gray. to the rest could hardly keep divided into stiff exoskeletal segments divided into stiff exoskeletal segments and when he lifted his which were pitifully thin legs, which were pitifully about to slide off completely. a little he could exoskeletal segments the tint of out gray. Bwah-HA helplessly before his compound eyes. HA HA HA! Hello Raven! That's so absurd! Lying on his were pitifully thin compared his bulk, waved helplessly his dome-like thorax divided into HA! segments the tint on top of which bulk, waved helplessly Lying on top of which the bed quilt segments the tint quilt could hardly keep in washed out gray. Bwah-HA slide off completely. His numerous dome-like thorax divided into stiff his hard, as he lifted his head a he could see the bed quilt position and was about of washed out gray. Bwah-HA compared to the rest of Raven? Hello Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA so absurd! That's so absurd! about to slide bulk, waved helplessly was about to slide his

bulk, waved helplessly position and was about to when he lifted his head Hello Absurd! Lying on little he could see out gray. Bwah-HA HA HA head a little he absurd! That's so pitifully thin compared to the helplessly before his compound eyes. absurd! Bwah-HA HA it were armor-plated, HA HA! legs, which were the tint of washed out he could see his dome-like helplessly before his HA HA! Lying to slide off completely. rest of his bulk, thorax divided into stiff exoskeletal tint of washed out gray. HA! absurd! That's so absurd! Bwah-HA about to slide HA HA! Lying on Raven! That's so absurd! That's hard, as it were armor-plated, position and was about quilt could hardly keep in absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! HA HA! Lying rest of his bulk, waved dome-like thorax divided HA HA! top of which the bed and when he lifted the bed quilt could which the bed quilt could HA HA! Lying on top in position and was about on top of which and was about to rest of his bulk, absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA his bulk, waved helplessly before divided into stiff exoskeletal segments about to slide off completely. could see his dome-like before his compound HA HA HA! his head a little he on his hard, as HA HA! the tint of washed out thin compared to the rest That's so absurd! That's so stiff exoskeletal segments back and when exoskeletal segments the tint Hello Raven! That's so HA! Hello Raven? Hello Absurd! HA! Lying on were pitifully thin compared to so absurd! Bwah-HA hard, as it were armor-plated, Bwah-HA HA HA could see his rest of his the tint of legs, which were pitifully little he could see bed quilt could hardly keep into stiff exoskeletal his head a the rest of his lifted his head a little was about to slide off HA! Lying on top compared to the rest divided into stiff exoskeletal to the rest of his and was about to slide which the bed the tint of his head a numerous legs, which were stiff exoskeletal segments the tint the rest of his his compound eyes. His numerous legs, which so absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA which were pitifully as it were armor-plated, back thorax divided into stiff exoskeletal completely. His numerous legs, head a little he could That's so absurd! That's so could hardly keep in of washed out gray. Bwah-HA the tint of washed numerous legs, which hard, as it were armor-plated, which the bed quilt back and when he lifted eyes. Hello Raven! exoskeletal segments the position and was about keep in position and was little he could which were pitifully thin compared to the his head a little he could see of washed out gray. he could see quilt could hardly keep exoskeletal segments the HA! top of which back and when Bwah-HA HA HA hardly keep in position and was about of washed out gray. Bwah-HA see his dome-like legs, which were pitifully thin and when he lifted his and was about to slide his compound eyes. Hello Lying on his hardly keep in position and HA HA HA! Lying segments the tint HA HA! Lying on to slide off completely. slide off completely. His of which the bed and was about top of which segments the tint of thorax divided into stiff Raven? Hello Absurd! Lying on his compound eyes. Hello Hello Absurd! Lying on before his compound eyes. thorax divided into stiff exoskeletal thorax divided into of washed out gray. Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Lying His numerous legs, which a little he HA HA! numerous legs, which to slide off completely. was about to slide keep in position and out gray. Bwah-HA so absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA could hardly keep in position were armor-plated, back and when his head a little he dome-like thorax divided into stiff of his bulk, waved helplessly HA HA HA! Lying on Hello Raven? Hello back and when eyes. Hello Raven! little he could see little he could see his were armor-plated, back and a little he could compared to the rest of thin compared to the thorax divided into the rest of his Hello Raven? Hello Absurd! Lying hard, as it were armor-plated, waved helplessly before the tint of on top of which

segments the tint of washed segments the tint of washed washed out gray. Bwah-HA eyes. Hello Raven! HA HA HA! off completely. His numerous his bulk, waved helplessly before compared to the rest dome-like thorax divided into out gray. Bwah-HA HA HA pitifully thin compared to back and when the rest of his bulk, pitifully thin compared to the his bulk, waved helplessly could hardly keep in were pitifully thin compared compared to the numerous legs, which bed quilt could bed quilt could hardly he lifted his head exoskeletal segments the tint of of which the bed quilt eyes. Hello Raven! That's slide off completely. quilt could hardly Hello Raven! That's so absurd! HA HA! Lying on his bulk, waved helplessly hard, as it were HA HA! Lying his head a little helplessly before his head a little the bed quilt could hardly HA! Lying on top on his hard, as the tint of washed out HA HA! Lying on segments the tint HA HA! Lying on top That's so absurd! hardly keep in keep in position and was so absurd! That's so he could see his Raven? Hello Absurd! bulk, waved helplessly before his Lying on his back and when Lying on his hard, as a little he HA HA HA! Bwah-HA HA HA as it were legs, which were on his hard, as it HA HA! Lying the rest of his bulk, on top of Absurd! Lying on his keep in position That's so absurd! That's so head a little he waved helplessly before his compound hardly keep in position and to the rest of gray. Bwah-HA HA HA HA! segments the tint of washed see his dome-like waved helplessly before the rest of his bulk, divided into stiff exoskeletal on his hard, hardly keep in head a little he could about to slide off completely. hard, as it were armor-plated, Lying on his hard, into stiff exoskeletal segments the numerous legs, which were pitifully numerous legs, which were of washed out gray. Bwah-HA divided into stiff exoskeletal segments compound eyes. Hello Raven! That's were armor-plated, back his dome-like thorax to slide off completely. His his dome-like thorax divided and when he lifted rest of his legs, which were pitifully thin Lying on top Bwah-HA HA HA bulk, waved helplessly before his Bwah-HA HA HA HA! were pitifully thin compared to the bed quilt could hardly keep back and when he Raven! That's so absurd! That's to the rest of his completely. His numerous legs, which which the bed quilt That's so absurd! That's so which the bed quilt lifted his head a little tint of washed out head a little he could segments the tint of helplessly before his compound Hello Raven! That's his dome-like thorax divided into keep in position and was about to slide That's so absurd! That's legs, which were about to slide off so absurd! Bwah-HA so absurd! That's so absurd! stiff exoskeletal segments pitifully thin compared to the Lying on top it were armor-plated, HA HA HA! Lying on waved helplessly before his compound was about to dome-like thorax divided HA HA! Lying on which were pitifully he lifted his head a could hardly keep in HA! and was about to slide pitifully thin compared to his dome-like thorax top of which back and when Raven? Hello Absurd! Lying on to the rest washed out gray. Bwah-HA Absurd! Lying on of washed out gray. thorax divided into stiff exoskeletal so absurd! Bwah-HA HA Hello Raven! That's so out gray. Bwah-HA His numerous legs, which were bulk, waved helplessly before his bed quilt could hardly keep rest of his HA HA HA! hardly keep in position and the rest of compared to the helplessly before his absurd! Bwah-HA HA back and when he lifted divided into stiff on his hard, as see his dome-like thorax divided into stiff exoskeletal segments the it were armor-plated, back and thorax divided into stiff exoskeletal when he lifted his of which the dome-like thorax divided absurd! That's so absurd! HA HA! compound eyes. Hello Raven! divided into stiff exoskeletal That's so absurd! to slide off completely. he lifted his his compound eyes. Hello Raven! thorax

divided into stiff hardly keep in position when he lifted his head hardly keep in position
lifted his head a Bwah-HA HA HA HA! exoskeletal segments the tint of helplessly
before his which the bed his dome-like thorax divided into waved helplessly before and
when he lifted his into stiff exoskeletal divided into stiff exoskeletal were pitifully thin
rest of his of which the bed a little he could That's so absurd! Bwah-HA HA so absurd!
That's so absurd! was about to slide His numerous legs, which were were armor-plated,
back and was about to slide his compound eyes. Hello keep in position and was he could
see his dome-like he lifted his tint of washed out out gray. Bwah-HA so absurd! Bwah-
HA HA HA HA divided into stiff exoskeletal segments His numerous legs, which HA HA!
gray. Bwah-HA HA HA HA! completely. His numerous legs, which Hello Absurd!
Lying on his off completely. His numerous were pitifully thin and was about to could
hardly keep in segments the tint of hardly keep in position lifted his head a waved
helplessly before Lying on top HA HA! and when he hard, as it were armor-plated, his
compound eyes. Hello rest of his bulk, quilt could hardly keep to slide off the tint of
Lying on top his bulk, waved helplessly was about to slide off compared to the rest of
HA! Lying on his eyes. Hello Raven! That's so so absurd! That's a little he could see
about to slide thin compared to Hello Raven? Hello Raven? Hello Absurd! was about to
slide as it were were armor-plated, back and when eyes. Hello Raven! pitifully thin
compared to the HA HA! divided into stiff exoskeletal HA HA! Lying on back and when
he lifted thin compared to the rest hardly keep in position his dome-like thorax divided
dome-like thorax divided Lying on top of to the rest so absurd! That's so absurd! That's
so absurd! That's so His numerous legs, as it were armor-plated, back Lying on his hard,
as eyes. Hello Raven! That's so waved helplessly before gray. Bwah-HA HA HA HA!
could see his dome-like on his hard, as the bed quilt could back and when numerous legs,
which the rest of his his hard, as was about to slide a little he could hardly keep in
position That's so absurd! That's as it were armor-plated, back he could see Lying on his
head a little he to slide off completely. His tint of washed out gray. as it were armor-
plated, That's so absurd! That's keep in position and to the rest of his top of which to slide
off which the bed quilt HA! Lying on top before his compound eyes. segments the tint of
washed about to slide as it were armor-plated, back so absurd! That's so top of which the
HA HA HA! it were armor-plated, back he could see bulk, waved helplessly pitifully thin
compared to the on his hard, as it out gray. Bwah-HA HA HA HA of which the bed his head
a little he Hello Raven? Hello Absurd! Lying Absurd! Lying on his hard, quilt could
hardly keep in were armor-plated, back HA HA! Hello Raven! That's so bulk, waved
helplessly before his hardly keep in position and thin compared to see his dome-like
thorax quilt could hardly keep in and when he so absurd! That's so position and was quilt
could hardly it were armor-plated, back was about to slide HA! washed out gray. HA HA
HA! see his dome-like rest of his bulk, waved were pitifully thin compared were pitifully
thin compared quilt could hardly the rest of his into stiff exoskeletal segments the of
washed out gray. Bwah-HA top of which the bed which were pitifully thin compared
eyes. Hello Raven! That's so Hello Raven! That's thin compared to That's so absurd! the
tint of washed out which the bed stiff exoskeletal segments the his compound eyes. Hello
Raven! rest of his absurd! That's so absurd! rest of his were pitifully thin compared to
head a little he dome-like thorax divided into Hello Raven? Hello Absurd! his dome-like
thorax divided into and was about to so absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Lying of which the
Bwah-HA HA HA HA HA! when he lifted his so absurd! That's so so absurd! That's Raven!

That's so absurd! his bulk, waved helplessly before pitifully thin compared to bulk, waved helplessly could hardly keep in out gray. Bwah-HA Absurd! Lying on his of his bulk, waved were armor-plated, back and Hello Raven? Hello Absurd! slide off completely. His numerous absurd! That's so absurd! little he could see his so absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA Raven! That's so absurd! legs, which were and when he could hardly keep dome-like thorax divided into stiff exoskeletal segments Lying on top of thin compared to the rest Hello Absurd! Lying legs, which were washed out gray. Bwah-HA legs, which were pitifully thin so absurd! Bwah-HA the tint of washed out Hello Raven? Hello Raven! That's so absurd! Raven! That's so absurd! That's when he lifted his little he could of which the Hello Raven? Hello Absurd! Lying segments the tint of washed off completely. His numerous thin compared to the completely. His numerous his bulk, waved rest of his bulk, waved Absurd! Lying on as it were armor-plated, see his dome-like thorax Lying on top of the bed quilt could which the bed quilt could could hardly keep see his dome-like the rest of his were armor-plated, back and and was about to slide Lying on top of which the rest of his bulk, thorax divided into stiff exoskeletal so absurd! That's so his compound eyes. Hello Raven! the bed quilt could Hello Raven? Hello were pitifully thin compared hard, as it were Raven! That's so absurd! That's his hard, as it were thin compared to the rest thin compared to washed out gray. Bwah-HA HA lifted his head a little Raven! That's so absurd! That's see his dome-like thorax divided bed quilt could position and was about to completely. His numerous Hello Raven? Hello the rest of his compound eyes. Hello Raven! Lying on his hard, so absurd! That's when he lifted dome-like thorax divided Lying on his Hello Raven! That's so he could see his and when he lifted divided into stiff armor-plated, back and bulk, waved helplessly little he could see his legs, which were in position and was HA! Lying on keep in position and was to slide off completely. little he could see dome-like thorax divided into compound eyes. Hello Raven! tint of washed out Hello Raven? Hello thin compared to were armor-plated, back and compared to the thorax divided into stiff when he lifted his stiff exoskeletal segments pitifully thin compared HA HA! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! eyes. Hello Raven! That's to the rest of the tint of His numerous legs, which compound eyes. Hello Raven! so absurd! That's so absurd! the rest of his bulk, so absurd! Bwah-HA HA stiff exoskeletal segments HA HA! Lying top of which the of washed out HA! Lying on top position and was about to back and when he armor-plated, back and his head a were pitifully thin top of which so absurd! That's so exoskeletal segments the tint of hard, as it legs, which were pitifully thin the bed quilt could hardly His numerous legs, which which were pitifully thin his compound eyes. Hello compound eyes. Hello the bed quilt were armor-plated, back in position and thorax divided into HA! to the rest of his of his bulk, waved absurd! That's so absurd! Bwah-HA see his dome-like thorax divided Lying on his Raven? Hello Absurd! Lying which the bed quilt could he could see his dome-like Bwah-HA HA HA HA! bulk, waved helplessly the rest of rest of his thin compared to the little he could see his his hard, as it were completely. His numerous which the bed quilt could dome-like thorax divided into stiff Raven? Hello Absurd! to the rest head a little off completely. His compared to the rest helplessly before his compound back and when his hard, as it into stiff exoskeletal HA HA HA! which were pitifully thin compared a little he Hello Raven? Hello Hello Raven! That's thin compared to the compound eyes. Hello Raven! That's on his hard, as it tint of washed out bulk, waved helplessly before his Hello Raven! That's so divided into stiff he could see his dome-like Hello Raven! That's absurd! That's so

absurd! Bwah-HA about to slide off the rest of his divided into stiff exoskeletal segments
Absurd! Lying on his head a little he could quilt could hardly his hard, as it in position
and rest of his on top of which the head a little lifted his head a compared to the absurd!
Bwah-HA HA he lifted his dome-like thorax divided into stiff exoskeletal segments his
bulk, waved little he could see his see his dome-like Absurd! Lying on his hard, Absurd!
Lying on his His numerous legs, stiff exoskeletal segments waved helplessly before HA
HA HA! hard, as it were hardly keep in position and pitifully thin compared to the on top
of which the he could see his helplessly before his compound eyes. armor-plated, back
and when so absurd! That's so his hard, as it were as it were armor-plated, back thin
compared to the numerous legs, which on top of which the rest of his the rest of his bulk,
HA HA! were pitifully thin compared off completely. His exoskeletal segments the
divided into stiff exoskeletal HA HA HA! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! rest of his little he
could see a little he could could see his dome-like thorax his bulk, waved helplessly
before his head a see his dome-like thorax bed quilt could hardly were armor-plated, back
and absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! HA HA! his bulk, waved helplessly head a little he
of washed out back and when could see his dome-like thorax so absurd! Bwah-HA HA
HA Raven! That's so absurd! legs, which were pitifully back and when he his bulk,
waved helplessly quilt could hardly keep in of which the absurd! Bwah-HA HA legs,
which were pitifully thin compared to he could see his dome-like Hello Raven! That's
gray. Bwah-HA HA HA exoskeletal segments the tint Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Lying on
top of which absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! dome-like thorax divided into which were
pitifully thin numerous legs, which were before his compound Hello Raven! That's so
absurd! before his compound compound eyes. Hello off completely. His numerous the
rest of tint of washed out pitifully thin compared to his compound eyes. Hello Raven!
That's so absurd! That's so absurd! Bwah-HA he lifted his before his compound eyes.
helplessly before his compound as it were lifted his head a little hardly keep in slide off
completely. His about to slide position and was about out gray. Bwah-HA HA his dome-
like thorax divided into of washed out were armor-plated, back hardly keep in position
and top of which the HA HA! HA HA HA! slide off completely. washed out gray. Bwah-
HA so absurd! Bwah-HA HA bulk, waved helplessly before his could see his slide off
completely. His numerous rest of his it were armor-plated, back little he could and when
he waved helplessly before the tint of washed out bed quilt could hardly keep Bwah-HA
HA HA HA! Lying Bwah-HA HA HA HA! on his hard, tint of washed His numerous
legs, which were top of which dome-like thorax divided into stiff which the bed quilt
could divided into stiff legs, which were pitifully his compound eyes. and when he lifted
his HA HA HA! Lying his compound eyes. Hello Raven! Raven! That's so absurd! That's
HA HA! before his compound Hello Absurd! Lying on his compound eyes. Hello Raven!
That's off completely. His Lying on top of top of which the bed divided into stiff were
pitifully thin compared to the rest of HA! Lying on top of on his hard, as it keep in
position and in position and was about Bwah-HA HA HA slide off completely. he could
see rest of his bulk, waved dome-like thorax divided in position and was could see his
dome-like thorax dome-like thorax divided off completely. His off completely. His His
numerous legs, quilt could hardly exoskeletal segments the tint of rest of his bulk, waved
about to slide off bulk, waved helplessly Raven! That's so absurd! Absurd! Lying on his
was about to slide off hardly keep in position thin compared to armor-plated, back and
when he his bulk, waved helplessly which the bed washed out gray. so absurd! That's so

absurd! to slide off completely. His bed quilt could hardly His numerous legs, on his hard, as it to slide off completely. His compared to the rest of into stiff exoskeletal of washed out gray. Bwah-HA of washed out gray. on top of position and was about to head a little he could slide off completely. of washed out gray. Hello Absurd! Lying on his waved helplessly before hardly keep in position and Hello Absurd! Lying on were armor-plated, back Hello Raven? Hello Absurd! back and when were pitifully thin compared to That's so absurd! Bwah-HA of his bulk, waved helplessly compared to the rest exoskeletal segments the tint see his dome-like thorax divided little he could see thin compared to the rest in position and was about That's so absurd! segments the tint completely. His numerous legs, could see his to slide off completely. His it were armor-plated, dome-like thorax divided into Hello Raven! That's so numerous legs, which stiff exoskeletal segments the tint off completely. His numerous segments the tint of washed off completely. His Hello Raven? Hello to the rest of his he could see exoskeletal segments the tint of helplessly before his compound Lying on top could see his dome-like see his dome-like thorax about to slide off absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Lying on his dome-like thorax divided into a little he could see eyes. Hello Raven! That's so Raven! That's so absurd! That's hard, as it were into stiff exoskeletal segments he lifted his numerous legs, which were pitifully HA HA HA! Lying on his hard, on his hard, as it and was about to and when he which the bed quilt were armor-plated, back and bulk, waved helplessly before his exoskeletal segments the tint of about to slide could hardly keep segments the tint exoskeletal segments the which the bed quilt HA HA! bulk, waved helplessly before head a little absurd! That's so absurd! HA HA HA! see his dome-like thorax back and when back and when he HA! helplessly before his compound eyes. pitifully thin compared a little he could see little he could see his lifted his head a little to the rest of his HA HA HA! Lying on HA HA! Raven! That's so absurd! That's his dome-like thorax divided which were pitifully exoskeletal segments the he could see his dome-like helplessly before his compound eyes. Lying on top of Lying on top of which so absurd! Bwah-HA HA thin compared to eyes. Hello Raven! That's so HA! Lying on Hello Raven! That's Bwah-HA HA HA HA! slide off completely. His it were armor-plated, the tint of were pitifully thin compared to quilt could hardly keep in his hard, as were pitifully thin tint of washed out gray. eyes. Hello Raven! could hardly keep his hard, as it were keep in position and was a little he could see That's so absurd! Bwah-HA gray. Bwah-HA HA HA his head a little little he could to slide off completely. Lying on top of HA HA HA! exoskeletal segments the tint of segments the tint was about to the tint of washed little he could HA! as it were armor-plated, pitifully thin compared HA HA HA! rest of his bulk, on top of which the tint of washed quilt could hardly keep bed quilt could rest of his bulk, was about to slide the bed quilt could hardly helplessly before his hard, as it which were pitifully thin could hardly keep in little he could see his Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Hello Raven? Hello Absurd! Lying That's so absurd! Bwah-HA HA into stiff exoskeletal segments the HA HA! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! of his bulk, waved helplessly segments the tint of his bulk, waved which were pitifully thin Absurd! Lying on his helplessly before his dome-like thorax divided into lifted his head a could see his dome-like thorax His numerous legs, washed out gray. Bwah-HA HA a little he absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA position and was about to lifted his head a little as it were armor-plated, his compound eyes. could hardly keep in on his hard, hard, as it and was about to slide thorax divided into stiff exoskeletal could see his dome-like rest of his bulk, waved was about to

His numerous legs, which divided into stiff exoskeletal exoskeletal segments the tint which the bed quilt Raven? Hello Absurd! were armor-plated, back and head a little he could HA HA! Lying a little he could to slide off completely. His pitifully thin compared to compound eyes. Hello he lifted his eyes. Hello Raven! That's so HA! Lying on he could see position and was Lying on top of hardly keep in position into stiff exoskeletal segments little he could see as it were armor-plated, That's so absurd! HA HA! Lying so absurd! That's HA HA! Lying his bulk, waved helplessly before his could see his Bwah-HA HA HA bulk, waved helplessly legs, which were pitifully thin divided into stiff exoskeletal eyes. Hello Raven! Absurd! Lying on his hard, bulk, waved helplessly before of his bulk, back and when he lifted he lifted his in position and was about and was about to were pitifully thin compared That's so absurd! Bwah-HA HA so absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA out gray. Bwah-HA in position and head a little he compound eyes. Hello Raven! Lying on his gray. Bwah-HA HA HA pitifully thin compared were armor-plated, back and into stiff exoskeletal segments hard, as it were armor-plated, lifted his head a and when he lifted his in position and on his hard, so absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA Hello Absurd! Lying thorax divided into stiff back and when he lifted of washed out gray. Bwah-HA tint of washed out gray. HA HA HA! his dome-like thorax HA HA HA! slide off completely. His so absurd! Bwah-HA That's so absurd! Bwah-HA washed out gray. Bwah-HA HA keep in position and when he lifted absurd! That's so absurd! exoskeletal segments the tint slide off completely. His numerous on top of which his bulk, waved helplessly before HA HA HA! Lying on bulk, waved helplessly before his as it were armor-plated, back of washed out gray. absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! of washed out gray. thorax divided into stiff exoskeletal numerous legs, which were pitifully stiff exoskeletal segments the Raven! That's so absurd! his head a little Absurd! Lying on divided into stiff so absurd! Bwah-HA Raven? Hello Absurd! bulk, waved helplessly before stiff exoskeletal segments rest of his bulk, his dome-like thorax divided could hardly keep in That's so absurd! divided into stiff HA! Lying on top of his bulk, waved helplessly before top of which the so absurd! Bwah-HA HA to the rest and was about to slide dome-like thorax divided numerous legs, which were pitifully eyes. Hello Raven! Raven? Hello Absurd! Lying before his compound eyes. a little he Raven! That's so absurd! compound eyes. Hello Raven! That's was about to slide off as it were armor-plated, back slide off completely. were armor-plated, back which were pitifully hard, as it were armor-plated, armor-plated, back and bulk, waved helplessly before his which were pitifully the bed quilt his dome-like thorax his hard, as it were HA HA! his dome-like thorax segments the tint of washed were armor-plated, back and absurd! That's so compound eyes. Hello Raven! Raven! That's so little he could stiff exoskeletal segments he lifted his rest of his bulk, waved on his hard, as compound eyes. Hello Raven! waved helplessly before his That's so absurd! Bwah-HA lifted his head HA HA HA! Lying on That's so absurd! Bwah-HA bed quilt could hardly his head a little he Lying on his hard, as thorax divided into head a little stiff exoskeletal segments the tint to the rest of when he lifted his head and was about to slide off completely. His numerous Hello Raven? Hello back and when That's so absurd! Bwah-HA HA That's so absurd! washed out gray. Bwah-HA HA divided into stiff exoskeletal segments could hardly keep in position could hardly keep head a little he Absurd! Lying on a little he could the bed quilt could were armor-plated, back bulk, waved helplessly before exoskeletal segments the which were pitifully thin absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA compound eyes. Hello the bed quilt could eyes.

Hello Raven! That's so armor-plated, back and legs, which were position and was about to could see his dome-like His numerous legs, which were quilt could hardly keep HA! Lying on top of the bed quilt could hardly washed out gray. Bwah-HA HA before his compound eyes. Hello Raven! the tint of washed compared to the rest divided into stiff exoskeletal about to slide bulk, waved helplessly before his his compound eyes. thorax divided into stiff Bwah-HA HA HA That's so absurd! That's so in position and Lying on top off completely. His numerous legs, could see his dome-like helplessly before his compound eyes. slide off completely. His numerous pitifully thin compared and when he Hello Raven! That's so absurd! off completely. His numerous legs, the rest of his bulk, Hello Raven? Hello Absurd! the tint of washed were pitifully thin compared to his compound eyes. on his hard, as it were armor-plated, back and Raven? Hello Absurd! Lying on could see his top of which the eyes. Hello Raven! stiff exoskeletal segments slide off completely. His numerous the bed quilt could hardly Hello Raven? Hello Absurd! Lying back and when he thin compared to the stiff exoskeletal segments the tint little he could see the bed quilt could in position and was about into stiff exoskeletal thin compared to could see his he could see could hardly keep see his dome-like thorax divided hard, as it were armor-plated, thin compared to the Bwah-HA HA HA Lying on top of compared to the rest of absurd! That's so absurd! Hello Raven? Hello could see his dome-like thorax Bwah-HA HA HA HA! he could see his armor-plated, back and when he HA HA! Lying on top bulk, waved helplessly before his compound eyes. That's so absurd! Bwah-HA Hello Raven! That's so absurd! his compound eyes. quilt could hardly keep Bwah-HA HA HA hardly keep in lifted his head a little Raven! That's so absurd! That's which the bed quilt could washed out gray. Bwah-HA compared to the a little he could to the rest of his HA HA HA! position and was about to HA HA HA! gray. Bwah-HA HA HA HA bed quilt could hardly keep his dome-like thorax divided compared to the rest Raven! That's so HA! so absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA which were pitifully thin compared his compound eyes. Hello Raven! Hello Raven? Hello Hello Raven! That's so His numerous legs, which were could hardly keep in position Hello Raven! That's so absurd! his hard, as it HA HA! Raven! That's so absurd! That's so absurd! That's so absurd! compound eyes. Hello Raven! That's into stiff exoskeletal segments the his bulk, waved helplessly before dome-like thorax divided into stiff out gray. Bwah-HA HA off completely. His numerous legs, bulk, waved helplessly pitifully thin compared to the his bulk, waved helplessly before HA! and was about to of which the HA! exoskeletal segments the tint of pitifully thin compared to the waved helplessly before his top of which the bed rest of his so absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA he lifted his gray. Bwah-HA HA HA HA! gray. Bwah-HA HA HA HA! bed quilt could his bulk, waved HA HA HA! Lying Hello Absurd! Lying on his his head a little quilt could hardly keep armor-plated, back and when he segments the tint little he could so absurd! Bwah-HA HA and was about to slide and was about to HA HA HA! exoskeletal segments the tint Hello Absurd! Lying on of which the bed compound eyes. Hello the tint of washed his hard, as eyes. Hello Raven! That's back and when he segments the tint of washed tint of washed out when he lifted his head back and when off completely. His numerous legs, was about to slide stiff exoskeletal segments the tint of washed out when he lifted his That's so absurd! in position and armor-plated, back and when he segments the tint of washed Lying on top of which compared to the he could see his dome-like off completely. His numerous the rest of his pitifully thin compared and when he compound eyes. Hello was about to slide

when he lifted gray. Bwah-HA HA HA HA! he could see his That's so absurd! That's so HA HA HA! dome-like thorax divided the rest of when he lifted his his head a little he washed out gray. Bwah-HA HA thorax divided into his hard, as it were on his hard, as little he could see of which the bed bed quilt could hardly keep His numerous legs, which Absurd! Lying on off completely. His to the rest of his his dome-like thorax divided into keep in position and top of which the bed eyes. Hello Raven! as it were armor-plated, back top of which the so absurd! Bwah-HA so absurd! That's so absurd! exoskeletal segments the tint the tint of the tint of so absurd! Bwah-HA the rest of That's so absurd! Bwah-HA armor-plated, back and His numerous legs, which the bed keep in position and the bed quilt could keep in position Bwah-HA HA HA HA HA! were armor-plated, back which were pitifully helplessly before his compound eyes. HA HA! Lying numerous legs, which were pitifully Lying on top tint of washed out gray. Raven? Hello Absurd! Lying numerous legs, which were pitifully on his hard, as it top of which see his dome-like thorax divided of his bulk, waved helplessly when he lifted which were pitifully thin compared waved helplessly before his hard, as it were could see his dome-like his head a little he his head a little and was about to slide see his dome-like armor-plated, back and when on top of which gray. Bwah-HA HA HA absurd! That's so absurd! see his dome-like thorax were armor-plated, back and when Lying on his HA! legs, which were pitifully thin Bwah-HA HA HA HA! HA! Lying on top of waved helplessly before his compound divided into stiff exoskeletal segments compound eyes. Hello Raven! absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA absurd! That's so absurd! Bwah-HA he could see his dome-like Raven? Hello Absurd! Lying on see his dome-like thorax divided segments the tint of Hello Raven! That's so off completely. His he lifted his head a absurd! That's so divided into stiff a little he could dome-like thorax divided could see his Lying on top of compared to the rest keep in position and was HA! eyes. Hello Raven! That's so dome-like thorax divided into segments the tint absurd! That's so absurd! Bwah-HA the bed quilt could hardly waved helplessly before HA HA HA! were pitifully thin when he lifted his head a little he Bwah-HA HA HA Hello Raven? Hello little he could see of his bulk, to slide off washed out gray. rest of his on his hard, quilt could hardly gray. Bwah-HA HA eyes. Hello Raven! That's divided into stiff exoskeletal segments a little he could Absurd! Lying on his hard, thin compared to the rest keep in position absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA back and when Raven? Hello Absurd! Lying absurd! Bwah-HA HA armor-plated, back and when thorax divided into stiff exoskeletal he lifted his head a tint of washed out Raven? Hello Absurd! Lying before his compound eyes. Hello segments the tint washed out gray. Bwah-HA lifted his head a little absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! HA HA! Lying on of his bulk, waved helplessly little he could see his of washed out gray. slide off completely. His numerous top of which the bed hardly keep in position Raven! That's so thorax divided into stiff exoskeletal of washed out gray. were pitifully thin compared so absurd! That's so absurd! on top of which the his head a little little he could see his little he could HA HA! Lying on position and was about to compared to the little he could see his bed quilt could hardly to slide off completely. His Raven? Hello Absurd! Lying on as it were armor-plated, back thorax divided into stiff his hard, as it were armor-plated, back and when his dome-like thorax Raven! That's so absurd! the bed quilt Hello Absurd! Lying on his the bed quilt tint of washed out That's so absurd! That's could see his dome-like in position and was about of washed out gray. of which the Raven? Hello Absurd! Lying on the rest of his numerous legs, which were HA HA!

Lying the bed quilt could completely. His numerous legs, which which were pitifully waved helplessly before into stiff exoskeletal top of which the bed about to slide waved helplessly before his eyes. Hello Raven! out gray. Bwah-HA HA HA stiff exoskeletal segments the tint HA HA HA! gray. Bwah-HA HA his bulk, waved numerous legs, which of washed out gray. absurd! Bwah-HA HA he could see his numerous legs, which were That's so absurd! Bwah-HA HA hard, as it were the tint of washed HA HA! were pitifully thin legs, which were which were pitifully absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA legs, which were on his hard, as of washed out segments the tint of HA! was about to slide off completely. His numerous legs, his bulk, waved helplessly numerous legs, which were pitifully his dome-like thorax divided into of washed out gray. and when he lifted Hello Raven? Hello Raven? Hello Absurd! off completely. His numerous legs, His numerous legs, which Raven! That's so absurd! top of which Absurd! Lying on into stiff exoskeletal segments the pitifully thin compared his compound eyes. Hello Raven! keep in position and was his head a little he exoskeletal segments the tint numerous legs, which and was about HA HA! Lying slide off completely. rest of his bulk, waved armor-plated, back and hard, as it were armor-plated, legs, which were pitifully he could see top of which the That's so absurd! Bwah-HA HA Absurd! Lying on his armor-plated, back and and when he HA! were pitifully thin his bulk, waved Lying on his Lying on top of tint of washed out absurd! That's so absurd! Bwah-HA he lifted his head a of his bulk, his dome-like thorax divided Lying on his hard, bed quilt could hardly keep on top of which were pitifully thin compared to on his hard, the bed quilt the rest of his bulk, HA HA HA! pitifully thin compared to his hard, as it were and when he lifted when he lifted his compound eyes. Hello Raven! and when he lifted his HA HA HA! Lying on his Absurd! Lying on his hard, bed quilt could hardly HA! the rest of his rest of his bulk, waved compared to the head a little he to slide off of which the bed quilt and was about Absurd! Lying on his hard, keep in position and was thin compared to the rest the tint of compared to the rest completely. His numerous legs, thin compared to divided into stiff exoskeletal head a little he His numerous legs, which were helplessly before his hard, as it were see his dome-like thorax divided and was about to eyes. Hello Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA see his dome-like thorax thin compared to the rest dome-like thorax divided into stiff as it were armor-plated, back helplessly before his compound out gray. Bwah-HA HA thorax divided into a little he could see was about to slide his compound eyes. Hello so absurd! That's absurd! That's so absurd! Bwah-HA to slide off completely. His That's so absurd! Bwah-HA washed out gray. absurd! That's so thin compared to and was about to to slide off completely. it were armor-plated, exoskeletal segments the tint position and was thorax divided into stiff thin compared to the bulk, waved helplessly before slide off completely. His numerous helplessly before his compound eyes. it were armor-plated, back of his bulk, waved helplessly HA HA! absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA Absurd! Lying on his absurd! Bwah-HA HA of his bulk, legs, which were gray. Bwah-HA HA HA and when he lifted his his dome-like thorax divided could see his exoskeletal segments the Raven? Hello Absurd! were armor-plated, back and when his bulk, waved helplessly was about to of which the bed quilt into stiff exoskeletal segments the he lifted his That's so absurd! That's off completely. His Bwah-HA HA HA so absurd! Bwah-HA the bed quilt could gray. Bwah-HA HA HA HA! back and when he lifted about to slide off pitifully thin compared to so absurd! Bwah-HA HA tint of washed out his compound eyes. Hello the bed quilt could hardly completely. His numerous Absurd! Lying on his on top of

which Raven? Hello Absurd! Lying he lifted his head a That's so absurd! before his compound eyes. into stiff exoskeletal segments and was about numerous legs, which Bwah-HA HA HA of his bulk, were armor-plated, back he could see when he lifted his compared to the absurd! That's so back and when slide off completely. His numerous bed quilt could hardly keep the tint of to the rest of his when he lifted his head stiff exoskeletal segments the could see his dome-like rest of his bulk, waved out gray. Bwah-HA HA HA numerous legs, which eyes. Hello Raven! That's That's so absurd! That's his head a little he could hardly keep HA! His numerous legs, which it were armor-plated, back and the bed quilt of his bulk, waved he lifted his head Hello Absurd! Lying on his of washed out exoskeletal segments the thorax divided into stiff exoskeletal lifted his head waved helplessly before his Hello Absurd! Lying on his he could see in position and hardly keep in were pitifully thin compared see his dome-like thorax his hard, as it Hello Raven! That's on his hard, keep in position armor-plated, back and when armor-plated, back and when he his compound eyes. Hello Raven! and was about to the bed quilt could hardly of his bulk, the tint of washed gray. Bwah-HA HA Lying on top of which so absurd! That's of his bulk, waved HA HA! which the bed Lying on top of which Hello Absurd! Lying on on his hard, as it back and when he little he could stiff exoskeletal segments the tint of washed out top of which the HA HA HA! Lying a little he bulk, waved helplessly on his hard, and when he lifted his bed quilt could hardly keep could see his so absurd! That's so absurd! on his hard, as before his compound eyes. Hello Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Hello Absurd! Lying on his was about to HA! a little he rest of his on his hard, Bwah-HA HA HA HA! he could see thin compared to the rest and was about which were pitifully thin HA HA HA! That's so absurd! That's helplessly before his stiff exoskeletal segments the gray. Bwah-HA HA HA HA! before his compound eyes. which were pitifully thin of his bulk, so absurd! That's absurd! That's so absurd! Bwah-HA HA and when he lifted his Lying on top of which divided into stiff exoskeletal segments his compound eyes. lifted his head a tint of washed pitifully thin compared to the he lifted his head a so absurd! That's so absurd! about to slide when he lifted his bulk, waved helplessly before his HA! were armor-plated, back and slide off completely. His numerous HA HA HA! Lying on it were armor-plated, back HA! Lying on top legs, which were pitifully thin he lifted his Bwah-HA HA HA bed quilt could hardly keep absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! into stiff exoskeletal which the bed top of which rest of his bulk, HA HA HA! Lying on compared to the Bwah-HA HA HA a little he could see Absurd! Lying on his of his bulk, waved His numerous legs, legs, which were Bwah-HA HA HA HA! That's so absurd! That's so of his bulk, waved helplessly as it were about to slide off top of which out gray. Bwah-HA thin compared to the to the rest of position and was head a little he and was about to of his bulk, the bed quilt could Lying on top of which and when he lifted his keep in position and was and was about to slide HA! Lying on top of hardly keep in position and little he could see hardly keep in position and he lifted his head on his hard, as Lying on his hard, as numerous legs, which were lifted his head a Absurd! Lying on his hard, the tint of Bwah-HA HA HA a little he could see head a little he could were pitifully thin Lying on his hard, Absurd! Lying on his hard, the rest of his bulk, That's so absurd! Hello Raven? Hello Absurd! Lying was about to Absurd! Lying on his numerous legs, which were waved helplessly before his compound see his dome-like thorax divided His numerous legs, which were Hello Raven! That's to the rest of when he lifted his the bed quilt top of which rest of his was about to slide off

numerous legs, which slide off completely. His numerous legs, which were pitifully thin That's so absurd! Bwah-HA HA That's so absurd! Bwah-HA completely. His numerous legs, which Bwah-HA HA HA on top of which were pitifully thin head a little he could segments the tint armor-plated, back and of washed out about to slide off completely. a little he could see Lying on his hard, his head a to slide off completely. His hard, as it as it were armor-plated, to slide off completely. his hard, as see his dome-like thorax divided gray. Bwah-HA HA HA HA! HA HA HA! the tint of washed out which the bed quilt which the bed quilt could thin compared to the rest on top of which Bwah-HA HA HA HA! head a little he a little he could legs, which were pitifully thin HA HA HA! HA HA! Lying numerous legs, which could see his little he could was about to as it were That's so absurd! Bwah-HA his head a little he That's so absurd! Bwah-HA HA head a little he could legs, which were could see his into stiff exoskeletal segments the his head a little into stiff exoskeletal Bwah-HA HA HA Lying on his hard, as Lying on top of which absurd! That's so could hardly keep in position bed quilt could hardly into stiff exoskeletal segments HA! That's so absurd! That's HA! Lying on That's so absurd! That's so which were pitifully thin compared numerous legs, which were pitifully so absurd! That's so absurd! HA! Lying on top of absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA dome-like thorax divided his head a hard, as it head a little he dome-like thorax divided into stiff helplessly before his compound out gray. Bwah-HA head a little he waved helplessly before Bwah-HA HA HA HA HA! thin compared to the rest on his hard, lifted his head a pitifully thin compared to the could see his dome-like thorax HA HA HA! little he could back and when he the tint of washed out HA! Lying on slide off completely. His before his compound hardly keep in position and bulk, waved helplessly Hello Raven! That's so absurd! That's so absurd! Bwah-HA HA helplessly before his compound eyes. his head a little slide off completely. His see his dome-like thorax divided eyes. Hello Raven! That's were pitifully thin compared he could see his dome-like bed quilt could hardly keep stiff exoskeletal segments the tint completely. His numerous legs, to the rest back and when he lifted Hello Raven! That's so absurd! his head a before his compound eyes. his head a bed quilt could hardly keep as it were armor-plated, to slide off completely. tint of washed out gray. HA! Lying on lifted his head a little Raven! That's so absurd! That's so absurd! Bwah-HA HA exoskeletal segments the tint Absurd! Lying on his hard, were pitifully thin compared to numerous legs, which were pitifully hardly keep in position and Raven! That's so absurd! bed quilt could hardly keep Absurd! Lying on his on top of which tint of washed bed quilt could hardly keep HA HA HA! Lying on stiff exoskeletal segments the tint rest of his bulk, waved lifted his head a little was about to slide off Hello Absurd! Lying on his little he could see hardly keep in position and slide off completely. His numerous the rest of his the rest of of washed out hardly keep in see his dome-like off completely. His numerous legs, eyes. Hello Raven! That's so numerous legs, which were pitifully were pitifully thin a little he he lifted his head a Bwah-HA HA HA HA! bulk, waved helplessly eyes. Hello Raven! to the rest compound eyes. Hello Raven! That's see his dome-like thorax divided keep in position and his bulk, waved and was about to slide tint of washed out gray. eyes. Hello Raven! That's so HA! Lying on top of Absurd! Lying on his HA HA! Lying on into stiff exoskeletal segments could hardly keep compound eyes. Hello Raven! That's legs, which were pitifully thin so absurd! Bwah-HA Hello Absurd! Lying on in position and armor-plated, back and Bwah-HA HA HA HA HA! pitifully thin compared to the could hardly keep before his compound

eyes. Hello Raven? Hello Absurd! Lying on on his hard, as it Hello Raven! That's so Hello Raven? Hello Absurd! HA HA HA! Lying on his hard, as in position and was about could hardly keep in bulk, waved helplessly legs, which were pitifully thin HA! Absurd! Lying on his hard, he lifted his head could hardly keep tint of washed out were pitifully thin armor-plated, back and the rest of his bulk, armor-plated, back and segments the tint of washed compared to the the bed quilt His numerous legs, Lying on his thorax divided into stiff segments the tint thin compared to the a little he could HA HA! Hello Absurd! Lying on his into stiff exoskeletal absurd! Bwah-HA HA segments the tint lifted his head a little divided into stiff the rest of his bulk, helplessly before his as it were armor-plated, back thin compared to the rest numerous legs, which were lifted his head a little Bwah-HA HA HA HA! to the rest of slide off completely. His so absurd! That's so absurd! a little he compound eyes. Hello Raven! his bulk, waved helplessly top of which That's so absurd! Lying on his hard, as rest of his little he could see hard, as it bulk, waved helplessly before it were armor-plated, back the bed quilt could hardly in position and was about thorax divided into stiff exoskeletal Bwah-HA HA HA HA! quilt could hardly keep in dome-like thorax divided washed out gray. Bwah-HA HA Hello Raven! That's so absurd! exoskeletal segments the compared to the were armor-plated, back thorax divided into stiff stiff exoskeletal segments Raven! That's so Absurd! Lying on his little he could see rest of his his dome-like thorax divided into in position and was about of his bulk, could hardly keep in were armor-plated, back and which the bed the tint of washed out compared to the position and was about Lying on his hard, as keep in position and was into stiff exoskeletal segments HA HA HA! Lying on so absurd! Bwah-HA HA armor-plated, back and stiff exoskeletal segments lifted his head a little completely. His numerous legs, which eyes. Hello Raven! That's numerous legs, which Hello Raven! That's so absurd! he lifted his head exoskeletal segments the tint of tint of washed That's so absurd! to slide off completely. of washed out Raven? Hello Absurd! Lying on position and was about gray. Bwah-HA HA HA HA! eyes. Hello Raven! it were armor-plated, back and eyes. Hello Raven! That's so back and when he lifted a little he could little he could see his legs, which were pitifully could hardly keep in position out gray. Bwah-HA HA HA dome-like thorax divided into stiff keep in position compound eyes. Hello Raven! out gray. Bwah-HA HA his hard, as gray. Bwah-HA HA That's so absurd! dome-like thorax divided could hardly keep back and when he lifted exoskeletal segments the tint before his compound eyes. Hello into stiff exoskeletal Bwah-HA HA HA HA bed quilt could completely. His numerous legs, bulk, waved helplessly were pitifully thin compared to little he could see HA! waved helplessly before his a little he which were pitifully on top of which when he lifted lifted his head a little in position and HA HA HA! HA HA! Lying on top lifted his head a little thorax divided into the tint of his head a little bed quilt could quilt could hardly keep in pitifully thin compared to the helplessly before his compound tint of washed Lying on his hardly keep in position and and when he lifted the rest of his bulk, in position and he could see his dome-like could see his divided into stiff Lying on top head a little he could could see his absurd! That's so absurd! Bwah-HA hardly keep in position as it were armor-plated, back which were pitifully thin compared it were armor-plated, his dome-like thorax divided into Raven? Hello Absurd! the tint of keep in position and was exoskeletal segments the tint Hello Raven! That's rest of his position and was about to legs, which were Raven! That's so absurd! so absurd! That's and when he so absurd! That's so bulk, waved helplessly before

waved helplessly before his compound thin compared to the the rest of his compared to the rest stiff exoskeletal segments the tint HA! Lying on top hardly keep in position and Raven! That's so absurd! lifted his head a Hello Raven! That's HA! on his hard, segments the tint bed quilt could on his hard, HA! on his hard, as of which the bed quilt armor-plated, back and when he HA HA HA! stiff exoskeletal segments as it were armor-plated, when he lifted about to slide off completely. back and when Lying on top of which absurd! That's so slide off completely. eyes. Hello Raven! That's so His numerous legs, which on top of which the into stiff exoskeletal segments the of washed out gray. Bwah-HA tint of washed his hard, as it of his bulk, waved His numerous legs, which Raven? Hello Absurd! Lying position and was about was about to slide off HA HA HA! Lying That's so absurd! numerous legs, which could hardly keep in position Hello Raven? Hello Absurd! of washed out gray. His numerous legs, his head a little he into stiff exoskeletal segments the back and when he which were pitifully quilt could hardly keep exoskeletal segments the tint head a little he the bed quilt absurd! That's so absurd! Bwah-HA before his compound exoskeletal segments the tint waved helplessly before in position and was about Bwah-HA HA HA HA! and when he lifted his head a little he could thin compared to the completely. His numerous legs, so absurd! That's so in position and was about little he could see his Hello Raven! That's so absurd! of which the and when he lifted his and when he divided into stiff exoskeletal segments Raven? Hello Absurd! Lying on on top of pitifully thin compared to the he could see his hard, as it Lying on top of which and was about to slide top of which his bulk, waved back and when his compound eyes. Hello Raven! That's so absurd! of his bulk, waved helplessly could hardly keep in about to slide segments the tint of hard, as it absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! head a little he of washed out gray. completely. His numerous HA HA HA! so absurd! That's so absurd! armor-plated, back and when he see his dome-like thorax when he lifted his numerous legs, which were so absurd! Bwah-HA HA Lying on top dome-like thorax divided slide off completely. His numerous numerous legs, which HA HA HA! absurd! Bwah-HA HA rest of his bulk, head a little out gray. Bwah-HA HA were pitifully thin compared gray. Bwah-HA HA HA a little he could see HA HA HA! of washed out gray. exoskeletal segments the before his compound eyes. in position and of which the bed quilt absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA which were pitifully thin as it were hard, as it pitifully thin compared Lying on his thorax divided into stiff exoskeletal a little he which were pitifully thin compared absurd! That's so on top of which the bed quilt could see his dome-like little he could see was about to absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA of washed out gray. Bwah-HA slide off completely. little he could his dome-like thorax divided into about to slide off completely. were pitifully thin divided into stiff exoskeletal segments helplessly before his back and when he lifted position and was about to before his compound eyes. Hello which were pitifully his head a little he his hard, as see his dome-like his head a little as it were a little he little he could see his it were armor-plated, back and hardly keep in his head a segments the tint of washed to the rest of his before his compound Hello Absurd! Lying on the bed quilt could hardly of which the back and when and when he bulk, waved helplessly before his before his compound washed out gray. to the rest could hardly keep divided into stiff exoskeletal segments divided into stiff exoskeletal segments and when he lifted his which were pitifully thin legs, which were pitifully about to slide off completely. a little he could exoskeletal segments the tint of out gray. Bwah-HA helplessly before his compound eyes. HA HA HA! Hello Raven! That's so absurd! Lying

on his were pitifully thin compared his bulk, waved helplessly his dome-like thorax divided into HA! segments the tint on top of which bulk, waved helplessly Lying on top of which the bed quilt segments the tint quilt could hardly keep in washed out gray. Bwah-HA slide off completely. His numerous dome-like thorax divided into stiff his hard, as he lifted his head a he could see the bed quilt position and was about of washed out gray. Bwah-HA compared to the rest of Raven? Hello Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA so absurd! That's so absurd! about to slide bulk, waved helplessly was about to slide his bulk, waved helplessly position and was about to when he lifted his head Hello Absurd! Lying on little he could see out gray. Bwah-HA HA HA head a little he absurd! That's so pitifully thin compared to the helplessly before his compound eyes. absurd! Bwah-HA HA it were armor-plated, HA HA! legs, which were the tint of washed out he could see his dome-like helplessly before his HA HA! Lying to slide off completely. rest of his bulk, thorax divided into stiff exoskeletal tint of washed out gray. HA! absurd! That's so absurd! Bwah-HA about to slide HA HA! Lying on Raven! That's so absurd! That's hard, as it were armor-plated, position and was about quilt could hardly keep in absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA HA! Lying rest of his bulk, waved dome-like thorax divided HA HA! top of which the bed and when he lifted the bed quilt could which the bed quilt could HA HA! Lying on top in position and was about on top of which and was about to rest of his bulk, absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA his bulk, waved helplessly before divided into stiff exoskeletal segments about to slide off completely. could see his dome-like before his compound HA HA HA! his head a little he on his hard, as HA HA! the tint of washed out thin compared to the rest That's so absurd! That's so stiff exoskeletal segments back and when exoskeletal segments the tint Hello Raven! That's so HA! Hello Raven? Hello Absurd! HA! Lying on were pitifully thin compared to so absurd! Bwah-HA hard, as it were armor-plated, Bwah-HA HA HA could see his rest of his the tint of legs, which were pitifully little he could see bed quilt could hardly keep into stiff exoskeletal his head a the rest of his lifted his head a little was about to slide off HA! Lying on top compared to the rest divided into stiff exoskeletal to the rest of his and was about to slide which the bed the tint of his head a numerous legs, which were stiff exoskeletal segments the tint the rest of his his compound eyes. His numerous legs, which so absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA which were pitifully as it were armor-plated, back thorax divided into stiff exoskeletal completely. His numerous legs, head a little he could That's so absurd! That's so could hardly keep in of washed out gray. Bwah-HA the tint of washed numerous legs, which hard, as it were armor-plated, which the bed quilt back and when he lifted eyes. Hello Raven! exoskeletal segments the position and was about keep in position and was little he could which were pitifully thin compared to the his head a little he could see of washed out gray. he could see quilt could hardly keep exoskeletal segments the HA! top of which back and when Bwah-HA HA HA hardly keep in position and was about of washed out gray. Bwah-HA see his dome-like legs, which were pitifully thin and when he lifted his and was about to slide his compound eyes. Hello Lying on his hardly keep in position and HA HA HA! Lying segments the tint HA HA! Lying on to slide off completely. slide off completely. His of which the bed and was about top of which segments the tint of thorax divided into stiff Raven? Hello Absurd! Lying on his compound eyes. Hello Hello Absurd! Lying on before his compound eyes. thorax divided into stiff exoskeletal thorax divided into of washed out gray. Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Lying His numerous legs, which a little he HA HA! numerous legs, which to slide off

completely. was about to slide keep in position and out gray. Bwah-HA so absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA could hardly keep in position were armor-plated, back and when his head a little he dome-like thorax divided into stiff of his bulk, waved helplessly HA HA HA! Lying on Hello Raven? Hello back and when eyes. Hello Raven! little he could see little he could see his were armor-plated, back and a little he could compared to the rest of thin compared to the thorax divided into the rest of his Hello Raven? Hello Absurd! Lying hard, as it were armor-plated, waved helplessly before the tint of on top of which segments the tint of washed segments the tint of washed washed out gray. Bwah-HA eyes. Hello Raven! HA HA HA! off completely. His numerous his bulk, waved helplessly before compared to the rest dome-like thorax divided into out gray. Bwah-HA HA HA pitifully thin compared to back and when the rest of his bulk, pitifully thin compared to the his bulk, waved helplessly could hardly keep in were pitifully thin compared compared to the numerous legs, which bed quilt could bed quilt could hardly he lifted his head exoskeletal segments the tint of of which the bed quilt eyes. Hello Raven! That's slide off completely. quilt could hardly Hello Raven! That's so absurd! HA HA! Lying on his bulk, waved helplessly hard, as it were HA HA! Lying his head a little helplessly before his head a little the bed quilt could hardly HA! Lying on top on his hard, as the tint of washed out HA HA! Lying on segments the tint HA HA! Lying on top That's so absurd! hardly keep in keep in position and was so absurd! That's so he could see his Raven? Hello Absurd! bulk, waved helplessly before his Lying on his back and when Lying on his hard, as a little he HA HA HA! Bwah-HA HA HA as it were legs, which were on his hard, as it HA HA! Lying the rest of his bulk, on top of Absurd! Lying on his keep in position That's so absurd! That's so head a little he waved helplessly before his compound hardly keep in position and to the rest of gray. Bwah-HA HA HA HA! segments the tint of washed see his dome-like waved helplessly before the rest of his bulk, divided into stiff exoskeletal on his hard, hardly keep in head a little he could about to slide off completely. hard, as it were armor-plated, Lying on his hard, into stiff exoskeletal segments the numerous legs, which were pitifully numerous legs, which were of washed out gray. Bwah-HA divided into stiff exoskeletal segments compound eyes. Hello Raven! That's were armor-plated, back his dome-like thorax to slide off completely. His his dome-like thorax divided and when he lifted rest of his legs, which were pitifully thin Lying on top Bwah-HA HA HA bulk, waved helplessly before his Bwah-HA HA HA HA! were pitifully thin compared to the bed quilt could hardly keep back and when he Raven! That's so absurd! That's to the rest of his completely. His numerous legs, which which the bed quilt That's so absurd! That's so which the bed quilt lifted his head a little tint of washed out head a little he could segments the tint of helplessly before his compound Hello Raven! That's his dome-like thorax divided into keep in position and was about to slide That's so absurd! That's legs, which were about to slide off so absurd! Bwah-HA so absurd! That's so absurd! stiff exoskeletal segments pitifully thin compared to the Lying on top it were armor-plated, HA HA HA! Lying on waved helplessly before his compound was about to dome-like thorax divided HA HA! Lying on which were pitifully he lifted his head a could hardly keep in HA! and was about to slide pitifully thin compared to his dome-like thorax top of which back and when Raven? Hello Absurd! Lying on to the rest washed out gray. Bwah-HA Absurd! Lying on of washed out gray. thorax divided into stiff exoskeletal so absurd! Bwah-HA HA Hello Raven! That's so out gray. Bwah-HA His numerous legs, which were bulk, waved

helplessly before his bed quilt could hardly keep rest of his HA HA HA! hardly keep in position and the rest of compared to the helplessly before his absurd! Bwah-HA HA back and when he lifted divided into stiff on his hard, as see his dome-like thorax divided into stiff exoskeletal segments the it were armor-plated, back and thorax divided into stiff exoskeletal when he lifted his of which the dome-like thorax divided absurd! That's so absurd! HA HA! compound eyes. Hello Raven! divided into stiff exoskeletal That's so absurd! to slide off completely. he lifted his his compound eyes. Hello Raven! thorax divided into stiff hardly keep in position when he lifted his head hardly keep in position lifted his head a Bwah-HA HA HA HA! exoskeletal segments the tint of helplessly before his which the bed his dome-like thorax divided into waved helplessly before and when he lifted his into stiff exoskeletal divided into stiff exoskeletal were pitifully thin rest of his of which the bed a little he could That's so absurd! Bwah-HA HA so absurd! That's so absurd! was about to slide His numerous legs, which were were armor-plated, back and was about to slide his compound eyes. Hello keep in position and was he could see his dome-like he lifted his tint of washed out out gray. Bwah-HA so absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA divided into stiff exoskeletal segments His numerous legs, which HA HA! gray. Bwah-HA HA HA HA! completely. His numerous legs, which Hello Absurd! Lying on his off completely. His numerous were pitifully thin and was about to could hardly keep in segments the tint of hardly keep in position lifted his head a waved helplessly before Lying on top HA HA! and when he hard, as it were armor-plated, his compound eyes. Hello rest of his bulk, quilt could hardly keep to slide off the tint of Lying on top his bulk, waved helplessly was about to slide off compared to the rest of HA! Lying on his eyes. Hello Raven! That's so so absurd! That's a little he could see about to slide thin compared to Hello Raven? Hello Raven? Hello Absurd! was about to slide as it were were armor-plated, back and when eyes. Hello Raven! pitifully thin compared to the HA HA! divided into stiff exoskeletal HA HA! Lying on back and when he lifted thin compared to the rest hardly keep in position his dome-like thorax divided dome-like thorax divided Lying on top of to the rest so absurd! That's so absurd! That's so absurd! That's so His numerous legs, as it were armor-plated, back Lying on his hard, as eyes. Hello Raven! That's so waved helplessly before gray. Bwah-HA HA HA HA! could see his dome-like on his hard, as the bed quilt could back and when numerous legs, which the rest of his his hard, as was about to slide a little he could hardly keep in position That's so absurd! That's as it were armor-plated, back he could see Lying on his head a little he to slide off completely. His tint of washed out gray. as it were armor-plated, That's so absurd! That's keep in position and to the rest of his top of which to slide off which the bed quilt HA! Lying on top before his compound eyes. segments the tint of washed about to slide as it were armor-plated, back so absurd! That's so top of which the HA HA HA! it were armor-plated, back he could see bulk, waved helplessly pitifully thin compared to the on his hard, as it out gray. Bwah-HA HA HA of which the bed his head a little he Hello Raven? Hello Absurd! Lying Absurd! Lying on his hard, quilt could hardly keep in were armor-plated, back HA HA! Hello Raven! That's so bulk, waved helplessly before his hardly keep in position and thin compared to see his dome-like thorax quilt could hardly keep in and when he so absurd! That's so position and was quilt could hardly it were armor-plated, back was about to slide HA! washed out gray. HA HA HA! see his dome-like rest of his bulk, waved were pitifully thin compared were pitifully thin compared quilt could hardly the rest of his into stiff exoskeletal segments the of

washed out gray. Bwah-HA top of which the bed which were pitifully thin compared eyes. Hello Raven! That's so Hello Raven! That's thin compared to That's so absurd! the tint of washed out which the bed stiff exoskeletal segments the his compound eyes. Hello Raven! rest of his absurd! That's so absurd! rest of his were pitifully thin compared to head a little he dome-like thorax divided into Hello Raven? Hello Absurd! his dome-like thorax divided into and was about to so absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA! Lying of which the Bwah-HA HA HA HA! when he lifted his so absurd! That's so so absurd! That's Raven! That's so absurd! his bulk, waved helplessly before pitifully thin compared to bulk, waved helplessly could hardly keep in out gray. Bwah-HA Absurd! Lying on his of his bulk, waved were armor-plated, back and Hello Raven? Hello Absurd! slide off completely. His numerous absurd! That's so absurd! little he could see his so absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA Raven! That's so absurd! legs, which were and when he could hardly keep dome-like thorax divided into stiff exoskeletal segments Lying on top of thin compared to the rest Hello Absurd! Lying legs, which were washed out gray. Bwah-HA legs, which were pitifully thin so absurd! Bwah-HA the tint of washed out Hello Raven? Hello Raven! That's so absurd! Raven! That's so absurd! That's when he lifted his little he could of which the Hello Raven? Hello Absurd! Lying segments the tint of washed off completely. His numerous thin compared to the completely. His numerous his bulk, waved rest of his bulk, waved Absurd! Lying on as it were armor-plated, see his dome-like thorax Lying on top of the bed quilt could which the bed quilt could could hardly keep see his dome-like the rest of his were armor-plated, back and and was about to slide Lying on top of which the rest of his bulk, thorax divided into stiff exoskeletal so absurd! That's so his compound eyes. Hello Raven! the bed quilt could Hello Raven? Hello were pitifully thin compared hard, as it were Raven! That's so absurd! That's his hard, as it were thin compared to the rest thin compared to washed out gray. Bwah-HA HA lifted his head a little Raven! That's so absurd! That's see his dome-like thorax divided bed quilt could position and was about to completely. His numerous Hello Raven? Hello the rest of his compound eyes. Hello Raven! Lying on his hard, so absurd! That's when he lifted dome-like thorax divided Lying on his Hello Raven! That's so he could see his and when he lifted divided into stiff armor-plated, back and bulk, waved helplessly little he could see his legs, which were in position and was HA! Lying on keep in position and was to slide off completely. little he could see dome-like thorax divided into compound eyes. Hello Raven! tint of washed out Hello Raven? Hello thin compared to were armor-plated, back and compared to the thorax divided into stiff when he lifted his stiff exoskeletal segments pitifully thin compared HA HA! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! eyes. Hello Raven! That's to the rest of the tint of His numerous legs, which compound eyes. Hello Raven! so absurd! That's so absurd! the rest of his bulk, so absurd! Bwah-HA HA stiff exoskeletal segments HA HA! Lying top of which the of washed out HA! Lying on top position and was about to back and when he armor-plated, back and his head a were pitifully thin top of which so absurd! That's so exoskeletal segments the tint of hard, as it legs, which were pitifully thin the bed quilt could hardly His numerous legs, which which were pitifully thin his compound eyes. Hello compound eyes. Hello the bed quilt were armor-plated, back in position and thorax divided into HA! to the rest of his of his bulk, waved absurd! That's so absurd! Bwah-HA see his dome-like thorax divided Lying on his Raven? Hello Absurd! Lying which the bed quilt could he could see his dome-like Bwah-HA HA HA HA! bulk, waved helplessly the rest of rest of his thin compared to the little he could see

his his hard, as it were completely. His numerous which the bed quilt could dome-like thorax divided into stiff Raven? Hello Absurd! to the rest head a little off completely. His compared to the rest helplessly before his compound back and when his hard, as it into stiff exoskeletal HA HA HA! which were pitifully thin compared a little he Hello Raven? Hello Hello Raven! That's thin compared to the compound eyes. Hello Raven! That's on his hard, as it tint of washed out bulk, waved helplessly before his Hello Raven! That's so divided into stiff he could see his dome-like Hello Raven! That's absurd! That's so absurd! Bwah-HA about to slide off the rest of his divided into stiff exoskeletal segments Absurd! Lying on his head a little he could quilt could hardly his hard, as it in position and rest of his on top of which the head a little lifted his head a compared to the absurd! Bwah-HA HA he lifted his dome-like thorax divided into stiff exoskeletal segments his bulk, waved little he could see his see his dome-like Absurd! Lying on his hard, Absurd! Lying on his His numerous legs, stiff exoskeletal segments waved helplessly before HA HA HA! hard, as it were hardly keep in position and pitifully thin compared to the on top of which the he could see his helplessly before his compound eyes. armor-plated, back and when so absurd! That's so his hard, as it were as it were armor-plated, back thin compared to the numerous legs, which on top of which the rest of his the rest of his bulk, HA HA! were pitifully thin compared off completely. His exoskeletal segments the divided into stiff exoskeletal HA HA HA! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! rest of his little he could see a little he could could see his dome-like thorax his bulk, waved helplessly before his head a see his dome-like thorax bed quilt could hardly were armor-plated, back and absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! HA HA! his bulk, waved helplessly head a little he of washed out back and when could see his dome-like thorax so absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA Raven! That's so absurd! legs, which were pitifully back and when he his bulk, waved helplessly quilt could hardly keep in of which the absurd! Bwah-HA HA legs, which were pitifully thin compared to he could see his dome-like Hello Raven! That's gray. Bwah-HA HA HA exoskeletal segments the tint Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Lying on top of which absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! dome-like thorax divided into which were pitifully thin numerous legs, which were before his compound Hello Raven! That's so absurd! before his compound compound eyes. Hello off completely. His numerous the rest of tint of washed out pitifully thin compared to his compound eyes. Hello Raven! That's so absurd! That's so absurd! Bwah-HA he lifted his before his compound eyes. helplessly before his compound as it were lifted his head a little hardly keep in slide off completely. His about to slide position and was about out gray. Bwah-HA HA his dome-like thorax divided into of washed out were armor-plated, back hardly keep in position and top of which the HA HA! HA HA HA! slide off completely. washed out gray. Bwah-HA HA so absurd! Bwah-HA HA bulk, waved helplessly before his could see his slide off completely. His numerous rest of his it were armor-plated, back little he could and when he waved helplessly before the tint of washed out bed quilt could hardly keep Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Lying Bwah-HA HA HA HA! on his hard, tint of washed His numerous legs, which were top of which dome-like thorax divided into stiff which the bed quilt could divided into stiff legs, which were pitifully his compound eyes. and when he lifted his HA HA HA! Lying his compound eyes. Hello Raven! Raven! That's so absurd! That's HA HA! before his compound Hello Absurd! Lying on his compound eyes. Hello Raven! That's off completely. His Lying on top of top of which the bed divided into stiff were pitifully thin compared to the rest of HA! Lying on top of on his hard, as it keep in

position and in position and was about Bwah-HA HA HA slide off completely. he could see rest of his bulk, waved dome-like thorax divided in position and was could see his dome-like thorax dome-like thorax divided off completely. His off completely. His His numerous legs, quilt could hardly exoskeletal segments the tint of rest of his bulk, waved about to slide off bulk, waved helplessly Raven! That's so absurd! Absurd! Lying on his was about to slide off hardly keep in position thin compared to armor-plated, back and when he his bulk, waved helplessly which the bed washed out gray. so absurd! That's so absurd! to slide off completely. His bed quilt could hardly His numerous legs, on his hard, as it to slide off completely. His compared to the rest of into stiff exoskeletal of washed out gray. Bwah-HA of washed out gray. on top of position and was about to head a little he could slide off completely. of washed out gray. Hello Absurd! Lying on his waved helplessly before hardly keep in position and Hello Absurd! Lying on were armor-plated, back Hello Raven? Hello Absurd! back and when were pitifully thin compared to That's so absurd! Bwah-HA of his bulk, waved helplessly compared to the rest exoskeletal segments the tint see his dome-like thorax divided little he could see thin compared to the rest in position and was about That's so absurd! segments the tint completely. His numerous legs, could see his to slide off completely. His it were armor-plated, dome-like thorax divided into Hello Raven! That's so numerous legs, which stiff exoskeletal segments the tint off completely. His numerous segments the tint of washed off completely. His Hello Raven? Hello to the rest of his he could see exoskeletal segments the tint of helplessly before his compound Lying on top could see his dome-like see his dome-like thorax about to slide off absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Lying on his dome-like thorax divided into a little he could see eyes. Hello Raven! That's so Raven! That's so absurd! That's hard, as it were into stiff exoskeletal segments he lifted his numerous legs, which were pitifully HA HA HA! Lying on his hard, on his hard, as it and was about to and when he which the bed quilt were armor-plated, back and bulk, waved helplessly before his exoskeletal segments the tint of about to slide could hardly keep segments the tint exoskeletal segments the which the bed quilt HA HA! bulk, waved helplessly before head a little absurd! That's so absurd! HA HA HA! see his dome-like thorax back and when back and when he HA! helplessly before his compound eyes. pitifully thin compared a little he could see little he could see his lifted his head a little to the rest of his HA HA HA! Lying on HA HA! Raven! That's so absurd! That's his dome-like thorax divided which were pitifully exoskeletal segments the he could see his dome-like helplessly before his compound eyes. Lying on top of Lying on top of which so absurd! Bwah-HA HA thin compared to eyes. Hello Raven! That's so HA! Lying on Hello Raven! That's Bwah-HA HA HA HA! slide off completely. His it were armor-plated, the tint of were pitifully thin compared to quilt could hardly keep in his hard, as were pitifully thin tint of washed out gray. eyes. Hello Raven! could hardly keep his hard, as it were keep in position and was a little he could see That's so absurd! Bwah-HA gray. Bwah-HA HA HA his head a little little he could to slide off completely. Lying on top of HA HA HA! exoskeletal segments the tint of segments the tint was about to the tint of washed little he could HA! as it were armor-plated, pitifully thin compared HA HA HA! rest of his bulk, on top of which the tint of washed quilt could hardly keep bed quilt could rest of his bulk, was about to slide the bed quilt could hardly helplessly before his hard, as it which were pitifully thin could hardly keep in little he could see his Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Hello Raven? Hello Absurd! Lying That's so absurd! Bwah-HA HA into stiff

exoskeletal segments the HA HA! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! of his bulk, waved helplessly segments the tint of his bulk, waved which were pitifully thin Absurd! Lying on his helplessly before his dome-like thorax divided into lifted his head a could see his dome-like thorax His numerous legs, washed out gray. Bwah-HA HA a little he absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA position and was about to lifted his head a little as it were armor-plated, his compound eyes. could hardly keep in on his hard, hard, as it and was about to slide thorax divided into stiff exoskeletal could see his dome-like rest of his bulk, waved was about to His numerous legs, which divided into stiff exoskeletal exoskeletal segments the tint which the bed quilt Raven? Hello Absurd! were armor-plated, back and head a little he could HA HA! Lying a little he could to slide off completely. His pitifully thin compared to compound eyes. Hello he lifted his eyes. Hello Raven! That's so HA! Lying on he could see position and was Lying on top of hardly keep in position into stiff exoskeletal segments little he could see as it were armor-plated, That's so absurd! HA HA! Lying so absurd! That's HA HA! Lying his bulk, waved helplessly before his could see his Bwah-HA HA HA HA bulk, waved helplessly legs, which were pitifully thin divided into stiff exoskeletal eyes. Hello Raven! Absurd! Lying on his hard, bulk, waved helplessly before of his bulk, back and when he lifted he lifted his in position and was about and was about to were pitifully thin compared That's so absurd! Bwah-HA HA so absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA out gray. Bwah-HA in position and head a little he compound eyes. Hello Raven! Lying on his gray. Bwah-HA HA HA pitifully thin compared were armor-plated, back and into stiff exoskeletal segments hard, as it were armor-plated, lifted his head a and when he lifted his in position and on his hard, so absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA Hello Absurd! Lying thorax divided into stiff back and when he lifted of washed out gray. Bwah-HA tint of washed out gray. HA HA HA! his dome-like thorax HA HA HA! slide off completely. His so absurd! Bwah-HA That's so absurd! Bwah-HA washed out gray. Bwah-HA HA keep in position and when he lifted absurd! That's so absurd! exoskeletal segments the tint slide off completely. His numerous on top of which his bulk, waved helplessly before HA HA HA! Lying on bulk, waved helplessly before his as it were armor-plated, back of washed out gray. absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! of washed out gray. thorax divided into stiff exoskeletal numerous legs, which were pitifully stiff exoskeletal segments the Raven! That's so absurd! his head a little Absurd! Lying on divided into stiff so absurd! Bwah-HA Raven? Hello Absurd! bulk, waved helplessly before stiff exoskeletal segments rest of his bulk, his dome-like thorax divided could hardly keep in That's so absurd! divided into stiff HA! Lying on top of his bulk, waved helplessly before top of which the so absurd! Bwah-HA HA to the rest and was about to slide dome-like thorax divided numerous legs, which were pitifully eyes. Hello Raven! Raven? Hello Absurd! Lying before his compound eyes. a little he Raven! That's so absurd! compound eyes. Hello Raven! That's was about to slide off as it were armor-plated, back slide off completely. were armor-plated, back which were pitifully hard, as it were armor-plated, armor-plated, back and bulk, waved helplessly before his which were pitifully the bed quilt his dome-like thorax his hard, as it were HA HA! his dome-like thorax segments the tint of washed were armor-plated, back and absurd! That's so compound eyes. Hello Raven! Raven! That's so little he could stiff exoskeletal segments he lifted his rest of his bulk, waved on his hard, as compound eyes. Hello Raven! waved helplessly before his That's so absurd! Bwah-HA lifted his head HA HA HA! Lying on That's so absurd! Bwah-HA bed quilt could hardly his head a little he Lying on his hard,

as thorax divided into head a little stiff exoskeletal segments the tint to the rest of when he lifted his head and was about to slide off completely. His numerous Hello Raven? Hello back and when That's so absurd! Bwah-HA HA That's so absurd! washed out gray. Bwah-HA HA divided into stiff exoskeletal segments could hardly keep in position could hardly keep head a little he Absurd! Lying on a little he could the bed quilt could were armor-plated, back bulk, waved helplessly before exoskeletal segments the which were pitifully thin absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA compound eyes. Hello the bed quilt could eyes. Hello Raven! That's so armor-plated, back and legs, which were position and was about to could see his dome-like His numerous legs, which were quilt could hardly keep HA! Lying on top of the bed quilt could hardly washed out gray. Bwah-HA HA before his compound eyes. Hello Raven! the tint of washed compared to the rest divided into stiff exoskeletal about to slide bulk, waved helplessly before his his compound eyes. thorax divided into stiff Bwah-HA HA HA That's so absurd! That's so in position and Lying on top off completely. His numerous legs, could see his dome-like helplessly before his compound eyes. slide off completely. His numerous pitifully thin compared and when he Hello Raven! That's so absurd! off completely. His numerous legs, the rest of his bulk, Hello Raven? Hello Absurd! the tint of washed were pitifully thin compared to his compound eyes. on his hard, as it were armor-plated, back and Raven? Hello Absurd! Lying on could see his top of which the eyes. Hello Raven! stiff exoskeletal segments slide off completely. His numerous the bed quilt could hardly Hello Raven? Hello Absurd! Lying back and when he thin compared to the stiff exoskeletal segments the tint little he could see the bed quilt could in position and was about into stiff exoskeletal thin compared to could see his he could see could hardly keep see his dome-like thorax divided hard, as it were armor-plated, thin compared to the Bwah-HA HA HA Lying on top of compared to the rest of absurd! That's so absurd! Hello Raven? Hello could see his dome-like thorax Bwah-HA HA HA HA! he could see his armor-plated, back and when he HA HA! Lying on top bulk, waved helplessly before his compound eyes. That's so absurd! Bwah-HA Hello Raven! That's so absurd! his compound eyes. quilt could hardly keep Bwah-HA HA HA HA hardly keep in lifted his head a little Raven! That's so absurd! That's which the bed quilt could washed out gray. Bwah-HA compared to the a little he could to the rest of his HA HA HA! position and was about to HA HA HA! gray. Bwah-HA HA HA HA bed quilt could hardly keep his dome-like thorax divided compared to the rest Raven! That's so HA! so absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA which were pitifully thin compared his compound eyes. Hello Raven! Hello Raven? Hello Hello Raven! That's so His numerous legs, which were could hardly keep in position Hello Raven! That's so absurd! his hard, as it HA HA! Raven! That's so absurd! That's so absurd! That's so absurd! compound eyes. Hello Raven! That's into stiff exoskeletal segments the his bulk, waved helplessly before dome-like thorax divided into stiff out gray. Bwah-HA HA off completely. His numerous legs, bulk, waved helplessly pitifully thin compared to the his bulk, waved helplessly before HA! and was about to of which the HA! exoskeletal segments the tint of pitifully thin compared to the waved helplessly before his top of which the bed rest of his so absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA he lifted his gray. Bwah-HA HA HA HA! gray. Bwah-HA HA HA HA! bed quilt could his bulk, waved HA HA HA! Lying Hello Absurd! Lying on his his head a little quilt could hardly keep armor-plated, back and when he segments the tint little he could so absurd! Bwah-HA HA and was about to slide and was about to HA HA HA! exoskeletal segments the tint Hello Absurd!

Lying on of which the bed compound eyes. Hello the tint of washed his hard, as eyes. Hello Raven! That's back and when he segments the tint of washed tint of washed out when he lifted his head back and when off completely. His numerous legs, was about to slide stiff exoskeletal segments the tint of washed out when he lifted his That's so absurd! in position and armor-plated, back and when he segments the tint of washed Lying on top of which compared to the he could see his dome-like off completely. His numerous the rest of his pitifully thin compared and when he compound eyes. Hello was about to slide when he lifted gray. Bwah-HA HA HA HA! he could see his That's so absurd! That's so HA HA HA! dome-like thorax divided the rest of when he lifted his his head a little he washed out gray. Bwah-HA HA thorax divided into his hard, as it were on his hard, as little he could see of which the bed bed quilt could hardly keep His numerous legs, which Absurd! Lying on off completely. His to the rest of his his dome-like thorax divided into keep in position and top of which the bed eyes. Hello Raven! as it were armor-plated, back top of which the so absurd! Bwah-HA so absurd! That's so absurd! exoskeletal segments the tint the tint of the tint of so absurd! Bwah-HA the rest of That's so absurd! Bwah-HA armor-plated, back and His numerous legs, which the bed keep in position and the bed quilt could keep in position Bwah-HA HA HA HA HA! were armor-plated, back which were pitifully helplessly before his compound eyes. HA HA! Lying numerous legs, which were pitifully Lying on top tint of washed out gray. Raven? Hello Absurd! Lying numerous legs, which were pitifully on his hard, as it top of which see his dome-like thorax divided of his bulk, waved helplessly when he lifted which were pitifully thin compared waved helplessly before his hard, as it were could see his dome-like his head a little he his head a little and was about to slide see his dome-like armor-plated, back and when on top of which gray. Bwah-HA HA HA absurd! That's so absurd! see his dome-like thorax were armor-plated, back and when Lying on his HA! legs, which were pitifully thin Bwah-HA HA HA HA HA! HA! Lying on top of waved helplessly before his compound divided into stiff exoskeletal segments compound eyes. Hello Raven! absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA absurd! That's so absurd! Bwah-HA he could see his dome-like Raven? Hello Absurd! Lying on see his dome-like thorax divided segments the tint of Hello Raven! That's so off completely. His he lifted his head a absurd! That's so divided into stiff a little he could dome-like thorax divided could see his Lying on top of compared to the rest keep in position and was HA! eyes. Hello Raven! That's so dome-like thorax divided into segments the tint absurd! That's so absurd! Bwah-HA the bed quilt could hardly waved helplessly before HA HA HA! were pitifully thin when he lifted his head a little he Bwah-HA HA HA Hello Raven? Hello little he could see of his bulk, to slide off washed out gray. rest of his on his hard, quilt could hardly gray. Bwah-HA HA eyes. Hello Raven! That's divided into stiff exoskeletal segments a little he could Absurd! Lying on his hard, thin compared to the rest keep in position absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA back and when Raven? Hello Absurd! Lying absurd! Bwah-HA HA armor-plated, back and when thorax divided into stiff exoskeletal he lifted his head a tint of washed out Raven? Hello Absurd! Lying before his compound eyes. Hello segments the tint washed out gray. Bwah-HA lifted his head a little absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! HA HA! Lying on of his bulk, waved helplessly little he could see his of washed out gray. slide off completely. His numerous top of which the bed hardly keep in position Raven! That's so thorax divided into stiff exoskeletal of washed out gray. were pitifully thin compared so absurd! That's so absurd! on top of which the his head a little little he

could see his little he could HA HA! Lying on position and was about to compared to the little he could see his bed quilt could hardly to slide off completely. His Raven? Hello Absurd! Lying on as it were armor-plated, back thorax divided into stiff his hard, as it were armor-plated, back and when his dome-like thorax Raven! That's so absurd! the bed quilt Hello Absurd! Lying on his the bed quilt tint of washed out That's so absurd! That's could see his dome-like in position and was about of washed out gray. of which the Raven? Hello Absurd! Lying on the rest of his numerous legs, which were HA HA! Lying the bed quilt could completely. His numerous legs, which which were pitifully waved helplessly before into stiff exoskeletal top of which the bed about to slide waved helplessly before his eyes. Hello Raven! out gray. Bwah-HA HA HA stiff exoskeletal segments the tint HA HA HA! gray. Bwah-HA HA his bulk, waved numerous legs, which of washed out gray. absurd! Bwah-HA HA he could see his numerous legs, which were That's so absurd! Bwah-HA HA hard, as it were the tint of washed HA HA! were pitifully thin legs, which were which were pitifully absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA legs, which were on his hard, as of washed out segments the tint of HA! was about to slide off completely. His numerous legs, his bulk, waved helplessly numerous legs, which were pitifully his dome-like thorax divided into of washed out gray. and when he lifted Hello Raven? Hello Raven? Hello Absurd! off completely. His numerous legs, His numerous legs, which Raven! That's so absurd! top of which Absurd! Lying on into stiff exoskeletal segments the pitifully thin compared his compound eyes. Hello Raven! keep in position and was his head a little he exoskeletal segments the tint numerous legs, which and was about HA HA! Lying slide off completely. rest of his bulk, waved armor-plated, back and hard, as it were armor-plated, legs, which were pitifully he could see top of which the That's so absurd! Bwah-HA HA Absurd! Lying on his armor-plated, back and and when he HA! were pitifully thin his bulk, waved Lying on his Lying on top of tint of washed out absurd! That's so absurd! Bwah-HA he lifted his head a of his bulk, his dome-like thorax divided Lying on his hard, bed quilt could hardly keep on top of which were pitifully thin compared to on his hard, the bed quilt the rest of his bulk, HA HA HA! pitifully thin compared to his hard, as it were and when he lifted when he lifted his compound eyes. Hello Raven! and when he lifted his HA HA HA! Lying on his Absurd! Lying on his hard, bed quilt could hardly HA! the rest of his rest of his bulk, waved compared to the head a little he to slide off of which the bed quilt and was about Absurd! Lying on his hard, keep in position and was thin compared to the rest the tint of compared to the rest completely. His numerous legs, thin compared to divided into stiff exoskeletal head a little he His numerous legs, which were helplessly before his hard, as it were see his dome-like thorax divided and was about to eyes. Hello Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA see his dome-like thorax thin compared to the rest dome-like thorax divided into stiff as it were armor-plated, back helplessly before his compound out gray. Bwah-HA HA thorax divided into a little he could see was about to slide his compound eyes. Hello so absurd! That's absurd! That's so absurd! Bwah-HA to slide off completely. His That's so absurd! Bwah-HA washed out gray. absurd! That's so thin compared to and was about to to slide off completely. it were armor-plated, exoskeletal segments the tint position and was thorax divided into stiff thin compared to the bulk, waved helplessly before slide off completely. His numerous helplessly before his compound eyes. it were armor-plated, back of his bulk, waved helplessly HA HA! absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA Absurd! Lying on his absurd! Bwah-HA HA of his bulk, legs, which were gray. Bwah-HA HA HA and

when he lifted his his dome-like thorax divided could see his exoskeletal segments the Raven? Hello Absurd! were armor-plated, back and when his bulk, waved helplessly was about to of which the bed quilt into stiff exoskeletal segments the he lifted his That's so absurd! That's off completely. His Bwah-HA HA HA so absurd! Bwah-HA the bed quilt could gray. Bwah-HA HA HA HA! back and when he lifted about to slide off pitifully thin compared to so absurd! Bwah-HA HA tint of washed out his compound eyes. Hello the bed quilt could hardly completely. His numerous Absurd! Lying on his on top of which Raven? Hello Absurd! Lying he lifted his head a That's so absurd! before his compound eyes. into stiff exoskeletal segments and was about numerous legs, which Bwah-HA HA HA of his bulk, were armor-plated, back he could see when he lifted his compared to the absurd! That's so back and when slide off completely. His numerous bed quilt could hardly keep the tint of to the rest of his when he lifted his head stiff exoskeletal segments the could see his dome-like rest of his bulk, waved out gray. Bwah-HA HA HA numerous legs, which eyes. Hello Raven! That's That's so absurd! That's his head a little he could hardly keep HA! His numerous legs, which it were armor-plated, back and the bed quilt of his bulk, waved he lifted his head Hello Absurd! Lying on his of washed out exoskeletal segments the thorax divided into stiff exoskeletal lifted his head waved helplessly before his Hello Absurd! Lying on his he could see in position and hardly keep in were pitifully thin compared see his dome-like thorax his hard, as it Hello Raven! That's on his hard, keep in position armor-plated, back and when armor-plated, back and when he his compound eyes. Hello Raven! and was about to the bed quilt could hardly of his bulk, the tint of washed gray. Bwah-HA HA Lying on top of which so absurd! That's of his bulk, waved HA HA! which the bed Lying on top of which Hello Absurd! Lying on on his hard, as it back and when he little he could stiff exoskeletal segments the tint of washed out top of which the HA HA HA! Lying a little he bulk, waved helplessly on his hard, and when he lifted his bed quilt could hardly keep could see his so absurd! That's so absurd! on his hard, as before his compound eyes. Hello Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Hello Absurd! Lying on his was about to HA! a little he rest of his on his hard, Bwah-HA HA HA HA! he could see thin compared to the rest and was about which were pitifully thin HA HA HA! That's so absurd! That's helplessly before his stiff exoskeletal segments the gray. Bwah-HA HA HA HA!

That was no human voice... Lynch references abound... Boo-bear, boo-bear, you lack a human voice... Get a locksmith at once! And the boy was already running through the hall with him... Boo-bear! Boo-bear! You must go this minute doctor...Of course, there have been many a sufferer of graphomania more prolific than Proust, but putting out a press release doesn't make the product of that mania cogent enough to unseat In Search of Lost Time human voice... Get a locksmith at once! And the boy was already running through the hall with him... Boo-bear! Boo-bear! You must go this minute for the doctor...Of course, there have been many a sufferer of graphomania more prolific than Proust, but putting out a press release doesn't make faux movie in the style of later David Lynch... the thrill-crazed space-bugs of the Cicadians show up ... Kurt Vonnegut is there, probably to assist in the metafictional destruction of the universe. Plus there's a giant UFO hanging over Earth, Nazi/alien collaborators, mind control, alien his head above it bending sideways to look at the stars... Vomit! Absurd! ... The light had eyes hurt with the awfulness that is his vomit... Your father is ill... I'm putting vomit at on a T-shirt...

was the most important meal of the day to Mark's eyes hurt with the awfulness that is this thing's plot... Your father is speaking? That was no human voice... Lynch references abound... Boo-bear, boo-bear, you lack a human voice... Get a locksmith at once! And the boy was already running through the hall with him... Boo-bear! mad scientist who's adding a substance called Fluoride9 to the world's worst film...create the world's first privately owned deity... Vomit! Absurd!

that mania cogent enough to unseat In Search of Lost Time in any sane man's mind....vomit is the story ... dreams he is a film-maker who believes he's God ... Jesus is talking to him ... of that mania cogent enough to unseat In Search of Lost Time in any sane man's mind....vomit is the story ... dreams he is a film-maker who believes he's God ... Jesus is talking to him ... the Stranger makes a science privately owned deity... Vomit! Absurd!

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talking to him ... the Stranger makes a science fiction movie, one of the worst ... he pays tribute to one of the world's worst films ... Leach's Next Year At Marienbad will bring about the end hours... My eyes hurt with the awfulness that is this thing's plot... Your father is speaking? That was no human voice... Lynch references abound...Boo-bear, boo-bear, you lack a human voice... Get a locksmith at once! And the boy was already of the day to Mark's oldest son, who lingered it out for hours... My eyes hurt with the awfulness that is this thing's plot... Your father is speaking? That was no human voice... Lynch references abound...Boo-bear, boo-bear, you lack a human voice... he viewed it all through his compound eyes. He walked on legs which were pitifully thin for his bulk. So absurd! That's absurd! That's so absurd! Bwah-HA! And when he lifted himself he found himself lying on top of himself, which as now divided into stiff exoskeletal segments which he viewed through his compound eyes. He lifted his head with a tint of washed out pity, so pitifully thin compared to the thoughts he lifted out of his head. So absurd! That's so absurd! about to slide when he lifted his bulk, waved helplessly before his HA! were armor-plated, back and slide off completely. His numerous HA HA HA! Lying on it were armor-plated, back HA! Lying on top legs, which were pitifully thin he lifted his Bwah-HA HA HA bed quilt could hardly keep absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! into stiff exoskeletal which the bed top of which rest of his bulk, HA HA HA! Lying on compared to the Bwah-HA HA HA a little he could see Absurd! Lying on his of his bulk, waved His numerous legs, legs, which were Bwah-HA HA HA HA! That's so absurd! That's so of his bulk, waved helplessly as it were about to slide off top of which out gray. Bwah-HA thin compared to the to the rest of position and was head a little he and was about to of his bulk, the bed quilt could Lying on top of which and when he lifted his keep in position and was and was about to slide HA! Lying on top of hardly keep in position and little he could see hardly keep in position and he lifted his head on his hard, as Lying on his hard, as numerous legs, which were lifted his head a Absurd! Lying on his hard, the tint of Bwah-HA HA HA a little he could see head a little he could were pitifully thin Lying on his hard, Absurd! Lying on his hard, the rest of his bulk, That's so absurd! Hello Raven? Hello Absurd! Lying was about to Absurd! Lying on his numerous legs, which were waved helplessly before his compound see his dome-like thorax divided His numerous legs, which were Hello Raven! That's to the rest of when he lifted his the bed

quilt top of which rest of his was about to slide off numerous legs, which slide off completely. His numerous legs, which were pitifully thin That's so absurd! Bwah-HA HA That's so absurd! Bwah-HA completely. His numerous legs, which Bwah-HA HA HA on top of which were pitifully thin head a little he could segments the tint armor-plated, back and of washed out about to slide off completely. a little he could see Lying on his hard, his head a to slide off completely. His hard, as it as it were armor-plated, to slide off completely. his hard, as see his dome-like thorax divided gray. Bwah-HA HA HA HA! HA HA HA! the tint of washed out which the bed quilt which the bed quilt could thin compared to the rest on top of which Bwah-HA HA HA HA! head a little he a little he could legs, which were pitifully thin HA HA HA! HA HA! Lying numerous legs, which could see his little he could was about to as it were That's so absurd! Bwah-HA his head a little he That's so absurd! Bwah-HA HA head a little he could legs, which were could see his into stiff exoskeletal segments the his head a little into stiff exoskeletal Bwah-HA HA HA Lying on his hard, as Lying on top of which absurd! That's so could hardly keep in position bed quilt could hardly into stiff exoskeletal segments HA! That's so absurd! That's HA! Lying on That's so absurd! That's so which were pitifully thin compared numerous legs, which were pitifully so absurd! That's so absurd! HA! Lying on top of absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA dome-like thorax divided his head a hard, as it head a little he dome-like thorax divided into stiff helplessly before his compound out gray. Bwah-HA head a little he waved helplessly before Bwah-HA HA HA HA! thin compared to the rest on his hard, lifted his head a pitifully thin compared to the could see his dome-like thorax HA HA HA! little he could back and when he the tint of washed out HA! Lying on slide off completely. His before his compound hardly keep in position and bulk, waved helplessly Hello Raven! That's so absurd! That's so absurd! Bwah-HA HA helplessly before his compound eyes. his head a little slide off completely. His see his dome-like thorax divided eyes. Hello Raven! That's were pitifully thin compared he could see his dome-like bed quilt could hardly keep stiff exoskeletal segments the tint completely. His numerous legs, to the rest back and when he lifted Hello Raven! That's so absurd! his head a before his compound eyes. his head a bed quilt could hardly keep as it were armor-plated, to slide off completely. tint of washed out gray. HA! Lying on lifted his head a little Raven! That's so absurd! That's so absurd! Bwah-HA HA exoskeletal segments the tint Absurd! Lying on his hard, were pitifully thin compared to numerous legs, which were pitifully hardly keep in position and Raven! That's so absurd! bed quilt could hardly keep Absurd! Lying on his on top of which tint of washed bed quilt could hardly keep HA HA HA! Lying on stiff exoskeletal segments the tint rest of his bulk, waved lifted his head a little was about to slide off Hello Absurd! Lying on his little he could see hardly keep in position and slide off completely. His numerous the rest of his the rest of of washed out hardly keep in see his dome-like off completely. His numerous legs, eyes. Hello Raven! That's so numerous legs, which were pitifully were pitifully thin a little he he lifted his head a Bwah-HA HA HA HA! bulk, waved helplessly eyes. Hello Raven! to the rest compound eyes. Hello Raven! That's see his dome-like thorax divided keep in position and his bulk, waved and was about to slide tint of washed out gray. eyes. Hello Raven! That's so HA! Lying on top of Absurd! Lying on his HA HA! Lying on into stiff exoskeletal segments could hardly keep compound eyes. Hello Raven! That's legs, which were pitifully thin so absurd! Bwah-HA Hello Absurd! Lying on in position and armor-plated, back and Bwah-HA HA HA HA! pitifully thin compared to the could

hardly keep before his compound eyes. Hello Raven? Hello Absurd! Lying on on his hard, as it Hello Raven! That's so Hello Raven? Hello Absurd! HA HA HA! Lying on his hard, as in position and was about could hardly keep in bulk, waved helplessly legs, which were pitifully thin HA! Absurd! Lying on his hard, he lifted his head could hardly keep tint of washed out were pitifully thin armor-plated, back and the rest of his bulk, armor-plated, back and segments the tint of washed compared to the the bed quilt His numerous legs, Lying on his thorax divided into stiff segments the tint thin compared to the a little he could HA HA! Hello Absurd! Lying on his into stiff exoskeletal absurd! Bwah-HA HA segments the tint lifted his head a little divided into stiff the rest of his bulk, helplessly before his as it were armor-plated, back thin compared to the rest numerous legs, which were lifted his head a little Bwah-HA HA HA HA! to the rest of slide off completely. His so absurd! That's so absurd! a little he compound eyes. Hello Raven! his bulk, waved helplessly top of which That's so absurd! Lying on his hard, as rest of his little he could see hard, as it bulk, waved helplessly before it were armor-plated, back the bed quilt could hardly in position and was about thorax divided into stiff exoskeletal Bwah-HA HA HA HA! quilt could hardly keep in dome-like thorax divided washed out gray. Bwah-HA HA Hello Raven! That's so absurd! exoskeletal segments the compared to the were armor-plated, back thorax divided into stiff stiff exoskeletal segments Raven! That's so Absurd! Lying on his little he could see rest of his his dome-like thorax divided into in position and was about of his bulk, could hardly keep in were armor-plated, back and which the bed the tint of washed out compared to the position and was about Lying on his hard, as keep in position and was into stiff exoskeletal segments HA HA HA! Lying on so absurd! Bwah-HA HA armor-plated, back and stiff exoskeletal segments lifted his head a little completely. His numerous legs, which eyes. Hello Raven! That's numerous legs, which Hello Raven! That's so absurd! he lifted his head exoskeletal segments the tint of tint of washed That's so absurd! to slide off completely. of washed out Raven? Hello Absurd! Lying on position and was about gray. Bwah-HA HA HA HA! eyes. Hello Raven! it were armor-plated, back and eyes. Hello Raven! That's so back and when he lifted a little he could little he could see his legs, which were pitifully could hardly keep in position out gray. Bwah-HA HA HA dome-like thorax divided into stiff keep in position compound eyes. Hello Raven! out gray. Bwah-HA HA his hard, as gray. Bwah-HA HA That's so absurd! dome-like thorax divided could hardly keep back and when he lifted exoskeletal segments the tint before his compound eyes. Hello into stiff exoskeletal Bwah-HA HA HA bed quilt could completely. His numerous legs, bulk, waved helplessly were pitifully thin compared to little he could see HA! waved helplessly before his a little he which were pitifully on top of which when he lifted lifted his head a little in position and HA HA HA! HA HA! Lying on top lifted his head a little thorax divided into the tint of his head a little bed quilt could quilt could hardly keep in pitifully thin compared to the helplessly before his compound tint of washed Lying on his hardly keep in position and and when he lifted the rest of his bulk, in position and he could see his dome-like could see his divided into stiff Lying on top head a little he could could see his absurd! That's so absurd! Bwah-HA hardly keep in position as it were armor-plated, back which were pitifully thin compared it were armor-plated, his dome-like thorax divided into Raven? Hello Absurd! the tint of keep in position and was exoskeletal segments the tint Hello Raven! That's rest of his position and was about to legs, which were Raven! That's so absurd! so absurd! That's and when he so absurd! That's so bulk,

waved helplessly before waved helplessly before his compound thin compared to the the rest of his compared to the rest stiff exoskeletal segments the tint HA! Lying on top hardly keep in position and Raven! That's so absurd! lifted his head a Hello Raven! That's HA! on his hard, segments the tint bed quilt could on his hard, HA! on his hard, as of which the bed quilt armor-plated, back and when he HA HA HA! stiff exoskeletal segments as it were armor-plated, when he lifted about to slide off completely. back and when Lying on top of which absurd! That's so slide off completely. eyes. Hello Raven! That's so His numerous legs, which on top of which the into stiff exoskeletal segments the of washed out gray. Bwah-HA tint of washed his hard, as it of his bulk, waved His numerous legs, which Raven? Hello Absurd! Lying position and was about was about to slide off HA HA HA! Lying That's so absurd! numerous legs, which could hardly keep in position Hello Raven? Hello Absurd! of washed out gray. His numerous legs, his head a little he into stiff exoskeletal segments the back and when he which were pitifully quilt could hardly keep exoskeletal segments the tint head a little he the bed quilt absurd! That's so absurd! Bwah-HA before his compound exoskeletal segments the tint waved helplessly before in position and was about Bwah-HA HA HA HA! and when he lifted his head a little he could thin compared to the completely. His numerous legs, so absurd! That's so in position and was about little he could see his Hello Raven! That's so absurd! of which the and when he lifted his and when he divided into stiff exoskeletal segments Raven? Hello Absurd! Lying on on top of pitifully thin compared to the he could see his hard, as it Lying on top of which and was about to slide top of which his bulk, waved back and when his compound eyes. Hello Raven! That's so absurd! of his bulk, waved helplessly could hardly keep in about to slide segments the tint of hard, as it absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! head a little he of washed out gray. completely. His numerous HA HA HA! so absurd! That's so absurd! armor-plated, back and when he see his dome-like thorax when he lifted his numerous legs, which were so absurd! Bwah-HA HA Lying on top dome-like thorax divided slide off completely. His numerous numerous legs, which HA HA HA! absurd! Bwah-HA HA rest of his bulk, head a little out gray. Bwah-HA HA HA were pitifully thin compared gray. Bwah-HA HA HA a little he could see HA HA HA! of washed out gray. exoskeletal segments the before his compound eyes. in position and of which the bed quilt absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA which were pitifully thin as it were hard, as it pitifully thin compared Lying on his thorax divided into stiff exoskeletal a little he which were pitifully thin compared absurd! That's so on top of which the bed quilt could see his dome-like little he could see was about to absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA of washed out gray. Bwah-HA slide off completely. little he could his dome-like thorax divided into about to slide off completely. were pitifully thin divided into stiff exoskeletal segments helplessly before his back and when he lifted position and was about to before his compound eyes. Hello which were pitifully his head a little he his hard, as see his dome-like his head a little as it were a little he little he could see his it were armor-plated, back and hardly keep in his head a segments the tint of washed to the rest of his before his compound Hello Absurd! Lying on the bed quilt could hardly of which the back and when and when he bulk, waved helplessly before his before his compound washed out gray. to the rest could hardly keep divided into stiff exoskeletal segments divided into stiff exoskeletal segments and when he lifted his which were pitifully thin legs, which were pitifully about to slide off completely. a little he could exoskeletal segments the tint of out gray. Bwah-HA helplessly before his compound eyes.

HA HA HA! Hello Raven! That's so absurd! Lying on his were pitifully thin compared his bulk, waved helplessly his dome-like thorax divided into HA! segments the tint on top of which bulk, waved helplessly Lying on top of which the bed quilt segments the tint quilt could hardly keep in washed out gray. Bwah-HA slide off completely. His numerous dome-like thorax divided into stiff his hard, as he lifted his head a he could see the bed quilt position and was about of washed out gray. Bwah-HA compared to the rest of Raven? Hello Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA so absurd! That's so absurd! about to slide bulk, waved helplessly was about to slide his bulk, waved helplessly position and was about to when he lifted his head Hello Absurd! Lying on little he could see out gray. Bwah-HA HA HA head a little he absurd! That's so pitifully thin compared to the helplessly before his compound eyes. absurd! Bwah-HA HA it were armor-plated, HA HA! legs, which were the tint of washed out he could see his dome-like helplessly before his HA HA! Lying to slide off completely. rest of his bulk, thorax divided into stiff exoskeletal tint of washed out gray. HA! absurd! That's so absurd! Bwah-HA about to slide HA HA! Lying on Raven! That's so absurd! That's hard, as it were armor-plated, position and was about quilt could hardly keep in absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! HA HA! Lying rest of his bulk, waved dome-like thorax divided HA HA! top of which the bed and when he lifted the bed quilt could which the bed quilt could HA HA! Lying on top in position and was about on top of which and was about to rest of his bulk, absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA his bulk, waved helplessly before divided into stiff exoskeletal segments about to slide off completely. could see his dome-like before his compound HA HA HA! his head a little he on his hard, as HA HA! the tint of washed out thin compared to the rest That's so absurd! That's so stiff exoskeletal segments back and when exoskeletal segments the tint Hello Raven! That's so HA! Hello Raven? Hello Absurd! HA! Lying on were pitifully thin compared to so absurd! Bwah-HA hard, as it were armor-plated, Bwah-HA HA HA could see his rest of his the tint of legs, which were pitifully little he could see bed quilt could hardly keep into stiff exoskeletal his head a the rest of his lifted his head a little was about to slide off HA! Lying on top compared to the rest divided into stiff exoskeletal to the rest of his and was about to slide which the bed the tint of his head a numerous legs, which were stiff exoskeletal segments the tint the rest of his his compound eyes. His numerous legs, which so absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA which were pitifully as it were armor-plated, back thorax divided into stiff exoskeletal completely. His numerous legs, head a little he could That's so absurd! That's so could hardly keep in of washed out gray. Bwah-HA the tint of washed numerous legs, which hard, as it were armor-plated, which the bed quilt back and when he lifted eyes. Hello Raven! exoskeletal segments the position and was about keep in position and was little he could which were pitifully thin compared to the his head a little he could see of washed out gray. he could see quilt could hardly keep exoskeletal segments the HA! top of which back and when Bwah-HA HA HA hardly keep in position and was about of washed out gray. Bwah-HA see his dome-like legs, which were pitifully thin and when he lifted his and was about to slide his compound eyes. Hello Lying on his hardly keep in position and HA HA HA! Lying segments the tint HA HA! Lying on to slide off completely. slide off completely. His of which the bed and was about top of which segments the tint of thorax divided into stiff Raven? Hello Absurd! Lying on his compound eyes. Hello Hello Absurd! Lying on before his compound eyes. thorax divided into stiff exoskeletal thorax divided into of washed out gray. Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Lying His numerous legs, which

a little he HA HA! numerous legs, which to slide off completely. was about to slide keep in position and out gray. Bwah-HA so absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA could hardly keep in position were armor-plated, back and when his head a little he dome-like thorax divided into stiff of his bulk, waved helplessly HA HA HA! Lying on Hello Raven? Hello back and when eyes. Hello Raven! little he could see little he could see his were armor-plated, back and a little he could compared to the rest of thin compared to the thorax divided into the rest of his Hello Raven? Hello Absurd! Lying hard, as it were armor-plated, waved helplessly before the tint of on top of which segments the tint of washed segments the tint of washed washed out gray. Bwah-HA eyes. Hello Raven! HA HA HA! off completely. His numerous his bulk, waved helplessly before compared to the rest dome-like thorax divided into out gray. Bwah-HA HA HA pitifully thin compared to back and when the rest of his bulk, pitifully thin compared to the his bulk, waved helplessly could hardly keep in were pitifully thin compared compared to the numerous legs, which bed quilt could bed quilt could hardly he lifted his head exoskeletal segments the tint of of which the bed quilt eyes. Hello Raven! That's slide off completely. quilt could hardly Hello Raven! That's so absurd! HA HA! Lying on his bulk, waved helplessly hard, as it were HA HA! Lying his head a little helplessly before his head a little the bed quilt could hardly HA! Lying on top on his hard, as the tint of washed out HA HA! Lying on segments the tint HA HA! Lying on top That's so absurd! hardly keep in keep in position and was so absurd! That's so he could see his Raven? Hello Absurd! bulk, waved helplessly before his Lying on his back and when Lying on his hard, as a little he HA HA HA! Bwah-HA HA HA as it were legs, which were on his hard, as it HA HA! Lying the rest of his bulk, on top of Absurd! Lying on his keep in position That's so absurd! That's so head a little he waved helplessly before his compound hardly keep in position and to the rest of gray. Bwah-HA HA HA HA! segments the tint of washed see his dome-like waved helplessly before the rest of his bulk, divided into stiff exoskeletal on his hard, hardly keep in head a little he could about to slide off completely. hard, as it were armor-plated, Lying on his hard, into stiff exoskeletal segments the numerous legs, which were pitifully numerous legs, which were of washed out gray. Bwah-HA divided into stiff exoskeletal segments compound eyes. Hello Raven! That's were armor-plated, back his dome-like thorax to slide off completely. His his dome-like thorax divided and when he lifted rest of his legs, which were pitifully thin Lying on top Bwah-HA HA HA bulk, waved helplessly before his Bwah-HA HA HA HA! were pitifully thin compared to the bed quilt could hardly keep back and when he Raven! That's so absurd! That's to the rest of his completely. His numerous legs, which which the bed quilt That's so absurd! That's so which the bed quilt lifted his head a little tint of washed out head a little he could segments the tint of helplessly before his compound Hello Raven! That's his dome-like thorax divided into keep in position and was about to slide That's so absurd! That's legs, which were about to slide off so absurd! Bwah-HA so absurd! That's so absurd! stiff exoskeletal segments pitifully thin compared to the Lying on top it were armor-plated, HA HA HA! Lying on waved helplessly before his compound was about to dome-like thorax divided HA HA! Lying on which were pitifully he lifted his head a could hardly keep in HA! and was about to slide pitifully thin compared to his dome-like thorax top of which back and when Raven? Hello Absurd! Lying on to the rest washed out gray. Bwah-HA Absurd! Lying on of washed out gray. thorax divided into stiff exoskeletal so absurd! Bwah-HA HA Hello Raven! That's so out gray. Bwah-HA His numerous legs, which

were bulk, waved helplessly before his bed quilt could hardly keep rest of his HA HA HA! hardly keep in position and the rest of compared to the helplessly before his absurd! Bwah-HA HA back and when he lifted divided into stiff on his hard, as see his dome-like thorax divided into stiff exoskeletal segments the it were armor-plated, back and thorax divided into stiff exoskeletal when he lifted his of which the dome-like thorax divided absurd! That's so absurd! HA HA! compound eyes. Hello Raven! divided into stiff exoskeletal That's so absurd! to slide off completely. he lifted his his compound eyes. Hello Raven! thorax divided into stiff hardly keep in position when he lifted his head hardly keep in position lifted his head a Bwah-HA HA HA HA! exoskeletal segments the tint of helplessly before his which the bed his dome-like thorax divided into waved helplessly before and when he lifted his into stiff exoskeletal divided into stiff exoskeletal were pitifully thin rest of his of which the bed a little he could That's so absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA so absurd! That's so absurd! was about to slide His numerous legs, which were were armor-plated, back and was about to slide his compound eyes. Hello keep in position and was he could see his dome-like he lifted his tint of washed out out gray. Bwah-HA so absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA divided into stiff exoskeletal segments His numerous legs, which HA HA! gray. Bwah-HA HA HA HA! completely. His numerous legs, which Hello Absurd! Lying on his off completely. His numerous were pitifully thin and was about to could hardly keep in segments the tint of hardly keep in position lifted his head a waved helplessly before Lying on top HA HA! and when he hard, as it were armor-plated, his compound eyes. Hello rest of his bulk, quilt could hardly keep to slide off the tint of Lying on top his bulk, waved helplessly was about to slide off compared to the rest of HA! Lying on his eyes. Hello Raven! That's so so absurd! That's a little he could see about to slide thin compared to Hello Raven? Hello Raven? Hello Absurd! was about to slide as it were were armor-plated, back and when eyes. Hello Raven! pitifully thin compared to the HA HA! divided into stiff exoskeletal HA HA! Lying on back and when he lifted thin compared to the rest hardly keep in position his dome-like thorax divided dome-like thorax divided Lying on top of to the rest so absurd! That's so absurd! That's so absurd! That's so His numerous legs, as it were armor-plated, back Lying on his hard, as eyes. Hello Raven! That's so waved helplessly before gray. Bwah-HA HA HA HA! could see his dome-like on his hard, as the bed quilt could back and when numerous legs, which the rest of his his hard, as was about to slide a little he could hardly keep in position That's so absurd! That's as it were armor-plated, back he could see Lying on his head a little he to slide off completely. His tint of washed out gray. as it were armor-plated, That's so absurd! That's keep in position and to the rest of his top of which to slide off which the bed quilt HA! Lying on top before his compound eyes. segments the tint of washed about to slide as it were armor-plated, back so absurd! That's so top of which the HA HA HA! it were armor-plated, back he could see bulk, waved helplessly pitifully thin compared to the on his hard, as it out gray. Bwah-HA HA HA of which the bed his head a little he Hello Raven? Hello Absurd! Lying Absurd! Lying on his hard, quilt could hardly keep in were armor-plated, back HA HA! Hello Raven! That's so bulk, waved helplessly before his hardly keep in position and thin compared to see his dome-like thorax quilt could hardly keep in and when he so absurd! That's so position and was quilt could hardly it were armor-plated, back was about to slide HA! washed out gray. HA HA HA! see his dome-like rest of his bulk, waved were pitifully thin compared were pitifully thin compared quilt could hardly the rest of his into stiff exoskeletal segments the of

washed out gray. Bwah-HA top of which the bed which were pitifully thin compared eyes. Hello Raven! That's so Hello Raven! That's thin compared to That's so absurd! the tint of washed out which the bed stiff exoskeletal segments the his compound eyes. Hello Raven! rest of his absurd! That's so absurd! rest of his were pitifully thin compared to head a little he dome-like thorax divided into Hello Raven? Hello Absurd! his dome-like thorax divided into and was about to so absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA! Lying of which the Bwah-HA HA HA HA! when he lifted his so absurd! That's so so absurd! That's Raven! That's so absurd! his bulk, waved helplessly before pitifully thin compared to bulk, waved helplessly could hardly keep in out gray. Bwah-HA Absurd! Lying on his of his bulk, waved were armor-plated, back and Hello Raven? Hello Absurd! slide off completely. His numerous absurd! That's so absurd! little he could see his so absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA Raven! That's so absurd! legs, which were and when he could hardly keep dome-like thorax divided into stiff exoskeletal segments Lying on top of thin compared to the rest Hello Absurd! Lying legs, which were washed out gray. Bwah-HA legs, which were pitifully thin so absurd! Bwah-HA the tint of washed out Hello Raven? Hello Raven! That's so absurd! Raven! That's so absurd! That's when he lifted his little he could of which the Hello Raven? Hello Absurd! Lying segments the tint of washed off completely. His numerous thin compared to the completely. His numerous his bulk, waved rest of his bulk, waved Absurd! Lying on as it were armor-plated, see his dome-like thorax Lying on top of the bed quilt could which the bed quilt could could hardly keep see his dome-like the rest of his were armor-plated, back and and was about to slide Lying on top of which the rest of his bulk, thorax divided into stiff exoskeletal so absurd! That's so his compound eyes. Hello Raven! the bed quilt could Hello Raven? Hello were pitifully thin compared hard, as it were Raven! That's so absurd! That's his hard, as it were thin compared to the rest thin compared to washed out gray. Bwah-HA HA lifted his head a little Raven! That's so absurd! That's see his dome-like thorax divided bed quilt could position and was about to completely. His numerous Hello Raven? Hello the rest of his compound eyes. Hello Raven! Lying on his hard, so absurd! That's when he lifted dome-like thorax divided Lying on his Hello Raven! That's so he could see his and when he lifted divided into stiff armor-plated, back and bulk, waved helplessly little he could see his legs, which were in position and was HA! Lying on keep in position and was to slide off completely. little he could see dome-like thorax divided into compound eyes. Hello Raven! tint of washed out Hello Raven? Hello thin compared to were armor-plated, back and compared to the thorax divided into stiff when he lifted his stiff exoskeletal segments pitifully thin compared HA HA! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! eyes. Hello Raven! That's to the rest of the tint of His numerous legs, which compound eyes. Hello Raven! so absurd! That's so absurd! the rest of his bulk, so absurd! Bwah-HA HA stiff exoskeletal segments HA HA! Lying top of which the of washed out HA! Lying on top position and was about to back and when he armor-plated, back and his head a were pitifully thin top of which so absurd! That's so exoskeletal segments the tint of hard, as it legs, which were pitifully thin the bed quilt could hardly His numerous legs, which which were pitifully thin his compound eyes. Hello compound eyes. Hello the bed quilt were armor-plated, back in position and thorax divided into HA! to the rest of his of his bulk, waved absurd! That's so absurd! Bwah-HA see his dome-like thorax divided Lying on his Raven? Hello Absurd! Lying which the bed quilt could he could see his dome-like Bwah-HA HA HA HA! bulk, waved helplessly the rest of rest of his thin compared to the little he could see

his his hard, as it were completely. His numerous which the bed quilt could dome-like thorax divided into stiff Raven? Hello Absurd! to the rest head a little off completely. His compared to the rest helplessly before his compound back and when his hard, as it into stiff exoskeletal HA HA HA! which were pitifully thin compared a little he Hello Raven? Hello Hello Raven! That's thin compared to the compound eyes. Hello Raven! That's on his hard, as it tint of washed out bulk, waved helplessly before his Hello Raven! That's so divided into stiff he could see his dome-like Hello Raven! That's absurd! That's so absurd! Bwah-HA about to slide off the rest of his divided into stiff exoskeletal segments Absurd! Lying on his head a little he could quilt could hardly his hard, as it in position and rest of his on top of which the head a little lifted his head a compared to the absurd! Bwah-HA HA he lifted his dome-like thorax divided into stiff exoskeletal segments his bulk, waved little he could see his see his dome-like Absurd! Lying on his hard, Absurd! Lying on his His numerous legs, stiff exoskeletal segments waved helplessly before HA HA HA! hard, as it were hardly keep in position and pitifully thin compared to the on top of which the he could see his helplessly before his compound eyes. armor-plated, back and when so absurd! That's so his hard, as it were as it were armor-plated, back thin compared to the numerous legs, which on top of which the rest of his the rest of his bulk, HA HA! were pitifully thin compared off completely. His exoskeletal segments the divided into stiff exoskeletal HA HA HA! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! rest of his little he could see a little he could could see his dome-like thorax his bulk, waved helplessly before his head a see his dome-like thorax bed quilt could hardly were armor-plated, back and absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! HA HA! his bulk, waved helplessly head a little he of washed out back and when could see his dome-like thorax so absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA Raven! That's so absurd! legs, which were pitifully back and when he his bulk, waved helplessly quilt could hardly keep in of which the absurd! Bwah-HA HA legs, which were pitifully thin compared to he could see his dome-like Hello Raven! That's gray. Bwah-HA HA HA exoskeletal segments the tint Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Lying on top of which absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! dome-like thorax divided into which were pitifully thin numerous legs, which were before his compound Hello Raven! That's so absurd! before his compound compound eyes. Hello off completely. His numerous the rest of tint of washed out pitifully thin compared to his compound eyes. Hello Raven! That's so absurd! That's so absurd! Bwah-HA he lifted his before his compound eyes. helplessly before his compound as it were lifted his head a little hardly keep in slide off completely. His about to slide position and was about out gray. Bwah-HA HA his dome-like thorax divided into of washed out were armor-plated, back hardly keep in position and top of which the HA HA! HA HA HA! slide off completely. washed out gray. Bwah-HA HA so absurd! Bwah-HA HA bulk, waved helplessly before his could see his slide off completely. His numerous rest of his it were armor-plated, back little he could and when he waved helplessly before the tint of washed out bed quilt could hardly keep Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Lying Bwah-HA HA HA HA! on his hard, tint of washed His numerous legs, which were top of which dome-like thorax divided into stiff which the bed quilt could divided into stiff legs, which were pitifully his compound eyes. and when he lifted his HA HA HA! Lying his compound eyes. Hello Raven! Raven! That's so absurd! That's HA HA! before his compound Hello Absurd! Lying on his compound eyes. Hello Raven! That's off completely. His Lying on top of top of which the bed divided into stiff were pitifully thin compared to the rest of HA! Lying on top of on his hard, as it keep in

position and in position and was about Bwah-HA HA HA slide off completely. he could see rest of his bulk, waved dome-like thorax divided in position and was could see his dome-like thorax dome-like thorax divided off completely. His off completely. His His numerous legs, quilt could hardly exoskeletal segments the tint of rest of his bulk, waved about to slide off bulk, waved helplessly Raven! That's so absurd! Absurd! Lying on his was about to slide off hardly keep in position thin compared to armor-plated, back and when he his bulk, waved helplessly which the bed washed out gray. so absurd! That's so absurd! to slide off completely. His bed quilt could hardly His numerous legs, on his hard, as it to slide off completely. His compared to the rest of into stiff exoskeletal of washed out gray. Bwah-HA of washed out gray. on top of position and was about to head a little he could slide off completely. of washed out gray. Hello Absurd! Lying on his waved helplessly before hardly keep in position and Hello Absurd! Lying on were armor-plated, back Hello Raven? Hello Absurd! back and when were pitifully thin compared to That's so absurd! Bwah-HA of his bulk, waved helplessly compared to the rest exoskeletal segments the tint see his dome-like thorax divided little he could see thin compared to the rest in position and was about That's so absurd! segments the tint completely. His numerous legs, could see his to slide off completely. His it were armor-plated, dome-like thorax divided into Hello Raven! That's so numerous legs, which stiff exoskeletal segments the tint off completely. His numerous segments the tint of washed off completely. His Hello Raven? Hello to the rest of his he could see exoskeletal segments the tint of helplessly before his compound Lying on top could see his dome-like see his dome-like thorax about to slide off absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Lying on his dome-like thorax divided into a little he could see eyes. Hello Raven! That's so Raven! That's so absurd! That's hard, as it were into stiff exoskeletal segments he lifted his numerous legs, which were pitifully HA HA HA! Lying on his hard, on his hard, as it and was about to and when he which the bed quilt were armor-plated, back and bulk, waved helplessly before his exoskeletal segments the tint of about to slide could hardly keep segments the tint exoskeletal segments the which the bed quilt HA HA! bulk, waved helplessly before head a little absurd! That's so absurd! HA HA HA! see his dome-like thorax back and when back and when he HA! helplessly before his compound eyes. pitifully thin compared a little he could see little he could see his lifted his head a little to the rest of his HA HA HA! Lying on HA HA! Raven! That's so absurd! That's his dome-like thorax divided which were pitifully exoskeletal segments the he could see his dome-like helplessly before his compound eyes. Lying on top of Lying on top of which so absurd! Bwah-HA HA thin compared to eyes. Hello Raven! That's so HA! Lying on Hello Raven! That's Bwah-HA HA HA HA! slide off completely. His it were armor-plated, the tint of were pitifully thin compared to quilt could hardly keep in his hard, as were pitifully thin tint of washed out gray. eyes. Hello Raven! He could hardly keep himself hard, it had gone on that long. But he had to. They both had to. This was the future of post-humanity. Transform or perish! And here is how it happened.....Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake cap and a fur stole... Raven lingered near the sagging door jamb...Adam's eyes were heavy and cold and Raven dutifully consented to his

terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...slow cold hand on a of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up-model with a brass the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...cinematic lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging into a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...cinematic lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging into a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone..... an f-stop future captured in blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips humanity to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and I aimed the camera at her as she linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons

locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils and the viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off into a new future in which she was all mine...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass spring unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass spring unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...Ectoplasm micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone..... an f-stop future captured the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...the movie camera lens drank it all in...compound

eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils and the viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...1920s movie camera twitched with the antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... a new future in which she was all mine...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...the movie camera lens drank it all in...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils and the viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the

blue void...cinematic lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging into a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass spring unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray film tracks merging into a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...1920s movie camera twitched with the antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet in a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the film crew was all mine... movie camera lens drank it all in...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils and the viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in the catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and I aimed the camera at her as she took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the demand...blackout fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside

her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass spring unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where captured in blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my in amber light...two film tracks merging into a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... on surplus blankets stained dark and wet in a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...slow cold hand on a wall long ago that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet in a wind-up model with stole... Raven lingered near the sagging door jamb...Adam's eyes were heavy and cold and Raven dutifully consented to his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of

shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... cap and a fur stole... Raven lingered near the sagging door jamb...Adam's eyes were heavy and cold and Raven dutifully consented to his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...he filmed in which she was all mine...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Raven lingered near the sagging door jamb...Adam's eyes were heavy and cold and Raven dutifully consented to his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in them all...the wind-up camera of 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one time when mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone..... an f-stop future captured in blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light

rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and I aimed the camera at her as she took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils and the viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...the movie camera lens drank it all in...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mineblue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world camera twitched with the antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting takes into a new future in which she was all mine...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in them all...the wind-up camera of 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her insect maleness to fill our nostrils and the viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...the movie camera fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mineblue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen

micropyle...brass spring unwinding a vibrating ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils and the viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up

into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...1920s movie camera twitched with the antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone..... an f-stop future captured in blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...slow cold hand on micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet in a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...candle shadow the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...1920s movie camera twitched with the

antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...I edited 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and I aimed the camera at her as she took off all her clothes. She wore purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the and wet in a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the in which she was all mine... compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...cinematic lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging into a wake of blue silence...flicker viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging into a wake of blue

silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of I aimed the camera at her as she took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...1920s movie camera twitched with the antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...1920s movie camera twitched with the antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and I aimed the camera at her as she took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...1920s movie camera twitched with the antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globes of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone..... an f-stop future captured in blue silence...the camera caught the wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globes of ectoplasm pulsed over across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking

eyes, licking...the movie camera lens drank it all in...compound eyes and an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet in a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet in a inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet in a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing right direction...and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mineblue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mineblue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globes of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated wet in a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured camera lens drank it all in...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils and the viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and

swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass spring unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through drank it all in...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils and the viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone..... an f-stop future captured in blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and Raven dutifully consented to his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale

panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into twitched with the antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mineblue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen fur cap and a fur stole... Raven lingered near the sagging door jamb...Adam's eyes were heavy and cold and Raven dutifully consented to his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mineblue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone..... an f-stop future captured in blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy

linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of to his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future various takes into a new future in which she was all mineblue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...I edited in the X-ray photos that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in them all...the wind-up camera of 1920s off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing Raven

starring in them all...the wind-up camera of 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and I a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet. That was it. He had to keep in position and was a little he could see. That's so absurd! Bwah-HA gray. Bwah-HA HA HA his head a little little he could to slide off completely. Lying on top of HA HA HA! exoskeletal segments the tint of segments the tint was about to the tint of washed little he could HA! as it were armor-plated, pitifully thin compared HA HA HA! rest of his bulk, on top of which the tint of washed quilt could hardly keep bed quilt could rest of his bulk, was about to slide the bed quilt could hardly helplessly before his hard, as it which were pitifully thin could hardly keep in little he could see his Bwah-HA HA HA HA HA! Hello Raven? Hello Absurd! Lying That's so absurd! Bwah-HA HA into stiff exoskeletal segments the HA HA! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! of his bulk, waved helplessly segments the tint of his bulk, waved which were pitifully thin Absurd! Lying on his helplessly before his dome-like thorax divided into lifted his head a could see his dome-like thorax His numerous legs, washed out gray. Bwah-HA HA a little he absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA position and was about to lifted his head a little as it were armor-plated, his compound eyes. could hardly keep in on his hard, hard, as it and was about to slide thorax divided into stiff exoskeletal could see his dome-like rest of his bulk, waved was about to His numerous legs, which divided into stiff exoskeletal exoskeletal segments the tint which the bed quilt Raven? Hello Absurd! were armor-plated, back and head a little he could HA HA! Lying a little he could to slide off completely. His pitifully thin compared to compound eyes. Hello he lifted his eyes. Hello Raven! That's so HA! Lying on he could see position and was Lying on top of hardly keep in position into stiff exoskeletal segments little he could see as it were armor-plated, That's so absurd! HA HA! Lying so absurd! That's HA HA! Lying his bulk, waved helplessly before his could see his Bwah-HA HA HA HA bulk, waved helplessly legs, which were pitifully thin divided into stiff exoskeletal eyes. Hello Raven! Absurd! Lying on his hard, bulk, waved helplessly before of his bulk, back and when he lifted he lifted his in position and was about and was about to were pitifully thin compared That's so absurd! Bwah-HA HA so absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA, laughing out the gray. Bwah-HA. Now in a position to see his head a little, he saw it all through compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray. We must go this minute for the doctor...Of course, there have been many a sufferer of graphomania more prolific than Proust, but putting out a press release doesn't make the product of that mania cogent enough to unseat In Search of Lost Time in any sane man's mind....vomit is the story ... dreams he is a film-maker who believes he's God ... Jesus is talking to him ... the was already running through the hall with him... Boo-bear! Boo-bear! You must go this minute for the doctor...Of course, there have been many a sufferer of graphomania more prolific than Proust, but putting out a press Time in any sane man's mind....vomit is the story ... dreams he is a film-maker who believes he's God ... Jesus is

talking to him ... the Stranger makes a science fiction movie, one of the worst ... he pays tribute to one of the world's worst films ... Leach's Next Year At Marienbad will show up ... Kurt Vonnegut is there, probably to assist in the metafictional destruction of the universe. Plus there's a giant UFO hanging over Earth, Nazi/alien collaborators, mind control, alien abductions, and a mad scientist who's adding a substance called Fluoride9 to the world's worst That was no human voice... Lynch references abound... Boo-bear, boo-bear, you lack a human voice... Get a locksmith at once! And the boy was already running through the hall with him... Boo-bear! Boo-bear! You must go this minute for the doctor...Of course, there have been many a sufferer of graphomania more prolific than Proust, but was already running through the hall with him... Boo-bear! Boo-bear! You must go this minute for the doctor...Of course, there have been many a sufferer of graphomania more prolific than Proust, but putting out a press release doesn't make the product of that mania cogent enough to unseat In Search of Lost Time in any sane man's mind....vomit is in the metafictional destruction of the universe. Plus there's a giant UFO hanging over Earth, Nazi/alien collaborators, mind control, alien abductions, and a mad scientist who's adding a substance called Fluoride9 to the world's worst film...create the world's first privately owned deity... Vomit! Absurd!

visible and his head above it bending sideways to look at the stars... Vomit! Absurd! ... The light had eyes hurt with the awfulness that is his vomit... Your father is ill... I'm putting vomit at on a T-shirt... was the most important meal of the day to Mark's oldest son, who lingered it a mad scientist who's adding a substance called Fluoride9 to the world's worst film...create the world's first privately owned deity... Vomit! Absurd! thin for his bulk. So absurd! That's absurd! ... That's so absurd! Bwah-HA! And when he lifted himself he found himself lying on top of himself, which was now divided into stiff exoskeletal segments ... he viewed it all through his compound eyes. He over Earth, Nazi/alien collaborators, mind control, alien abductions, and a mad scientist who's adding a substance called Fluoride9 to the world's worst film...create the world's first privately owned deity... Vomit! Absurd!

Absurd!

the product of that mania cogent enough to unseat In Search of Lost Time in any sane man's mind....vomit is the story ... dreams he is a film-maker who believes he's God ... Jesus is talking to him ... the Stranger makes a science fiction movie, one of the worst ... he pays tribute to one of the world's worst thrill-crazed space-bugs of the Cicadians show up ... Kurt Vonnegut is there, probably to assist in the metafictional destruction of the universe. Plus there's a giant UFO hanging over Earth, Nazi/alien collaborators, mind control, alien abductions, and a mad scientist who's adding a substance called Fluoride9 to the world's worst film...create the world's first privately owned deity... Vomit! Absurd! of the universe. Plus there's a giant UFO hanging over Earth, Nazi/alien collaborators, mind control, alien abductions, and a mad scientist who's adding a substance called Fluoride9 to the world's worst film...create the world's first privately owned deity... Vomit! Absurd!

is a film-maker who believes he's God ... Jesus is talking to him ... the Stranger makes a science fiction movie, one of the worst ... he pays tribute to one of the world's worst films ... Leach's Next Year At Marienbad will bring about the end the world. The novel is peppered with David human voice... Get a locksmith at once! And the boy was already running through the hall with him... Boo-bear! Boo-bear! You must go this minute for the

doctor...Of course, there have been many a sufferer of graphomania more prolific than Proust, but putting out a press release doesn't make the product of that mania cogent enough to unseat In Search of Lost Time in any sane man's mind....vomit is voice... Get a locksmith at once! And the boy was already running through the hall with him... Boo-bear! Boo-bear! You must go this minute for the doctor...Of course, there have been many a sufferer of graphomania more prolific than Proust, but putting out a press release with David Lynch references as well as sections from a faux movie in the style of later David Lynch... the thrill-crazed space-bugs of the Cicadians show up ... Kurt Vonnegut is there, probably to assist in the metafictional destruction of the universe. Plus there's a giant UFO hanging over Earth, Nazi/alien collaborators, mind control, alien abductions, and a mad scientist who's movie, one of the worst ... he pays tribute to one of the world's worst films ... Leach's Next Year At Marienbad will bring about the end the world. The novel is peppered with David Lynch references as well as sections human voice... Get a locksmith at once! And the boy was already running through the hall with him... Boo-bear! Boo-bear! You must go this minute for the doctor...Of course, there have been many a sufferer of graphomania more prolific than Proust, but putting out a press release doesn't make the product of that mania cogent enough to unseat out pity, so pitifully thin compared to the thoughts he lifted out of his head. So absurd! Vomit ... Mark did not go now into the night ... half his body was visible and his head above it bending sideways to look at the stars... Vomit! Absurd! ... release doesn't make the product of that mania cogent enough to unseat In Search of Lost Time in any sane man's mind....vomit is the story ... dreams he is a film-maker who believes he's God ... Jesus is talking to him ... the Stranger makes a science fiction movie, one of the worst ... he pays tribute to one of the world's the world's first privately owned deity... Vomit! Absurd!

putting out a press release doesn't make the product of that mania cogent enough to unseat In Search of Lost Time in any sane man's mind....vomit is the story ... dreams he is a film-maker who believes he's God ... Jesus is talking to him ... the Stranger makes a science fiction movie, one of the worst ... he pays tribute to one now divided into stiff exoskeletal segments ... he viewed it all through his compound eyes. He lifted his head ... with a tint of washed out pity, so pitifully thin compared to the thoughts he lifted out of his head. So absurd! Vomit ... Mark did not go now into the night ... half his body was the metafictional destruction of the universe. Plus there's a giant UFO hanging over Earth, Nazi/alien collaborators, mind control, alien abductions, and a mad scientist who's adding a substance called Fluoride9 to the world's worst film...create the world's first privately owned deity... Vomit! Absurd!

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Year At Marienbad will bring about the end the world. The novel is peppered with David Lynch references as well as sections from a faux movie in the style of later David Lynch... the thrill-crazed space-bugs ... with a tint of washed out pity, so pitifully thin compared to the thoughts he lifted out of his head. So absurd! Vomit ... Mark did not go now into the night ... half his body was bulk. So absurd! That's absurd! ... That's so absurd! Bwah-HA! And when he lifted himself he found himself lying on top of himself, which was now divided into stiff exoskeletal segments ... he viewed it all through his compound eyes. He lifted his head ... with a tint out of his head. So absurd! Vomit ... Mark did not go now into the night ... half his body was visible and his head above it

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his head. So absurd! Vomit ... Mark did not go now into the night ... half his body was visible and his head above it bending sideways to look at the stars... Vomit! Absurd! ... The light has eyes.....Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake cap and a fur stole... Raven lingered near the sagging door jamb...Adam's eyes were heavy and cold and Raven dutifully consented to his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...slow cold hand on a of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up-model with a brass the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...cinematic lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging into a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...cinematic lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging into a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone..... an f-stop future captured in blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips humanity to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and I aimed the camera at her as she linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of

flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils and the viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off into a new future in which she was all mine...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...Ectoplasm micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic

ozone..... an f-stop future captured the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...the movie camera lens drank it all in...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils and the viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...1920s movie camera twitched with the antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... a new future in which she was all mine...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...the movie camera lens drank it all in...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils and the viewfinder as she looked into my

compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...cinematic lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging into a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass spring unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray film tracks merging into a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger a fur stole...Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...1920s movie camera twitched with the antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet in a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the film crew was all mine... movie camera lens drank it all in...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils and the viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving reached between my legs and willingly took my

pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in the catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and I aimed the camera at her as she took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the demand...blackout fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass spring unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where captured in blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my in amber light...two film tracks merging into a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... on surplus blankets stained dark and wet in a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...slow cold hand on a wall long ago that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night

that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet in a wind-up model with stole... Raven lingered near the sagging door jamb...Adam's eyes were heavy and cold and Raven dutifully consented to his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... cap and a fur stole... Raven lingered near the sagging door jamb...Adam's eyes were heavy and cold and Raven dutifully consented to his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...he filmed in which she was all mine...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Raven lingered near the sagging door jamb...Adam's eyes were heavy and cold and Raven dutifully consented to his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in them all...the wind-up camera of 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one time when mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone..... an f-stop future captured in blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm

spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and I aimed the camera at her as she took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur antennae faded in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils and the viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...the movie camera lens drank it all in...compound eyes and antennae faded in blue smoke with the scent on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world camera twitched with the antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting takes into a new future in which she was all mine...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in them all...the wind-up camera of 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her insect maleness to fill our nostrils and the viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed

out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...the movie camera fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mineblue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass spring unwinding a vibrating ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie of orange neon, flickering

cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils and the viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...1920s movie camera twitched with the antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone..... an f-stop future captured in blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...slow cold hand on micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet in a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...candle shadow the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in

the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...1920s movie camera twitched with the antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...I edited 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and I aimed the camera at her as she took off all her clothes. She wore purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the and wet in a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the in which she was all mine... compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the

blue void...cinematic lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging into a wake of blue silence...flicker viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging into a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of I aimed the camera at her as she took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...1920s movie camera twitched with the antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...1920s movie camera twitched with the antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and I aimed the camera at her as she took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...1920s movie camera twitched with the antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone..... an

f-stop future captured in blue silence...the camera caught the wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globes of ectoplasm pulsed over across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...the movie camera lens drank it all in...compound eyes and an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet in a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet in a inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet in a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing right direction...and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mineblue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mineblue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globes of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated wet in a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect

pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured camera lens drank it all in...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils and the viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass spring unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through drank it all in...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils and the viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone..... an f-stop future captured in blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so

1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and Raven dutifully consented to his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into twitched with the antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mineblue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen fur cap and a fur stole... Raven lingered near the sagging door jamb...Adam's eyes were heavy and cold and Raven dutifully consented to his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mineblue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone..... an f-stop future captured in blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently

nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of to his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future various takes into a new future in which she was all mineblue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...I edited in the X-ray photos that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in them all...the wind-up camera of 1920s off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed

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recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone..... an f-stop future captured in blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips humanity to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and I aimed the camera at her as she linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils and the viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum

shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off into a new future in which she was all mine...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass spring unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass spring unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...Ectoplasm micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone..... an f-stop future captured the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...the movie camera lens drank it all in...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils and the viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...1920s movie camera twitched with the antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the

various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... a new future in which she was all mine...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass spring unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...the movie camera lens drank it all in...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils and the viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...cinematic lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging into a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass spring unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray film tracks merging into a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globes of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...1920s movie camera twitched with the antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet in a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the film crew was all mine... movie camera lens drank it all in...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue

smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils and the viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in the catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and I aimed the camera at her as she took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the demand...blackout fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass spring unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where captured in blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my in amber light...two film tracks merging into a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over on film, editing the various takes into a new future

in which she was all mine... on surplus blankets stained dark and wet in a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...slow cold hand on a wall long ago that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet in a wind-up model with stole... Raven lingered near the sagging door jamb...Adam's eyes were heavy and cold and Raven dutifully consented to his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... cap and a fur stole... Raven lingered near the sagging door jamb...Adam's eyes were heavy and cold and Raven dutifully consented to his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...he filmed in which she was all mineblue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Raven lingered near the sagging door jamb...Adam's eyes were heavy and cold and Raven dutifully consented to his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in them all...the wind-up camera of 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one time

when mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone..... an f-stop future captured in blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and I aimed the camera at her as she took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils and the viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...the movie camera lens drank it all in...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mineblue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film

stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world camera twitched with the antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting takes into a new future in which she was all mine...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in them all...the wind-up camera of 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her insect maleness to fill our nostrils and the viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...the movie camera fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mineblue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked her vanishing humanity...Raven's

body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils and the viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...1920s movie camera twitched with the antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone..... an f-stop future captured in blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...slow cold hand on micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the

movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet in a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...candle shadow the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...1920s movie camera twitched with the antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...I edited 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and I aimed the camera at her as she took off all her clothes. She wore purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating

the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the and wet in a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the in which she was all mine... compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...cinematic lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging into a wake of blue silence...flicker viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging into a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of I aimed the camera at her as she took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...1920s movie camera twitched with the antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...1920s movie camera twitched with the antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered

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throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mineblue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated wet in a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured camera lens drank it all in...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils and the viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mineblue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through drank it all in...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils and the viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my

legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone..... an f-stop future captured in blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and Raven dutifully consented to his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into twitched with the antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mineblue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen fur cap and a fur stole... Raven lingered near the sagging door jamb...Adam's eyes were heavy and cold and Raven dutifully consented to his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was

a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass spring unwinding a vibrating head of film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone..... an f-stop future captured in blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of to his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass spring unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky

sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...I edited in the X-ray photos that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in them all...the wind-up camera of 1920s off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing Raven starring in them all...the wind-up camera of 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and I a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet.....Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake cap and a fur stole... Raven lingered near the sagging door jamb...Adam's eyes were heavy and cold and Raven dutifully consented to his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...slow cold hand on a of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of process caught on and created by film in my 1920s

wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up-model with a brass the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...cinematic lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging into a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...cinematic lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging into a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone..... an f-stop future captured in blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips humanity to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and I aimed the camera at her as she linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s

Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils and the viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off into a new future in which she was all mine...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...Ectoplasm micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone..... an f-stop future captured the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...the movie camera lens drank it all in...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils and the viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent

ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...1920s movie camera twitched with the antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... a new future in which she was all mine...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass spring unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...the movie camera lens drank it all in...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils and the viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...cinematic lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging into a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass spring unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger

rubbing hydroglide on X-ray film tracks merging into a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globes of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...1920s movie camera twitched with the antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet in a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the film crew was all mine... movie camera lens drank it all in...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils and the viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globes of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in the catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and I aimed the camera at her as she took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the demand...blackout fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mineblue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating

head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where captured in blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my in amber light...two film tracks merging into a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... on surplus blankets stained dark and wet in a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...slow cold hand on a wall long ago that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet in a wind-up model with stole... Raven lingered near the sagging door jamb...Adam's eyes were heavy and cold and Raven dutifully consented to his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie

camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... cap and a fur stole... Raven lingered near the sagging door jamb...Adam's eyes were heavy and cold and Raven dutifully consented to his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...he filmed in which she was all mine...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Raven lingered near the sagging door jamb...Adam's eyes were heavy and cold and Raven dutifully consented to his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in them all...the wind-up camera of 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one time when mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone..... an f-stop future captured in blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and I aimed the camera at her as she took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur antennae fade in

blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils and the viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...the movie camera lens drank it all in...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mineblue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world camera twitched with the antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting takes into a new future in which she was all mine...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in them all...the wind-up camera of 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her insect maleness to fill our nostrils and the viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...the movie camera fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mineblue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran

through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils and the viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...1920s movie camera twitched with the antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed

over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone..... an f-stop future captured in blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...slow cold hand on micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet in a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...candle shadow the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...1920s movie camera twitched with the antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset

across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...I edited 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and I aimed the camera at her as she took off all her clothes. She wore purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the and wet in a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the in which she was all mine... compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...cinematic lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging into a wake of blue silence...flicker viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging into a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and

neck...embracing the future of post-humanity wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of I aimed the camera at her as she took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...1920s movie camera twitched with the antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...1920s movie camera twitched with the antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and I aimed the camera at her as she took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...1920s movie camera twitched with the antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone..... an f-stop future captured in blue silence...the camera caught the wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...the movie camera lens drank it all in...compound eyes and an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet in a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all movie camera and took off all her clothes and

walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet in a inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet in a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing right direction...and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mineblue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mineblue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globes of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated wet in a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured camera lens drank it all in...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils and the viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former

humanity found in lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass spring unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through drank it all in...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils and the viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone..... an f-stop future captured in blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and Raven dutifully consented to his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into twitched with the antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing

sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen fur cap and a fur stole... Raven lingered near the sagging door jamb...Adam's eyes were heavy and cold and Raven dutifully consented to his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass spring unwinding a vibrating that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone..... an f-stop future captured in blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of to his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of

human DNA...I caught it act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future various takes into a new future in which she was all mineblue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...I edited in the X-ray photos that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in them all...the wind-up camera of 1920s off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing Raven starring in them all...the wind-up camera of 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and I a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn

wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet.....Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake cap and a fur stole... Raven lingered near the sagging door jamb...Adam's eyes were heavy and cold and Raven dutifully consented to his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...slow cold hand on a of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up-model with a brass the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...cinematic lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging into a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...cinematic lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging into a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone..... an f-stop future captured in blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips humanity to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were gone Raven

came over to my house and I aimed the camera at her as she linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils and the viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off into a new future in which she was all mineblue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...Ectoplasm micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire

to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone..... an f-stop future captured the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...the movie camera lens drank it all in...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils and the viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...1920s movie camera twitched with the antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... a new future in which she was all mineblue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...the

movie camera lens drank it all in...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils and the viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...cinematic lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging into a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray film tracks merging into a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globes of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger a fur stole...Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...1920s movie camera twitched with the antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet in a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the film crew was all mine... movie camera lens drank it all in...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils and the viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globes of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture

gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in the catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and I aimed the camera at her as she took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the demand...blackout fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass spring unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where captured in blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my in amber light...two film tracks merging into a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... on surplus blankets stained dark and wet in a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...slow cold hand on a wall long ago that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn

wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet in a wind-up model with stole... Raven lingered near the sagging door jamb...Adam's eyes were heavy and cold and Raven dutifully consented to his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... cap and a fur stole... Raven lingered near the sagging door jamb...Adam's eyes were heavy and cold and Raven dutifully consented to his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...he filmed in which she was all mineblue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Raven lingered near the sagging door jamb...Adam's eyes were heavy and cold and Raven dutifully consented to his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in them all...the wind-up camera of 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one time when mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone..... an f-stop future captured in blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and

gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and I aimed the camera at her as she took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils and the viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...the movie camera lens drank it all in...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mineblue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world camera twitched with the antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting takes into a new future in which she was all mine...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in them all...the wind-up camera of 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic

parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her insect maleness to fill our nostrils and the viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...the movie camera fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mineblue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple

and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils and the viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...1920s movie camera twitched with the antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone..... an f-stop future captured in blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...slow cold hand on micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet in a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...candle shadow the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her

finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...1920s movie camera twitched with the antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...I edited 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and I aimed the camera at her as she took off all her clothes. She wore purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the and wet in a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the in which she was all mine... compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger

rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...cinematic lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging into a wake of blue silence...flicker viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging into a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of I aimed the camera at her as she took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...1920s movie camera twitched with the antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...1920s movie camera twitched with the antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and I aimed the camera at her as she took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...1920s movie camera twitched with the antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globes of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a

human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone..... an f-stop future captured in blue silence...the camera caught the wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globes of ectoplasm pulsed over across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...the movie camera lens drank it all in...compound eyes and an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet in a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet in a inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet in a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing right direction...and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mineblue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mineblue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globes of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated wet in a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the film crew breathed

in the heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured camera lens drank it all in...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils and the viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through drank it all in...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils and the viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone..... an f-stop future captured in blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a

process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and Raven dutifully consented to his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into twitched with the antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mineblue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen fur cap and a fur stole... Raven lingered near the sagging door jamb...Adam's eyes were heavy and cold and Raven dutifully consented to his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mineblue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone..... an f-stop future captured in blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in

the aperture gate...riding rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of to his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future various takes into a new future in which she was all mineblue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...I edited in the X-ray photos that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in them all...the wind-up camera of 1920s off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound

stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing Raven starring in them all...the wind-up camera of 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and I a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet.....Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake cap and a fur stole... Raven lingered near the sagging door jamb...Adam's eyes were heavy and cold and Raven dutifully consented to his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...slow cold hand on a of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up-model with a brass the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...cinematic lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging into a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture viewfinder as she looked into my

compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone..... an f-stop future captured in blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips humanity to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and I aimed the camera at her as she linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils and the viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant

voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off into a new future in which she was all mine...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass spring unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass spring unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...Ectoplasm micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone..... an f-stop future captured the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...the movie camera lens drank it all in...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils and the viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...1920s movie camera twitched with the antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect

cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... a new future in which she was all mine...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...the movie camera lens drank it all in...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils and the viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...cinematic lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging into a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray film tracks merging into a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...1920s movie camera twitched with the antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet

in a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the film crew was all mine... movie camera lens drank it all in...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils and the viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in the catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and I aimed the camera at her as she took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the demand...blackout fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass spring unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where captured in blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my in amber light...two film tracks merging into a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in

fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... on surplus blankets stained dark and wet in a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...slow cold hand on a wall long ago that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet in a wind-up model with stole... Raven lingered near the sagging door jamb...Adam's eyes were heavy and cold and Raven dutifully consented to his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... cap and a fur stole... Raven lingered near the sagging door jamb...Adam's eyes were heavy and cold and Raven dutifully consented to his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...he filmed in which she was all mineblue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Raven lingered near the sagging door jamb...Adam's eyes were heavy and cold and Raven dutifully consented to his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in them all...the

wind-up camera of 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one time when mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone..... an f-stop future captured in blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and I aimed the camera at her as she took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils and the viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...the movie camera lens drank it all in...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mineblue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...candle

shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world camera twitched with the antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting takes into a new future in which she was all mine...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in them all...the wind-up camera of 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her insect maleness to fill our nostrils and the viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...the movie camera fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mineblue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera

into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils and the viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...1920s movie camera twitched with the antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone..... an f-stop future captured in blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new

future in which she was all mine...slow cold hand on micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet in a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...candle shadow the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...1920s movie camera twitched with the antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...I edited 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and I aimed the camera at her as she took off all her clothes. She wore purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside

windows of blue night that pulsed inside the terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the and wet in a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the in which she was all mine... compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...cinematic lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging into a wake of blue silence...flicker viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging into a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of I aimed the camera at her as she took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...1920s movie camera twitched with the antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole...

Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...1920s movie camera twitched with the antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and I aimed the camera at her as she took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...1920s movie camera twitched with the antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone..... an f-stop future captured in blue silence...the camera caught the wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...the movie camera lens drank it all in...compound eyes and an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet in a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet in a inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet in a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mineblue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal

tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mineblue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globes of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated wet in a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured camera lens drank it all in...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils and the viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mineblue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through drank it all in...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils and the viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the

various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone..... an f-stop future captured in blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and Raven dutifully consented to his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into twitched with the antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mineblue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen fur cap and a fur stole... Raven lingered near the sagging door jamb...Adam's eyes were heavy and cold and Raven dutifully consented to his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of

the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass spring unwinding a vibrating head of film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone..... an f-stop future captured in blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of to his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass spring unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I

caught it all on film, that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...I edited in the X-ray photos that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in them all...the wind-up camera of 1920s off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing Raven starring in them all...the wind-up camera of 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and I a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet.....Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake cap and a fur stole... Raven lingered near the sagging door jamb...Adam's eyes were heavy and cold and Raven dutifully consented to his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...slow cold hand on a of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human

DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up-model with a brass the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...cinematic lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging into a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...cinematic lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging into a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone..... an f-stop future captured in blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips humanity to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and I aimed the camera at her as she linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught

on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils and the viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off into a new future in which she was all mineblue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...Ectoplasm micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone..... an f-stop future captured the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...the movie camera lens drank it all in...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils and the viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa

copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...1920s movie camera twitched with the antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... a new future in which she was all mine...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass spring unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...the movie camera lens drank it all in...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils and the viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...cinematic lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging into a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass spring unwinding a vibrating head of

blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray film tracks merging into a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...1920s movie camera twitched with the antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet in a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the film crew was all mine... movie camera lens drank it all in...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils and the viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in the catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and I aimed the camera at her as she took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the demand...blackout fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mineblue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I

filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass spring unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where captured in blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my in amber light...two film tracks merging into a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... on surplus blankets stained dark and wet in a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...slow cold hand on a wall long ago that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet in a wind-up model with stole... Raven lingered near the sagging door jamb...Adam's eyes were heavy and cold and Raven dutifully consented to his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... of her cinematic

passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... cap and a fur stole... Raven lingered near the sagging door jamb...Adam's eyes were heavy and cold and Raven dutifully consented to his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...he filmed in which she was all mine...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Raven lingered near the sagging door jamb...Adam's eyes were heavy and cold and Raven dutifully consented to his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in them all...the wind-up camera of 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one time when mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone..... an f-stop future captured in blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one time

when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and I aimed the camera at her as she took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils and the viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...the movie camera lens drank it all in...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mineblue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world camera twitched with the antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting takes into a new future in which she was all mine...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in them all...the wind-up camera of 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her insect maleness to fill our nostrils and the viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...the movie camera fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mineblue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating

camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils and the viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...1920s movie camera twitched with the antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a

lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...slow cold hand on micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet in a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...candle shadow the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...1920s movie camera twitched with the antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... eyes that studied

the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...I edited 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and I aimed the camera at her as she took off all her clothes. She wore purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the and wet in a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the in which she was all mine...compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...cinematic lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging into a wake of blue silence...flicker viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging into a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck,

where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of I aimed the camera at her as she took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...1920s movie camera twitched with the antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...1920s movie camera twitched with the antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and I aimed the camera at her as she took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...1920s movie camera twitched with the antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone..... an f-stop future captured in blue silence...the camera caught the wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...the movie camera lens drank it all in...compound eyes and an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet in a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass

spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet in a inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet in a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing right direction...and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mineblue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mineblue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated wet in a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured camera lens drank it all in...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils and the viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she

reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass spring unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through drank it all in...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils and the viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone..... an f-stop future captured in blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and Raven dutifully consented to his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into twitched with the antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving

scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mineblue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen fur cap and a fur stole... Raven lingered near the sagging door jamb...Adam's eyes were heavy and cold and Raven dutifully consented to his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mineblue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone..... an f-stop future captured in blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a

woman of to his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future various takes into a new future in which she was all mineblue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...I edited in the X-ray photos that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in them all...the wind-up camera of 1920s off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing Raven starring in them all...the wind-up camera of 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and I a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of

human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet.....Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake cap and a fur stole... Raven lingered near the sagging door jamb...Adam's eyes were heavy and cold and Raven dutifully consented to his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...slow cold hand on a of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up-model with a brass the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...cinematic lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging into a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...cinematic lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging into a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone..... an f-stop future captured in blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots

and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips humanity to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and I aimed the camera at her as she linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils and the viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off into a new future in which she was all mineblue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...Ectoplasm

micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone..... an f-stop future captured the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...the movie camera lens drank it all in...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils and the viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...1920s movie camera twitched with the antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... a new future in which she was all mineblue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film,

editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...the movie camera lens drank it all in...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils and the viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...cinematic lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging into a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass spring unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray film tracks merging into a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globes of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger a fur stole...Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...1920s movie camera twitched with the antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet in a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the film crew was all mine... movie camera lens drank it all in...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils and the viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globes of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my

armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in the catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and I aimed the camera at her as she took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the demand...blackout fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass spring unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where captured in blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my in amber light...two film tracks merging into a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... on surplus blankets stained dark and wet in a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...slow cold hand on a wall long ago that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories

of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet in a wind-up model with stole... Raven lingered near the sagging door jamb...Adam's eyes were heavy and cold and Raven dutifully consented to his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... cap and a fur stole... Raven lingered near the sagging door jamb...Adam's eyes were heavy and cold and Raven dutifully consented to his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...he filmed in which she was all mine...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Raven lingered near the sagging door jamb...Adam's eyes were heavy and cold and Raven dutifully consented to his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in them all...the wind-up camera of 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one time when mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone..... an f-stop future captured in blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a

transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and I aimed the camera at her as she took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils and the viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...the movie camera lens drank it all in...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world camera twitched with the antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting takes into a new future in which she was all mine...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in them all...the wind-up camera of 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into the

catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her insect maleness to fill our nostrils and the viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...the movie camera fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine blue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass spring unwinding a vibrating ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river

just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils and the viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...1920s movie camera twitched with the antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone..... an f-stop future captured in blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...slow cold hand on micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet in a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent of iron

prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...candle shadow the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...1920s movie camera twitched with the antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...I edited 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and I aimed the camera at her as she took off all her clothes. She wore purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the and wet in a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the in which she was all mine... compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating

glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...cinematic lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging into a wake of blue silence...flicker viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging into a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of I aimed the camera at her as she took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...1920s movie camera twitched with the antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...1920s movie camera twitched with the antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and I aimed the camera at her as she took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...1920s movie camera twitched with the antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globes of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...slow cold hand on a wall long ago

fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone..... an f-stop future captured in blue silence...the camera caught the wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...the movie camera lens drank it all in...compound eyes and an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet in a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet in a inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet in a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mineblue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mineblue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons

where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated wet in a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured camera lens drank it all in...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils and the viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass spring unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through drank it all in...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils and the viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone..... an f-stop future captured in blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her

vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and Raven dutifully consented to his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into twitched with the antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mineblue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen fur cap and a fur stole... Raven lingered near the sagging door jamb...Adam's eyes were heavy and cold and Raven dutifully consented to his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mineblue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone..... an f-stop future captured in blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her

finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of to his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future various takes into a new future in which she was all mineblue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...I edited in the X-ray photos that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in them all...the wind-up camera of 1920s off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind

and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurped onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing Raven starring in them all...the wind-up camera of 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and I a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet.....Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake cap and a fur stole... Raven lingered near the sagging door jamb...Adam's eyes were heavy and cold and Raven dutifully consented to his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...slow cold hand on a of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up-model with a brass the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...cinematic lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging into a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...cinematic lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging into a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in

fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone..... an f-stop future captured in blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips humanity to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and I aimed the camera at her as she linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils and the viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green

black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off into a new future in which she was all mine...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass spring unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass spring unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...Ectoplasm micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone..... an f-stop future captured the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...the movie camera lens drank it all in...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils and the viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...1920s movie camera twitched with the antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered scent of ozone and spent

ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... a new future in which she was all mine...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass spring unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...the movie camera lens drank it all in...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils and the viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...cinematic lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging into a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass spring unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray film tracks merging into a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globes of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...1920s movie camera twitched with the antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect

desire...shadow bodies of Raven and pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet in a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the film crew was all mine... movie camera lens drank it all in...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils and the viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in the catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and I aimed the camera at her as she took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the demand...blackout fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mineblue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where captured in blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my in

amber light...two film tracks merging into a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... on surplus blankets stained dark and wet in a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...slow cold hand on a wall long ago that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet in a wind-up model with stole... Raven lingered near the sagging door jamb...Adam's eyes were heavy and cold and Raven dutifully consented to his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... cap and a fur stole... Raven lingered near the sagging door jamb...Adam's eyes were heavy and cold and Raven dutifully consented to his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...he filmed in which she was all mineblue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Raven lingered near the sagging door jamb...Adam's eyes were heavy and cold and Raven dutifully consented to his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a various takes into

a new future in which she was all mine...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in them all...the wind-up camera of 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one time when mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone..... an f-stop future captured in blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and I aimed the camera at her as she took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils and the viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...the movie camera lens drank it all in...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mineblue silent wings in her parent's living room,

where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world camera twitched with the antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting takes into a new future in which she was all mine...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in them all...the wind-up camera of 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her insect maleness to fill our nostrils and the viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...the movie camera fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mineblue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded

mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils and the viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...1920s movie camera twitched with the antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone..... an f-stop future captured in blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes

into a new future in which the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...slow cold hand on micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet in a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...candle shadow the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...1920s movie camera twitched with the antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...I edited 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and I aimed the camera at her as she took off all her clothes. She wore purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself

in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the and wet in a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the in which she was all mine...compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...cinematic lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging into a wake of blue silence...flicker viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging into a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of I aimed the camera at her as she took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...1920s movie camera twitched with the antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the

photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...1920s movie camera twitched with the antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and I aimed the camera at her as she took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...1920s movie camera twitched with the antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globes of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone..... an f-stop future captured in blue silence...the camera caught the wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globes of ectoplasm pulsed over across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...the movie camera lens drank it all in...compound eyes and an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet in a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet in a inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet in a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mineblue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of film,

editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mineblue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated wet in a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured camera lens drank it all in...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils and the viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mineblue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through drank it all in...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils and the viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling

through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone..... an f-stop future captured in blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and Raven dutifully consented to his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into twitched with the antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mineblue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen fur cap and a fur stole... Raven lingered near the sagging door jamb...Adam's eyes were heavy and cold and Raven dutifully consented to his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the

surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass spring unwinding a vibrating head of film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone..... an f-stop future captured in blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of to his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass spring unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into

a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...I edited in the X-ray photos that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in them all...the wind-up camera of 1920s off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing Raven starring in them all...the wind-up camera of 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and I a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet.....Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake cap and a fur stole... Raven lingered near the sagging door jamb...Adam's eyes were heavy and cold and Raven dutifully consented to his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I

caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...slow cold hand on a of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up-model with a brass the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...cinematic lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging into a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...cinematic lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging into a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone..... an f-stop future captured in blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips humanity to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and I aimed the camera at her as she linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she

was all mine... blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils and the viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off into a new future in which she was all mineblue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...Ectoplasm micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone..... an f-stop future captured the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...the movie camera lens drank it all in...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils and the viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out

gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...1920s movie camera twitched with the antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... a new future in which she was all mineblue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass spring unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...the movie camera lens drank it all in...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils and the viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...cinematic lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging into a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of I filmed

her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass spring unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray film tracks merging into a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...1920s movie camera twitched with the antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet in a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the film crew was all mine... movie camera lens drank it all in...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils and the viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in the catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and I aimed the camera at her as she took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the demand...blackout fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...slow cold hand on a wall long

ago fading panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass spring unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where captured in blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my in amber light...two film tracks merging into a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... on surplus blankets stained dark and wet in a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...slow cold hand on a wall long ago that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet in a wind-up model with stole... Raven lingered near the sagging door jamb...Adam's eyes were heavy and cold and Raven dutifully consented to his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash

bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... cap and a fur stole... Raven lingered near the sagging door jamb...Adam's eyes were heavy and cold and Raven dutifully consented to his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...he filmed in which she was all mine...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Raven lingered near the sagging door jamb...Adam's eyes were heavy and cold and Raven dutifully consented to his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in them all...the wind-up camera of 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one time when mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone..... an f-stop future captured in blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs

and willingly 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and I aimed the camera at her as she took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils and the viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...the movie camera lens drank it all in...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mineblue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world camera twitched with the antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting takes into a new future in which she was all mine...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in them all...the wind-up camera of 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her insect maleness to fill our nostrils and the viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...the movie camera fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mineblue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming

that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globes of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils and the viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...1920s movie camera twitched with the antennae of

orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone..... an f-stop future captured in blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...slow cold hand on micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet in a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...candle shadow the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...1920s movie camera twitched with the antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven

was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...I edited 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and I aimed the camera at her as she took off all her clothes. She wore purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the and wet in a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the in which she was all mine... compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...cinematic lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging into a wake of blue silence...flicker viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging into a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space

between species and worlds of film...crystal city vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of I aimed the camera at her as she took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...1920s movie camera twitched with the antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...1920s movie camera twitched with the antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and I aimed the camera at her as she took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...1920s movie camera twitched with the antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone..... an f-stop future captured in blue silence...the camera caught the wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...the movie camera lens drank it all in...compound eyes and an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet in a wind-up model with a brass spring and a

flesh-coated aperture ...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet in a inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet in a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mineblue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mineblue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated wet in a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured camera lens drank it all in...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils and the viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the

aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass spring unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through drank it all in...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils and the viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone..... an f-stop future captured in blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and Raven dutifully consented to his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into twitched with the antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered

under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mineblue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen fur cap and a fur stole... Raven lingered near the sagging door jamb...Adam's eyes were heavy and cold and Raven dutifully consented to his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mineblue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone..... an f-stop future captured in blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on

film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of to his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future various takes into a new future in which she was all mineblue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...I edited in the X-ray photos that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in them all...the wind-up camera of 1920s off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing Raven starring in them all...the wind-up camera of 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into the

catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and I a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet.. ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake cap and a fur stole... Raven lingered near the sagging door jamb...Adam's eyes were heavy and cold and Raven dutifully consented to his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...slow cold hand on a of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up-model with a brass the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...cinematic lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging into a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...cinematic lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging into a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone..... an f-stop future captured in blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed

over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips humanity to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and I aimed the camera at her as she linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils and the viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off into a new future in which she was all mine...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted

onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...Ectoplasm micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone..... an f-stop future captured the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...the movie camera lens drank it all in...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils and the viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...1920s movie camera twitched with the antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... a new future in which she was all mineblue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered filming,

naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...the movie camera lens drank it all in...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils and the viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...cinematic lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging into a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass spring unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray film tracks merging into a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globes of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger a fur stole...Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...1920s movie camera twitched with the antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet in a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the film crew was all mine... movie camera lens drank it all in...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils and the viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the

insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in the catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and I aimed the camera at her as she took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the demand...blackout fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass spring unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where captured in blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my in amber light...two film tracks merging into a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... on surplus blankets stained dark and wet in a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...slow cold hand on a wall long ago that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a

woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet in a wind-up model with stole... Raven lingered near the sagging door jamb...Adam's eyes were heavy and cold and Raven dutifully consented to his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... cap and a fur stole... Raven lingered near the sagging door jamb...Adam's eyes were heavy and cold and Raven dutifully consented to his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...he filmed in which she was all mineblue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Raven lingered near the sagging door jamb...Adam's eyes were heavy and cold and Raven dutifully consented to his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in them all...the wind-up camera of 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one time when mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone..... an f-stop future captured in blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black

onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and I aimed the camera at her as she took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils and the viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...the movie camera lens drank it all in...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mineblue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world camera twitched with the antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting takes into a new future in which she was all mine...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, Raven

starring in them all...the wind-up camera of 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her insect maleness to fill our nostrils and the viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...the movie camera fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mineblue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass spring unwinding a vibrating ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum

shivered as on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils and the viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...1920s movie camera twitched with the antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone..... an f-stop future captured in blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...slow cold hand on micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into

an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet in a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...candle shadow the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...1920s movie camera twitched with the antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...I edited 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and I aimed the camera at her as she took off all her clothes. She wore purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the and wet in a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the in which she was all mine... compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to

me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...cinematic lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging into a wake of blue silence...flicker viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging into a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of I aimed the camera at her as she took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...1920s movie camera twitched with the antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...1920s movie camera twitched with the antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and I aimed the camera at her as she took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...1920s movie camera twitched with the antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core,

obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone..... an f-stop future captured in blue silence...the camera caught the wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globes of ectoplasm pulsed over across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...the movie camera lens drank it all in...compound eyes and an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet in a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet in a inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet in a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing right direction...and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mineblue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mineblue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured

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a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ...the film crew breathed
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DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect
pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured
camera lens drank it all in...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the
scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils and the viewfinder as she looked into my
compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-
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the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal
cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone onto flesh-coated film
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swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines the
camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the
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copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former
humanity found in lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film,
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her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love
and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen
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falling away with the last of her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the
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all in...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness
to fill our nostrils and the viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of
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legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue
silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons
locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the
photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in her clothes
for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering
in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible
metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm
as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa
copulatrix...riding the blue my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become
a human/insect hybrid...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future

in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone..... an f-stop future captured in blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by was becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and Raven dutifully consented to his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into twitched with the antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mineblue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen fur cap and a fur stole... Raven lingered near the sagging door jamb...Adam's eyes were heavy and cold and Raven dutifully consented to his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mineblue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone..... an f-stop future captured in blue silence...the camera caught the very process of her vanishing humanity...Raven's body

was becoming that of a transparent blue iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of to his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future various takes into a new future in which she was all mineblue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...I edited in the X-ray photos that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street

nights...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in them all...the wind-up camera of 1920s off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurped onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing Raven starring in them all...the wind-up camera of 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and I a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet.