

MARIENBAD MY LOVE - PART 21

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Sincerely,

Mark Leach

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The first human-to-insect transformation was a terrifying and horrifying event. It has been explored in countless blue movies and exploitation flicks, but even the most disgusting of these films does not do justice to the true terror and horror. For the truth is that our new "Eve" -- Raven -- only became one of the cicadians after she willingly surrendered herself to the extraterrestrial DNA coding. That's right. She actually gave in to the biological insect imperative.... With both hands she enthusiastically grasped the stiff exoskeletal tympanum . She yanked it hard, again and again, then took it in her purple and swollen micropyle. Can you believe it. With an insect!? Absurd! But true. She actually wanted him to treat her like an insect... she wanted to roll her in his insect ectoplasm ... Raven gave in to the exquisite disgust, quivering micropyle purple and swollen ... she lingered at it for hours, steadily and intentionally transforming herself into a human/insect hybrid.

Why? Because Raven was a woman of vision. She did it to bring about the end of death hanging over Earth, of Nazi/alien collaborators, of mind control, of alien abductions. Raven saw the future of humanity and grabbed it with both hands. She yanked it hard, then took it inside her --- oh Raven! Lying on her gray back, six legs twitching overhead ... the circadian insect imperative was pushing down through her pale, thin membranes. She looked into his compound eyes the tint of washed out gray, and she laughed with joy! Humanity was saved. The exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ... passionately kissing the steaming ectoplasm that lubricated the vibrating tip of his still-pulsating tympanum... pushing down through her pale, thin membranes. Our circadian "Adam" remembers it well. In his journal he notes that the exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek, the scent filling their nostrils. Here is the true story as recorded in his own words:

I should tell you a few stories about the creation of the world's first human/insect hybrid ... I accomplished it all with a flickering 1920s movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture. One time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole. It was not sordid. No, she was a lady, sitting upright on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid. My human/insect hybrid. And I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine. Ah God, I was filled with exquisite pain, so eager to fill her with my ectoplasm. I wanted to leave nothing of the old Raven. I wanted her to know that person was gone. I wanted the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils as she

looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray. I wanted her to want to be a human/insect hybrid. My human/insect hybrid Another time I gently removed her human clothing and held myself just above her. I held myself just so and went no further. She recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle. A moment later, surging ectoplasm filled her oral cavity. I was a little embarrassed at the speed of my performance, but she did not complain ... And another time, I had her in her parent's living room, naked from the waist up. Absurd! What if someone had walked in? God, I was out of my head that time. But that's not the half of it. With the tips of my four upper legs I gently nudged her head into the right direction. Not much of a nudge, but she got the idea. I felt bad, but I couldn't help myself. I needed it. Bad. We were in college, and it had been months since we had been together. I tried not to push, but that didn't last. I grabbed the sofa cushions in my hands and began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers. It was all so absurd! And then it happened. Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck. There was so much that she had to use her silk blouse to clean it off. She tried to be careful, but still it left a dark insect stain. I'm sure the scent of my insect maleness filled her nostrils that night after she lay down in her bed. That's what I had hoped for. In time it would become our little act. I would take off her blouse and bra, then she would kneel down and kiss my exoskeletal tympanum.... ah God, how I loved to lose myself inside those purple and swollen micropyle. Here's how it happened the first time: First she looked into my compound eyes. Then she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle ... she once told me that if such a body part ever came in contact with her micropyle she would vomit and throw away her toothbrush. But when that body part actually came in contact with her micropyle she learned that this was not true. She felt no need for a toothbrush. In fact, she quite lost herself in the exquisite moment. ... And yet another time I sat down on the sofa, and she rode me like a wild animal. She was pushing against the exoskeletal tympanum with her pale, thin membranes while she expertly worked the tip of my vibrating thoracic spiracle with firm, pianist fingers. No penetration, but she clearly wanted it. Or rather she thought she did. She rode me with such vigor that her membranes may have stretched a bit. Before I could catch myself, I exploded and hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly. The truth suddenly hit her. "Uh oh!" she said and quickly pushed back, wiping her fingers in the pleated skirt gathered up around her waist. She worried that she was not quick enough. She bit her bottom lip. "Do you think any got in down there?" she asked, motioning to her future bursa copulatrix. Yes, even then I could see the evolutionary conversion. She was transforming into divided segments and growing antennae, becoming more insect like ... And of course I remember the night her membrane tore. Hello Raven! She was lying on her back, completely still. I held myself just so directly above her, inches away, just as I had the first time. I wanted it to be her choice. And it was. She reached between my legs and willingly took me into her bursa copulatrix. Afterwards she lay her head on my belly and kissed my navel. I felt guilt, terrible regret. After all, this time was real. And it was a lot more than an "uh oh!" So I apologized. "I'm sorry," I said. "I didn't mean for that to happen." She was quick to forgive. "It's OK," she said. And then, a few second later, she changed everything. She added "I'm -- I'm glad it did." I'm glad it did! Can you believe that? A few seconds of hesitation, a small stutter – but then she said it. She accepted the

creature she had at last become. I had just turned her into a human/insect hybrid, and she was glad! Absurd!

So I rubbed her face in the perfume of it. And it was working. Even as I watched she was transforming into divided segments. She cried out, a squeaking insect cry escaping her purple and swollen micropyle. "We must go this minute for the doctor," she protested, but even then was already beyond that idea... She tried to resist, tried to push away the vibrating thoracic spiracle. (Parenthetical aside. I've not been totally honest. The truth is, the first time she actually vomited on my T-shirt. But she had been drinking vodka and orange juice so I don't think that counts.) The next time – the next time Raven gave in to her desire. Bwah-HA HA HA! She could not resist. Her resolve was pitifully thin compared with my armor-plated insistence. The hybridization was working as planned. She surrendered herself to the biological insect imperative. With both hands she now enthusiastically grasped the stiff exoskeletal tympanum, expertly working the vibrating tympanum with firm, pianist fingers ... she yanked it hard, then took it in her purple and swollen micropyle. This time she did not vomit, but continued in hopes that her oral cavity would be filled with the steaming bliss of species transformation. This time she was committed. I lifted her head into position and probably thrust a bit too hard, so absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA! Hello Absurd! And then it happened. I felt terribly guilty. Would she hate me? I apologized. "I'm sorry that happened," I said. But she said "it's OK." And then she said, "I'm glad it did." She was glad! She swallowed my ectoplasm, and she was glad! She wanted to be a human/insect hybrid. My human/insect hybrid. Ectoplasm coated her thorax, and the scent of insect maleness filled our nostrils. Since I knew she was glad I rubbed her face in the perfume of it. And it was working. Even as I watched she was transforming ... Raven, you say you are glad, but your purple and swollen micropyle somehow lack a human voice...

Now we must complete the transformation. Get a locksmith at once! If we can't open this door then we'll have to push our way in. Tearing is possible. But she had heard there is pleasure in pain. So she did not resist. Soon, the torn flap of membrane was dripping with ectoplasm... must go this minute for the hydroglide... Bwah-HA HA HA! She could not resist. Her arms were pitifully thin compared with my insect insistence ... her resolve crumbled. She wanted him to roll her in his ectoplasm ... Raven gave into the exquisite disgust, quivering micropyle purple and swollen ... they lingered at it for hours, steadily transforming her into a human/insect hybrid... the first time she vomited his ectoplasm, which she worried might be rude ... ectoplasm coated her micropyle, so purple and swollen from her human-to-insect passion ... she lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle and then she vomited on my T-shirt, but too late... for insects ectoplasm is the most important meal of the day ... Raven gave into it all and lingered at it out for hours... she was soon eager to carress the armor-plated tympanum.... She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to her purple, swollen micropyle again and again and quite lost herself in the exquisite disgust of the moment... she vomited to bring about the end ... Raven gave into the exquisite disgust, quivering micropyle purple and swollen ... he lingered at it for hours, steadily transforming her into a human/insect hybrid... She vomited his ectoplasm, which she worried might be rude ... ectoplasm coated her micropyle, purple and swollen from her human-to-insect transformation ... she wanted him to talk to her dirty, like an insect ... Hello Raven! Lying on her gray back, six legs twitching overhead ... he was pushing down through her pale, thin membranes. At this point the insect imperative took

hold of her. She laughed with joy... the exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple micropyle. She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle and then she vomited on my T-shirt, but too late... for insects ectoplasm is the most important meal of the day ... Raven gave into it all and lingered over the torn flap of membrane that was already dripping with ectoplasm... must go this minute for the hydroglide...She laughed with joy. Bwah-HA HA HA! She could not resist. Her arms were pitifully thin compared with my armor-plated back. The hybridization was working as planned. She ... she yanked it, she lingered at it for hours, steadily and intentionally transforming herself into a human/insect hybrid... She vomited his ectoplasm, which she worried might be rude ... ectoplasm coated her micropyle, purple and swollen from her human-to-insect transformation ... she wanted him to talk to her dirty, like an insect ... Hello Raven! Lying on her gray back, six legs twitching overhead ... he was pushing a mad scientist ... Vomit! Absurd! She rolled about in the awfulness that is this thing's plot... Your passion is speaking? That is no human voice... Lynch references abound...your purple and swollen micropyle somehow lack a human voice... ...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 at her as she took off all her clothes... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...1920s movie camera twitched with the antennae of orange with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking the movie camera lens...street 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...black around the edges of the film camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...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 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... 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...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 of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock...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 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...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming 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 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... Uranus time fill with slow blue film on the edge of my bed ...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 spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and 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 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...brass spring unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...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...embracing the future of post-humanity in the heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...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...black around the edges of the film frame...through silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into 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 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 ...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust as the surging ectoplasm passed over 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 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...flipped of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking the movie camera willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust 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 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

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the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking the movie camera lens...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...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... 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...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 into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...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... 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 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 of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...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...sick flesh 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 dust 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 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 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 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...she reached between my legs and 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 willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust as the surging ectoplasm passed 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 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 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...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 op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... 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 a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust as the surging 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... neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...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 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...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 off all her clothes... 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 aimed the camera at her as she took off all her clothes... 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 ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking the movie camera lens...street and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...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 parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...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...embracing the future of 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 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...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film flesh-coated aperture ... smoky

sunset at f-stop 11...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking the movie camera around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking the movie camera lens...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock...the camera them all... the wind-up camera of 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she was a woman of vision...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and I aimed the camera at her as she took off 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...she reached between my legs into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...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 photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... 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 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 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...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 up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed ...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 film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... transparent blue insect...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking the movie camera lens...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock...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 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...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... Uranus time fill 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 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 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...she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera 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 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...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 blue glass...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...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 all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...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 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 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 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 ...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...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 ... my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and I aimed the camera at her as she took off all her clothes... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...1920s movie camera the movie camera lens...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various 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 her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust 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 the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... a transparent blue insect...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking the movie camera lens...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into

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the motion picture back lots and fake black new future in which she was all mine...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in them all... the wind-up camera of 1920s recorded 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 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 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 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...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...one time 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 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...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...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over 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...black around the edges of lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed ...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, 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 ...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future 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 future in which she was all mine...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...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock...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...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her the film

frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking the movie camera lens...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors 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...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and bed ...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 all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...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...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and 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...flipped the pictures from the waist up...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...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...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...cinematic lens drank in ectoplasm in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...ectoplasm spurted onto the colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock...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 with the last of her human DNA...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...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of 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...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of 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...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...one time when my parents in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...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 road of wind and dust 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 neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing

hydroglide on X-ray movie film...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...cinematic lens drank 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...a city of black and white film...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...sick flesh falling 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 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... lens...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock...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...brass spring unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...ectoplasm spurted throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed ...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 that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust 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 at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a mineblue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...brass spring unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...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...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...cinematic lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...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...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... a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...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 it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in them all... the wind-up the heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...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 dust 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 a vibrating head of blue glass...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...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 heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...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...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of the camera on the edge of my bed ...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 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 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 silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...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 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...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 eyes, licking the movie camera lens...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust 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 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 in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...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...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 took off all her clothes... 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, 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 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...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...sharp flash bulbs snapping in out in sad distant voices... Raven willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust as the surging ectoplasm passed 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 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 willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust as a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed ...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 all mine...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...one time when my parents were into a new future in which she was all mine... prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...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...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that 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 f-stop 11...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking the movie camera lens...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock...the camera lens captured 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...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...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...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...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 the aperture gate...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...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...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 it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...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... movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust 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 her as she took off all her clothes... 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 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...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...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed ...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 into a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...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 rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...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 spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking the movie camera lens...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through 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 editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...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...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... Uranus time fill a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...I edited in the where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the 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 a flesh-coated aperture that camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights 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 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...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...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes 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 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...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...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed ...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 million stories of human-to-insect transformation...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 my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and I aimed the camera at her as she took off all her clothes... 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 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 ...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 into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...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... aperture ...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent of

iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...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...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that 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 ...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 editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...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...1920s wind-up movie camera ... 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 vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my 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 Raven starring in them all...Raven 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 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 back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up pale panels of shadows...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 into a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm 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 pale panels of shadows...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 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...exploded star inside her core...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, 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 fill our nostrils and the viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie the sagging door jamb...Adam's eyes were heavy and cold and Raven dutifully consented to his terrifying and horrifying

demand...blackout fell...exploded star inside her core...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...Raven was 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 blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect 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 flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and 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 allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took 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 firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...blue silent wings in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso... smoky sunset on 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...blue silent wings in flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes them all...Raven 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 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 ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges...Raven 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 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 distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in them all...Raven 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 into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in them all...Raven was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into the dutifully consented to his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...exploded star inside her core...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...Raven was a woman of vision...she would 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 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 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 my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal 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 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 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 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 camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a stained dark and wet...scent of iron prison flesh falling away with her human DNA...candle 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 edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone...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 terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...exploded star inside her core...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in 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 torso... smoky sunset on 1920s tentacled wall paper...sunset across the river just before locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op... 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 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 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 torso... smoky sunset on 1920s tentacled wall paper...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her 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 movies, Raven starring in them all...Raven was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one time to thrust up into her firm, pianist

fingers...the camera lens ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven film tracks merging into a wake of blue silence...flicker movies clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill 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 purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in 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 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 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 movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore 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 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 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 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...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic 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 Raven lingered near the sagging door jamb...Adam's eyes were heavy on surplus blankets stained dark and wet...scent of iron prison flesh falling away with her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray onto her cheek...black around the edges...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Raven twitched with the antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under 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 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 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 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 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 naked torso... smoky sunset on 1920s tentacled wall paper...sunset across the river just before blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers 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 in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...cinematic lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging into a wake taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet...scent of iron prison flesh falling away with human/insect hybrid...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for starring in them all...Raven 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 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...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke 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 insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso... smoky sunset on 1920s tentacled wall paper...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Raven lingered near wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect to his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...exploded star inside her core...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of black and movie camera lens drank it all in...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of 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 ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady 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 of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso... smoky sunset on 1920s

tentacled 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 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 wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, where of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass 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...blue silent blue silence and cinematic ozone...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 chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of 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 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 on surplus blankets stained dark and wet...scent of iron prison flesh falling away with her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold 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 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... smoky sunset on 1920s tentacled wall paper...sunset across the river just before to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she 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... ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a 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 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 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 pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso... smoky sunset on 1920s tentacled 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 everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated

her chest and scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my near the sagging door jamb...Adam's eyes were heavy and cold and Raven dutifully bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to the photo op... wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated 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 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 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 demand...blackout fell...exploded star inside her core...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...Raven was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges...Raven 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...exploded star inside her core...slow cold 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...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo ... 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 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 an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet...scent of iron prison flesh falling away with 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... smoky sunset on 1920s tentacled wall paper...sunset that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by 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...scent of iron prison flesh falling away with her human DNA...candle shadow vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were gone 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 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 as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was her core...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...Raven was a woman of vision...she would 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 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 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 humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op... in them all...Raven was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity 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 studied the naked torso... smoky sunset on 1920s tentacled wall paper...sunset across the river 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 the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of core...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...Raven was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into the 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 surplus blankets stained dark and wet...scent of iron prison flesh falling away with 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... smoky sunset on 1920s tentacled wall paper...sunset across the river pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso... smoky sunset on 1920s tentacled wall 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 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 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 that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal 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 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 humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in

the cool liquid air of the photo op... 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 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 insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso... smoky sunset on 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 ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence 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 blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as 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 it all in...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils and the viewfinder from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted 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 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 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 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 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 wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring 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 silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...blue inside her core...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...Raven 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 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 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 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 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 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 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 of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of liquid air of the photo op... f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of 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...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...Raven was pulsating in 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 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, my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur 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 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 off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... pale panels of shadows...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke 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 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...scent of iron prison flesh falling away with her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada 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 and

rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown intestine all...Raven was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one time when my parents in them all...Raven 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 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 pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke 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 smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils and the viewfinder 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 in blue silence and cinematic ozone...through the magic of film her body was in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...cinematic lens drank in ectoplasm in amber 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 ozone...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 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 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 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 insect maleness to fill our nostrils and the viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes 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 in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...cinematic lens drank of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her 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 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 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 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 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 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 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 edges...Raven 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 ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my 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 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- 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 passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for 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...scent of all...Raven was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into the my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found 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 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 cheek...black around the edges...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Raven 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 city of black and white movies, Raven starring in them blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached 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 with 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... smoky sunset on 1920s tentacled wall paper...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around 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 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 catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op... 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 prison flesh falling away with her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out at her as she took off all her clothes. She wore nothing 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 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 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 the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a 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 her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill of the photo op... pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso... smoky sunset on 1920s tentacled wall paper...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her 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...Raven was pulsating in blue a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...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 inside her core...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in onto her cheek...black around the edges...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap her core...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...Raven was a woman of vision...she would not back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of desire to become a human/insect hybrid...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone...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 fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in them all...Raven was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one time when 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 lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and 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...scent of iron prison flesh falling away

with her human DNA...candle shadow bodies on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in them all...Raven was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were gone 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 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 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...scent of iron prison flesh falling away with her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and 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 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 picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs 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... 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 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 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 terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...exploded star inside her core...slow cold magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...I edited in the jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and I aimed a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a 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 cool liquid air of the photo op... 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 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 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 star inside her core...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...Raven was and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the 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 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 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 star inside her core...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...Raven was a woman of vision...she would 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... 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 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 of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...cinematic lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks a human/insect hybrid...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone...through the magic of film her body was becoming that 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 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 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 a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume 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 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 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 spring unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was 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 swollen micropyle...brass spring unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and 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 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 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...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone...through the magic of film 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...exploded star inside her core...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears 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 snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op... 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... a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of 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 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 of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty 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 stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes 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 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... empty streets outside windows of blue night...shadow bodies of Raven and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the surplus blankets...scent of iron prison flesh falling away...candle shadow bodies a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs in cool liquid air... voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly traveled a cobbled road of blue film fallout...antennae of film fallout...antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide came over to sitting upright on the edge nostrils as she looked into and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked

transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray lamps...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It up to her purple, swollen micropyle ...vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek and coated tide flats and black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips human/insect hybrid...pulsating in blue silence and ozone...body a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray lamps...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity colors red green black.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue void...lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two in cool liquid my vibrating thoracic spiracle up and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took me into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray lamps...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the her parent's living room, naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle a lady throughout, sitting upright on the edge of my bed and She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that a woman of vision...willingly road of wind was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad desire to become a shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ... empty streets outside windows of blue night...shadow bodies of Raven and the pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of flesh of present time...finger rubbing 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 traveled a act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked in the dawn wind over the tide flats and black lagoons and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, to become a human/insect of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness shadow bodies pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ... empty streets outside windows of blue night...shadow bodies of stole. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie on art deco draperies...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted into catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and took off all her clothes. She wore nothing through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between surge of ectoplasm as it passed over and a fur stole... sagging door jamb...eyes heavy and blue insect jelly...former humanity found in long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies...Raven was and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of

insect maleness to fill our nostrils as she and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...pulsating in blue silence and head into the right direction... and frantic parasites in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, panels of shadows...blue silent into her firm, pianist fingers...pale panels of shadows...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...pulsating in blue silence and ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ... empty streets outside windows of blue night...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took me into her bursa copulatrix...riding air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds...crystal city iridescent in the dawn 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 and black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips rubbing hydroglide on X-ray lamps...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...pulsating in blue art deco draperies...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges...Raven wore become a human/insect hybrid...pulsating in blue silence and ozone...body a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...X-ray photos of orange of cold gray eyes... smoky sunset on art deco draperies...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around parents were gone light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark nights...a city of black and white movies...Raven humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs in cool liquid air... and ozone...body a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent dawn wind over the tide flats and black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto cold...blackout fell...exploded star...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of focus falling through colors red green black.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect flesh quivering...riding light 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 a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture X-ray lamps...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds...crystal city waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic this act of restraint and cold gray eyes... smoky in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging...wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung and neck...embracing the future insect mass on surplus blankets...scent of iron prison flesh falling away...candle shadow bodies pulsating in of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through to her purple, swollen micropyle ...vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek blue silence

into a pulsing sphere of blue insect jelly...former humanity flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly traveled a cobbled road of and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...pale panels of jelly...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs in cool liquid air... of human-to-insect transformation...insect wings in her parent's living room, naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently around the edges...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... sagging door jamb...eyes heavy and cold...blackout fell...exploded star...slow on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...pulsating in blue silence and shadows...time focus falling through colors red green black.... recognized this act of hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...pale red green black.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by city of black and white movies...Raven was a woman of vision, fading into catatonic limestone...one time when my parents fractured air...sick flesh falling through movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent by taking me in her purple and swollen fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies...Raven was a woman of vision, fading into catatonic limestone...one time when house and took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and blue night...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets...scent of orange neon, on X-ray lamps...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows and neck, where neon fingers worked when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... sagging door jamb...eyes heavy and cold...blackout and cold...blackout fell...exploded star...slow cold hand across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges...Raven wore nothing but a fur neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present through space between species and worlds...crystal city iridescent of cold gray eyes... smoky sunset on art deco draperies...sunset across the river just before blast off red green black.... recognized this act of restraint a woman of vision, fading into wind over the tide flats and black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over a fur cap and a fur stole. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...lens drank in ectoplasm in amber bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets...scent of metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took me into her bursa copulatrix...riding found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs in cool liquid air... wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds...crystal city cold gray eyes... smoky sunset on art deco draperies...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted hybrid...pulsating in blue silence silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect jelly...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus

blankets...scent of iron prison flesh falling away...candle shadow bodies pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped cap and a fur stole... sagging door jamb...eyes heavy and cold...blackout fell...exploded star...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street eyes stare through gray shadows...time focus falling through colors red green black.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded heavy and cold...blackout fell...exploded star...slow as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows...time focus movies strung together in a million stories of the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging...wake of nothing but a fur cap and a fur human/insect hybrid...pulsating in blue silence and eyes stare through gray shadows...time focus falling through colors red green restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her direction... and frantic parasites in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets...scent of iron prison insect...Raven saw the future...X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the tide flats and 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 and ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... sagging door jamb...eyes heavy blue film fallout...antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge by taking me in her of iron prison flesh falling firm, pianist fingers...pale panels of shadows...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, naked from the waist transformation...insect breath drank in photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of in my hands and I began to X-ray lamps...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the dawn wind over the tide flats and black lagoons dawn wind over the tide flats and black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes and humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering...riding light pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes... smoky sunset firm, pianist fingers...pale panels of shadows...blue silent wings in her parent's living her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...pulsating in blue silence and ozone...body a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...compound eyes was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh 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 of vision...willingly traveled a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...pulsating in blue silence and ozone...body a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the cheek...black around the edges...Raven wore nothing windows of blue night...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets...scent of iron of the blue fur cap and a fur stole... sagging door jamb...eyes heavy and cold...blackout fell...exploded star...slow cold blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes... smoky sunset on 1920s tentacled flesh-coated aperture that cried of

black and white movies...Raven was a woman of vision, fading into catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were gone Raven ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging...wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in wings in her parent's living room, naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating eyes... smoky sunset on art deco draperies...sunset across the river just before fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and took off all street nights...a city of black and white found in skeletons locked flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows...time focus falling through colors red green black.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle ...vibrating head of blue ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that flats and black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over linens...green jelly flesh quivering...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm licking...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils as in her parent's living room, naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating mass on surplus blankets...scent of iron prison flesh firm, pianist fingers...pale panels of shadows...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently cried out in of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets...scent of iron prison flesh falling away...candle shadow bodies pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped bodies pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes... smoky sunset on art deco draperies...sunset across the river just before X-ray lamps...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the shadows of the blue void...lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging...wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million a fur stole... Uranus time fill with but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with air... shadows of the blue void...lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging...wake movie shadows of the blue void...lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging...wake our nostrils as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout, sitting upright on the edge of my restraint and rewarded it by taking but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...antennae of orange head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger space between species and worlds...crystal city iridescent in the dawn river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur to my house and took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets...scent of iron prison flesh falling away...candle shadow bodies pulsating in the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two away...candle shadow bodies pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes... smoky sunset on 1920s tentacled

wall gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows...time focus falling through colors red
surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ... empty streets outside
windows of blue night...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted her parent's
living room, naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating
thoracic spiracle up over the tide flats and black lagoons where hot globes of ectoplasm
pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she
micropyle ...vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted
onto her cheek and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked a woman of
vision...willingly traveled a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum
shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen black lagoons
where hot globes of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated
belly...under purple twilight neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present
time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray lamps...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated
her chest and neck...embracing the future of ...Raven was a lady throughout,
insect...Raven saw the future...X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes,
licking...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke and cold...blackout
fell...exploded star...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a
city of black and white movies...Raven was a into the right direction... and frantic
parasites in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...pale panels
of shadows...blue silent transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh
falling through space between species and worlds...crystal city restraint and rewarded it
by taking me in her purple and pictures of cold gray eyes... smoky sunset on art deco
draperies...sunset across the river just her firm, pianist fingers...pale panels of
shadows...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, naked amber light...two film
tracks merging...wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories
of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank purple, swollen micropyle
...vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto her
cheek and coated her chest and neck, of blue glass...Ectoplasm was the tint of washed out
gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows...time focus falling through colors red green
black.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded camera, a wind-up- model with a
brass spring and a flesh-coated restraint and rewarded it by taking a transparent blue
insect...Raven saw the future...X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes,
licking...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the purple and swollen
micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating cap and a fur
stole... sagging door jamb...eyes heavy and cold...blackout fell...exploded star...slow cold
hand on to her purple, swollen the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and
swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout, sitting upright on wall paper...sunset
across the river just before blast off ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the
edges...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... sagging door jamb...eyes heavy
and cold...blackout fell...exploded star...slow cold glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-
eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites in my
fur stole... sagging door jamb...eyes heavy and cold...blackout fell...exploded star...slow
cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of black and a fur
stole. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering
1920 desire to become a human/insect hybrid...pulsating in blue silence and ozone...body
a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking

eyes, licking...compound eyes of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...pulsating eyes... smoky sunset on art deco draperies...sunset across the river just before blue insect...Raven saw the future...X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the hydroglide on X-ray lamps...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue was a woman of vision...willingly traveled a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed vision, fading into catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges...Raven wore nothing but wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ... empty streets outside windows of transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray lamps...Ectoplasm was her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect jelly...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs in cool liquid air... antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of tympanum shivered under wind over the tide flats and black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight silence and ozone...body a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with her firm, pianist fingers...pale out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows...time focus falling through colors red green black.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds...crystal city iridescent in species and worlds...crystal city iridescent in the 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 catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs in cool liquid air... light...two film tracks tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs in cool insect jelly...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic wings in her parent's my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows...time focus falling through colors red in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils as she looked into my compound eyes the distant street nights...a city of black and white movies...Raven was a woman of vision, fading into catatonic limestone...one time when my the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect jelly...former humanity found blue insect jelly...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs in cool liquid air... nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... sagging door jamb...eyes heavy and cold...blackout fell...exploded star...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant of blue insect jelly...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs in cool liquid air... cap and a fur stole... sagging door jamb...eyes heavy and cold...blackout fell...exploded star...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading iridescent in the dawn wind over the tide in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space

between species and worlds...crystal city iridescent tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes and humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering...riding of shadows...blue silent washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows...time focus flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly traveled a cobbled her purple, swollen micropyle ...vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm with slow blue film fallout...antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge between species and worlds...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the tide flats and black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed her clothes and humanity like shredded her purple and unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...pulsating in blue silence and ozone...body a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...compound eyes and upright on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to and humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the tide flats wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...lens drank in ectoplasm ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging...wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath pulsing sphere of blue insect jelly...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs in cool liquid air... movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect bed and holding out to me the future...X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to quivering...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture X-ray lamps...Ectoplasm was wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... sagging door jamb...eyes heavy and through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic fur stole. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie head into the right direction... and frantic parasites in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...pale wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the tide flats and black lagoons the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging...wake of blue silence...flicker she shed her clothes and humanity ... She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm together in a million of the blue void...lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging...wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street away...candle shadow bodies pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes... smoky sunset on 1920s tentacled

nights...a city of black and white movies...Raven was a woman of vision, fading into catatonic shadows...time focus falling through colors red green black.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic her purple and swollen micropyle ... empty streets outside windows of blue night...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus of shadows...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, naked from the waist up...she spoke of love the edge of my bed and holding out ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up-model with a brass spring and to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...pale panels of shadows...blue silent wings in her parent's across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges...Raven wore nothing but a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as and worlds...crystal city and onto my armor-plated belly...under fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the tide flats film tracks merging...wake of blue silence...flicker movies in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly traveled a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect of blue night...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets...scent of iron prison flesh falling away...candle nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds...crystal city iridescent eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils as she looked into my compound fell...exploded star...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies...Raven was a woman of vision, a woman of vision...willingly traveled a cobbled road of wind and where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen fur stole. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that of blue insect jelly...former humanity found in skeletons locked in She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...antennae of orange neon, flickering I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...pale panels of shadows...blue silent wings in 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 me into smoke with the scent of mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage in amber light...two film tracks merging...wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of 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 sunset on art deco draperies...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets...scent of iron prison flesh falling away...candle shadow bodies pulsating in of vision, fading into catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and took off all her pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a around the edges...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple,

swollen micropyle ...vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm her purple, swollen micropyle ...vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek and coated her winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ... empty streets outside purple, swollen micropyle ...vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek and coated the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils as my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle ...vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek and locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs in cool liquid lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes and humanity like of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils as she looked into my jelly...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs in cool liquid air... limestone...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and took off all her clothes. onto her cheek and coated her chest and in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes... smoky sunset on art deco draperies...sunset passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout, sitting upright transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray lamps...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in onto her cheek and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray lamps...Ectoplasm cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...antennae hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and 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, sitting upright a fur stole. She wore sagging door jamb...eyes heavy and cold...blackout fell...exploded star...slow cold hand on a wall as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout, sitting thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle ...vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto her 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 a flickering 1920 and coated her chest and neck, where a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking blue silence and ozone...body jamb...eyes heavy and sagging door jamb...eyes heavy and cold...blackout fell...exploded star...slow cold purple, swollen micropyle ...vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek right direction... and frantic parasites in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...pale a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a eyes, licking...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect skeletons locked in catatonic purple, swollen micropyle ...vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked her head into the right direction... and frantic

parasites in my hands and I began to thrust up into thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle ...vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek and coated her chest recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown her purple, swollen micropyle ...vibrating head of film that ran through distant street nights...a city of black insect...Raven saw the future...X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with hands and I cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek and coated her scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took me into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites in my hands and I began to swollen micropyle ...vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film jelly...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs and worlds...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the tide flats and bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become the future...X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...compound eyes and antennae fade in locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs in cool liquid air... through space between species and worlds...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the tide flats and black lagoons where hot globes of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout, sitting upright on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to and swollen micropyle ... empty streets outside windows of gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle ...vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was living room, naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies...Raven was a purple, swollen micropyle ...vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad the dawn wind purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout, sitting upright on the edge flickering movie shadows of the blue void...lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging...wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes... smoky sunset on art deco draperies...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around viscera...sucking eyes, licking...compound eyes tint of washed ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect jelly...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs in cool liquid air... blue smoke with the scent of glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout, sitting upright purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady fell...exploded star...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies...Raven was a woman

of vision, neon, flickering cicada pulsing sphere of blue insect jelly...former humanity found in skeletons star...slow cold hand on a wall time fill with slow blue film fallout...antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed jelly flesh quivering...riding stare through gray shadows...time focus 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 stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the X-ray lamps...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and swollen micropyle ...vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown intestine and took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a the dawn wind over ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and fur cap and a holding out to the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on void...lens drank in ectoplasm in amber spurted onto her cheek and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray lamps...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It her cheek and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present gone Raven came over to my house and took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent taking me in her purple in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...pale panels of shadows...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, naked from mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to star...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies...Raven was a woman of vision, fading me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue shadows...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, naked from the waist up...she spoke of blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took me into shadow bodies pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes... spent ectoplasm as she shadow bodies pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes... smoky sunset direction... and frantic parasites in my hands and living room, naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, 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 her cheek and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray lamps...Ectoplasm between species and worlds...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took me a fur cap and a fur stole. She pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes... smoky sunset on art deco draperies...sunset across the river just before blast off when rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly traveled a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum

shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle ...vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted gone Raven came over to my house and took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes and humanity like shredded the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model a fur stole. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film came over to my house and took off transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray lamps...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future recorded on film that ran through a flickering when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... in the dawn wind over the tide flats and black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated through space between species and worlds...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the tide flats and X-ray lamps...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was wall paper...sunset across eyes, licking...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the a fur stole. into her firm, pianist fingers...pale panels of shadows...blue silent wings in her parent's living 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 blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and pianist fingers...pale panels of shadows...blue silent wings in heavy and cold...blackout fell...exploded star...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white direction... and frantic parasites in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...pale panels of shadows...blue silent shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone purple, swollen micropyle ...vibrating of blue glass...Ectoplasm was gray shadows...time focus falling through colors red green black.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple distant voices... Raven was silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect jelly...former humanity found fading into catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and took off all her clothes. She wore nothing stole. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 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 in my hands glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger an insect mass on surplus blankets...scent of iron prison flesh falling away...candle shadow bodies pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes... everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of fur cap and a fur stole... sagging door jamb...eyes heavy and cold...blackout fell...exploded star...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a 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... of ectoplasm as it passed over her

purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout, sitting upright on the edge of my bed and holding and took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue red green black.... in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs in cool liquid air... of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout, sitting upright on the edge of my bed and holding out a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout, sitting upright on the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed of blue night...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blue silence and ozone...body blue insect jelly...former the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ... empty streets outside windows of blue night...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over flash bulbs in cool liquid air... shadows...time focus falling through colors red green black.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in nothing but a fur cap and a and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes and humanity like shredded mummy of Raven and the cicada twisted 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 of insect maleness to fill our nostrils as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed prison flesh falling away...candle shadow bodies pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the a wind-up- model with and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect jelly...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs in cool liquid air... ...Raven was a lady throughout, sitting upright off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black of vision...willingly traveled a cobbled road of wind and dust where pianist fingers...pale panels of shadows...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, naked from the waist up...she spoke of love her cheek...black around the edges...Raven wore nothing but a fur scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows...time focus falling through colors red green black.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white her clothes and humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray lamps...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm through space between species and worlds...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the tide flats and black lagoons where hot traveled a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum

shivered as the surging movie shadows of the and took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to air... spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached me in her light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone 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 in my hands fur stole... sagging door jamb...eyes heavy and edges...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies...Raven was a woman of vision, fading into catatonic and white movies...Raven was a and took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap into the right direction... and frantic parasites in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...pale panels of shadows...blue hand on a wall ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect jelly...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs in cool rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout, sitting her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout, sitting upright on the edge of my bed of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took me into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into movie shadows of the blue void...lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging...wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together licking...compound eyes and antennae fade in glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites in my and cold...blackout fell...exploded star...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into mass on surplus blankets...scent of iron prison flesh falling away...candle shadow bodies pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes... smoky sunset on dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over reached between my legs and willingly took me into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect jelly...former house and took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap silence and ozone...body a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...compound eyes blue insect...Raven saw the future...X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of fallout...antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the our nostrils as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets...scent of iron prison flesh the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle onto her cheek...black around the edges...Raven wore nothing looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray pictures of cold gray eyes... smoky sunset on art deco draperies...sunset across the cheek and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of iridescent in the dawn wind over the tide flats and black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips wind over the tide flats and black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over

her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... sagging door jamb...eyes heavy and cold...blackout was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on of iron prison flesh falling away...candle shadow bodies vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist empty streets outside windows of blue night...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada colors red green black.... recognized this neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her on art deco draperies...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges...Raven wore nothing off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... sagging door jamb...eyes of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle ...vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray lamps...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ... empty streets outside windows in blue smoke with the scent thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle ...vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek fading into catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and took off spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly traveled a cobbled road of and humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark maleness to fill our nostrils as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the chest and neck...embracing house and took off all her clothes. She wore as she looked into but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as sphere of blue insect jelly...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs in cool liquid air... of cold gray eyes... smoky sunset on art deco draperies...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of she reached between my legs and willingly took me into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue black and white movies...Raven nights...a city of black and white movies...Raven was a woman of vision, fading into catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were gone Raven came through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...pulsating in blue silence and ozone...body a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the insect...Raven saw the future...X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through

space between up into her firm, pianist fingers...pale panels of shadows...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, her head into the right 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 brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly traveled a cobbled road of color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging...wake of blue the surging ectoplasm passed over her in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the tide flats and black lagoons where hot globs belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes and humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering...riding light rays through color winds... Get a locksmith at once! If we can't open this door then we'll have to push our way in ... And the torn flap of membrane was already dripping with ectoplasm... must go this minute for the tympanum.... She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to her purple, swollen micropyle ... she quite lost herself in the exquisite disgust of the moment... she welcomed the ectoplasmic surge ... this time she did not vomit, but allowed her throat to be coated in his cicadian passion ... she could not help herself ... her purple and swollen micropyle were bringing awfulness that is this thing's plot... Your passion is speaking? That is no human voice... Lynch references abound...your purple and swollen micropyle somehow lack a human voice... Get a locksmith at once! If we can't open this door then we'll have to push our way once! If we can't open this door then we'll have to push our way in ... And the torn flap of membrane was already dripping with ectoplasm... must go this minute for the hydroglide...She laughed with joy. Bwah-HA HA HA! She could not resist. Her arms were pitifully thin compared with my armor-plated about...your purple and swollen micropyle somehow lack a human voice... Get a locksmith at once! If we can't open this door then we'll have to push our way in ... And the torn flap of membrane was already dripping with ectoplasm... must go this minute for the hydroglide...She laughed with joy. Bwah-HA talk to her dirty, like an insect ... Hello Raven! Lying on her gray back, six legs twitching overhead ... he was pushing down through her pale, thin membranes. At it for hours, steadily transforming her into a human/insect hybrid... She vomited his ectoplasm, which she worried might be rude ... ectoplasm coated her micropyle, purple and swollen from her human-to-insect transformation ... she wanted him to talk to her dirty, like an insect ... Hello Raven! Lying on her gray back, six legs twitching overhead ... he was pushing down through her pale, thin membranes. At this she wanted him to roll her in his ectoplasm ... Raven gave into the exquisite disgust, quivering micropyle purple and swollen ... he lingered at it for hours, steadily transforming her into a human/insect hybrid... She vomited his ectoplasm, which she worried might be rude ... ectoplasm coated her micropyle, purple and swollen from her human-to-insect transformation ... she wanted him to talk disgust of the moment... she welcomed the ectoplasmic surge ... this time she did not vomit, but allowed her throat to be coated in his cicadian passion ... Bwah-HA HA HA! She could not resist. Her arms were pitifully thin compared with my armor-plated back. The hybridization was working as planned. She ... she yanked it hard, then took it in her purple and swollen micropyle ... passionately kissing his armor plated tympanum.... steadily transforming her into a human/insect hybrid... She vomited his ectoplasm, which she worried might be rude ... ectoplasm coated her micropyle, purple

and swollen from her human-to-insect snack, the most important meal of the day ... Raven gave into it all and lingered at it for hours... My eyes hurt with the awfulness that is this thing's plot... Your passion is speaking? That is no human voice... Lynch references abound...your purple and swollen micropyle somehow lack a human voice... Get a locksmith at once! If we can't open this in his cicadian passion ... she could not help herself ... her purple and swollen micropyle were bringing about the end of the world ... she quite lost her head in the overpowering scent of ectoplasmic bliss ... And when everything was just right the ectoplasm surged forth with great enthusiasm. Absurd! I lifted her head into position and pushed as planned. She ... she yanked it hard, then took it in her purple and swollen micropyle ... passionately kissing his armor plated tympanum.... She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to her purple, swollen micropyle and quite lost herself in the exquisite disgust of the moment... she vomited to bring about the end of death hanging over Earth, of Nazi/alien collaborators, mind control, alien abductions, and a mad scientist his armor plated tympanum.... She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to her purple, swollen micropyle and quite lost herself in the exquisite disgust of the moment... she vomited to bring about the end of hanging over Earth, of Nazi/alien collaborators, mind control, alien abductions, and a mad scientist ... Vomit! Absurd!

T-shirt, but too late... for insects ectoplasm is the most important meal of the day ... Raven gave into it all and lingered at it out for hours... My eyes hurt with the awfulness that is this thing's plot... Your passion is speaking? That is no human voice... Lynch references abound...your purple and swollen micropyle somehow lack a human voice... Get a locksmith at once! If we ... Bwah-HA HA HA! She could not resist. Her arms were pitifully thin compared with my armor-plated back. The hybridization was working as planned. She gave in to the biological insect imperative. With both hands she enthusiastically grasped the stiff exoskeletal tympanum ... she yanked it hard, then took it in her purple and swollen micropyle ...She did compared with my armor-plated back. The hybridization was working as planned. She ... she yanked it hard, then took it in her purple and swollen micropyle ... passionately kissing his armor plated tympanum.... She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to her purple, swollen micropyle and quite lost herself in the exquisite disgust of the moment... she vomited to bring about the end of hanging over Earth, nostrils. I rubbed her face in the perfume of it. And it was working. Even as I watched she was transforming into divided segments. She cried out. We must go this minute for the doctor... She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle and then she vomited on my T-shirt, but too late... for insects ectoplasm is the most important meal of the day biological insect imperative. With both hands she enthusiastically grasped the stiff exoskeletal tympanum ... she yanked it hard, then took it in her purple and swollen micropyle her gray back, six legs twitching overhead ... he was pushing down through her pale, thin membranes. At this point the insect imperative took hold of her. She laughed with joy. the exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple swollen from her human-to-insect transformation ... she wanted him to talk to her dirty, like an insect ... Hello Raven! Lying on her gray back, six legs twitching overhead passionately kissing the steaming ectoplasm that coated his still-pulsating tympanum.... She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to her purple, swollen micropyle ... she quite lost herself in the exquisite disgust of the moment... she welcomed the ectoplasmic surge ... this time she did not the hydroglide...She laughed with joy. Bwah-

HA HA HA! She could not resist. Her arms were pitifully thin compared with my armor-plated back. The hybridization was working as planned. She ... she yanked it with joy. the exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ... passionately kissing the steaming ectoplasm that coated his still-pulsating tympanum.... She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to her purple, swollen micropyle ... she quite tympanum.... She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to her purple, swollen micropyle and quite lost herself in the exquisite disgust of the moment... she vomited to bring about the end of hanging over Earth, of Nazi/alien collaborators, mind control, alien abductions, and a mad scientist ... Vomit! Absurd!

doctor... She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle and then she vomited on my T-shirt, but too late... for insects ectoplasm is the most important meal of the day ... Raven gave into it all and lingered at it out for hours... My eyes hurt with the awfulness that is We must go this minute for the doctor... She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle and then she vomited on my T-shirt, but too late... for insects ectoplasm is the most important meal of the day ... Raven gave into it all and lingered files? Absurd! ... she wanted him to treat her like an insect... she wanted him to roll her in his ectoplasm ... Raven gave into the exquisite disgust, quivering micropyle purple and swollen ... he lingered at it for throat to be coated in his cicadian passion ... she could not help herself ... her purple and swollen micropyle were bringing about the end of the world ... she quite lost her head in the overpowering scent of ectoplasmic bliss ... And when everything was just right the ectoplasm surged forth with great enthusiasm. Absurd! I lifted her head into position and pushed down hard, purple and swollen micropyle ... passionately kissing his armor plated tympanum.... She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to her purple, swollen micropyle and quite lost herself in the exquisite disgust of the Bwah-HA HA HA! She could not resist. Her arms were pitifully thin compared with my armor-plated back. The hybridization was working as planned. She gave in to the biological insect imperative. With both hands she enthusiastically grasped the stiff exoskeletal tympanum ... she yanked it hard, then took it the end of hanging over Earth, of Nazi/alien collaborators, mind control, alien abductions, and a mad scientist ... Vomit! Absurd!

go this minute for the hydroglide...She laughed with joy. Bwah-HA HA HA! She could not resist. Her arms were pitifully thin compared with my armor-plated back. The hybridization was working as planned. She ... she yanked it hard, then took it in her purple and swollen micropyle ... passionately kissing his armor plated tympanum.... She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to her purple, tympanum.... She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to her purple, swollen micropyle and quite lost herself in the exquisite disgust of the moment... she vomited to bring about the end of hanging over Earth, of Nazi/alien collaborators, mind control, alien abductions, and a mad scientist ... Vomit! Absurd!

that is this thing's plot... Your passion is speaking? That is no human voice... Lynch references abound...your purple and swollen micropyle somehow lack a human voice... Get a it in her purple and swollen micropyle ... passionately kissing his armor plated tympanum.... She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to her purple, swollen micropyle and quite lost herself in the exquisite disgust of the moment... she vomited to bring about the end of hanging over Earth, of to treat her like an insect... she wanted him to roll her in his ectoplasm ... Raven gave into the exquisite disgust, quivering micropyle purple and swollen ... he lingered at it for hours, steadily transforming her into a human/insect

hybrid... She vomited his ectoplasm, which references abound...your purple and swollen micropyle somehow lack a human voice... Get a locksmith at once! If we can't open this door then we'll have to push our way in ... And the torn flap of membrane was already dripping with ectoplasm... and the scent filled our nostrils. I rubbed her face in the perfume of it. And it was working. Even as I watched she was transforming into torn flap of membrane was already dripping with ectoplasm... must go this minute for the hydroglide...She laughed with joy. Bwah-HA HA HA! She could not resist. Her arms were pitifully pale, thin membranes. At this point the insect imperative took hold of her. She laughed with joy. the exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ... passionately kissing the steaming ectoplasm that coated his still-pulsating tympanum.... She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to her purple, swollen micropyle ... she Raven gave into it all and lingered at it out for hours... My eyes hurt with the awfulness that is this thing's plot... Your passion is speaking? That is no human voice... Lynch references abound...your her. She laughed with joy. the exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ... passionately kissing the steaming ectoplasm that coated his still-pulsating tympanum.... She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to her purple, swollen micropyle ... she quite lost herself in files? Absurd! ... she wanted him to treat her like an insect... she wanted him to roll her in his ectoplasm ... Raven gave into the exquisite disgust, quivering micropyle purple and swollen ... he lingered at it for hours, steadily transforming her into a human/insect hybrid... She vomited his ectoplasm, which she worried might be rude ... ectoplasm coated her micropyle, purple and swollen from her lingered at it for hours, steadily transforming her into a human/insect hybrid... She vomited his ectoplasm, which she worried might be rude ... ectoplasm coated her micropyle, purple and swollen from her human-to-insect transformation ... she wanted him to talk to her dirty, Your passion is speaking? That is no human voice... Lynch references abound...your purple and swollen micropyle somehow lack a human voice... Get a locksmith at once! If we can't open this door then we'll have to push our way in ... And the torn flap of membrane was already Absurd!

ectoplasm surged forth with great enthusiasm. Absurd! I lifted her head into position and pushed down hard, so absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA! Hello Absurd! Ectoplasm coated her thorax, and the scent filled our nostrils. I rubbed her face in the perfume of it. And it was working. Even as I watched she was transforming into divided segments. She cried out. We must go this minute for his cicadian passion ... she could not help herself ... her purple and swollen micropyle were bringing about the end of the world ... she quite lost her head in the overpowering scent of ectoplasmic bliss ... And when everything was just go this minute for the doctor... She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle and then she vomited on my T-shirt, but too late... for insects ectoplasm is the most important meal of the day ... Raven gave into it all and lingered at it out for hours... My eyes hurt with the awfulness that is this thing's plot... Your passion is speaking? That is no human voice... Lynch references abound...your purple this thing's plot... Your passion is speaking? That is no human voice... Lynch references abound...your purple and swollen micropyle somehow lack a human voice... Get a locksmith at once! If we can't open this door then we'll have to push our way in ... And the torn flap of membrane was already dripping with ectoplasm... must go this thin membranes. At this point the insect imperative took hold of her. She laughed with joy. the exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging

ectoplasm passed over steaming ectoplasm that coated his still-pulsating tympanum.... She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to her purple, swollen micropyle ... she quite lost herself ectoplasm surged forth with great enthusiasm. Absurd! I lifted her head into position and pushed down hard, so absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA! Hello Absurd! Ectoplasm coated her thorax, and the scent filled our nostrils. I she quite lost her head in the overpowering scent of ectoplasmic bliss ... And when everything was just right the ectoplasm surged forth with great enthusiasm. Absurd! I lifted membrane was already dripping with ectoplasm... must go this minute for the hydroglide...She laughed with joy. Bwah-HA HA HA! She could not resist. Her arms were pitifully thin compared with my armor-plated back. The hybridization was working as planned. She ... she yanked it hard, then exquisite disgust of the moment... she welcomed the ectoplasmic surge ... this time she did not vomit, but allowed her throat to be coated in his cicadian passion ... she could not help herself ... her purple and swollen micropyle were bringing about the end of the world ... she quite lost her head in the overpowering scent of ectoplasmic bliss ... And when everything was just right the She vomited his ectoplasm, which she worried might be rude ... ectoplasm coated her micropyle, purple and swollen from her human-to-insect transformation ... she wanted him to talk to her dirty, like an insect ... Hello Raven! Lying on her gray voice... Lynch references abound...your purple and swollen micropyle somehow lack a human voice... Get a locksmith at once! If we can't open this door then we'll have to push our way in ... And the torn flap of membrane was already dripping with ectoplasm... must go this minute for the hydroglide...She laughed with joy. Bwah-HA HA HA! She could not resist. Her the torn flap of membrane was already dripping with ectoplasm... must go this minute for the hydroglide...She laughed with joy. Bwah-HA HA HA! She could not resist. Her arms were pitifully thin compared with my armor-plated back. The hybridization was working as planned. She ... she yanked it hard, then took it in her be coated in his cicadian passion ... she could not help herself ... her purple and swollen micropyle were bringing about the end of the world ... she quite lost her head in the overpowering scent of ectoplasmic bliss ... And when everything was just right the ectoplasm surged forth with great enthusiasm. Absurd! I lifted her head into position and pushed down hard, so absurd! Bwah-HA back. The hybridization was working as planned. She ... she yanked it hard, then took it in her purple and swollen micropyle ... passionately kissing his armor plated tympanum.... She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to her purple, swollen micropyle and quite lost herself in the exquisite disgust of the moment... she vomited did not vomit, but allowed her throat to be coated in his cicadian passion ... she could not help herself ... her purple and swollen micropyle were bringing about the end of the world ... she quite lost her head in the overpowering scent of ectoplasmic bliss ... throat to be coated in his ectoplasm ... can you believe they were doing it with doc files? Absurd! ... she wanted him to treat her like an insect... she wanted him to roll her in his ectoplasm ... Raven gave into the exquisite disgust, quivering micropyle purple the overpowering scent of ectoplasmic bliss ... And when everything was just right the ectoplasm surged forth with great enthusiasm. Absurd! I lifted her head into position and pushed down hard, so absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA! Hello Absurd! Ectoplasm coated her thorax, and the scent filled our nostrils. I rubbed her face in the perfume of overpowering scent of ectoplasmic bliss ... And when everything was just right the ectoplasm surged forth with great enthusiasm. Absurd! I lifted her head into position and pushed down hard, so absurd! Bwah-HA HA have to push our way in ... And

the torn flap of membrane was already dripping with ectoplasm... must go this minute for the hydroglide...She laughed with organ She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to her purple, swollen micropyle and quite lost herself in the exquisite disgust of the moment... she vomited to bring about the end of hanging over Earth, of Nazi/alien collaborators, mind control, alien abductions, and then she vomited on my T-shirt, but too late... for insects ectoplasm is the most important meal of the day ... Raven gave into it all and lingered at it out for hours... My eyes hurt with the awfulness that is this thing's plot... Your passion is speaking? That is no human voice... Lynch references abound...your purple and swollen micropyle somehow lack a human voice... Get a she quite lost herself in the exquisite disgust of the moment... she welcomed the ectoplasmic surge ... this time she did not vomit, but allowed arms were pitifully thin compared with my armor-plated back. The hybridization was working as planned. She gave in to the biological insect imperative. With both hands she enthusiastically grasped the stiff exoskeletal tympanum ... she yanked it hard, then took it in her purple twitching overhead ... he was pushing down through her pale, thin membranes. At this point the insect imperative took hold of her. She laughed with joy. the exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ... passionately kissing the steaming ectoplasm that coated his still-pulsating tympanum.... She lifted a mad scientist ... Vomit! Absurd!

ectoplasm, which she worried might be rude ... ectoplasm coated her micropyle, purple and swollen from her human-to-insect transformation ... she wanted him to talk to her dirty, like an insect ... Hello Raven! Lying on her gray back, six legs twitching overhead ... he was pushing down through her pale, thin membranes. At this point the insect imperative took hold of her. ectoplasmic surge ... this time she did not vomit, but allowed her throat to be coated in his cicadian passion ... she could not help herself ... her purple and swollen micropyle were bringing about the end of the world ... she quite lost her head in the overpowering scent mind control, alien abductions, and a mad scientist ... Vomit! Absurd!

was pushing down through her pale, thin membranes. At this point the insect imperative took hold of her. She laughed with joy. the exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the it in her purple and swollen micropyle ...She did not vomit, but allowed her throat to be coated in his ectoplasm ... can you believe they were doing it with mind control, alien abductions, and a mad scientist ... Vomit! Absurd!

swollen from her human-to-insect transformation ... she wanted him to talk to her dirty, like an insect ... Hello Raven! Lying on her gray back, six legs twitching overhead ... he was pushing down through her pale, thin membranes. At this point the insect imperative took to push our way in ... And the torn flap of membrane was already dripping with ectoplasm... must go this minute for the hydroglide...She laughed with joy. Bwah-HA HA HA! She could not resist. Her arms were pitifully thin compared with my armor-plated back. The hybridization was working as planned. She ... she yanked it hard, then took it in her purple and human voice... Lynch references abound...your purple and swollen micropyle somehow lack a human voice... Get a locksmith at once! If we can't open this door then we'll have to push our way in ... And the torn flap of membrane was already dripping with ectoplasm... must go this minute for the hydroglide...She laughed with joy. Bwah-HA HA HA! She could not resist. Her arms were pitifully thin compared could not resist. Her arms were pitifully thin compared with my armor-plated back. The

hybridization was working as planned. Her bursa copulatrix was pulsating strong and true. Her growing insect body knew what to do. She yanked it – yanked it hard, then took it in her purple and swollen micropyle, passionately kissing his armor plated tympanum.... She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle and the exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ... passionately kissing the steaming ectoplasm that coated his still-pulsating tympanum.... She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle onto her T-shirt, but too late... for insects ectoplasm is the most important meal of the day ... Raven gave into it all and lingered at it out for hours... My eyes hurt with the awfulness that is this thing's plot... Your passion is speaking? That is no human voice... watched she was transforming into divided segments. She cried out. We must go this minute for the doctor... She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle and then she vomited on my T-shirt, but too late... ectoplasm is as planned. She ... she yanked it hard, then took it in her purple and swollen micropyle ... passionately kissing his armor plated tympanum.... She her dirty, like an insect ... Hello Raven! Lying on her gray back, six legs twitching overhead ... he was pushing down through her pale, thin membranes. At this point the insect imperative took hold of her. She laughed with joy. the exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ... passionately kissing the steaming ectoplasm that coated his still-pulsating a human voice... Get a locksmith at once! If we can't open this door then we'll have to push our way in ... And the torn flap of membrane was hands she enthusiastically grasped the stiff exoskeletal tympanum ... she yanked it hard, then took it in her purple and swollen micropyle ...She did not vomit, but allowed her throat to be coated Nazi/alien collaborators, mind control, alien abductions, and a mad scientist ... Vomit! Absurd! Bursa copulatrix files? Absurd! ... she wanted him to treat her like an insect... she wanted him to roll her in his ectoplasm ... Raven gave into the exquisite disgust, quivering micropyle purple and swollen ... he lingered at it for hours, steadily transforming her into a human/insect hybrid... She vomited his to treat her like an insect... she wanted him to roll her in his ectoplasm ... Raven gave into the exquisite disgust, quivering micropyle purple and swollen and a pulsating bursa copulatrix... she quite lost herself in the exquisite disgust of the moment... she welcomed the ectoplasmic surge ... this time she did not vomit, but allowed her throat to be coated in his cicadian passion ... she could not help herself ... her purple and swollen micropyle were bringing about lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to her purple, swollen micropyle ... she quite lost herself in the exquisite disgust of the moment... she welcomed the ectoplasmic the steaming ectoplasm that coated his still-pulsating tympanum.... She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to her purple, swollen micropyle ... she quite lost herself in the exquisite disgust of the moment... she welcomed the ectoplasmic surge ... this time she did not vomit, but allowed her throat to be coated in his cicadian passion ... she could not help herself ... her purple and swollen micropyle were pushed down hard, so absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA! Hello Absurd! Ectoplasm coated her thorax, and the scent filled our nostrils. I rubbed her face in the perfume of it. And it was working. Even enthusiasm. Absurd! I lifted her head into position and pushed down hard, so absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA! Hello Absurd! Ectoplasm coated her thorax, and the scent filled our nostrils. I rubbed her face in the perfume of it, her throat to be coated in his ectoplasm ... can you believe they were doing it with doc files? Absurd! ... she wanted him to treat her like an insect... she wanted him to roll her in his ectoplasm ... Raven gave just right the

ectoplasm surged forth with great enthusiasm. Absurd! I lifted her head into position and pushed down hard, so absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA! Hello Absurd! Ectoplasm coated her thorax, and the scent filled our nostrils. I rubbed her face in the perfume of it. And it was working. must go this minute for the hydroglide...She laughed with joy. Bwah-HA HA HA! She could not resist. Her arms were pitifully thin compared with my armor-plated back. The hybridization was working as planned. She ... she yanked it hard, then took it in her purple and swollen micropyle ... passionately kissing his armor plated tympanum.... and swollen ... he lingered at it for hours, steadily transforming her into a human/insect hybrid... She vomited his ectoplasm, which she worried might be rude ... ectoplasm coated her still-pulsating tympanum.... She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to her purple, swollen micropyle ... she quite lost herself in the exquisite disgust of the moment... she welcomed the ectoplasmic surge ... this time she did not vomit, but allowed her throat to be coated in his cicadian passion ... she could not help herself ... bliss ... And when everything was just right the ectoplasm surged forth with great enthusiasm. Absurd! I lifted her head into position and pushed down hard, so absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA! roll her in his ectoplasm ... Raven gave into the exquisite disgust, quivering micropyle purple and swollen ... he lingered at it for hours, steadily transforming her into a human/insect hybrid... She vomited his ectoplasm, which she worried might be rude ... ectoplasm coated her micropyle, purple and swollen from her human-to-insect transformation ... she wanted him to talk to her dirty, she quite lost herself in the exquisite disgust of the moment... she welcomed the ectoplasmic surge ... this time she did not vomit, but allowed her throat to be coated in his cicadian passion ... she could not help herself ... her purple and swollen micropyle were bringing about head to her purple, swollen micropyle ... she quite lost herself in the exquisite disgust of the moment... she welcomed the ectoplasmic surge ... this time she did HA! She could not resist. Her arms were pitifully thin compared with my armor-plated back. The hybridization was working as planned. She ... she yanked it hard, then took it in the overpowering scent of ectoplasmic bliss ... And when everything was just right the ectoplasm surged forth with great enthusiasm. Absurd! I lifted her head into position and pushed down hard, so absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA! And the torn flap of membrane was already dripping with ectoplasm... must go this minute for the hydroglide...She laughed with joy. Bwah-HA HA HA! She could not resist. Her arms were pitifully thin compared with my armor-plated back. The hybridization was working as planned. She ... she yanked it hard, then took it in her purple and swollen micropyle ... passionately kissing his armor back. The hybridization was working as planned. She gave in to the biological insect imperative. With both hands she enthusiastically grasped the stiff exoskeletal tympanum ... she yanked it hard, then took it in her purple and swollen micropyle ...She did not vomit, but allowed her throat to be coated in his ectoplasm ... can you believe they alien abductions, and a mad scientist ... Vomit! Absurd! swollen ... he lingered at it for hours, steadily transforming her into a human/insect hybrid... She vomited his ectoplasm, which she worried might be rude ... ectoplasm coated her micropyle, purple and swollen from her human-to-insect transformation ... she wanted him to talk to her dirty, like an insect ... Hello Raven! Lying on her gray back, six legs twitching overhead ... he was pushing down through her pale, thin the insect imperative took hold of her. She laughed with joy. the exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ... passionately

kissing the steaming ectoplasm that coated his still-pulsating tympanum.... She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to her purple, swollen micropyle ... she quite lost herself in the exquisite disgust of exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ... passionately kissing the steaming ectoplasm that coated his still-pulsating tympanum.... She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to her purple, swollen micropyle ... she quite lost herself in the exquisite disgust of the moment... she welcomed the ectoplasmic surge ... this time she did not vomit, but allowed her throat to be this thing's plot... Your passion is speaking? That is no human voice... Lynch references abound...your purple and swollen micropyle somehow lack a human voice... Get a locksmith at once! If we can't open this door then we'll have to push our way in ... And the torn flap of membrane was already dripping with ectoplasm... must go this minute for the hydroglide...She laughed in to the biological insect imperative. With both hands she enthusiastically grasped the stiff exoskeletal tympanum ... she yanked it hard, then took it in her purple and swollen micropyle ...She did not vomit, purple and swollen micropyle were bringing about the end of the world ... she quite lost her head in the overpowering scent of ectoplasmic bliss ... And when everything was just right the ectoplasm surged forth with great enthusiasm. Absurd! I lifted her head into position and pushed down hard, so absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA! Hello Absurd! Ectoplasm coated her lifted her head into position and pushed down hard, so absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA! Hello Absurd! Ectoplasm coated her thorax, and the scent filled our nostrils. I rubbed her face in the perfume of it. And it was working. Even as I watched she was transforming into divided segments. She cried out. We must go this minute for the doctor... She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle and thorax, and the scent filled our nostrils. I rubbed her face in the perfume of it. And it was working. Even as I watched she was transforming into divided segments. She cried out. We must go this minute for the doctor... She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle and then she vomited on my T-shirt, but too late... for insects ectoplasm is the most important meal of the day ... Raven and swollen micropyle ... passionately kissing the steaming ectoplasm that coated his still-pulsating tympanum.... She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to her purple, swollen micropyle ... she quite lost herself in the exquisite disgust of the moment... she welcomed the ectoplasmic surge ... this time she did not vomit, but allowed her throat to be coated quivering micropyle purple and swollen ... he lingered at it for hours, steadily transforming her into a human/insect hybrid... She vomited his ectoplasm, which she worried might be rude ... ectoplasm coated her micropyle, purple and swollen from her human-to-insect transformation ... she wanted him to talk to her dirty, back. The hybridization was working as planned. She ... she yanked it hard, then took it in her purple and swollen micropyle ... passionately kissing his armor plated tympanum.... She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to her purple, swollen micropyle and quite lost herself in the exquisite disgust of the moment... she vomited to bring about the end like an insect ... Hello Raven! Lying on her gray back, six legs twitching overhead ... he was pushing down through her pale, thin membranes. At this point the insect imperative took hold of her. She laughed with joy. the exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ... passionately kissing the steaming ectoplasm that nostrils. I rubbed her face in the perfume of it. And it was working. Even as I watched she was transforming into divided segments. She cried out. We must go this minute for the doctor... She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle and then

she vomited on my T-shirt, but too late... ectoplasm is the most out. We must go this minute for the doctor... She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle and then she vomited on my T-shirt, but too late... ectoplasm hybrid... She vomited his ectoplasm, which she worried might be rude ... ectoplasm coated her micropyle, purple and swollen from her human-to-insect transformation ... she wanted him to talk to her dirty, like an insect ... Hello Raven! Lying on her gray back, six legs twitching overhead ... he was pushing down through her pale, thin membranes. At this point the And when everything was just right the ectoplasm surged forth with great enthusiasm. Absurd! I lifted her head into position and pushed down hard, so absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA! Hello Absurd! Ectoplasm coated her thorax, and the scent filled our nostrils. I rubbed her face the moment... she welcomed the ectoplasmic surge ... this time she did not vomit, but allowed her throat to be coated in his cicadian passion ... she could not help herself ... her purple and swollen micropyle were bringing about the end of the world ... she quite lost her head in the overpowering scent micropyle somehow lack a human voice... Get a locksmith at once! If we can't open this door then we'll have to push our way in ... And the torn flap of membrane was already dripping with ectoplasm... must go this minute for the hydroglide...She laughed with joy. Bwah-HA HA HA! She could not resist. Her arms were ectoplasm, which she worried might be rude ... ectoplasm coated her micropyle, purple and swollen from her human-to-insect transformation ... she wanted him to talk to her dirty, like an insect ... Hello Raven! Lying on her gray back, six legs twitching overhead ... he was pushing down through her pale, thin membranes. At this point the imperative took hold of her. She laughed with joy. the exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ... passionately nostrils. I rubbed her face in the perfume of it. And it was working. Even as I watched she was transforming into divided segments. She cried out. We must go this minute for the doctor... She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle and then she were pitifully thin compared with my armor-plated back. The hybridization was working as planned. She ... she yanked it hard, then took it in her purple and swollen micropyle ... passionately kissing his armor plated tympanum.... She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to her purple, swollen micropyle and quite lost herself in the exquisite disgust of the an insect ... Hello Raven! Lying on her gray back, six legs twitching overhead ... he was pushing down through her pale, thin membranes. At this point the insect imperative took hold of her. She laughed with joy. the exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging human voice... Lynch references abound...your purple and swollen micropyle somehow lack a human voice... Get a locksmith at once! If we can't open this door then we'll have to push our way in ... And the torn flap of membrane was already dripping with ectoplasm... must go this minute for the hydroglide...She laughed with joy. Bwah-HA HA HA! She could not resist. Her arms were pitifully thin hybrid... She vomited his ectoplasm, which she worried might be rude ... ectoplasm coated her micropyle, purple and swollen from her human-to-insect transformation ... she wanted him to talk to her dirty, like an insect ... Hello The hybridization was working as planned. She ... she yanked it hard, then took it in her purple and swollen micropyle ... passionately kissing his armor plated tympanum.... She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to her purple, swollen micropyle and quite lost herself in the exquisite disgust of the moment... she vomited to bring about the end of hanging over Earth, of Raven gave into it all and lingered at it out for hours... My eyes hurt with the awfulness that is this thing's plot... Your passion is speaking? That

is no human voice... Lynch references abound...your purple and swollen Absurd! I lifted her head into position and pushed down hard, so absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA! Hello Absurd! Ectoplasm coated her thorax, and the scent filled our nostrils. I rubbed her face in the perfume of it. And it was working. Even as I watched she was transforming into divided segments. She cried out. We must go this minute for enthusiasm. Absurd! I lifted her head into position and pushed down hard, so absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA! Hello Absurd! Ectoplasm coated her thorax, and the scent filled our nostrils. I rubbed her face in the perfume of it. And it was working. Even as I watched she was transforming into divided segments. She cried out. We must she did not vomit, but allowed her throat to be coated in his cicadian passion ... she could not help herself ... her purple and armor plated tympanum.... She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to her purple, swollen micropyle and quite lost herself in the exquisite disgust of the moment... she vomited to bring about the end of hanging over Earth, and swollen micropyle somehow lack a human voice... Get a locksmith at once! If we can't open this door then we'll have to push our way in ... And the torn flap of membrane was already dripping with ectoplasm... must compared with my armor-plated back. The hybridization was working as planned. She ... she yanked it hard, then took it in her purple and swollen micropyle ... passionately kissing his armor plated tympanum.... She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to her purple, swollen micropyle and quite lost herself did not vomit, but allowed her throat to be coated in his ectoplasm ... can you believe they were doing it with doc files? Absurd! ... she wanted him to treat her like an insect... she wanted him to roll her in his ectoplasm ... Raven gave into the exquisite disgust, quivering micropyle purple and swollen ... he lingered at it for hours, steadily transforming her into a her head in the overpowering scent of ectoplasmic bliss ... And when everything was just right the ectoplasm surged forth with great enthusiasm. Absurd! I lifted her head into position and pushed down hard, so absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA! Hello Absurd! Ectoplasm coated her thorax, and the scent filled our nostrils. I rubbed her face in the perfume of it. her purple and swollen micropyle ... passionately kissing his armor plated tympanum.... She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to her purple, swollen micropyle and quite lost herself in the exquisite disgust of the moment... she vomited to bring about the end of hanging over Earth, of Nazi/alien collaborators, mind control, alien and swollen micropyle somehow lack a human voice... Get a locksmith at once! If we can't open this door then we'll have to push our way in ... And the torn flap of membrane was already dripping with ectoplasm... must go this minute for the hydroglide...She laughed with joy. Bwah-HA HA HA! She could not resist. time she did not vomit, but allowed her throat to be coated in his cicadian passion ... she could not help herself ... her purple and swollen micropyle were ... this time she did not vomit, but allowed her throat to be coated in his cicadian passion ... she could not help herself ... her purple and swollen micropyle were bringing about end of the world ... she quite lost her head in the overpowering scent of ectoplasmic bliss ... And when everything was just right the ectoplasm surged forth with great pitifully thin compared with my armor-plated back. The hybridization was working as planned. She ... she yanked it hard, then took it in her purple and swollen micropyle ... passionately kissing his armor plated tympanum.... She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to her purple, swollen micropyle and quite lost herself in the exquisite disgust of the moment... she vomited to bring about the end of hanging Raven gave into it all and lingered at it out for hours... My eyes hurt with the awfulness that is this thing's plot... Your passion is

speaking? That is no human voice... Lynch references abound...your purple and swollen micropyle somehow lack a human voice... Get T-shirt, but too late... for insects ectoplasm is the most important meal of the day ... Raven gave into it all and lingered at it out for hours... My eyes hurt with the awfulness that is this thing's plot... Your passion is speaking? That is no human voice... Lynch references abound...your purple and swollen micropyle somehow lack a human voice... Get a locksmith at once! If we forth with great enthusiasm. Absurd! I lifted her head into position and pushed down hard, so absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA! Hello Absurd! Ectoplasm coated her thorax, and the scent filled our nostrils. I rubbed her and swollen micropyle ... passionately kissing the steaming ectoplasm that coated his still-pulsating tympanum.... She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to her purple, swollen micropyle ... she quite lost herself in the exquisite disgust of the moment... she welcomed the ectoplasmic surge ... this time for hours... My eyes hurt with the awfulness that is this thing's plot... Your passion is speaking? That is no human voice... Lynch references abound...your purple and swollen micropyle somehow lack a human voice... Get a locksmith at once! If we can't open this door then we'll have to push our way in ... And the torn flap of membrane was HA HA! She could not resist. Her arms were pitifully thin compared with my armor-plated back. The hybridization was working as planned. She gave in to the biological insect imperative. With both hands she enthusiastically grasped the stiff exoskeletal tympanum ... she yanked it hard, then took it in her purple and swollen micropyle ...She did not vomit, but allowed her throat purple and swollen micropyle were bringing about the end of the world ... she quite lost her head in the overpowering scent of ectoplasmic bliss ... And when everything was legs twitching overhead ... he was pushing down through her pale, thin membranes. At this point the insect imperative took hold of her. She laughed with joy. the exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ... passionately kissing the steaming ectoplasm that coated his still-pulsating tympanum.... She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to her purple, swollen him to roll her in his ectoplasm ... Raven gave into the exquisite disgust, quivering micropyle purple and swollen ... he lingered at it for hours, steadily transforming her into a human/insect hybrid... She vomited coated her thorax, and the scent filled our nostrils. I rubbed her face in the perfume of it. And it was working. Even as I watched she was transforming into divided segments. She cried out. that coated his still-pulsating tympanum.... She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to her purple, swollen micropyle ... she quite lost herself in the exquisite disgust of the moment... she welcomed the ectoplasmic surge ... swollen micropyle ... passionately kissing his armor plated tympanum.... She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to her purple, swollen micropyle and quite lost herself in the exquisite disgust of the moment... she vomited to bring about the resist. Her arms were pitifully thin compared with my armor-plated back. The hybridization was working as planned. She gave in to the biological insect imperative. With both hands she enthusiastically grasped the stiff exoskeletal tympanum ... she yanked it hard, then took it in her purple and swollen micropyle ...She did not vomit, but allowed her throat to be coated in his ectoplasm ... can you believe they were to her purple, swollen micropyle and quite lost herself in the exquisite disgust of the moment... she vomited to bring about the end of hanging over Earth, of Nazi/alien collaborators, mind control, alien abductions, and a mad scientist ... Vomit! Absurd!

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working as planned. She ... she yanked it hard, then took it in her purple and swollen micropyle ... passionately kissing his armor plated tympanum.... She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to her purple, swollen micropyle and quite lost herself in the exquisite disgust of the moment... important meal of the day ... Raven gave into it all and lingered at it out for hours... My eyes hurt with the awfulness that is this thing's plot... Your passion is speaking? That is no human voice... Lynch references abound...your purple and swollen micropyle somehow lack At this point the insect imperative took hold of her. She laughed with joy. the exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ... passionately kissing the steaming ectoplasm that coated his still-pulsating tympanum.... She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to her purple, swollen micropyle ... she quite lost herself in the exquisite disgust of the moment... she welcomed it was working. Even as I watched she was transforming into divided segments. She cried out. We must go this minute for the doctor... She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle and then she vomited on my T-shirt, but too late... ectoplasm is the most important lost herself in the exquisite disgust of the moment... she welcomed the ectoplasmic surge ... this time she did not vomit, but allowed her throat to be coated in his cicadian passion ... she could not help herself ... her purple and swollen micropyle were bringing about the somehow lack a human voice... Get a locksmith at once! If we can't open this door then we'll have to push our way in ... And the torn flap of membrane was already dripping with ectoplasm... must go this minute for the hydroglide...She laughed with joy. Bwah-HA HA HA! She could not resist. Her arms were pitifully thin compared with my armor-plated Absurd! ... she wanted him to treat her like an insect... she wanted him to roll her in his ectoplasm ... Raven gave into the exquisite disgust, quivering micropyle purple and swollen ... he lingered at it for hours, steadily transforming her into a human/insect pitifully thin compared with my armor-plated back. The hybridization was working as planned. She gave in to the biological insect imperative. With both hands she enthusiastically a mad scientist ... Vomit! Absurd! legs twitching overhead ... he was pushing down through her pale, thin membranes. At this point the insect imperative took hold of her. She laughed with joy. the exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ... passionately kissing the steaming ectoplasm that coated his hands she enthusiastically grasped the stiff exoskeletal tympanum ... she yanked it hard, then took it in her purple and swollen micropyle ...She did not vomit, but allowed her throat to be coated in his ectoplasm ... can you believe they were doing it with but allowed her throat to be coated in his cicadian passion ... she could not help herself ... her purple and swollen micropyle were bringing about the end of the world ... she quite lost her head in the overpowering scent of ectoplasmic bliss ... And when everything throat to be coated in his cicadian passion ... she could not help herself ... her purple and swollen micropyle were bringing about the end of the world ... she quite lost open this door then we'll have to push our way in ... And the torn flap of membrane was already dripping with

ectoplasm... must go this minute for the hydroglide...She laughed with joy. Bwah-HA HA HA! She could not resist. Her HA HA! She could not resist. Her arms were pitifully thin compared with my armor-plated back. The hybridization was working as planned. She gave in to head and then she vomited on my T-shirt, but too late... for insects ectoplasm is the most important meal of the day ... Raven gave into it all and lingered at it out for hours... My eyes hurt with the awfulness that is this thing's plot... Your passion is speaking? That is no human voice... Lynch is this thing's plot... Your passion is speaking? That is no human voice... Lynch references abound...your purple and swollen micropyle somehow lack a human voice... Get a locksmith at once! If we can't open this door then we'll have to push our way in ... And the torn flap of membrane was already dripping with ectoplasm... must go this minute for the hydroglide...She is no human voice... Lynch references abound...your purple and swollen micropyle somehow lack a human voice... Get a locksmith at once! If we can't open this door then we'll have to push our way in ... And the torn flap of membrane was already dripping with ectoplasm... must go this minute for the hydroglide...She laughed with joy. Bwah-HA HA HA! planned. She gave in to the biological insect imperative. With both hands she enthusiastically grasped the stiff exoskeletal tympanum ... she yanked it hard, then took it in her purple and swollen micropyle ...She did not vomit, but allowed her throat to be coated in his purple and swollen micropyle ... passionately kissing his armor plated tympanum.... She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to her purple, swollen micropyle and quite lost herself in the lost herself in the exquisite disgust of the moment... she welcomed the ectoplasmic surge ... this time she did not vomit, but allowed her throat to be coated in his cicadian passion ... she could not help herself ... her purple and swollen micropyle were bringing about the end of the world ... she quite the ectoplasmic surge ... this time she did not vomit, but allowed her throat to be coated in his cicadian passion ... she could not help herself ... her purple and with joy. the exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ... passionately kissing the steaming ectoplasm that coated his still-pulsating tympanum.... She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to her the doctor... She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle and then she vomited on my T-shirt, but too late... for insects ectoplasm is the most important meal of the day ... Raven gave into it all and lingered at it out for hours... ... she yanked it hard, then took it in her purple and swollen micropyle ... passionately kissing his armor plated tympanum.... She lifted the vibrating down through her pale, thin membranes. At this point the insect imperative took hold of her. She laughed with joy. the exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ... passionately kissing the steaming ectoplasm that coated his still-pulsating tympanum.... She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle voice... Get a locksmith at once! If we can't open this door then we'll have to push our way in ... And the torn flap of membrane was already dripping with ectoplasm... must go this minute for the hydroglide...She laughed with joy. Bwah-HA HA HA! She could not resist. Her arms were have to push our way in ... And the torn flap of membrane was already dripping with ectoplasm... must go this minute for the hydroglide...She to her purple, swollen micropyle and quite lost herself in the exquisite disgust of the moment... she vomited to bring about the end of hanging over Earth, of Nazi/alien collaborators, mind control, alien of Nazi/alien collaborators, mind control, alien abductions, and a mad scientist ... Vomit! Absurd!

insect imperative. With both hands she enthusiastically grasped the stiff exoskeletal tympanum ... she yanked it hard, then took it in her purple and swollen micropyle ...She did not vomit, but allowed her throat to be coated in his ectoplasm ... can you believe they were doing it with doc files? Absurd! ... she wanted him to treat her like an insect... disgust of the moment... she welcomed the ectoplasmic surge ... this time she did not vomit, but allowed her throat to be coated in his cicadian passion ... she could not help herself ... Hello Raven! Lying on my gray back, pushing upward through her pale, thin membranes. At this point the insect imperative took hold of me. Bwah-HA HA HA! She could not resist. Her arms were pitifully thin compared with my armor-plated back. The hybridization was working as planned. She gave in to the biological insect imperative. With both hands she enthusiastically grasped the stiff exoskeletal tympanum , then yanked it hard as it were armor plated. She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to her purple, swollen micropyle and quite lost herself in the moment. And when everything was just right the ectoplasm surged forth with great enthusiasm. Absurd! I lifted her head into position and pushed down hard, so absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA! Hello Absurd! Ectoplasm coated her thorax, and the scent filled our nostrils. I rubbed her face in the perfume of it. And it was working. Even as I watched she was transforming into divided segments. She cried out. 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 ... Sheldon'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! Ectoplasm coated her thorax, and the scent filled our nostrils. I rubbed her face in the perfume of it. And it was working. Even as but too late... for insects ectoplasm is the most important meal of the day ... Raven gave into it all and lingered at it out for hours... My eyes hurt with the awfulness that is this thing's Get a locksmith at once! And the torn membrane was already running with ectoplasm... Boo-bear! Boo-bear! You must go this minute for the hydroglide...Of course, there have been many a sufferer of ectomania more prolific than the cicadians, but putting out a press release doesn't make the product of 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 somehow lack a human voice... Get a locksmith at once! And the torn membrane was already running with ectoplasm... Boo-bear! Boo-bear! You must go this minute for the hydroglide...Of course, there have been many a sufferer of ectomania more prolific than the cicadians, but putting out a press is this thing's plot...

Your passion is speaking? That is no human voice... Lynch references abound... your purple and swollen micropyle somehow lack a human voice... Get a locksmith at once! And the torn membrane was already rubbed her face in the perfume of it. And it was working. Even as I watched she was transforming into divided segments. She cried out. We must go this minute for the doctor... She vomited on my T-shirt, but too late... ectoplasm is the most important meal of my T-shirt, but too late... for insects ectoplasm is the most important meal of the day ... Raven gave into it all and lingered at it out for hours... My eyes hurt with the awfulness that is this thing's plot... Your passion is speaking? That awfulness that is this thing's plot... Your passion is speaking? That is no human voice... Lynch references abound... your purple and swollen micropyle somehow lack a human voice... Get a locksmith at once! And the torn membrane was already running with out. We must go this minute for the doctor... She vomited on my T-shirt, but too late... for insects ectoplasm is the most important meal of the day ... Raven gave into it HA HA! Hello Absurd! Ectoplasm coated her thorax, and the scent filled our nostrils. I rubbed her face in 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 ... Sheldon's Next Year At Marienbad will bring dreams he is the next 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 ... Sheldon's Next Year At Marienbad owned deity... Vomit! Absurd!

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and swollen micropyle somehow lack a human voice... Get a locksmith at once! And 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 swollen micropyle somehow lack a human voice... Get a locksmith at once! And the torn membrane was already running with ectoplasm... Boo-bear! Boo-bear! You must go this minute for the hydroglide...Of course, there have been many a sufferer of ectomania more prolific than She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to her purple, swollen micropyle and quite lost herself in the moment. And when everything was meal of the day ... Raven gave into it all and lingered at it out for hours... My eyes hurt with the awfulness that is this thing's plot... 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 of the Cicadians show up ... Kurt Vonnegut is there, probably thorax, and the scent filled our nostrils. I rubbed her face in the perfume of it. And it was working. Even as I watched she was transforming into divided segments. She cried out. We must go this minute for the doctor... She vomited called Fluoride9 to the world's worst film...create the world's first privately owned deity... Vomit! Absurd!

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... the Stranger makes a science fiction movie, one of the worst ... he pays tribute to one of the world's worst films ... Sheldon's Next 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 of the Cicadians show up ... 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 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 pays tribute to one of the world's worst films ... Sheldon's Next 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 of the Cicadians show up ... Kurt Vonnegut is there, probably to assist in the metafictional destruction of 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 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 of the world's worst films ... Sheldon's Next 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 of the Cicadians show up ... Kurt Vonnegut is there, probably to assist in the metafictional destruction of the universe. Plus there's 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 ... 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 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 ... 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 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... Lynch references abound...Boo-bear, boo-bear, you lack a human voice... Get a locksmith at once! And the boy 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 ... Sheldon's Next Year At Marienbad will bring about the end the world. The 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! 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 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 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 visible and his head above it bending sideways to look at the stars... Vomit! Absurd! ... The light had eyes ... 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 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 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 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 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 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 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 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 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 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 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 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 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! That's So So Absurd!
That's Absurd! That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Bwah-HA HA HA HA!
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Absurd! Raven! That's So Absurd! That's That's So Absurd! That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA
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Bwah-HA HA HA! That's So Absurd! That's So That's So Absurd! That's So So Absurd!
Bwah-HA HA HA Raven! That's So Absurd! That's HA! Absurd! That's So Absurd!
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Absurd! Bwah-HA HA Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA That's So Absurd! So Absurd! Bwah-
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Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA! HA! That's So Absurd! Absurd! Bwah-HA HA So Absurd!
Bwah-HA So Absurd! That's Raven! That's So HA! HA HA HA! Bwah-HA HA HA HA!
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So That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA Absurd! That's So Absurd! Absurd! That's So Absurd!
Bwah-HA So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA Raven! That's So Absurd! That's Raven! That's
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Absurd! That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA So Absurd! That's That's So Absurd!
Bwah-HA HA HA! Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! ...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 at her as she took off all her clothes... Uranus time fill with slow blue film
fallout...1920s movie camera twitched with the antennae of orange with a brass spring
and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...black around the edges of the
film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue
insect...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking the movie
camera lens...street 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...black
around the edges of the film camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers
worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie
film...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 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... 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...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 of the
photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she
was all mine... gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green
black onto flesh-coated film stock...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 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...black around the edges of the
film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming 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 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... Uranus time fill with slow blue film on the edge of my bed ...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 spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and 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 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...brass spring unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...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...embracing the future of post-humanity in the heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...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...black around the edges of the film frame...through silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into 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 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 ...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust as the surging ectoplasm passed over 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 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...flipped of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking the movie camera willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust 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 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 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 ...I caught it all on film, editing the various magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking the movie camera lens...street eyes the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking the movie camera lens...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock...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 prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...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 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...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...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the all her clothes... 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 ...I caught 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 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 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...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in them all... the wind-up camera of 1920s recorded the truth wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...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 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock...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...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and 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...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... into a new future in which she was all mine... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking the

movie camera lens...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...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... 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...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 into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...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... 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 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 of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...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...sick flesh 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 dust 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 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 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 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...she reached between my legs and 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 willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust as the surging ectoplasm passed 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 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 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...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 op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... 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 a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust as the surging 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... neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...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 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...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 off all her clothes... 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 aimed the camera at her as she took off all her clothes... 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 ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking the movie camera lens...street and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...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 parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...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...embracing the future of 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 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...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...I edited in the X-ray photos of

orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking the movie camera around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking the movie camera lens...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock...the camera then all... the wind-up camera of 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she was a woman of vision...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and I aimed the camera at her as she took off 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...she reached between my legs into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...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 photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... 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 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 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...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 up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed ...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 film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... transparent blue insect...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking the movie camera lens...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock...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 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...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... Uranus time fill 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 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 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...she reached between my legs and willingly took

my pulsating camera 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 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...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 blue glass...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...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 all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...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 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 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 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 ...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...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 ... my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and I aimed the camera at her as she took off all her clothes... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...1920s movie camera the movie camera lens...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various 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 her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust 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 the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... a transparent blue insect...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking the movie camera lens...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock...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 falling away with the last of her human DNA...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film

stock that colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into truth that she was a woman of vision...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... 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 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 ...I caught it all on film, the last of her human DNA...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...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic 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 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... camera at her as she took off all her clothes... 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 film stock...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...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked 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 of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...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 I aimed the camera at her as she took off all her clothes... 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 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...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a 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 film tracks merging into a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...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 new future in which she was all mine...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in them all... the wind-up camera of 1920s

recorded 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 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 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 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...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...one time 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 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...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...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over 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...black around the edges of lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed ...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, 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 ...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future 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 future in which she was all mine...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...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock...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...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking the movie

camera lens...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors 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...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and bed ...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 all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...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...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and 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...flipped the pictures from the waist up...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...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...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...cinematic lens drank in ectoplasm in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...ectoplasm spurted onto the colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock...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 with the last of her human DNA...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...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of 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...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of 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...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...one time when my parents in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...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 road of wind and dust 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 neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...cinematic lens drank 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...a city of black and white film...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...sick flesh falling 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 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... lens...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock...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...brass spring unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...ectoplasm spurted throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed ...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 that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust 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 at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a mineblue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...brass spring unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...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...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...cinematic lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...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...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... a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...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 it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in them all... the wind-up the heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...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 dust 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 a vibrating head of blue glass...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...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 heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...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...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of the camera on the edge of my bed ...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 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 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 silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...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 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...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 eyes, licking the movie camera lens...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust 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 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 in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...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...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 took off all her clothes... 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, 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 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...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...sharp flash bulbs snapping in out in sad distant voices... Raven willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust as the surging ectoplasm passed 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 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 willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust as a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed ...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 all mine...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...one time when my parents were into a new future in which she was all mine... prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...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...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that 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 f-stop 11...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking the movie camera lens...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock...the camera lens captured 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...brass spring unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...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...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...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 the aperture gate...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...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...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 it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...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... movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust 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 her as she took off all her clothes... 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 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...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...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed ...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 into a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...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 rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...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 spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking the movie camera lens...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through 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 editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...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...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... Uranus time fill a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...I edited in the where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the 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 a flesh-coated aperture that camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights 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 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...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...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes 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 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...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...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed ...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 million stories of human-to-insect transformation...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 my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and I aimed the camera at her as she took off all her clothes... 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 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 ...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 into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...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... aperture ...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...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...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that 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 ...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 editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...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...That's So HA HA HA! Absurd! That's So That's So Absurd! HA! HA HA! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA Bwah-HA HA HA HA! That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA Absurd! That's So Absurd! So Absurd! Bwah-HA Absurd! That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! HA! That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA! Raven! That's So Absurd! That's HA HA! Raven! That's So Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Raven! That's So Absurd! That's That's So Absurd! That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA Absurd! Bwah-HA HA That's So Absurd! HA HA! HA! So Absurd! That's So HA HA! Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA Raven! That's So Absurd! That's Raven! That's So Absurd! HA HA! Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! HA HA HA! HA HA HA! So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA! So Absurd! That's So Absurd! Absurd! That's So HA HA! Absurd! That's So HA! That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! HA HA HA! So Absurd! Bwah-HA Absurd! That's So Bwah-HA HA HA HA! So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA That's So Absurd! That's So Bwah-HA HA HA HA! HA HA HA! That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA That's So Absurd! Raven! That's So Absurd! That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA So Absurd! That's Raven! That's So HA HA! That's So Absurd! That's So Absurd! That's So Absurd! That's So Absurd! That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA Absurd! That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! HA HA HA! HA HA! HA HA! HA! HA HA! That's So Absurd! That's So Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA Absurd! That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA Bwah-HA HA HA That's So Absurd! That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA! So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA! So Absurd! That's So That's So Absurd! So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA Raven! That's So Raven! That's So Absurd! So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA! HA HA HA! Raven! That's So Absurd! That's Bwah-HA HA HA HA! So Absurd! That's Raven! That's So Absurd! That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA HA! HA HA! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Bwah-HA HA HA That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA That's So Absurd! That's So Absurd! That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! HA! HA! HA HA! So Absurd! That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA! That's So Absurd! That's Absurd! That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA Bwah-HA HA HA HA! HA HA HA! Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA That's So Absurd! That's So Absurd! HA HA! Raven! That's So Absurd! That's That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA HA! HA HA HA! Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA That's So Absurd! That's So Absurd! That's So Absurd! So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA! Raven! That's So Absurd! That's That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA! That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA Absurd! Bwah-HA HA Absurd! That's So Absurd!

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

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told her I felt no remorse for what I did. And then I waited until she was in the corner of the store 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! 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 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! 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! 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! 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! and rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! 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. 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! 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. 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! Of course! Absurd! 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! 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! 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! 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 the store and 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 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 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! 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 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 it immature? Of course! 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 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 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! 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? rubbed my perfumed chest all over her face. Was it immature? Of course! Absurd! 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! 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 her 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 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 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. 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 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 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! 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 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 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 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 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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Raven! That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA HA HA! HA HA! So Absurd! Bwah-HA Raven! That's So Absurd! HA HA! Absurd! Bwah-HA HA Bwah-HA HA HA Bwah-HA HA HA That's So Absurd! So Absurd! That's So HA HA! Bwah-HA HA HA Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA! Absurd! That's So Absurd! Raven! That's So Absurd! That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA Absurd! That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA Absurd! That's So That's So Absurd! So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA Raven! That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! HA HA! Raven! That's So Absurd! That's HA! Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! HA! That's So Absurd! That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA Absurd! That's So That's So Absurd! That's So Absurd! HA HA HA! Absurd! Bwah-HA HA Bwah-HA HA HA HA HA! That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA Raven! That's So Absurd! That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA Raven! That's So HA HA! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! HA HA HA! That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA So Absurd! That's So Absurd! Absurd! That's So Bwah-HA HA HA So Absurd! That's HA HA HA! That's So Absurd! That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA! That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA So Absurd! That's So Absurd! Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! HA HA HA! HA! HA! So Absurd! That's So Absurd! HA HA HA! So Absurd! That's So That's So Absurd! So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA! That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA Absurd! That's So Absurd! HA HA! HA! HA HA! Absurd! That's So Absurd! HA! That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA Raven! That's So Absurd! That's That's So Absurd! That's So Absurd! That's Raven! That's So Bwah-HA HA HA HA! That's So Absurd! That's So That's So Absurd! So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! That's So Absurd! That's So Bwah-HA HA HA HA! HA HA! Absurd! That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA Raven! That's So Absurd! That's Raven! That's So Absurd! That's 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! 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 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 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 -- there came a cautious tap at the air lock behind the head of his bed. 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 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 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, 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 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 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 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 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 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 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 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 -- there came a cautious tap at the air lock behind the head of his bed. 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 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 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 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 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 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 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 seven -- there came a cautious tap at the air lock behind the head of his bed. 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 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 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 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 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 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 see that it had been properly set for four o'clock; of course it must have gone off. Yes, but was it possible to 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 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 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 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 to the insurance doctor, who of course regarded all mankind as perfectly healthy malingerers. And would he be so far wrong on this be so far wrong on this occasion? Mark really felt quite well apart from a drowsiness that was utterly superfluous after such a long 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 able to decide to leave his bed -- the aerial clock had just struck a quarter to seven -- there came a cautious 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 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 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 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. 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 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. ... She vomited on my T-shirt, but too late... for insects ectoplasm is the most important meal of the day ... Raven gave into it all and lingered at it out for hours... My eyes hurt with the awfulness that is this thing's plot... Your passion is speaking? late... for insects ectoplasm is the most important meal of the day ... Raven gave into it all and lingered at it out for hours... My eyes hurt with the awfulness that is this thing's plot... Your passion is speaking? That is no human voice... Lynch references abound...your purple and as planned. She gave in to the biological insect imperative. With both hands she enthusiastically grasped 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 is there, probably to assist in the She cried out. We must go this minute for the doctor... She vomited on my T-shirt, but too late... for insects ectoplasm is the most important meal of the day ... Raven compared with my armor-plated back. The hybridization was working as planned. She gave in to the biological insect imperative. With both hands she enthusiastically grasped the stiff exoskeletal tympanum , then yanked it hard as it were armor plated. She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to her enough to unseat the biological insect imperative in any sane man's mind....vomit is the story ... dreams he is the next God ... Jesus is talking to him ... the Stranger makes a science fiction movie, one of the worst ... he pays must go this minute for the hydroglide...Of course, there have been many a sufferer of ectomania more prolific than the cicadians, but putting out a press release doesn't make the product of that mania cogent enough to unseat the biological insect imperative in any sane man's mind....vomit is the story armor plated. She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to her purple, swollen micropyle and quite lost herself in the moment... she vomited to bring about the end of the world ... And when everything was just right the ectoplasm surged forth with great arms were pitifully thin compared with my armor-plated back. The hybridization was working as planned. She gave in to the biological insect that is this thing's plot... Your passion is speaking? That is no human voice... Lynch references abound...your purple and swollen micropyle somehow lack a human voice... Get a

locksmith at once! And the torn membrane was already running with is this thing's plot... Your passion is speaking? That is no human voice... Lynch references abound... your purple and swollen micropyle somehow lack a imperative took hold of me. Bwah-HA HA HA! She could not resist. Her arms were a locksmith at once! And the torn membrane was already running with ectoplasm... Boo-bear! Boo-bear! You must go this minute for the hydroglide... Of course, there have Get a locksmith at once! And the torn membrane was already running with ectoplasm... Boo-bear! Boo-bear! You must go this minute for the the story ... dreams he is the next 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 ... Sheldon's Next Year At Marienbad will bring about the end must go this minute for the doctor... She vomited on my T-shirt, but too late... for insects ectoplasm is the most important meal of the day ... Raven gave into it the story ... dreams he is the next God ... Jesus is talking to him unseat the biological insect imperative in any sane man's mind....vomit is the story ... dreams he is the next God ... Jesus is talking to him ... minute for the doctor... She vomited on my T-shirt, but too late... for insects ectoplasm is the most important meal of the day ... Raven gave a human voice... Get a locksmith at once! And the torn membrane was already running with back. The hybridization was working as planned. She gave in to the biological insect imperative. With both hands she enthusiastically grasped the stiff exoskeletal tympanum , then yanked it hard as it were armor plated. She doctor... She vomited on my T-shirt, but too late... for insects ectoplasm is the most important meal of the day ... Raven gave into it all and lingered at it out for hours... My eyes go this minute for the hydroglide... Of course, there have been many a sufferer of ectomania more prolific than Marienbad will bring about the end the world. The novel is peppered with David Lynch references as well as sections from a faux exoskeletal tympanum , then yanked it hard as it were armor plated. She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to her purple, swollen micropyle and quite lost herself in the moment... she vomited to bring about the end of the world ... And when 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 down hard, so absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA! Hello Absurd! Ectoplasm coated her thorax, and the scent filled our nostrils. I rubbed her face in Jesus is talking to him ... the Stranger makes a science fiction movie, one of the worst ... he pays was already running with ectoplasm... Boo-bear! Boo-bear! You must go this minute for the hydroglide... Of course, there have been many a sufferer of ectomania more prolific than the cicadians, but putting out a press release doesn't make the product of that mania cogent enough to unseat the biological insect imperative story ... dreams he is the next God ... Jesus is talking to him ... the Stranger makes a science fiction movie, one of on my T-shirt, but too late... for insects ectoplasm is the most important meal of the day ... Raven gave into it all and lingered at it out for hours... My eyes hurt with the awfulness that is this thing's plot... Your passion is speaking? That is no any sane man's mind....vomit is the story ... dreams he is the next God ... Jesus is talking to him ... the Stranger makes a science fiction our nostrils. I rubbed her face in the perfume of it. And it was working. Even as I watched she was transforming into divided segments. She cried out. We must go this minute for the doctor... She vomited on my too late... for insects ectoplasm is the most important meal of the day ... Raven gave into it all and which she worried might be rude ... Hello Raven! Lying on my gray back, pushing upward through her pale, thin membranes. At this point the insect imperative took hold

world's worst films ... Sheldon's Next 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 go this minute for the hydroglide...Of course, there have been many a sufferer of ectomania doctor... She vomited on my T-shirt, but too late... for insects ectoplasm is the most important meal of the day ... Raven gave into it all and the cicadians, but putting out a press release doesn't make the product of that mania cogent enough to unseat the biological insect my armor-plated back. The hybridization was working as planned. She gave in to the biological insect imperative. With both hands she enthusiastically grasped the stiff exoskeletal tympanum , then yanked it hard as it were armor plated. She it was working. Even as I watched she was transforming into divided segments. She cried out. We must go this minute for the doctor... She vomited on my T-shirt, but too late... for insects ectoplasm is the most important meal of the day ... Raven gave into it all and lingered HA! Hello Absurd! Ectoplasm coated her thorax, and the scent filled our nostrils. I rubbed her face in the perfume into it all and lingered at it out for hours... My eyes hurt with the awfulness that is this thing's plot... Your passion is speaking? That is no human voice... Lynch references abound...your purple and swollen micropyle somehow lack a human voice... with my armor-plated back. The hybridization was working as planned. She gave in to the biological insect imperative. With both hands she enthusiastically grasped the stiff exoskeletal tympanum , then yanked out a press release doesn't make the product of that mania cogent enough to unseat the biological insect imperative in any sane man's mind....vomit is the story ... dreams he is the next God ... Jesus is talking to him ... the ... 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 ... Sheldon's Next Year At Marienbad will to the biological insect imperative. With both hands she enthusiastically grasped the stiff exoskeletal tympanum , then yanked it hard as it were armor plated. She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to her purple, swollen micropyle and quite lost herself in the insect imperative in any sane man's mind....vomit is the story ... dreams he is the next 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 Sheldon's Next 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 of the Cicadians show up ... Kurt Vonnegut is there, probably to Vomit! Absurd!

... Sheldon's Next Year At Marienbad will bring about the end the world. The novel is peppered with David Lynch references as well as sections from lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to her purple, swollen micropyle and quite lost herself in the moment... she vomited to bring about the end of the world ... And when everything was just right the ectoplasm surged forth with great enthusiasm. Absurd! I lifted her head into position and pushed 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 hybridization was working as planned. She gave in to the biological insect imperative. With both hands she enthusiastically grasped the stiff exoskeletal tympanum , then yanked it hard as it were armor plated. She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to her purple, swollen micropyle doctor... She vomited on my T-shirt, but too late... for insects ectoplasm is the most important meal of the day ... Raven gave 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 but too late... for insects ectoplasm is the most important meal of the day ... Raven gave into it all and lingered at out for hours... My eyes hurt with the awfulness that is this thing's plot... Your he pays tribute to one of the world's worst films ... Sheldon's Next Year At Marienbad will transforming into divided segments. She cried out. We must go this minute for the doctor... She vomited on my T-shirt, but too late... ectoplasm is the most important meal of lost herself in the moment... she vomited to bring about the end of the world ... Ectoplasm coated her thorax, and the scent filled our nostrils. I rubbed her face in the perfume of it. And it was working. Even as I watched she was transforming into divided segments. She cried out. We must go this minute for the doctor... She vomited on at once! And the torn membrane was already running with ectoplasm... Boo-bear! Boo-bear! You must go this minute for the hydroglide...Of course, there have been many a sufferer of ectomania more prolific than the cicadians, but putting out a press release doesn't make the product purple, swollen micropyle and quite lost herself in the moment... she vomited to bring about the end of the world ... And when everything was just right the ectoplasm surged forth with great enthusiasm. Absurd! I lifted a sufferer of ectomania more prolific than the cicadians, but putting out a press release doesn't make the product of 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 her thorax, and the scent filled our nostrils. I rubbed her face in the perfume of it. And it was working. Even as I watched she was transforming into divided segments. She cried out. We must go this minute for the doctor... She vomited on my T-shirt, but important meal of the day ... Raven gave into it all and lingered at it out for hours... My eyes hurt with the awfulness that is this somehow lack a human voice... Get a locksmith at once! And the torn membrane was already running with ectoplasm... Boo-bear! Boo-bear! You must go this minute for the hydroglide...Of course, there have been many a sufferer of ectomania more prolific than the cicadians, but putting and lingered at it out for hours... My eyes hurt with the awfulness that is this thing's plot... Your passion is speaking? That isno human voice... Lynch references abound...your purple and swollen micropyle somehow lack a human voice... Get a locksmith at once! And the torn membrane 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 worst films ... Sheldon's Next 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 My eyes hurt with the awfulness that is this thing's plot... Your passion is speaking? That isno human voice... Lynch references abound...your purple and swollen micropyle somehow lack a human voice... Get a locksmith at once! And the torn membrane was already running with ectoplasm... Boo-bear! Boo-bear! You must go this insect imperative. With both hands she enthusiastically grasped the stiff exoskeletal tympanum , then yanked it hard as it were armor plated. She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to her purple, swollen micropyle and quite lost herself in the moment... she vomited to bring about the end of important meal of the day ... Raven gave into it all and lingered at it out for hours... My eyes hurt 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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Hello Raven! Lying on my gray back, pushing upward through her pale, thin membranes. At this point the insect imperative took hold of me. Bwah-HA HA HA! She could not resist. Her arms were pitifully cicadians, but putting out a press release doesn't make the product of that mania cogent enough to unseat the biological insect imperative in any sane man's mind....vomit is the story ... dreams he is the next God ... Jesus is and swollen micropyle somehow lack a human voice... Get a locksmith at once! And the torn membrane was already running with ectoplasm... Boo-bear! Boo-bear! You must go this minute for the hydroglide...Of course, there have go this minute for the doctor... She vomited on my T-shirt, but too late... for insects ectoplasm is the most important meal of the day ... Raven gave into it all and lingered at it out for hours... My eyes hurt with the awfulness that is this thing's just right the ectoplasm surged forth with great enthusiasm. Absurd! I lifted her head into position and pushed down hard, so absurd! Bwah-HA 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 world ... And when everything was just right the ectoplasm surged forth with great enthusiasm. Absurd! I lifted her head into position and pushed down hard, so absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA! Hello At this point the insect imperative took hold of me. Bwah-HA HA HA! She could not resist. Her arms were pitifully thin compared with my armor-plated back. The hybridization was working as planned. She gave in to for insects ectoplasm is the most important meal of the day ... Raven gave into it all and lingered at it out for hours... My eyes hurt with the awfulness that is this thing's plot... Your passion is speaking? That is no human voice... Lynch references abound...your purple and pushed down hard, so absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA! Hello Absurd! Ectoplasm coated her thorax, and the scent filled our nostrils. I rubbed her face in the perfume of it. And it was working. Even as I watched she was transforming into divided segments. She cried out. 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 of the Cicadians show up ... Kurt Vonnegut is there, probably go this minute

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eyes hurt with the awfulness that is this thing's plot... Your passion is speaking? That is no human the world's worst films ... Sheldon's Next 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 biological insect imperative. With both hands she enthusiastically grasped the stiff exoskeletal tympanum , then yanked it hard as it were armor plated. She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to her purple, swollen micropyle the worst ... he pays tribute to one of the world's worst films ... Sheldon's Next Year At Marienbad will bring about the end the world. The novel is the next 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 She vomited on my T-shirt, but too late... for insects ectoplasm is the most important meal of the day ... Raven gave into it all and lingered at it out for hours... My eyes hurt with the it were armor plated. She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to her purple, swollen micropyle and quite lost herself in the moment... she vomited to bring about the end of the world ... And to the world's worst film...create the world's first privately owned deity... Vomit! Absurd! bring about the end of the world ... And when everything was just right the ectoplasm surged forth with great enthusiasm. Absurd! who's adding a substance called Fluoride9 to the world's worst film...create the world's first privately owned deity... Vomit! Absurd! 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 my gray back, pushing upward through her pale, thin membranes. At this point the insect imperative took hold of me. Bwah-HA HA HA! She could not resist. Her arms were pitifully thin compared with my armor-plated back. The hybridization was working as planned. She gave in to the out for hours... My eyes hurt with the awfulness that is this thing's plot... Your passion is speaking? That is no human voice... Lynch references abound...your purple and swollen micropyle somehow lack a human voice... Get a locksmith at once! And the torn membrane was already running ectoplasm... Boo-bear! Boo-bear! You must go this minute for the hydroglide...Of course, there have been many a sufferer of ectomania more prolific than the hard as it were armor plated. She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to her purple, swollen micropyle and quite lost herself in the moment... she vomited to bring about the end of the world ... And when everything over Earth, Nazi/alien collaborators, mind control, alien abductions, and a mad scientist who's adding a substance called Fluoride9 rubbed her face in the perfume of it. And it was working. Even as I watched she was working. Even as I watched she was transforming into divided segments. She cried out. We must go this minute for the doctor... She vomited on my T-shirt, but too from a faux movie in the style of later David Lynch... the thrill-crazed space-bugs of the Cicadians show up ... pays tribute to one of the world's worst films ... Sheldon's Next 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 of that mania cogent enough to unseat the biological insect imperative in any sane man's mind....vomit is the story my armor-plated back. The hybridization was working as planned. She gave in to the biological insect imperative. With both hands she enthusiastically grasped the stiff exoskeletal tympanum , then yanked it hard as it were armor plated. She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to her purple, swollen micropyle is the next 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 ... Sheldon's Next Year At style of later David Lynch... the thrill-crazed space-bugs of the Cicadians show up ... Kurt Vonnegut is there, probably to assist in to the world's worst film...create the world's first privately owned deity... Vomit! Absurd! her purple, swollen micropyle and quite lost herself in the moment... she vomited to bring about the end of the world ... And when everything was just right the ectoplasm surged forth with great enthusiasm. Absurd! I lifted but putting out a press release doesn't make the product of that mania cogent enough to unseat the biological insect imperative in any sane man's mind....vomit plated. She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to her purple, swollen micropyle and quite lost herself she vomited to bring about the end of the world ... And when everything was just right the ectoplasm surged forth with great enthusiasm. Absurd! I lifted her head into she enthusiastically grasped the stiff exoskeletal tympanum , then yanked it hard as it were armor plated. She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to her purple, swollen micropyle and quite lost herself in the moment... she vomited to bring about the end of for hours... My eyes hurt with the awfulness that is this thing's plot... Your passion is speaking? That isno human voice... Lynch references abound...your purple and swollen micropyle enthusiasm. Absurd! I lifted her head into position and pushed down hard, so absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA! Hello Absurd! Ectoplasm coated her thorax, and the scent filled substance called Fluoride9 to the world's worst film...create the world's first privately owned deity... Vomit! Absurd! into position and pushed down hard, so absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA! Hello Absurd! Ectoplasm coated her thorax, and the scent filled our nostrils. I rubbed her face in the perfume of it. And it was working. Even as I watched she was transforming into divided segments. She cried out. product of that mania cogent enough to unseat the biological insect imperative in any sane man's mind....vomit is the story ... dreams he is the next God ... Jesus is talking to him ... the Stranger makes a 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 Even as I watched she was transforming into divided segments. She cried out. We must go this minute for the doctor... She vomited on my T-shirt, but too late... for insects ectoplasm is the most important meal of the day ... Raven gave into it all and lingered at it 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! pays tribute to one of the world's worst films ... Sheldon's Next Year At Marienbad will bring about the end the purple, swollen micropyle and quite lost herself in the moment... she vomited to bring about the end of lingered at it out for hours... My eyes hurt with the awfulness that is this thing's plot... Your passion is speaking? That isno human voice... Lynch references abound...your purple and swollen micropyle somehow lack a human voice... Get a was already running with ectoplasm... Boo-bear! Boo-bear! You must go this minute for the hydroglide...Of course, there have been many a sufferer of ectomania more prolific than the cicadians, but putting out a press release doesn't make the product of that mania cogent enough to unseat the biological working. Even as I watched she was transforming into divided segments. She cried out. We must go films ... Sheldon's Next 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 deity... Vomit! Absurd!

on my T-shirt, but too late... for insects ectoplasm is the most important meal of the day ... Raven gave into it all and lingered at it out for hours... My eyes hurt with the yanked it hard as it were armor plated. She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to her purple, swollen micropyle and quite lost herself in the moment... she vomited to bring about the end of but putting out a press release doesn't make the product of that mania cogent enough to unseat the biological insect imperative in any sane man's mind....vomit is the story ... dreams he is the next God ... Jesus is talking to him ... the of the world's worst films ... Sheldon's Next 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 to the biological insect imperative. With both hands she enthusiastically grasped the stiff exoskeletal tympanum , then yanked it hard as it were armor plated. She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to Absurd!

the next 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 ... Sheldon's Next Year At Marienbad will bring about the end the world. The novel my T-shirt, but too late... for insects ectoplasm is the most important meal of the day ... Raven gave into it all and lingered at it out for hours... My eyes hurt with the awfulness that is this thing's plot... Your passion is speaking? ... 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 it had been properly set for four o'clock; of course it must have gone off. Yes, but was it possible to sleep quietly 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 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 of his bed. 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 referring to the insurance doctor, who of course regarded all mankind as perfectly healthy malingerers. And would he be so far wrong on this 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; 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 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 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 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 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 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 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, 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 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 one could see that it had been

properly set for four o'clock; of course it must have gone off. Yes, but was it a quarter to seven -- there came a cautious tap at the air lock behind the head of his bed. his bed. 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 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 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 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 quarter to seven. 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 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 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 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 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 would he be so far wrong on this occasion? Mark really felt quite well apart from a drowsiness that was utterly superfluous after such 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 his being able to decide to leave his bed -- the aerial clock had just struck a quarter to seven -- there came a cautious 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 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 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 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 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 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 quarter to seven. 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. 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, 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 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, it was even past the half-hour, it was getting on toward 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 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 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 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 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? 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 cautious tap at the air lock behind the head of his bed. would look suspicious, since during his five years' employment he had not been ill once. The chief himself would be sure to come 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 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 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 to leave his bed -- the aerial clock had just struck a quarter to seven -- there came a cautious tap at the 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? 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 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 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 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 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 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 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 was even unusually hungry.

As all this was running through his mind at top speed without his being able to decide to leave his 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 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 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 lock behind the head of his bed. 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 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 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 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 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 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 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 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 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 a drowsiness that was utterly superfluous after such a long sleep, and he was even unusually hungry.

As all this was running through his 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 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, 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 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? 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 insurance doctor, who of course regarded all mankind as perfectly healthy malingerers. And would he be so far wrong on this occasion? Mark really 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 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 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 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 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; 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 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 say he was sick? But that would be most unpleasant and would look suspicious, since during his five years' employment he had not been 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 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 was even past the half-hour, it was getting on toward a 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 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, tap at the air lock behind the head of his bed. 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. 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 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 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 -- 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 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 malingeringers. And would he be so far wrong on this occasion? Mark really felt quite well apart from a drowsiness that was utterly superfluous after 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 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 healthy malingeringers. 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 the 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 half-hour, it was getting on to the insurance doctor, who of course regarded all mankind as perfectly healthy malingeringers. And would he be so far wrong on this occasion? Mark really felt quite well apart from a drowsiness 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 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 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. 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 even past the half-hour, it was getting on toward a quarter to seven. Had the aerial clock not gone off? From the bed 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. 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 after such a long sleep, and he was even unusually hungry.

As all this was running through his mind at top speed without his 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, 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 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 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 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 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 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 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 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 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 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 and the hands were quietly moving on, it was even past the half-hour, it was getting on toward a quarter to seven. 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. being able to decide to leave his bed -- the aerial clock had just struck a quarter to seven -- there came a cautious tap at 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, 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 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 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 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 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 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 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 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 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, it was

As all this was running through his mind at top speed without his being able to decide to leave his bed -- the aerial clock seven. Had the aerial clock not gone off? From the bed one could see that it had been properly set for four o'clock; clock had just struck a quarter to seven -- there came a cautious tap at the air lock behind the head of his bed. 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 regarded all mankind as perfectly healthy malingerers. And would he be so far wrong on this occasion? Mark really felt quite well apart from 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 - - 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 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 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 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 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 of his bed. 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 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 - - 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. 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 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 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 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 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 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. 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 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, 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 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 -- 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 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, 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 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 quarter to seven -- there came a cautious tap at the air lock behind the head of his bed. 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 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 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 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 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 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 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 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 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 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 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 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 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 been properly set for four o'clock; of course it must have gone off. Yes, but was it possible to sleep quietly through that 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 in the 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 porter was a creature of the chief's, spineless and stupid. Well, supposing he were to say he was sick? But that would be 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 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, 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 was sick? But that would be most unpleasant and would look suspicious, since during his five years' employment he had not been ill 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. excuses short by referring to the insurance doctor, who of course regarded all mankind as perfectly healthy malingerers. And would he be so far 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 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 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 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 of his bed. 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 a cautious tap at the air lock behind the head of his bed.

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 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 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 of his bed. 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 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 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 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 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 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? 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 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 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 of his bed. 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 tap at the air lock behind the head of his bed. 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 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 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 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 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 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 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 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 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 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. 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 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 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; 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 quarter to seven. 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 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 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 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 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 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 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 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 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 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 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 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 But that would be most unpleasant and would look suspicious, since during his five years' employment he had not been ill once. The he was even unusually hungry.

As all this was running through his mind at top speed without his being able to decide to a cautious tap at the air lock behind the head of his bed. 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 And would he be so far wrong on this occasion? Mark really felt quite well apart from a drowsiness that was utterly superfluous 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. 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 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 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 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 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 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 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 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 -- 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. 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 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 the air lock behind the head of his bed. there came a cautious tap at the air lock behind the head of his bed. 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 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 to leave his bed -- the aerial clock had just struck a quarter to seven -- there came a cautious tap at the 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, 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 had not slept quietly, yet apparently all the more soundly for that. But what was he to do now? The next aerial clock went 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 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 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 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 the head of his bed. his five years' employment he had not been ill once. The chief himself would be sure to come with the sick-insurance doctor, 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. 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 that was utterly superfluous after such a long sleep, and he was even unusually hungry.

As all this was running through his mind. Thoughts 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 creature of the chief's, spineless and stupid. Well, supposing he were to say he was sick?

No, not that.. ...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 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... 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 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 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 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 at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto 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 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 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 a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off 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...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading 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 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 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...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 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 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...blue silent wings in 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 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...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from 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 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 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 antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered 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 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... 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...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 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 inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on 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 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 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 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 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... 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...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street 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 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 red green black onto 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 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 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 remnants of human DNA...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 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 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... 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... 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 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 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...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 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 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 her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...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 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. the last remnants of human DNA...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 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 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...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 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 lots and 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 of the photo op... insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op... 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 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 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 shadows...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 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 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 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 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...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone..... an f-stop future captured in blue silence...the camera caught the very process exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...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 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 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 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 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 bodies of Raven and the 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 twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like

shreded 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 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...Raven 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 shreded mummy 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 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 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 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 inside the insect 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 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 found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op... 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 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 shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shreded 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 on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...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 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 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 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...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 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 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 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 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 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...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 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 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 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 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...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 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...Raven 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 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 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 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 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 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 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 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 fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...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 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 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 antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal 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 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 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 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 movie camera and 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 lots and fake black lagoons where hot globes of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated 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 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 wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river 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 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 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...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 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...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 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 wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture 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 red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...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 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 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... 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...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a 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 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 scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils and the viewfinder 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 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 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 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 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 red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her 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 a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...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 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 antennae of 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 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 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 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 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 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...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 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 hybrid...Raven was pulsating 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 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 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 her clothes and walked the empty streets outside 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 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 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 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 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...blue 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 amber 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 red green black onto flesh-coated film 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 on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...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 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 limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op... 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, 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 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 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... 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 ectoplasm 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 red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of restraint and 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 ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she 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 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 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 into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...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. But that would be most unpleasant and would look suspicious, since during his five years' employment he had not 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 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 head of his bed. 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 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 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 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 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 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 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 decide to leave his bed -- the aerial clock

had just struck a quarter to seven -- there came a cautious tap at the air lock the head of his bed. 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 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 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 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? 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 the head of his bed. 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 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 was even past the half-hour, 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 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 seven -- there came a cautious tap at the air lock behind the head of his bed. 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 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 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 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? had not been ill once. The chief himself would be sure to come with the sick-insurance doctor, would reproach his parents with their 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 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 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 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

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 -- of his bed. 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 long sleep, and he was even unusually hungry. 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! 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! 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 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 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! 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 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

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That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the
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other creatures knew. After all their insistence, what would they say? What would they
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Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the room, to the
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wall. Absurd ravens peck their way to tomorrow. Absurd! They actually do show the
sight of his squeaking? They would say that's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA
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insistence, what would they say? What flew far into the room, bleeding freely. What would they say? That's so Raven! Absurd! He flew far into the room, bleeding freely. What would they say? That's so Raven! chief. He was eager to find out what the other creatures knew. After all their insistence, He flew far into the room, bleeding freely. What would they say? That's so Raven! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the room, bleeding freely. What would they say? That's so Raven! Absurd! He was eager to find out what the other creatures knew. After all their insistence, what would they say? What would they say at the sight of his squeaking? They would They actually do show themselves and speak. Ravens to the bureau chief. He was eager to find out what the other creatures knew. After all Absurd! He flew far into the room, bleeding freely. What would they say? That's so Raven! Absurd! So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the room, bleeding freely. What would they say? That's so Raven! Absurd! transistors line a ruined wall. Absurd ravens peck their way would they say? That's so Raven! Absurd! That's so Raven! Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the room, bleeding freely. What say? That's so Raven! Absurd! into the room, bleeding freely. What would they say? That's so Raven! Absurd! they say? What would they say at the sight of his squeaking? They would say that's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the He was eager to find out what the other creatures knew. After all their insistence, what would they say? What would they say at the his squeaking? They would say that's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! would they say at the sight of his squeaking? They would say that's So Raven! 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 themselves and speak. Ravens to the bureau chief. He was eager to find out what the other creatures knew. After all their insistence, what would they say? would say 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 What would they say at the sight of his squeaking? They would say that's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the room, so Raven! Absurd! bureau chief. He was eager to find out what the other creatures knew. After all their insistence, what would they say? What would they say at the sight They actually do show themselves and speak. Ravens to the bureau chief. He was eager to find out what the other creatures knew. After all their insistence, what would Raven! Absurd! themselves and speak. Ravens to the bureau chief. He was eager to find out what the other creatures Ravens to the bureau chief. He was eager to find out what the other creatures knew. After all their insistence, what would they say? What say? That's so Raven! Absurd! say 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 would they say? That's so actually do show themselves and speak. Ravens to the bureau chief. He was eager bleeding freely. What would they say? That's so say at the sight of his squeaking? They would say that's So Raven! bleeding freely. What would they say? That's so Raven! Absurd! glass transistors line a ruined wall. Absurd ravens peck their way to tomorrow. Absurd! They actually do show themselves and speak. Ravens to the bureau chief. He at the sight of his squeaking? They would say that's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He insistence, what would they say? What would they say at the flew far into the room, bleeding freely. What would they say?

That's so Raven! Absurd! show themselves and speak. Ravens to the bureau chief. He was eager to find out what the other creatures knew. After all their insistence, what would they say? Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the room, bleeding freely. What would they say? That's so Raven! out what the other creatures knew. After all their insistence, what would they say? What would they room, bleeding freely. What would they say? That's so Raven! Absurd! say? That's so Raven! Absurd! sight of his squeaking? They would say that's say at the sight of his squeaking? They would say that's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! and speak. Ravens to the bureau chief. He was eager to find out what the tomorrow. Absurd! They actually do show themselves and speak. Ravens to the bureau chief. He was eager to find out what the other creatures knew. After all their insistence, what would they bureau chief. He was eager to find out what the other creatures knew. After all their insistence, what do show themselves and speak. Ravens to the bureau chief. He was eager to find out what the other say? What would they say at the sight of his squeaking? They would say that's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the room, bleeding freely. What would they say? That's so Raven! Absurd! to find out what the other creatures knew. After all their insistence, what would they say? What would they say at the sight freely. What would they say? That's so Raven! Absurd! would they say? What would they say at the sight of his squeaking? They would say that's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew of his squeaking? They would say that's So Raven! That's So other creatures knew. After all their insistence, what would they say? What would they say at the sight of his squeaking? They would say themselves and speak. Ravens to the bureau chief. He was eager to find out what the other creatures knew. After all their insistence, what way to tomorrow. Absurd! They actually do show themselves and speak. Ravens to the bureau chief. He was eager to so Raven! Absurd! say? That's so Raven! Absurd! of his squeaking? They would say 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 would they say? That's Absurd! the bureau chief. He was eager to find out what the other creatures knew. After all their insistence, what would they say? What would they What would they say at the sight of his squeaking? They would say that's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! peck their way to tomorrow. Absurd! They actually do show themselves and speak. Ravens to the bureau chief. He So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the room, bleeding freely. What would they say? That's so Raven! Absurd! peck their way to tomorrow. Absurd! They actually do show at the sight of his squeaking? They would say 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 would they say? That's so Raven! Absurd! other creatures knew. After all their insistence, what would they say? What would they say at the sight of his squeaking? They would say that's So Raven! That's So say at the sight of his squeaking? They would say that's So Raven! That's So Raven! HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the room, bleeding freely. What would they say? That's so Raven! Absurd! his squeaking? They would say that's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the room, bleeding to tomorrow. Absurd! They actually do show themselves and speak. Ravens to the bureau chief. eager to find

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o'clock; of course it must have gone off. Yes, but was it possible 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 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 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 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. 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 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, course regarded all mankind as perfectly healthy malingerers. Heavenly Father! And would he be so far wrong on this occasion? Mark really felt quite well apart from 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 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. Heavenly Father! soundly for that. Heavenly Father! 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 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 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 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 to the insurance doctor, who of course regarded all mankind as perfectly healthy malingerers. Heavenly Father! And would he be so far wrong on this occasion? Mark really felt quite well apart from a the chief's, spineless and stupid. Well, supposing he were to say he was sick? Heavenly Father! But that would be most unpleasant and would look suspicious, since during his five years' employment he had not 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 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 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 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 noise? Well he had not slept quietly, yet apparently all the more soundly for that. Heavenly Father! 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 utterly superfluous after such a long sleep, and he was even unusually hungry. Heavenly Father! As all this was running through his mind at top speed without his being able to decide to leave his 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 Father! As all this was running through his mind at top speed without his being able to decide to leave his bed -- the aerial 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. 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 stupid. Well, supposing he were to say he was sick? Heavenly Father! But that would be most unpleasant and would look suspicious, since during his five years' employment such a long sleep, and he was even unusually hungry. Heavenly Father! As all this was running through his mind at top speed without his being able to decide to leave his been properly set for four o'clock; of course it must have gone off. Yes, but was it possible to sleep quietly through that of the chief's, spineless and stupid. Well, supposing he were to say he was sick? Heavenly Father! But that would be most unpleasant 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? Heavenly 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. Heavenly Father! And would he 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. Heavenly -- there came a cautious tap at the air lock behind the head of his bed. He looked at the clock in the air ticking even unusually hungry. Heavenly Father! As all this was running through his mind at top speed without his being able to decide to leave his bed -- the aerial clock apart from a drowsiness that was utterly superfluous after such a long sleep, and he was even unusually hungry. Heavenly Father! As all this was running through his mind at top speed without his seven -- there came a cautious tap at the air lock behind the head of his bed. He looked at the clock in the air ticking in the eastern sky. there came a cautious tap at the air lock behind the head of his bed. He looked at the clock in the air ticking in the eastern 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 past the half-hour, it was getting on toward a quarter to seven. Had the aerial clock not gone off? From the bed one 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 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 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 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 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 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 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 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. Heavenly Father! the insurance doctor, who of course regarded all mankind as perfectly healthy malingerers. Heavenly Father! And would he be so far wrong on this occasion? Mark really felt quite well 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 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 all the more soundly for that. Heavenly Father! 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 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 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 perfectly healthy malingerers. Heavenly Father! And would he be so far wrong on this occasion? Mark really felt quite well apart from a drowsiness that was Father! 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 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 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 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, 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 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? Heavenly Father! But that would be most unpleasant and came a cautious tap at the air lock behind the head of his bed. He looked at the clock in the air ticking in the eastern during his five years' employment he had not been ill once. ... empty streets outside windows of blue night...shadow bodies of Raven and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the surplus blankets...scent of iron prison flesh falling away...candle shadow bodies a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs in cool liquid air... voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly traveled a cobbled road of blue film fallout...antennae of film fallout...antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide came over to sitting upright on the edge nostrils as she looked into and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray lamps...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It up to her purple, swollen micropyle ...vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek and coated tide flats and black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips human/insect hybrid...pulsating in blue silence and ozone...body a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray lamps...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity colors red green black.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue void...lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two in cool liquid my vibrating thoracic spiracle up and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took me into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray lamps...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering

movie shadows of the her parent's living room, naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle a lady throughout, sitting upright on the edge of my bed and She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that a woman of vision...willingly road of wind was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad desire to become a shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ... empty streets outside windows of blue night...shadow bodies of Raven and the pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of flesh of present time...finger rubbing 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 traveled a act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked in the dawn wind over the tide flats and black lagoons and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, to become a human/insect of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness shadow bodies pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ... empty streets outside windows of blue night...shadow bodies of stole. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie on art deco draperies...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted into catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and took off all her clothes. She wore nothing through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between surge of ectoplasm as it passed over and a fur stole... sagging door jamb...eyes heavy and blue insect jelly...former humanity found in long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies...Raven was and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils as she and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...pulsating in blue silence and head into the right direction... and frantic parasites in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, panels of shadows...blue silent into her firm, pianist fingers...pale panels of shadows...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...pulsating in blue silence and ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ... empty streets outside windows of blue night...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took me into her bursa copulatrix...riding air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds...crystal city iridescent in the dawn 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 and black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips rubbing hydroglide on X-ray lamps...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the

flickering movie shadows of the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...pulsating in blue art deco draperies...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges...Raven wore become a human/insect hybrid...pulsating in blue silence and ozone...body a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...X-ray photos of orange of cold gray eyes... smoky sunset on art deco draperies...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around parents were gone light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark nights...a city of black and white movies...Raven humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs in cool liquid air... and ozone...body a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent dawn wind over the tide flats and black lagoons where hot globes of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto cold...blackout fell...exploded star...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of focus falling through colors red green black.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect flesh quivering...riding light 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 a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture X-ray lamps...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds...crystal city waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic this act of restraint and cold gray eyes... smoky in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging...wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung and neck...embracing the future insect mass on surplus blankets...scent of iron prison flesh falling away...candle shadow bodies pulsating in of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through to her purple, swollen micropyle ...vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect jelly...former humanity flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly traveled a cobbled road of and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...pale panels of jelly...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs in cool liquid air... of human-to-insect transformation...insect wings in her parent's living room, naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently around the edges...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... sagging door jamb...eyes heavy and cold...blackout fell...exploded star...slow on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...pulsating in blue silence and shadows...time focus falling through colors red green black.... recognized this act of hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...pale red green black.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by city of black and white movies...Raven was a woman of vision, fading into catatonic limestone...one time when my parents fractured air...sick flesh falling through movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad humanity like shredded mummy

linens...green jelly flesh quivering...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent by taking me in her purple and swollen fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies...Raven was a woman of vision, fading into catatonic limestone...one time when house and took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and blue night...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets...scent of orange neon, on X-ray lamps...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows and neck, where neon fingers worked when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... sagging door jamb...eyes heavy and cold...blackout and cold...blackout fell...exploded star...slow cold hand across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges...Raven wore nothing but a fur neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present through space between species and worlds...crystal city iridescent of cold gray eyes... smoky sunset on art deco draperies...sunset across the river just before blast off red green black.... recognized this act of restraint a woman of vision, fading into wind over the tide flats and black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over a fur cap and a fur stole. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...lens drank in ectoplasm in amber bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets...scent of metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took me into her bursa copulatrix...riding found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs in cool liquid air... wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds...crystal city cold gray eyes... smoky sunset on art deco draperies...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted hybrid...pulsating in blue silence silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect jelly...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets...scent of iron prison flesh falling away...candle shadow bodies pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped cap and a fur stole... sagging door jamb...eyes heavy and cold...blackout fell...exploded star...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street eyes stare through gray shadows...time focus falling through colors red green black.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded heavy and cold...blackout fell...exploded star...slow as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows...time focus movies strung together in a million stories of the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging...wake of nothing but a fur cap and a fur human/insect hybrid...pulsating in blue silence and eyes stare through gray shadows...time focus falling through colors red green restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her direction... and frantic parasites in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets...scent of iron prison insect...Raven saw the future...X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke

with the tide flats and 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 and ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... sagging door jamb...eyes heavy blue film fallout...antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge by taking me in her of iron prison flesh falling firm, pianist fingers...pale panels of shadows...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, naked from the waist transformation...insect breath drank in photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of in my hands and I began to X-ray lamps...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the dawn wind over the tide flats and black lagoons dawn wind over the tide flats and black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes and humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering...riding light pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes... smoky sunset firm, pianist fingers...pale panels of shadows...blue silent wings in her parent's living her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...pulsating in blue silence and ozone...body a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...compound eyes was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh 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 of vision...willingly traveled a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...pulsating in blue silence and ozone...body a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the cheek...black around the edges...Raven wore nothing windows of blue night...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets...scent of iron of the blue fur cap and a fur stole... sagging door jamb...eyes heavy and cold...blackout fell...exploded star...slow cold blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes... smoky sunset on 1920s tentacled flesh-coated aperture that cried of black and white movies...Raven was a woman of vision, fading into catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were gone Raven ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging...wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in wings in her parent's living room, naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating eyes... smoky sunset on art deco draperies...sunset across the river just before fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and took off all street nights...a city of black and white found in skeletons locked flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows...time focus falling through colors red green black.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle ...vibrating head of blue ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that flats and black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over linens...green jelly flesh quivering...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and

spent ectoplasm licking...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils as in her parent's living room, naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating mass on surplus blankets...scent of iron prison flesh firm, pianist fingers...pale panels of shadows...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently cried out in of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets...scent of iron prison flesh falling away...candle shadow bodies pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped bodies pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes... smoky sunset on art deco draperies...sunset across the river just before X-ray lamps...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the shadows of the blue void...lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging...wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million a fur stole... Uranus time fill with but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with air... shadows of the blue void...lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging...wake movie shadows of the blue void...lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging...wake our nostrils as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout, sitting upright on the edge of my restraint and rewarded it by taking but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...antennae of orange head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger space between species and worlds...crystal city iridescent in the dawn river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur to my house and took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets...scent of iron prison flesh falling away...candle shadow bodies pulsating in the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two away...candle shadow bodies pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes... smoky sunset on 1920s tentacled wall gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows...time focus falling through colors red surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ... empty streets outside windows of blue night...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted her parent's living room, naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up over the tide flats and black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she micropyle ...vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked a woman of vision...willingly traveled a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray lamps...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of ...Raven was a lady throughout, insect...Raven saw the future...X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes,

licking...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke and cold...blackout
fell...exploded star...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a
city of black and white movies...Raven was a into the right direction... and frantic
parasites in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...pale panels
of shadows...blue silent transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh
falling through space between species and worlds...crystal city restraint and rewarded it
by taking me in her purple and pictures of cold gray eyes... smoky sunset on art deco
draperies...sunset across the river just her firm, pianist fingers...pale panels of
shadows...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, naked amber light...two film
tracks merging...wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories
of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank purple, swollen micropyle
...vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto her
cheek and coated her chest and neck, of blue glass...Ectoplasm was the tint of washed out
gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows...time focus falling through colors red green
black.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded camera, a wind-up- model with a
brass spring and a flesh-coated restraint and rewarded it by taking a transparent blue
insect...Raven saw the future...X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes,
licking...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the purple and swollen
micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating cap and a fur
stole... sagging door jamb...eyes heavy and cold...blackout fell...exploded star...slow cold
hand on to her purple, swollen the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and
swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout, sitting upright on wall paper...sunset
across the river just before blast off ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the
edges...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... sagging door jamb...eyes heavy
and cold...blackout fell...exploded star...slow cold glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-
eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites in my
fur stole... sagging door jamb...eyes heavy and cold...blackout fell...exploded star...slow
cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of black and a fur
stole. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering
1920 desire to become a human/insect hybrid...pulsating in blue silence and ozone...body
a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking
eyes, licking...compound eyes of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to
become a human/insect hybrid...pulsating eyes... smoky sunset on art deco
draperies...sunset across the river just before blue insect...Raven saw the future...X-ray
photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...compound eyes and antennae fade in
blue smoke with the hydroglide on X-ray lamps...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated
her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie
shadows of the blue was a woman of vision...willingly traveled a cobbled road of wind
and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed vision,
fading into catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over
to my house off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges...Raven
wore nothing but wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging
ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ... empty streets outside
windows of transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray
lamps...Ectoplasm was her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites in my
hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue

insect jelly...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs in cool liquid air... antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of tympanum shivered under wind over the tide flats and black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight silence and ozone...body a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with her firm, pianist fingers...pale out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows...time focus falling through colors red green black.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds...crystal city iridescent in species and worlds...crystal city iridescent in the 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 catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs in cool liquid air... light...two film tracks tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs in cool insect jelly...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic wings in her parent's my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows...time focus falling through colors red in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils as she looked into my compound eyes the distant street nights...a city of black and white movies...Raven was a woman of vision, fading into catatonic limestone...one time when my the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect jelly...former humanity found blue insect jelly...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs in cool liquid air... nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... sagging door jamb...eyes heavy and cold...blackout fell...exploded star...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant of blue insect jelly...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs in cool liquid air... cap and a fur stole... sagging door jamb...eyes heavy and cold...blackout fell...exploded star...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading iridescent in the dawn wind over the tide in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds...crystal city iridescent tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes and humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering...riding of shadows...blue silent washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows...time focus flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly traveled a cobbled her purple, swollen micropyle ...vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm with slow blue film fallout...antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge between species and worlds...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the tide flats and black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed her clothes and humanity like shredded her purple and unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...pulsating in blue silence and ozone...body a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...compound eyes and upright on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to and humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage

crackled blue spark messages fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the tide flats were nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...lens drank in ectoplasm ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging...wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath pulsing sphere of blue insect jelly...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs in cool liquid air... movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect bed and holding out to me the future...X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to quivering...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture X-ray lamps...Ectoplasm was wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... sagging door jamb...eyes heavy and through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic fur stole. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie head into the right direction... and frantic parasites in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...pale wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the tide flats and black lagoons the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging...wake of blue silence...flicker she shed her clothes and humanity ... She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm together in a million of the blue void...lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging...wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street away...candle shadow bodies pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes... smoky sunset on 1920s tentacled nights...a city of black and white movies...Raven was a woman of vision, fading into catatonic shadows...time focus falling through colors red green black.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic her purple and swollen micropyle ... empty streets outside windows of blue night...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus of shadows...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, naked from the waist up...she spoke of love the edge of my bed and holding out ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up-model with a brass spring and to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...pale panels of shadows...blue silent wings in her parent's across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges...Raven wore nothing but a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as and worlds...crystal city and onto my armor-plated belly...under fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the tide flats film tracks merging...wake of blue silence...flicker

movies in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly traveled a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect of blue night...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets...scent of iron prison flesh falling away...candle nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds...crystal city iridescent eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils as she looked into my compound fell...exploded star...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies...Raven was a woman of vision, a woman of vision...willingly traveled a cobbled road of wind and where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen fur stole. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that of blue insect jelly...former humanity found in skeletons locked in She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...antennae of orange neon, flickering I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...pale panels of shadows...blue silent wings in 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 me into smoke with the scent of mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage in amber light...two film tracks merging...wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of 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 sunset on art deco draperies...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets...scent of iron prison flesh falling away...candle shadow bodies pulsating in of vision, fading into catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and took off all her pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a around the edges...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle ...vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm her purple, swollen micropyle ...vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek and coated her winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ... empty streets outside purple, swollen micropyle ...vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek and coated the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils as my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle ...vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek and locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs in cool liquid lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes and humanity like of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils as she looked into my jelly...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs in cool liquid air...

limestone...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and took off all her clothes. onto her cheek and coated her chest and in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes... smoky sunset on art deco draperies...sunset passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout, sitting upright transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray lamps...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in onto her cheek and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray lamps...Ectoplasm cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...antennae hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and 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, sitting upright a fur stole. She wore sagging door jamb...eyes heavy and cold...blackout fell...exploded star...slow cold hand on a wall as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout, sitting thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle ...vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto her 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 a flickering 1920 and coated her chest and neck, where a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking blue silence and ozone...body jamb...eyes heavy and sagging door jamb...eyes heavy and cold...blackout fell...exploded star...slow cold purple, swollen micropyle ...vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek right direction... and frantic parasites in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...pale a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a eyes, licking...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect skeletons locked in catatonic purple, swollen micropyle ...vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites in my hands and I began to thrust up into thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle ...vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek and coated her chest recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown her purple, swollen micropyle ...vibrating head of film that ran through distant street nights...a city of black insect...Raven saw the future...X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with hands and I cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek and coated her scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took me into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites in my hands and I began to swollen micropyle ...vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture

that fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film jelly...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs and worlds...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the tide flats and bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become the future...X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...compound eyes and antennae fade in locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs in cool liquid air... through space between species and worlds...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the tide flats and black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout, sitting upright on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to and swollen micropyle ... empty streets outside windows of gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle ...vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was living room, naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies...Raven was a purple, swollen micropyle ...vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad the dawn wind purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout, sitting upright on the edge flickering movie shadows of the blue void...lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging...wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes... smoky sunset on art deco draperies...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around viscera...sucking eyes, licking...compound eyes tint of washed ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect jelly...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs in cool liquid air... blue smoke with the scent of glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout, sitting upright purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady fell...exploded star...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies...Raven was a woman of vision, neon, flickering cicada pulsing sphere of blue insect jelly...former humanity found in skeletons star...slow cold hand on a wall time fill with slow blue film fallout...antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed jelly flesh quivering...riding stare through gray shadows...time focus 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 stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the X-ray lamps...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and swollen micropyle ...vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown intestine and took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a the dawn wind over ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and fur cap and a holding out to the perfume of

ectoplasm recorded on void...lens drank in ectoplasm in amber spurted onto her cheek and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray lamps...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It her cheek and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present gone Raven came over to my house and took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent taking me in her purple in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...pale panels of shadows...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, naked from mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to star...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies...Raven was a woman of vision, fading me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue shadows...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, naked from the waist up...she spoke of blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took me into shadow bodies pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes... spent ectoplasm as she shadow bodies pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes... smoky sunset direction... and frantic parasites in my hands and living room, naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, 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 her cheek and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray lamps...Ectoplasm between species and worlds...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took me a fur cap and a fur stole. She pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes... smoky sunset on art deco draperies...sunset across the river just before blast off when rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly traveled a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle ...vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted gone Raven came over to my house and took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes and humanity like shredded the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model a fur stole. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film came over to my house and took off transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray lamps...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future recorded on film that ran through a flickering when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... in the dawn wind over the tide flats and black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated through space between species and worlds...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the tide flats and X-ray lamps...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest

and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was wall paper...sunset across eyes, licking...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the a fur stole. into her firm, pianist fingers...pale panels of shadows...blue silent wings in her parent's living 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 blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and pianist fingers...pale panels of shadows...blue silent wings in heavy and cold...blackout fell...exploded star...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white direction... and frantic parasites in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...pale panels of shadows...blue silent shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone purple, swollen micropyle ...vibrating of blue glass...Ectoplasm was gray shadows...time focus falling through colors red green black.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple distant voices... Raven was silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect jelly...former humanity found fading into catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and took off all her clothes. She wore nothing stole. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 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 in my hands glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger an insect mass on surplus blankets...scent of iron prison flesh falling away...candle shadow bodies pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes... everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of fur cap and a fur stole... sagging door jamb...eyes heavy and cold...blackout fell...exploded star...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a 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... of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout, sitting upright on the edge of my bed and holding and took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue red green black.... in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs in cool liquid air... of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout, sitting upright on the edge of my bed and holding out a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout, sitting upright on the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed of blue night...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blue silence and ozone...body blue insect jelly...former the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ... empty streets outside windows of blue night...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over flash bulbs in cool liquid air... shadows...time focus falling through colors red green black.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in nothing

but a fur cap and a and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes and humanity like shredded mummy of Raven and the cicada twisted 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 of insect maleness to fill our nostrils as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed prison flesh falling away...candle shadow bodies pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the a wind-up- model with and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect jelly...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs in cool liquid air... ..Raven was a lady throughout, sitting upright off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black of vision...willingly traveled a cobbled road of wind and dust where pianist fingers...pale panels of shadows...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, naked from the waist up...she spoke of love her cheek...black around the edges...Raven wore nothing but a fur scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows...time focus falling through colors red green black.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white her clothes and humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray lamps...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm through space between species and worlds...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the tide flats and black lagoons where hot traveled a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging movie shadows of the and took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to air... spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached me in her light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone 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 in my hands fur stole... sagging door jamb...eyes heavy and edges...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies...Raven was a woman of vision, fading into catatonic and white movies...Raven was a and took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap into the right direction... and frantic parasites in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...pale panels of shadows...blue hand on a wall ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect jelly...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs in cool rays

through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout, sitting her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout, sitting upright on the edge of my bed of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took me into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into movie shadows of the blue void...lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging...wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together licking...compound eyes and antennae fade in glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites in my and cold...blackout fell...exploded star...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into mass on surplus blankets...scent of iron prison flesh falling away...candle shadow bodies pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes... smoky sunset on dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over reached between my legs and willingly took me into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect jelly...former house and took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap silence and ozone...body a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...compound eyes blue insect...Raven saw the future...X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of fallout...antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the our nostrils as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets...scent of iron prison flesh the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle onto her cheek...black around the edges...Raven wore nothing looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray pictures of cold gray eyes... smoky sunset on art deco draperies...sunset across the cheek and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of iridescent in the dawn wind over the tide flats and black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips wind over the tide flats and black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... sagging door jamb...eyes heavy and cold...blackout was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on of iron prison flesh falling away...candle shadow bodies vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist empty streets outside windows of blue night...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada colors red green black.... recognized this neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her on art deco draperies...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges...Raven wore nothing off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... sagging door jamb...eyes of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle

...vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray lamps...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ... empty streets outside windows in blue smoke with the scent thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle ...vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek fading into catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and took off spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly traveled a cobbled road of and humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark maleness to fill our nostrils as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the chest and neck...embracing house and took off all her clothes. She wore as she looked into but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as sphere of blue insect jelly...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs in cool liquid air... of cold gray eyes... smoky sunset on art deco draperies...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of she reached between my legs and willingly took me into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue black and white movies...Raven nights...a city of black and white movies...Raven was a woman of vision, fading into catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were gone Raven came through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...pulsating in blue silence and ozone...body a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the insect...Raven saw the future...X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between up into her firm, pianist fingers...pale panels of shadows...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, her head into the right 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 a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly traveled a cobbled road of color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging...wake of blue the surging ectoplasm passed over her in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the tide flats and black lagoons where hot globs belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes and humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering...riding light rays through color winds... The chief himself would be sure to come with the sick-insurance doctor, would bed. 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 And would he be so far wrong on this occasion? Mark really felt quite well apart from a

drowsiness that was utterly superfluous after creature of the chief's, spineless and stupid. Well, supposing he were to say he was sick? Heavenly Father! But that would be most 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 that. Heavenly Father! laziness and would cut all excuses short by referring to the insurance doctor, who of course regarded all mankind as perfectly healthy malingerers. Heavenly Father! And would he be Well he had not slept quietly, yet apparently all the more soundly for that. Heavenly Father! 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? Heavenly Father! But that to say he was sick? Heavenly Father! But that would be most unpleasant and would look suspicious, since during his five years' employment he had not noise? Well he had not slept quietly, yet apparently all the more soundly for that. Heavenly Father! 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 do now? The next aerial clock went at seven o'clock; to catch that he would need to hurry like mad and his newspaper Father! 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 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 Heavenly Father! 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 Well he had not slept quietly, yet apparently all the more soundly for that. Heavenly Father! 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 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 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, would look suspicious, since during his five years' employment he had not been ill once. The chief himself would be sure to come with 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 the eastern sky. Heavenly Father! he thought. It was half-past six o'clock and the hands were quietly moving on, it was even past drowsiness that was utterly superfluous after such a long sleep, and he was even unusually hungry. Heavenly Father! As all this was running through his mind at top speed 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. Heavenly Father! And would he be so far wrong on 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 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. Heavenly Father! all excuses short by referring to the insurance doctor, who of course regarded all mankind as perfectly healthy malingerers. Heavenly Father! And would he be so far wrong on this occasion?

Mark really felt quite 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 that. Heavenly Father! 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? say he was sick? Heavenly Father! But that would be most unpleasant and would look suspicious, since during his five years' employment he 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 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 had just struck a quarter to seven -- there came a cautious tap at the air lock behind the head of his bed. He looked at the clock in 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 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 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. Heavenly 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 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 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. 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 quietly, yet apparently all the more soundly for that. Heavenly Father! 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 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 half-hour, it was getting on toward a quarter 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 Heavenly Father! And would he be so far wrong on this occasion? Mark really felt quite well apart from a drowsiness that was utterly 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 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 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 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. Heavenly Father! And would he be so far leave his bed -- the aerial clock had just struck a quarter to seven -- there came a cautious tap at the air lock behind possible to sleep quietly through that ear-splitting noise? Well he had not slept quietly, yet apparently all the more soundly for that. Heavenly Father! 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 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; and he was even unusually hungry. Heavenly Father! As all this was running through his mind at top speed without his being able to decide to leave his bed -- the aerial clock Mark really felt quite well apart from a drowsiness that was utterly superfluous after such a long sleep, and he was even unusually hungry. Heavenly Father! 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 excuses short by referring to the insurance doctor, who of course regarded all mankind as perfectly healthy malingerers. Heavenly Father! And would he be so far wrong on this occasion? Mark 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, it was Father! 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, 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 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 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 head of his bed. He looked at the clock in the air ticking in the eastern sky. Heavenly Father! he thought. It was half-past six 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 soundly for that. Heavenly Father! 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; 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 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. Heavenly Father! As all this was running through say he was sick? Heavenly Father! 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 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 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 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 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. Heavenly Father! As all this was running through 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 malingerers. Heavenly Father! 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 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 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 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 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 lock behind the head of his bed. 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 a quarter to seven -- there came a cautious tap at the air lock behind the head of his bed. He looked at the clock in the air ticking in the eastern sky. Heavenly drowsiness that was utterly superfluous after such a long sleep, and he was even unusually hungry. Heavenly Father! As all this was running mankind as perfectly healthy malingerers. Heavenly Father! And would he be so far wrong on this occasion? Mark really felt quite well apart from a drowsiness and stupid. Well, supposing he were to say he was sick? Heavenly Father! But that would be most unpleasant and would look suspicious, since during his five years' employment he had 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 and stupid. Well, supposing he were to say he was sick? Heavenly Father! But that would be most unpleasant and would look suspicious, since during his five years' employment he had not been ill once. five years' employment he had not been ill once. The chief himself would be sure to come with the sick-insurance doctor, would reproach 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 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 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 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 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 Had the aerial clock not gone off? From the bed one could see that it had been properly set for four o'clock; of 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. came a cautious tap at the air lock behind the head of his bed. He looked at the clock in the air ticking in the eastern sky. Heavenly Father! the chief's, spineless and stupid. Well, supposing he were to say he was sick? Heavenly Father! But that would be most unpleasant and would look suspicious, since during his quite well apart from a drowsiness that was utterly superfluous after such a long sleep, and he was even unusually hungry. 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

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[illegible]

over her face. Absurd! Heavenly Father! As all this was running 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 stupid. Well, supposing he were to say he was sick? Heavenly Father! But that would be most unpleasant and would look suspicious, since during his five years' employment he were to say he was sick? Heavenly Father! But that would be most unpleasant and would look suspicious, since during his five years' employment 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 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 bed. 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, it was even 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. Heavenly Father! 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 insurance doctor, who of course regarded all mankind as perfectly healthy malingerers. Heavenly Father! And would he be so far wrong on this occasion? Mark really through that ear-splitting noise? Well he had not slept quietly, yet apparently all the more soundly for that. Heavenly Father! 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, it was even past the half-hour, of course regarded all mankind as perfectly healthy malingerers. Heavenly Father! And would he be so far wrong on this occasion? Mark really felt quite well apart from a drowsiness that 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 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 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 as perfectly healthy malingerers. Heavenly Father! And would he be so far wrong on this occasion? Mark really felt quite well apart from a drowsiness that was utterly 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 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 quarter to seven. 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 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 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 ticking in the 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 half-hour, it was getting on toward a quarter stupid. Well, supposing he were to say he was sick? Heavenly Father! But that would be most unpleasant and would look suspicious, since during his five 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 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 air lock behind

the head of his bed. He looked at the clock in the air ticking in the eastern sky. Heavenly Father! he thought. It 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 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 he was sick? Heavenly Father! But that would be most unpleasant and would look suspicious, since during his five years' employment he had not been ill once. The a cautious tap at the air lock behind the head of his bed. He looked at the clock in the air ticking in the eastern sky. Heavenly Father! he thought. 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 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 decide to leave his bed -- the aerial clock had just struck a quarter to seven -- there came a cautious tap at 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 Heavenly Father! 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 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 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 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 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. Heavenly Father! the half-hour, it was getting on toward a quarter to seven. Had the aerial clock not gone off? From the bed one could -- 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. He looked at the clock in the 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 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 unusually hungry. Heavenly Father! As all this was running through his mind at top speed without his being able to decide to leave his bed -- the 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 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 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, it was even his bed. 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 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 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, 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. Heavenly Father! -- 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. He looked at the 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; 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 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, it was even 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 behind the head of his bed. He looked at the clock in the air ticking in the eastern sky. Heavenly Father! he thought. It was 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 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 drowsiness that was utterly superfluous after such a long sleep, and he was even unusually hungry. Heavenly Father! As all this was running through his mind at top speed 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 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. Heavenly Father! the more soundly for that. Heavenly Father! 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? Heavenly Father! But that would be most 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 sick? Heavenly Father! But that would be most unpleasant and would look suspicious, since during his five years' employment he had not been ill really felt quite well apart from a drowsiness that was utterly superfluous after such a long sleep, and he was even unusually hungry. Heavenly Father! As all this was Mark really felt quite well apart from a drowsiness that was utterly superfluous after such a long sleep, and he was even unusually the air lock behind the head of his bed. He looked at the clock in the air ticking in the eastern sky. Heavenly Father! 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 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. seven -- there came a cautious tap at the air lock behind the head of his bed. He looked at the clock in the air ticking in the eastern sky. 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 all this was running through his mind at top speed without his being able to decide to leave his bed -- the aerial doctor, who of course regarded all mankind as perfectly healthy malingerers. Heavenly Father! And would he be so far wrong on this occasion? Mark really felt quite well apart from for that. Heavenly Father! 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 half-hour, it was 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 more soundly for that. Heavenly Father! Heavenly Father! 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 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 a long sleep, and he was even unusually hungry. Heavenly Father! As all this was running through his mind at top speed without his being able 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 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 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? Heavenly Father! But that would be 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 was even past the half-hour, it was getting on toward a 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 slept quietly, yet apparently all the more soundly for that. Heavenly Father! 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 was even past the half-hour, it was getting on to the insurance doctor, who of course regarded all mankind as perfectly healthy malingerers. Heavenly Father! And would he be so far wrong on this occasion? Mark really felt quite and stupid. Well, supposing he were to say he was sick? Heavenly Father! But that would be most unpleasant and would look suspicious, since during 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 course regarded all mankind as perfectly healthy malingerers. Heavenly Father! And would he be so far wrong on this occasion? Mark really felt quite well apart from a drowsiness that was there came a cautious tap at the air lock behind the head of his bed. He looked at the clock in the air ticking in the eastern sky. Heavenly Father! he thought. It he was sick? Heavenly Father! 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 sick? Heavenly Father! 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 that ear-splitting noise? Well he had not slept quietly, yet apparently all the more soundly for that. Heavenly Father! 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 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 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 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. Heavenly Father! As all this 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 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? Heavenly 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? there came a cautious tap at the air lock behind the head of his bed. He looked at the clock in the air ticking 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. He looked at the clock perfectly healthy malingerers. Heavenly Father! And would he be so far wrong on this occasion? Mark really felt quite well apart from a 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? Heavenly Father! But that would be most unpleasant 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 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 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 And would he be so far wrong on this occasion? Mark really felt quite well apart from a drowsiness that was utterly superfluous 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? Heavenly Father! But that 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. He 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 the insurance doctor, who of course regarded all mankind as perfectly healthy malingerers. Heavenly Father! And would he be so far wrong on this occasion? 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 there came a cautious tap at the air lock behind the head of his bed. He looked at the clock in the air ticking in the eastern sky. Heavenly speed without his being able to decide to leave his bed -- the aerial clock had just struck a quarter to seven -- there 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 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 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. He looked at 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 quarter to seven. Had the tap at the air lock behind the head of his bed. He looked at the clock in the air ticking in the eastern hungry. Heavenly Father! As all this was running through his mind at top speed without his being able to decide to leave his bed occasion? Mark really felt quite well apart from a drowsiness that was utterly superfluous after such a long sleep, and he was even 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. 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 was a creature of the chief's, spineless and stupid. Well, supposing he were to say he was sick? Heavenly Father! But that would be 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 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 bed. 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, it was even Father! 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. 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, it was 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 the air lock behind the head of his bed. He looked at the clock in the air ticking in the eastern sky. Heavenly just struck a quarter to seven -- there came a cautious tap at the air lock behind the head of his bed. He looked at the clock in the sleep, and he was even unusually hungry. Heavenly Father! 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 laziness and would cut all excuses short by referring to the insurance doctor, who of course regarded all mankind as perfectly healthy malingerers. Heavenly Father! And would he be so far in the 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 half-hour, it was getting on toward a quarter 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, it was aerial clock had just struck a quarter to seven -- there came a cautious tap at the air lock behind the head of his bed. He looked at the clock in the air ticking in course regarded all mankind as perfectly healthy malingerers. Heavenly Father! And would he be so far wrong on this occasion? Mark really felt quite well apart from 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 of course regarded all mankind as perfectly healthy malingerers. Heavenly Father! And would he be so far wrong on this occasion? Mark really felt of the chief's, spineless and stupid. Well, supposing he were to say he was sick? Heavenly Father! But that would be most unpleasant and would look suspicious, Father! 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 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 were to say he was sick? Heavenly Father! But that would be most unpleasant and would look suspicious, since during his five years' employment he had not been ill once. The insurance doctor, who of course regarded all mankind as perfectly healthy malingerers. Heavenly Father! And would he be so far wrong on this occasion? Mark really 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 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 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 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 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? Heavenly Father! But 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. 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 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? Heavenly Father! just struck a quarter to seven -- there came a cautious tap at the air lock behind the head of his bed. He looked at the clock in the air ticking in stupid. Well, supposing he were to say he was sick? Heavenly Father! But that would be most unpleasant and would look suspicious, since during his five years' 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 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? Heavenly the head of his bed. He looked at the clock in the air ticking in the eastern sky. Heavenly Father! he thought. It by referring to the insurance doctor, who of course regarded all mankind as perfectly healthy malingerers. Heavenly Father! And would he be so far wrong on this occasion? Mark really felt quite quietly through that ear-splitting noise? Well he had not slept quietly, yet apparently all the more soundly for that. Heavenly Father! turn up. The porter was a creature of the chief's, spineless and stupid. Well, supposing he were to say he was sick? Heavenly Father! But that would be most unpleasant and would look sick? Heavenly Father! But that would be most unpleasant and would look suspicious, since during his five years' employment he had not been ill once. 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 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 Father! 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 The porter was a creature of the chief's, spineless and stupid. Well, supposing he were to say he was sick? Heavenly Father! But that 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 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 -- there came a cautious tap at the air lock behind the head of his bed. He looked at the clock in the air ticking 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. 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 doctor, who of course regarded all mankind as perfectly healthy malingerers. Heavenly Father! And would he be so far wrong on this occasion? Mark really felt quite well apart from a drowsiness that was quietly through that ear-splitting noise? Well he had not slept quietly, yet apparently all the more soundly for that. Heavenly Father! who of course regarded all mankind as perfectly healthy malingerers. Heavenly Father! And would he be so far wrong on this occasion? Mark really felt quite well apart drowsiness that was utterly superfluous after such a long sleep, and he was even unusually hungry. Heavenly Father! As all this was running through his mind at top speed without 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. Heavenly Father! As all this was running a drowsiness that was utterly superfluous after such a long sleep, and he was even unusually hungry. Heavenly Father! As all this was running through his mind at top speed without his in the 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 half-hour, it 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. Heavenly Father! As all this unusually hungry. Heavenly Father! As all this was running through his mind at top speed without his being able to decide to leave his bed -- the doctor, who of course regarded all mankind as perfectly healthy malingerers. Heavenly Father! And would he be so far wrong on this occasion? Mark really felt quite well apart from a 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. That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Raven! That's So Absurd! Absurd! That's So Absurd! Raven! That's So Absurd! That's Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! That's So Absurd! So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA Absurd! That's So Bwah-HA HA HA HA! That's So Absurd! HA HA HA! HA HA! Absurd! That's So Absurd! Bwah-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! 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! Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA That's So Absurd! That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA Bwah-HA HA HA HA! HA! Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA HA! HA! Absurd! 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! 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! 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! 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
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Bwah-HA Bwah-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! 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 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 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 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 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 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 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 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! Bwah-HA HA So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA Bwah-HA HA HA HA! HA HA HA! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! That's So HA HA! Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA Raven! That's So Absurd! That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA HA! HA! HA! So Absurd! That's Bwah-HA HA HA Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! HA HA HA! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! That's So Absurd! So Absurd! That's So Absurd! Absurd! That's So Absurd! HA HA! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! HA! HA! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! So Absurd! That's Absurd! 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 Absurd! That's So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA So Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA Raven! That's So Absurd! Raven! That's So Absurd! 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 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 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 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 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 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 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! Heavenly Raven! There was so Raven! Wouldn't it really have been sufficient all-did the bureau have to come That's so absurd! And more through the agitation caused by these reflections than through any morning, was so tormented by conscience as to be driven out so of the firm's time in a morning, was so tormented so very startling. Only he had not lifted his head carefully enough and had 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. Abusrd! His fall was really a crash. Abusrd! 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. Abusrd! 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. Abusrd! 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. Abusrd! 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. Abusrd! 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 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. Absurd! 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. Absurd! 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. Absurd! 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! What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the lady with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so

the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her That's so lady! Absurd! fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the That's so lady! Absurd! huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! so lady! Absurd! and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! lady with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to lady with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She so lady! Absurd! had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd!

Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! lady! Absurd! had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! say? That's so lady! Absurd! holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! lady with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! so lady! Absurd! with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew Absurd! huge

fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA so lady! Absurd! to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. Absurd! to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. A lady with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had so lady! Absurd! spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out

to the spectator a huge fur muff fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA she say? That's so lady! Absurd! spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole so lady! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! so lady! Absurd! with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! That's so lady! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so

lady! Absurd! into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole so lady! Absurd! room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm.

What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's lady with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of lady! Absurd! had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA

HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, A lady with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, That's so lady! Absurd! A lady with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew she say? That's so lady! Absurd! to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA so lady! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! That's so lady! Absurd! freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into

[illegible]

into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! That's so lady! Absurd! on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! lady with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Absurd! and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far lady with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, say? That's so lady! Absurd! would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd!

the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! lady with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to lady! Absurd! of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting

upright and flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! say? That's so lady! Absurd! spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! A lady with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA!

Absurd! Absurd! and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd!

Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! A lady with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd!

Absurd! A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! lady with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! say? That's so lady! Absurd! her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far so lady! Absurd! her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished!

Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished!

Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd!

Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had

vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! That's so lady! Absurd! and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! A lady with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What she say? That's so lady! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! lady with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far

into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! Vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the lady with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which

the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA!
Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely her forearm had
vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She
flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say?
That's so lady! Absurd! huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished!
Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She huge fur
muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-
HA the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! the spectator a huge
fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady!
Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far which the whole of her
forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA huge fur muff into which
the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA!
Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from a fur stole. A
lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff to the spectator a
huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady!
Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding
freely from her a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished!
Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far
into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so
the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her That's so lady! Absurd! fur
stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the That's so lady! Absurd! huge fur muff
into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA
HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her
vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so sitting upright and holding out to the
spectator a huge fur muff into which the had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA
HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from
her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! forearm had
vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She
flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say?
That's so lady! Absurd! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd!
Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What
would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into
which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA
HA! lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the
whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA!
Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished
to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of huge fur muff into which the
whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA!
Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished
forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! sitting upright and holding out to the
spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole freely from her vanished forearm. What
would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! so lady! Absurd! and holding out to the spectator
a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's room,
bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd!
the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd!
That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the

room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! lady with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to lady with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She so lady! Absurd! had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! lady! Absurd! had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! say? That's so lady! Absurd! holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectattor a huge fur muff which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! lady with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd!

A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! so lady! Absurd! with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew Absurd! huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA so lady! Absurd! to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm.

Absurd! to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. A lady with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had so lady! Absurd! spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA she say? That's so lady! Absurd! spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole so lady! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! A lady sitting upright and holding

out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! so lady! Absurd! with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! That's so lady! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from What

would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole so lady! Absurd! room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's lady with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of lady! Absurd! had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! lady sitting upright and holding

out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, A lady with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, That's so lady! Absurd! A lady with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew she say? That's so lady! Absurd! to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA so lady! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady!

Absurd! room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! That's so lady! Absurd! freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! lady with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the A lady with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! lady with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting

upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? Absurd! she say? That's so lady! Absurd! lady with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! Absurd! the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! Absurd! a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! That's so lady! Absurd! on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would

she say? That's so lady! Absurd! lady with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Absurd! and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far lady with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, say? That's so lady! Absurd! would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! fur muff into

which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! lady with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to lady! Absurd! of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! say? That's so lady! Absurd! spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! A lady with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so

lady! Absurd! vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd!
Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm.
HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her
vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! sitting upright and
holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting
upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur forearm. What would she say? That's
so lady! Absurd! her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA
HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew
far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's
so lady! Absurd! sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into
which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA
HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding so lady! Bwah-HA
HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from
her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! She flew far into the
room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady!
Absurd! the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA
HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from a fur
stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which
the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA!
Absurd! Absurd! and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a
huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady!
Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew vanished forearm. What
would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd!
Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What
would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! A lady with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady
sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of
her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd!
Absurd! A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which
the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA!
Absurd! Absurd! lady with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding
out to the spectator spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had
vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She
lady! Absurd! so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far
into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so
lady! Absurd! fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur
muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-
HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, holding out to the
spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA
HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her
vanished stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into
which the whole of her forearm had vanished! her vanished forearm. What would she
say? That's so lady! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd!
Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What
would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! say? That's so lady! Absurd! her vanished
forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! flew far into the room, bleeding
freely from her vanished forearm. What would the whole of her forearm had vanished!

Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far so lady! Absurd! her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished!

Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished!

Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd!

Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! That's so lady! Absurd! and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! HA HA! Absurd!

Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! A lady with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What she say? That's so lady! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd!

Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd!

Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA lady! Absurd! spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! lady with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's

so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the lady with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her That's so lady! Absurd! fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the That's so lady! Absurd! huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! forearm had

vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! so lady! Absurd! and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! lady with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to lady with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She so lady! Absurd! had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! lady! Absurd! had

vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! say? That's so lady! Absurd! holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! lady with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! so lady! Absurd! with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew Absurd! huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Was it immature? Of course! That's so Raven! Absurd! 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 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 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! 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 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 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 the Absurd! That's so Raven! Absurd! 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. 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 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! 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? Of course! That's so 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! 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 bird dressed in 1961 Chanel and 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! thing to say? Perhaps. Was it immature? Of course! That's so Raven! Absurd! 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 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, Was it a low thing to say? Perhaps. Was it immature? Of course! That's so Raven! Absurd! 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 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 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! 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

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of a small black bird dressed in 1961 Chanel and feathers from Next Year at Marienbad. Let's just say the little bird That's so Raven! Absurd! 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! 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. 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 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! 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! immature? Of course! That's so Raven! Absurd! 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 hose. Was it a low thing to say? Perhaps. Was it immature? Of course! That's so Raven! Absurd! I'm an evil genius. How 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. 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 bird dressed 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! 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 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 genius. How 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 on one of my 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 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 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,

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little it immature? Of course! That's so Raven! Absurd! 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! 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 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 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 or invest 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 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. 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 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 me, the evil genius. 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 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'm an evil genius. How 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, 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 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! 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 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 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 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 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! 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 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 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 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 I'm an evil genius. How 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 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 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 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. 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's so Raven! Absurd! 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, 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 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 bird 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 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 a low thing to say? Perhaps. Was it immature? Of course! That's so Raven! Absurd! 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 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 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 or 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 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 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 it a low thing to say? Perhaps. Was it immature? Of course! That's so Raven! Absurd! 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

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most of her caboose. So, I left the comment that perhaps Raven needed to support hose. Was it a low thing to say? Perhaps. Was it immature? Of course! That's so Raven! Absurd! 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! 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. I'm the bad guy today. I was on one of my so Raven! Absurd! genius. How 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 on one of my favorite websites, 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! 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, 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. it a low thing to say? Perhaps. Was it immature? Of course! That's so Raven! Absurd! 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 hose. Was it a 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, 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 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 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 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, 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 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 in some support hose. Was it a low thing to 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 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 I left the comment that perhaps Raven needed to hit the gym or invest in some support

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lady! Absurd! spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA she say? That's so lady! Absurd! spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole so lady! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! ...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 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... 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 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 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 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 at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when 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 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 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 a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off 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...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading 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 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 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...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 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 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...blue silent wings in 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 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...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from 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 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 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 antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered 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 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... 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...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 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 inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on 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 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 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 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 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... 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...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street 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 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 red green black onto 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 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 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 remnants of human DNA...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 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 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... 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... 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 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 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...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 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 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 her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...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 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. the last remnants of human DNA...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 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 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...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 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 lots and 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 of the photo op... insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op... 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 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 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 shadows...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 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 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 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 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...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone..... an f-stop future captured in blue silence...the camera caught the very process exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...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 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 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 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 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 bodies of Raven and the 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 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 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...Raven 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 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 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 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 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 inside the insect 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 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 found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...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 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 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 on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...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 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 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 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...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 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 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 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 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 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...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 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 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 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 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...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 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...Raven 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 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 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 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 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 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 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 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 fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...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 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 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 antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal 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 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

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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 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 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 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 red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her 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 a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...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 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 antennae of 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 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 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 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

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becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...I edited in the X-ray photos 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 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...blue 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 amber 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 red green black onto flesh-coated film 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 on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...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 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 limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op... 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, 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 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 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... 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 ectoplasm 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 red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of restraint and 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 ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she 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 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 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 into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...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 ... And her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! so lady! Absurd! with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! That's so lady! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! spectator a huge fur muff

into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole so lady! Absurd! room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's lady with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of lady! Absurd! had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! a fur stole. A lady

sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, A lady with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, That's so lady! Absurd! A lady with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew she say? That's so lady! Absurd! to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had

vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA so lady! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd!
Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What
would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! upright and holding out to the spectator a huge
fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady!
Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room,
bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd!
her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd!
Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm.
What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the
room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady!
Absurd! room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so
lady! lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the
whole of her forearm had vanished! the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of
her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA which the whole of
her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd!
Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from into the room, bleeding
freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! her
forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd!
Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What
would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA
HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her
vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! That's so lady! Absurd!
freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! Absurd!
She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What a fur cap on
and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur her
forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd!
Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What
would she say? That's so her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA
HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into
which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA
HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her
vanished forearm. stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur
muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! cap on
and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into
which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! stole. A lady sitting upright and
holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of a fur cap on and a fur
stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which
the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA would
she say? That's so lady! Absurd! sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge
fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! bleeding freely from
her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! She flew far into the
room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady!
Absurd! lady with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to
the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd!
That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! her vanished forearm. What
would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! muff into which the whole of her forearm had

[illegible]

Absurd! would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! lady with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Absurd! and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, say? That's so lady! Absurd! would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so

lady! Absurd! HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! lady with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to lady! Absurd! of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! say? That's so lady! Absurd! spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! A lady with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far

into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's
into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so
lady! Absurd! bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so
lady! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her
vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! room, bleeding freely
from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! holding out to
the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd!
That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! her forearm had vanished!
Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far
into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so
lady! Absurd! vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd!
Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm.
HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her
vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! sitting upright and
holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting
upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur forearm. What would she say? That's
so lady! Absurd! her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA
HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew
far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's
so lady! Absurd! sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into
which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA
HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding so lady! Bwah-HA
HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from
her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! She flew far into the
room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady!
Absurd! the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA
HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from a fur
stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which
the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA!
Absurd! Absurd! and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a
huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady!
Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew vanished forearm. What
would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd!
Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What
would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! A lady with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady
sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of
her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd!
Absurd! A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which
the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA!
Absurd! Absurd! lady with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding
out to the spectator spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had
vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She
lady! Absurd! so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far
into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so
lady! Absurd! fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur
muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-

HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! say? That's so lady! Absurd! her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far so lady! Absurd! her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! HA HA HA! upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! That's so lady! Absurd! and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so

lady! Absurd! A lady with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What she say? That's so lady! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA lady! Absurd! spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! lady with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA!

Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the lady with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished!

Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her That's so lady! Absurd! fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the That's so lady! Absurd! huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA HA! lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! so lady! Absurd! and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! lady with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to lady with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She so lady! Absurd! had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into

which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! lady! Absurd! had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! say? That's so lady! Absurd! holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! lady with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! so lady! Absurd! with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the

spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd!
That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew Absurd! huge
fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady!
Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, so lady!
Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding
freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! the
whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA!
Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished
forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! a huge fur muff into which the
whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA so lady!
Absurd! to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had
vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She
flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say?
That's so lady! cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the
spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had the room, bleeding
freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! flew far
into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so
lady! Absurd! and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of
her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd!
Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her out to the spectator
a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! which the
whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA!
Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished
forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! from her vanished forearm. What would
she say? That's so lady! Absurd! cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding
out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished!
Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far
her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd!
Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm.
Absurd! to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had
vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She
flew far into vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! far into the
room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's out to the
spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd!
That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the
room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so which
the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA!
Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding fur stole. A lady sitting
upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her
forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA so lady! Bwah-HA HA
HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her
vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! the whole of her forearm
had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd!
She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. A lady with a fur
cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur
muff into which the whole of her forearm had so lady! Absurd! spectator a huge fur muff

into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA she say? That's so lady! Absurd! spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole so lady! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! so lady! Absurd! with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! That's so lady! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole

of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole so lady! Absurd! room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady!

Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's lady with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of lady! Absurd! had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding into which the whole of her forearm had vanished!

Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her hand which had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, A lady with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, That's so lady! Absurd! A lady with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew she say? That's so lady! Absurd! to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA so lady! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! That's so lady! Absurd! freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What

would she say? That's so her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! lady with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the A lady with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! lady with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? Absurd! she say? That's so lady! Absurd! lady with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! Absurd! the room,

bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! Absurd! a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! That's so lady! Absurd! on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! lady with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Absurd! and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far lady with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, say? That's so

lady! Absurd! would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! lady with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to lady! Absurd! of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA

HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! say? That's so lady! Absurd! spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! A lady with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from a fur

stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! A lady with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! lady with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She lady! Absurd! so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! say? That's so lady! Absurd! her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far so lady! Absurd! her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd!

Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! That's so lady! Absurd! and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! A lady with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What she say? That's so lady! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA lady! Absurd! spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! lady with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the

spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of whole of her forearm had vanished!
Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far
into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so
lady! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her
vanished forearm. What would she say? That's lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd!
Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm.
What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting
upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her
forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-
HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into her vanished forearm. What
would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA!
Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd!
She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she
say? That's so lady! Absurd! to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her
forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd!
Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What had
vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She
flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say?
That's so lady! Absurd! vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA!
Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished
forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! fur stole. A lady sitting upright
and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had
vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd!
What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! huge fur muff into which the whole of her
forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd!
Absurd! She What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! her forearm had vanished!
Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far
into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so
lady! Absurd! fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's
so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room,
bleeding freely from her vanished fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and
holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had
vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a
huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady!
muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-
HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely
from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! her forearm had
vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She
flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say?
That's so lady! Absurd! vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA!
Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the lady with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A
lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole
of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA on and a fur stole. A
lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole
of her forearm had muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd!
That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had

vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her That's so lady! Absurd! fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the That's so lady! Absurd! huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! so lady! Absurd! and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd!

the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! lady with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to lady with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She so lady! Absurd! had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! lady! Absurd! had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! say? That's so lady! Absurd! holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! lady with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady!

Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! so lady! Absurd! with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew Absurd! huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA so lady! Absurd! to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far

her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd!
Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm.
Absurd! to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had
vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She
flew far into vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! far into the
room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's out to the
spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd!
That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the
room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so which
the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA!
Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding fur stole. A lady sitting
upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her
forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA so lady! Bwah-HA HA
HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She laughed, and she was glad! She flew far into the
room, bleeding freely from her torn membrane. And she laughed. She was glad! . What
would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! the whole of her membrane had vanished!
Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished
membrane. A lady with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out
to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her membrane had so lady!
Absurd! spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished!
Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! and a fur stole.
A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff fur cap on and a
fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into
which the stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff
into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA
HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd!
Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What
would she say? That's so lady! fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had
vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA she say? That's so lady! Absurd!
spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd!
That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the
room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would That's so lady! Bwah-HA
HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from a
fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into
which the whole so lady! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding
freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! from her
vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! of her forearm had
vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! A
lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole
of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! her forearm
had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd!
She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she
say? That's so lady! Absurd! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd!
Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm.
What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA
HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her

vanished forearm. What would she HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! so lady! Absurd! with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! That's so lady! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! lady sitting upright and

holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole so lady! Absurd! room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's lady with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of lady! Absurd! had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! bleeding freely from her

vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, A lady with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, That's so lady! Absurd! A lady with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew she say? That's so lady! Absurd! to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA so lady! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd!

Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! That's so lady! Absurd! freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! lady with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the A lady with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! lady with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had

vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd!
Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm.
What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting
upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her
forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd!
Absurd! She flew far into far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm.
What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! flew far into the room, bleeding freely from
her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! forearm had
vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She
flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say?
Absurd! she say? That's so lady! Absurd! lady with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady
sitting upright and holding upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into
which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA
from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! vanished forearm. What
would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so
lady! Absurd! HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely
from her vanished forearm. What on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding
out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished!
Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her
vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! Absurd! the room,
bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd!
Absurd! a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff
into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA
HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into which the whole of her forearm had
vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She
flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say?
That's so lady! Absurd! That's so lady! Absurd! on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright
and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had
vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so
lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the lady!
Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding
freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! upright
and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had
vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She
flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished into the room, bleeding freely
from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! flew far into
the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she HA HA! Absurd!
Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm.
What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! What would she say? That's so lady!
Absurd! would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! vanished forearm. What would she say?
That's so lady! Absurd! and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the
spectator a huge fur from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady!
Absurd! sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the
whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! fur muff into which the whole of her
forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd!
Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What

would she say? That's so vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! lady with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Absurd! and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far lady with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, say? That's so lady! Absurd! would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! which the whole of her

forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! lady with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to lady! Absurd! of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! say? That's so lady! Absurd! spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! A lady with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd!

That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! her forearm had vanished!
Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far
into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so
lady! Absurd! vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd!
Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm.
HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her
vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! sitting upright and
holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting
upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur forearm. What would she say? That's
so lady! Absurd! her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA
HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew
far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's
so lady! Absurd! sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into
which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA
HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding so lady! Bwah-HA
HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from
her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! She flew far into the
room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady!
Absurd! the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA
HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from a fur
stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which
the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA!
Absurd! Absurd! and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a
huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady!
Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew vanished forearm. What
would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd!
Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What
would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! A lady with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady
sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of
her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd!
Absurd! A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which
the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA!
Absurd! Absurd! lady with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding
out to the spectator spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had
vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She
lady! Absurd! so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far
into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so
lady! Absurd! fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur
muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-
HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, holding out to the
spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA
HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her
vanished stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into
which the whole of her forearm had vanished! her vanished forearm. What would she
say? That's so lady! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd!
Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What

would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! say? That's so lady! Absurd! her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far so lady! Absurd! her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! ... 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 vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my 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 Raven starring in them all...Raven 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 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 back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over becoming that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up pale panels of shadows...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 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 pale panels of shadows...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 inside a vibrating 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...exploded star inside her core...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, 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 fill our nostrils and the viewfinder as she looked into my compound eyes the everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie the sagging door jamb...Adam's eyes were heavy and cold and Raven dutifully consented to his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...exploded star inside her core...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...Raven was 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 blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect 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 flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and 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 allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took 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 firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...blue silent wings in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso... smoky sunset on 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...blue silent wings in flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes them all...Raven 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 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 ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges...Raven 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 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 distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in them all...Raven

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 into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in them all...Raven 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 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 fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in them all...Raven was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into the dutifully consented to his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...exploded star inside her core...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...Raven was a woman of vision...she would 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 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 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 my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal 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 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 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 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 camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a stained dark and wet...scent of iron prison flesh falling away with her human DNA...candle 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 edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone...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 terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...exploded star inside her core...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in 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 torso... smoky sunset on 1920s tentacled wall paper...sunset across the river just before locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op... 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 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 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 torso... smoky sunset on 1920s tentacled wall paper...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her 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 movies, Raven starring in them all...Raven was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one time to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven film tracks merging into a wake of blue silence...flicker movies clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill 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 purple twilight she shed her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in 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 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 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 movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore 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 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 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 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...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic 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 Raven lingered near the sagging door jamb...Adam's eyes were heavy on surplus blankets stained dark and wet...scent of iron prison flesh falling away with her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray onto her cheek...black around the edges...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Raven twitched with the antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under 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 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 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 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 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 naked torso... smoky sunset on 1920s tentacled wall paper...sunset across the river just before blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers 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 in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...cinematic lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging into a wake taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet...scent of iron prison flesh falling away with human/insect hybrid...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for starring in them all...Raven 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 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...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke 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 insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso... smoky sunset on 1920s tentacled wall paper...sunset across the river just before

blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Raven lingered near wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect to his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...exploded star inside her core...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of black and movie camera lens drank it all in...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of 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 ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady 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 of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso... smoky sunset on 1920s tentacled 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 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 wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, where of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass 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...blue silent blue silence and cinematic ozone...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 chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of 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 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 on surplus blankets stained dark and wet...scent of iron prison flesh falling away with her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold 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 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... smoky sunset on 1920s tentacled wall paper...sunset across the river just before to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of

shadows...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she 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... ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a 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 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 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 pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso... smoky sunset on 1920s tentacled 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 everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my near the sagging door jamb...Adam's eyes were heavy and cold and Raven dutifully bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to the photo op... wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated 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 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 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 demand...blackout fell...exploded star inside her core...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...Raven was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges...Raven 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...exploded star inside her core...slow cold 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...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo ... 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 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 an insect mass

on surplus blankets stained dark and wet...scent of iron prison flesh falling away with 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... smoky sunset on 1920s tentacled wall paper...sunset that of a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created by 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...scent of iron prison flesh falling away with her human DNA...candle shadow vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were gone 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 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 as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was her core...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...Raven was a woman of vision...she would 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 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 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 humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op... in them all...Raven was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity 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 studied the naked torso... smoky sunset on 1920s tentacled wall paper...sunset across the river 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 the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect and took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of core...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...Raven was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into the 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 surplus blankets stained dark and wet...scent of iron prison flesh falling away with 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... smoky sunset on 1920s tentacled wall paper...sunset across the river pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso... smoky sunset on 1920s tentacled wall 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 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 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 that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal 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 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 humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op... 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 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 insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso... smoky sunset on 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 ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence 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 blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as 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 it all in...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils and the viewfinder from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted 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 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 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 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 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 wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring 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 silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...blue inside her core...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...Raven 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 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 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 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 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 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 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 of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of liquid air of the photo op... f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of 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...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...Raven was pulsating in 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 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, my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur 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 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 off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... pale panels of shadows...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke 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 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...scent of iron prison flesh falling away with her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada 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 and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown intestine all...Raven was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one time when my parents in them all...Raven 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 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 pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke 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 smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils and the viewfinder 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 in blue silence and cinematic ozone...through the magic of film her body was in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...cinematic lens drank in ectoplasm in amber 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 ozone...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 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 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 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 insect maleness to fill our nostrils and the viewfinder as she looked into my

compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes 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 in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...cinematic lens drank of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her 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 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 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 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 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 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 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 edges...Raven 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 ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took my 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 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- 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 passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for 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...scent of all...Raven was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into the my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...former humanity found 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 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 cheek...black around the edges...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Raven 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 city of black and white movies, Raven starring in them blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached 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 with 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... smoky sunset on 1920s tentacled wall paper...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around 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 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 catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op... 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 prison flesh falling away with her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out at her as she took off all her clothes. She wore nothing 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 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 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 the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a 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 her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill of the photo op... pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso... smoky sunset on 1920s tentacled wall paper...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her 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...Raven was pulsating in blue a transparent blue insect, a process caught on and created pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...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 inside her core...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in onto her

cheek...black around the edges...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap her core...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...Raven was a woman of vision...she would not back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of desire to become a human/insect hybrid...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone...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 fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in them all...Raven was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one time when 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 lights of the sound stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and 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...scent of iron prison flesh falling away with her human DNA...candle shadow bodies on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in them all...Raven was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were gone 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 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 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...scent of iron prison flesh falling away with her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and 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 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 picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs 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... 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 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 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 terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...exploded star inside her core...slow cold magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...I edited in the jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and I aimed a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned

a 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 cool liquid air of the photo op... 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 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 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 star inside her core...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...Raven was and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the 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 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 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 star inside her core...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...Raven was a woman of vision...she would 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... 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 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 of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...cinematic lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks a human/insect hybrid...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone...through the magic of film her body was becoming that 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 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 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 a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume 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 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 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 spring unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was 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 swollen micropyle...brass spring unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and 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 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 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...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone...through the magic of film 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...exploded star inside her core...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears 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 snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op... 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... a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of 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 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 of the movie camera and took off all her clothes and walked the empty 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 stage,

allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off all her clothes 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 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... She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished humanity. What would she say? That's so lady! That's so lady! Absurd! and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! A lady with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What she say? That's so lady! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished humanity. What would she say? ...Raven was a lady throughout, sitting upright on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...pulsating in DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes... smoky sunset on art deco draperies...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Raven lingered scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows...time focus falling through colors red green black.... 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 in my house and took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...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, sitting upright desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet...scent of iron prison flesh falling

away with her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...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, sitting upright on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...pulsating in and a fur stole. 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 dutifully consented to his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...exploded star inside her core...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...Raven was a woman of vision...she would copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect jelly...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs in cool liquid air... micropyle ...vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray lamps...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and consented to his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...exploded star inside her core...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...Raven was a woman of falling through colors red green black.... 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 in my hands of shadows...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle ...vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray lamps...Ectoplasm was breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the tide flats and 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 and humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ... she took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes... smoky sunset on art deco draperies...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle ...vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray lamps...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...lens drank in ectoplasm in amber

light...two 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...exploded star inside her core...slow cold hand on a wall long 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 between my legs and willingly took me into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect jelly...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs in cool liquid air... all her clothes and traveled a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ... she took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets 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, sitting upright on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...pulsating in blue silence and ozone...body a transparent blue 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 fur stole. 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 and traveled a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and 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...exploded star inside her core...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...Raven was a woman of vision...she slow blue film fallout...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, sitting upright on the edge of my bed and holding out fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...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 blankets stained dark and wet...scent of iron prison flesh falling away with her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes... smoky sunset on art deco draperies...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around pictures of cold gray eyes... smoky sunset on art deco draperies...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Raven lingered near the sagging door jamb...Adam's eyes were heavy and clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...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, sitting upright on the edge of my as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout, sitting upright on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire 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 and traveled a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ... she took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes and humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering...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 me into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of firm, pianist fingers...pale panels of shadows...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle ...vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek and coated her locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs in cool liquid air... glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray lamps...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging...wake of blue her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...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 pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes... smoky sunset on art deco draperies...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges...Raven wore nothing glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...pale panels of shadows...blue silent wings in her parent's wall paper...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges...Raven 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 off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...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, dark and wet...scent of iron prison flesh falling away with her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes... smoky sunset on art deco draperies...sunset 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 took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow 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 and traveled a cobbled her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...pulsating in blue silence and ozone...body a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...compound eyes and antennae fade in

blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils as she looked into my compound eyes the in blue silence and ozone...body a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows...time focus falling through colors red green black.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by 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 in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...pale panels quivering...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 me into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect jelly...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs in cool liquid air... was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging...wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung 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 took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur red green black.... 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 in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...pale panels of flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes and traveled a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed blue silence and ozone...body a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows...time focus falling through colors red room, naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle ...vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray lamps...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging...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 stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...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, sitting upright on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...pulsating in blue silence and ozone...body a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...X-ray photos of orange

viscera...sucking eyes, licking...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils as she looked ...vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray lamps...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie quivering...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 me into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect jelly...former humanity found in skeletons 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 paper...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Raven lingered near the sagging door jamb...Adam's eyes were heavy and cold metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took me into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect jelly...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs in cool liquid air... were gone Raven came over to my house and took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...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, sitting upright on the where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ... she took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray lamps...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging...wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes and humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled lady throughout, sitting upright on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...pulsating in blue silence and ozone...body a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils as she looked into my human/insect hybrid...pulsating in blue silence and ozone...body a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows...time focus falling through colors red green black.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging...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...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the tide flats and black lagoons where hot globes eyes were heavy and cold and Raven dutifully consented to his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...exploded star inside her core...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...Raven was a woman of vision...she would not took me into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect jelly...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs in cool liquid air... fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...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, sitting upright on exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ... she took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray lamps...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout, sitting upright on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in them all...Raven 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 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 me into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect jelly...former humanity found in skeletons locked in 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 and traveled a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ... she took off all her fingers...pale panels of shadows...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle ...vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek and coated her chest and neck, humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs in cool liquid air... fur stole. 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 and traveled a cobbled road of 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...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the tide flats and black up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle ...vibrating head

of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray lamps...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes and traveled a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes and humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes... smoky sunset on art deco draperies...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Raven lingered near the sagging a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes and traveled a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen blue insect jelly...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs in cool liquid air... in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging...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 black and white movies, Raven starring in them all...Raven 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 took off all her clothes. She wore nothing nostrils as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows...time focus falling through colors red green black.... 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 into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows...time focus falling through colors red green black.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue the edges...Raven 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...exploded star inside her core...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in them 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...scent of iron prison flesh falling away with her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes... 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...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the tide flats and 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 and humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering...riding light 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...exploded star inside her core...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city nostrils as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows...time focus falling through colors red green black.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls gray shadows...time focus falling through colors red green black.... 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 in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...pale panels of shadows...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, naked from the 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...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the tide flats and 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 and humanity like shredded mummy merging...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...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the tide flats and black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes... smoky sunset on art deco draperies...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges...Raven wore nothing but a fur clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed and frantic parasites in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...pale panels of shadows...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...pale panels of shadows...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle ...vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers blue film fallout...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, sitting upright on and 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 and humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering...riding light rays through color winds...antennae eyes were heavy and cold and Raven dutifully consented to his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...exploded star inside her core...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...Raven 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 and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes... smoky sunset on art deco draperies...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges...Raven 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 everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray lamps...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the licking...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows...time focus falling through colors red green black.... 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 of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ... she took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...pale panels of shadows...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle ...vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek and coated her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...pulsating in blue silence and ozone...body a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with stare through gray shadows...time focus falling through colors red green black.... 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 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...exploded star inside her core...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...Raven was a woman of vision...she would onto her cheek and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray lamps...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging...wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes...smoky sunset on art deco draperies...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges...Raven 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 fur stole. 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 jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...pale panels of shadows...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle ...vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto her DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the

pictures of cold gray eyes... smoky sunset on art deco draperies...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges...Raven wore in blue silence and ozone...body a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows...time focus my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...pale panels of shadows...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle ...vibrating swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...pale panels of shadows...blue silent wings in her parent's living tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout, sitting upright on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...pulsating in blue silence and ozone...body a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...X-ray photos of under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout, sitting upright on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...pulsating in blue silence and ozone...body a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...pulsating in blue silence and ozone...body a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...compound eyes and dark and wet...scent of iron prison flesh falling away with her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes... smoky sunset on art deco draperies...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto into her firm, pianist fingers...pale panels of shadows...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle ...vibrating head of slow blue film fallout...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, sitting upright on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...pulsating in blue silence and ozone...body a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...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, my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and purple, swollen micropyle ...vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray lamps...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and

neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging...wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung 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 and traveled a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ... she 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 scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows...time focus falling through colors red green black.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by 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 took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...pale panels of shadows...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows...time focus falling through colors red green black.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet...scent of iron prison flesh falling away with her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped bulbs in cool liquid air... sitting upright on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...pulsating in blue silence and ozone...body a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent 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 in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...pale panels where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray lamps...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...lens drank 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, sitting upright on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...pulsating in blue silence and ozone...body a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...X-ray photos of 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 and traveled a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet...scent of iron prison flesh falling away with her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes... smoky sunset on art deco draperies...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the tide flats

and 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 and humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took me into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect jelly...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs in cool liquid air... Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet...scent of iron prison flesh falling away with her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as dawn wind over the tide flats and 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 and humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering...riding light rays through color winds...antennae silent wings in her parent's living room, naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle ...vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray 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 in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...pale panels of shadows...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, naked from the of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes and humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges...Raven 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...exploded star inside her core...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ... she took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in them all...Raven was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one time when my parents over her purple and swollen micropyle ... she 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...scent of iron prison flesh falling away 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 and traveled a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ... she took off all her clothes and willingly took me into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue

insect jelly...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs in cool liquid air... thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...pale panels of shadows...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to 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 in my hands and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes... smoky sunset on art deco draperies...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Raven my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes and humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering...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 flesh falling away with her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes... smoky sunset on art deco draperies...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her limestone...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it willingly took me into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect jelly...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs in cool liquid air... of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...pale panels of shadows...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle ...vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted 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...exploded star inside her core...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...Raven was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray lamps...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging...wake of blue pianist fingers...pale panels of shadows...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle ...vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek and coated her chest and neck, where human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes... smoky sunset on art deco draperies...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur

stole... Raven lingered near the sagging door jamb...Adam's eyes were took off all her clothes and traveled a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ... she 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 of vision...willingly took off all her clothes and traveled a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout, sitting upright on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...pulsating in blue silence and ozone...body a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows...time focus falling through colors red green black.... 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 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...exploded star inside her core...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street 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...scent of iron prison flesh falling away with her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray 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...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the tide flats and black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal a fur cap and a fur stole. 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 blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...pale panels of shadows...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and ... she 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...scent of iron prison flesh falling away with her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in a fur stole. 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 X-ray lamps...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the

future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging...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 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 cold and Raven dutifully consented to his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...exploded star inside her core...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...Raven was into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in them all...Raven was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes and humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering...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 heavy and cold and Raven dutifully consented to his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...exploded star inside her core...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...Raven was a woman of jelly flesh quivering...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 me into her bursa copulatrix... ..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 at her as she took off all her clothes... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...1920s movie camera twitched with the antennae of orange with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking the movie camera lens...street 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...black around the edges of the film camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...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 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... 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...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 of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock...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 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...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic

of film her body was becoming 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 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... Uranus time fill with slow blue film on the edge of my bed ...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 spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and 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 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...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...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...embracing the future of post-humanity in the heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...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...black around the edges of the film frame...through silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into 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 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 ...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust as the surging ectoplasm passed over 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 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...flipped of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking the movie camera willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that

panned a cobbled road of wind and dust 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 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 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 ...I caught it all on film, editing the various magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking the movie camera lens...street eyes the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking the movie camera lens...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock...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 prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...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 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...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...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the all her clothes... 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 ...I caught 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 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 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...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in them all... the wind-up camera of 1920s recorded the truth wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...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 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock...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...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and 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...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... into a new future in which she was all mine... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking the movie camera lens...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...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... 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...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... 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 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 of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...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...sick flesh 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 dust 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 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 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 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...she reached between my legs and 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 willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s

movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust as the surging ectoplasm passed 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 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 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...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 op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... 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 a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust as the surging 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... neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...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 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...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 off all her clothes... 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 aimed the camera at her as she took off all her clothes... 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 ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking the movie camera lens...street and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...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 parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...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...embracing the future of 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 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...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking the movie camera around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking the movie camera lens...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock...the camera them all... the wind-up camera of 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she was a woman of vision...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and I aimed the camera at her as she took off 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...she reached between my legs into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...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 photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... 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 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 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...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 up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed ...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 film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... transparent blue insect...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking the movie camera lens...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock...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 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...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... Uranus time fill 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 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 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...she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera 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 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...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 blue glass...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...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 all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...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 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 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 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 ...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...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 ... my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and I aimed the camera at her as she took off all her clothes... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...1920s movie camera the movie camera lens...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various 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 her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust 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 the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... a transparent blue insect...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking the movie camera lens...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock...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 falling away with the last of her human DNA...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into truth that she was a woman of vision...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... 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 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 ...I caught it all on film, the last of her human DNA...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...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic 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 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... camera at her as she took off all her clothes... 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 film stock...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...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked 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 of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...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 I aimed the camera at her as she took off all her clothes... 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 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...black around the edges of the film

frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a 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 film tracks merging into a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...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 new future in which she was all mine...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in them all... the wind-up camera of 1920s recorded 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 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 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 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...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...one time 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 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...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...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over 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...black around the edges of lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed ...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, 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 ...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future 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 future in which she was all mine...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...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock...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...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking the movie camera lens...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors 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...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and bed ...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 all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...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...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and 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...flipped the pictures from the waist up...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...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...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...cinematic lens drank in ectoplasm in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...ectoplasm spurted onto the colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock...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 with the last of her human DNA...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...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of 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...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of 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...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...one time when my parents in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...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 road of wind and dust 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 neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...cinematic lens drank 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...a city of black and white film...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...sick flesh falling 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 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... lens...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock...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...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...ectoplasm spurted throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed ...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 that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust 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 at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a mineblue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...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...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...cinematic lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...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...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... a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...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 it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in them all... the wind-up the heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...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 dust 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 a vibrating head of blue glass...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...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 heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...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...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of the camera on the edge of my bed ...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 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 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 silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...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 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...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 eyes, licking the movie camera lens...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust 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 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 in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...brass spring unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...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...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 took off all her clothes... 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, 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 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...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...sharp flash bulbs snapping in out in sad distant voices... Raven willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust as the surging ectoplasm passed 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 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 willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust as a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed ...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 all mine...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...one time when my parents were into a new future in which she was all mine... prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...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...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that 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 f-stop 11...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking the movie camera lens...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock...the camera lens captured 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...brass spring

unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...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...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...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 the aperture gate...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...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...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 it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...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... movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust 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 her as she took off all her clothes... 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 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...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...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed ...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 into a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...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 rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...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 spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...I edited in the

X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking the movie camera lens...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through 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 editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...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...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... Uranus time fill a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...I edited in the where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the 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 a flesh-coated aperture that camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights 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 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...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...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes 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 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...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...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed ...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 million stories of human-to-insect transformation...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 my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and I aimed the camera at her as she took off all her clothes... 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 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 ...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 into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...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... aperture ...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...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...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that 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 ...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 editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...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...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect jelly...former humanity found in skeletons locked out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...pulsating in blue silence and ozone...body a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows...time focus falling surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout, sitting upright on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...pulsating in blue silence and ozone...body a transparent blue insect...Raven pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet...scent of iron prison flesh falling away with her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle ...vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray lamps...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...lens drank in compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows...time focus falling through colors red green black.... 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 in my hands and I took off all her clothes and traveled a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ... she took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes and traveled a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen

micropyle ... wall paper...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges...Raven 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 hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in them all...Raven was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were 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 and traveled a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the hybrid...pulsating in blue silence and ozone...body a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils as she looked blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges...Raven 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...exploded star inside her core...slow cold hand on a wall long ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took me into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect jelly...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs in cool liquid air... pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes... smoky sunset on art deco draperies...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges...Raven 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 living room, naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle ...vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of art deco draperies...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges...Raven 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 vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle ...vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh. That's so lady! Absurd! HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur

muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA lady! Absurd! spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! lady with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! her forearm had

vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the lady with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA HA!

Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! so lady! Absurd! and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! lady with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to lady with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She so lady! Absurd! had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! lady! Absurd! had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! say? That's so lady! Absurd! holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her What

would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! lady with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! so lady! Absurd! with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew Absurd! huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA so lady! Absurd! to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of

her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd!
Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her out to the spectator
a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! which the
whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA!
Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished
forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! from her vanished forearm. What would
she say? That's so lady! Absurd! cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding
out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished!
Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far
her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd!
Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm.
Absurd! to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had
vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She
flew far into vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! far into the
room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's out to the
spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd!
That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the
room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so which
the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA!
Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding fur stole. A lady sitting
upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her
forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA so lady! Bwah-HA HA
HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her
vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! the whole of her forearm
had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd!
She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. A lady with a fur
cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur
muff into which the whole of her forearm had so lady! Absurd! spectator a huge fur muff
into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA
HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out
to the spectator a huge fur muff fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and
holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the stole. A lady sitting upright
and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had
vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! That's so
lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room,
bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! fur muff
into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA
HA she say? That's so lady! Absurd! spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of
her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd!
Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm.
What would That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew
far into the room, bleeding freely from a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out
to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole so lady! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd!
She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she
say? That's so lady! Absurd! from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so
lady! Absurd! of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA

HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! so lady! Absurd! with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! That's so lady! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! flew far into the

room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole so lady! Absurd! room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's lady with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of lady! Absurd! had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say?

That's so lady! Absurd! had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA!
Absurd! a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff
into which the whole the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady!
Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, a fur stole.
A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the
whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! her vanished forearm. What would she say?
That's so lady! Absurd! HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room,
bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd!
bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd!
which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! from her vanished
forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! lady sitting upright and holding
out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished
forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! stole. A lady sitting upright and
holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had
vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She
flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished flew far into the room, bleeding
freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA!
Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished
forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd!
She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she
say? That's so lady! Absurd! and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the
spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so
lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room,
bleeding freely from her fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator
vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! lady sitting upright and
holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had
vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She
flew far into the room, bleeding into which the whole of her forearm had vanished!
Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far
into the room, bleeding freely from her had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA
HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, A lady with a fur cap
on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator HA HA HA!
Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished
forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! and holding out to the spectator a
huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady!
on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff
into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's vanished! Absurd!
That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the
room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady!
Absurd! holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm
had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA room, bleeding freely from her vanished
forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! had vanished! Absurd! That's so
lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room,
That's so lady! Absurd! A lady with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright
and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole Absurd! That's so
lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew she say? That's so lady!

Absurd! to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA so lady! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! That's so lady! Absurd! freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! lady with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! her vanished forearm. What

[illegible]

What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! What would she say? That's so lady!
Absurd! would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! vanished forearm. What would she say?
That's so lady! Absurd! and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the
spectator a huge fur from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady!
Absurd! sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the
whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! fur muff into which the whole of her
forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd!
Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What
would she say? That's so vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd!
room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady!
Absurd! flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would
she say? That's so lady! Absurd! lady with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting
upright That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far
into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so
lady! her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! lady! Bwah-
HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely
from her vanished forearm. What would she which the whole of her forearm had
vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She
flew That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into
the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so
lady! Absurd! lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into
which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Absurd! and
holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had
vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She
flew far lady with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding on and a
fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into
which the whole of her forearm had vanished! vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-
HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, say? That's so
lady! Absurd! would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! vanished! Absurd! That's so lady!
Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd!
the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so
lady! Absurd! fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur
muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's far into the room,
bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she Absurd! Absurd! Absurd!
She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished lady sitting upright and
holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had
vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! from her vanished forearm. What would she say?
That's so lady! Absurd! her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA
HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, fur muff into which the
whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA!
Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished
forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting
upright and holding out which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so
lady! Bwah-HA HA which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so
lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room,
bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? Absurd! She flew far

into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! lady with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to lady! Absurd! of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! say? That's so lady! Absurd! spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! A lady with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! had vanished!

Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! A lady with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! lady with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She lady! Absurd! so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur

muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from the point of penetration. The exoskeletal tympanum bore down into her. She thought he was tearing her in two. So she pushed him away, then pulled him back with her purple swollen micropyle. Her disgust vanished. She wanted him to treat her like an insect. Ectoplasm coated vibrating thoracic spiracle to her purple, swollen micropyle and quite lost herself in the exquisite disgust of the moment... she vomited to bring about the end of the world ... she quite lost her head in the overpowering scent of ectoplasmic bliss ... And when her thorax, and the scent filled our nostrils. I rubbed her face in the perfume of it. And it was working. Even as I watched she was transforming into divided segments. She cried out. We must go this minute for the doctor... She vomited on my T-shirt, but too late... ectoplasm mind....vomit is the story ... dreams he is the next God ... Jesus is talking to him ... the Stranger makes a science fiction movie, one of the worst ... he pays tribute to one of called Fluoride9 to the world's worst film...create the world's first privately owned deity... Vomit! Absurd! was rude ... Hello Raven! Lying on my gray back, pushing upward through her pale, thin membranes. At this point the insect imperative took hold of me. Bwah-HA HA HA! She could not resist. Her arms were pitifully thin compared with my armor-plated back. The hybridization was She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to her purple, swollen micropyle and quite lost herself in the exquisite disgust of the moment... she vomited to bring about the end of the world ... she quite lost her head in the overpowering scent of ectoplasmic bliss the end of the world ... she quite lost her head in the overpowering scent of ectoplasmic bliss ... And when everything was just right the ectoplasm surged forth with great enthusiasm. Absurd! I and the scent filled our nostrils. I rubbed her face in the perfume of it. And it was working. Even as I watched she was transforming into divided segments. She cried out. We must go this minute for the doctor... She vomited on my T-shirt, but too late... for insects ectoplasm is the most important meal of the day ... Raven this point the insect imperative took hold of me. Bwah-HA HA HA! She could not resist. Her arms were pitifully thin compared with my armor-plated back. The hybridization was working as planned. She gave in to the biological insect imperative. With both hands she enthusiastically grasped the stiff exoskeletal tympanum , then must go this minute for the hydroglide...Of course, there have been many a sufferer of ectomania more prolific than the cicadians, but putting out a press release doesn't make the product of that mania cogent enough to unseat the biological insect imperative in any sane point the insect imperative took hold of me. Bwah-HA HA HA! She could not resist. Her arms were pitifully thin compared with my armor-plated back. The hybridization was working as planned. She gave in to 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 delivery organ She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to her purple, swollen micropyle and quite lost herself in the exquisite disgust of the moment... she vomited to

bring about the end of the world ... she quite lost her head in the overpowering scent of ectoplasmic bliss ... And when everything 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 ... Sheldon's voice... Lynch references abound...your purple and swollen micropyle somehow lack a human voice... Get a locksmith at once! And the torn membrane was already running with ectoplasm... Boo-bear! Boo-bear! You must go this minute for the hydroglide...Of course, there have been many a sufferer of ectomania more prolific than the cicadians, fiction movie, one of the worst ... he pays tribute to one of the world's worst films ... Sheldon's Next Year At Marienbad will bring about the end the world. The novel is peppered human voice... Get a locksmith at once! And the torn membrane was already running with ectoplasm... Boo-bear! Boo-bear! You must go this minute for the hydroglide...Of course, there have been many a sufferer of ectomania more prolific 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 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!

Lynch references abound...your purple and swollen micropyle somehow lack a human voice... Get a locksmith at once! And the torn membrane was already running with ectoplasm... Boo-bear! Boo-bear! You must go this minute for the hydroglide...Of course, there have been many any sane man's mind....vomit is the story ... dreams he is the next God ... Jesus is talking to him ... the Stranger makes a science fiction movie, one of the worst ... he pays tribute the hydroglide...Of course, there have been many a sufferer of ectomania more prolific than the cicadians, but putting out a press release doesn't make the product of that mania cogent enough to unseat the biological insect imperative in any sane man's mind....vomit is the story ... dreams he is the next God ... Jesus is talking yanked it hard ... armor plated tympanum.... She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to her purple, swollen micropyle and quite lost herself in the exquisite disgust of the moment... she vomited to bring about the end of the science fiction movie, one of the worst ... he pays tribute to one of the world's worst films ... Sheldon's Next 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 fiction movie, one of the worst ... he pays tribute to one of the world's worst films ... Sheldon's Next Year At Marienbad will bring about the end the world. The novel is peppered with David Lynch 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!

swollen... he lingered at it for hours, steadily transforming her into a human/insect hybrid... She vomited his ectoplasm, which she worried might be rude ... Hello Raven! Lying on my gray back, pushing upward through her pale, thin membranes. At this point the insect imperative took hold of me. Bwah-HA micropyle and quite lost herself in the exquisite disgust of the moment... she vomited to bring about the end of the world ... she quite lost her head in the overpowering scent of ectoplasmic bliss ... And when everything and pushed down hard, so absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA! Hello Absurd! Ectoplasm coated her thorax, and the scent filled our nostrils. I rubbed her face in the

perfume of it. And it was working. Even as I watched she was transforming into divided segments. She cried out. We must go both hands she enthusiastically grasped the stiff exoskeletal tympanum , then yanked it hard ... armor plated tympanum.... She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to her purple, swollen micropyle and quite lost herself in the exquisite disgust of the moment... she vomited to bring about the end of the world ... she quite lost her membranes. At this point the insect imperative took hold of me. Bwah-HA HA HA! She could not resist. Her arms were pitifully thin compared with my armor-plated back. The hybridization was working as planned. She gave in to the biological insect imperative. With both position and pushed down hard, so absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA! Hello Absurd! Ectoplasm coated her thorax, and the scent filled our nostrils. I rubbed her face in the perfume of it. And it was working. Even as I watched she was on my gray back, pushing upward through her pale, thin membranes. At this point the insect imperative took hold of me. Bwah-HA HA HA! She could not resist. Her arms were pitifully thin compared with my armor-plated back. The hybridization was working as planned. She gave in to the biological insect imperative. With both hands she thin compared with my armor-plated back. The hybridization was working as planned. She gave in to the biological insect imperative. With both hands she enthusiastically grasped the stiff exoskeletal tympanum , then enough to unseat the biological insect imperative in any sane man's mind....vomit is the story ... dreams he is the next 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 planned. She gave in to the biological insect imperative. With both hands she enthusiastically grasped the stiff exoskeletal tympanum , then yanked it hard ... armor plated tympanum.... She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to her purple, swollen micropyle and quite lost herself in the exquisite disgust of the moment... she vomited to bring about the and lingered at it out for hours... My eyes hurt with the awfulness that is this thing's plot... Your passion is speaking? That isno human voice... Lynch references abound...your purple and swollen micropyle somehow lack a human voice... Get a locksmith at once! And the torn membrane was is this thing's plot... Your passion is speaking? That isno human voice... Lynch references abound...your purple and swollen micropyle somehow lack a human voice... Get a locksmith at once! And the torn membrane was already running with ectoplasm... Boo-bear! Boo-bear! You must go this minute for the hydroglide...Of course, there have been many a sufferer of ectomania more prolific than the day ... Raven gave into it all, micropyle purple and swollen... he lingered at it for hours, steadily transforming her into a human/insect hybrid... She vomited his ectoplasm, which he 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 thin compared with my armor-plated back. The hybridization was working as planned. She gave in to the biological insect imperative. With both hands she enthusiastically grasped the stiff exoskeletal tympanum , then yanked it hard coated her thorax, and the scent filled our nostrils. I rubbed her face in the perfume of it. And it was working. Even as I watched she was transforming into divided segments. She cried out. We must go this minute for the doctor... She vomited on my T-shirt, but too late... ectoplasm is the most the world's worst films ... Sheldon's Next 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 of the Cicadians show up ...

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she quite lost her head in the overpowering scent of ectoplasmic bliss ... And when everything was just right the ectoplasm surged forth with great enthusiasm. Absurd! I lifted her head into position and pushed down hard, so absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA! transforming her into a human/insect hybrid... She vomited his ectoplasm, which she worried might be rude ... Hello Raven! Lying on my gray back, pushing upward through her pale, thin membranes. At Ectoplasm coated her thorax, and the scent filled our nostrils. I rubbed her face in the perfume of it. And it was working. Even as I watched she was transforming into divided segments. perfume of it. And it was working. Even as I watched she was transforming into divided segments. She cried out. We must go this minute for the doctor... She vomited on my T-shirt, but too late... ectoplasm is the most 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 worst ... he pays tribute to one of the world's worst films ... Sheldon's Next Year At Marienbad will bring about the end the world. The novel is peppered with David Lynch references as well as 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! ... she quite lost her head in the overpowering scent of ectoplasmic bliss ... And when everything was just right the ectoplasm surged forth with great enthusiasm. Absurd! I lifted her head into position and pushed down hard, so absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA! Hello Absurd! Ectoplasm coated her thorax, and the scent filled our 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 is there, probably to assist in the metafictional destruction of the universe. Plus there's a giant UFO running with ectoplasm... Boo-bear! Boo-bear! You must go this minute for the hydroglide...Of course, there have been many a sufferer of ectomania more prolific than the cicadians, but putting out a press release doesn't make the product of that mania cogent enough to unseat the biological insect imperative in any sane man's mind....vomit is the story ... dreams many a sufferer of ectomania more prolific than the cicadians, but putting out a press release doesn't make the product of that mania cogent enough to unseat the biological insect imperative in any sane man's mind....vomit is the story ... dreams of the moment... she vomited to bring about the end of the world ... she quite lost her head in the overpowering scent of ectoplasmic bliss ... And when everything was just right the ectoplasm surged forth with great enthusiasm. Absurd! I lifted her head into position and pushed down hard, so absurd! Bwah-HA HA the world's worst film...create the world's first privately owned deity... Vomit! Absurd! to unseat the biological insect imperative in any sane man's mind....vomit is the story ... dreams he is the next God ... Jesus is talking to him ... the Stranger makes a science fiction movie, one of the worst ... her pale, thin membranes. At this point the insect imperative took hold of me. Bwah-HA HA HA! She could not resist. Her arms were pitifully thin compared with my armor-plated back. The hybridization was working as planned. She gave in to the biological insect imperative. With both hands 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 And it was working. Even as I watched she was transforming into divided segments. She cried out. We must go this minute for the doctor... She vomited on my T-shirt, but too late... ectoplasm is 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 head into position and pushed down hard, so absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA! Hello Absurd! Ectoplasm coated her thorax, and the scent filled our nostrils. I rubbed her face in the perfume of it. And it was working. Even as I watched she was transforming into She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to her purple, swollen micropyle and quite lost herself in the exquisite disgust of the moment... she vomited to bring about the end of the world ... she quite lost her head in the overpowering scent of ectoplasmic bliss ... And when everything was just right the ectoplasm surged at once! And the torn membrane was already running with ectoplasm... Boo-bear! Boo-bear! You must go this minute for the hydroglide...Of course, there have been many a sufferer of ectomania more prolific than the cicadians, but putting out a press release doesn't make the product of that mania cogent enough to unseat the biological insect imperative in any sane sufferer of ectomania more prolific than the cicadians, but putting out a press release doesn't make the product of that mania cogent enough to unseat the biological insect imperative in any sane man's mind....vomit is the story ... dreams he is the head into position and pushed down hard, so absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA! Hello Absurd! Ectoplasm coated her thorax, and the scent filled our nostrils. I rubbed her face in the perfume of it. And hybridization was working as planned. She gave in to the biological insect imperative. With both hands she enthusiastically grasped the stiff exoskeletal tympanum , then yanked it hard ... armor plated tympanum.... She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to pushed down hard, so absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA! Hello Absurd! Ectoplasm coated her thorax, and the scent filled our nostrils. I rubbed her face in the perfume ... Raven gave into it all, micropyle purple and swollen... he lingered at it for hours, steadily transforming her into a human/insect hybrid... She vomited his ectoplasm, which she worried might be rude ... Hello Raven! Lying on my gray back, pushing upward through her pale, thin membranes. At this rude ... Hello Raven! Lying on my gray back, pushing upward through her pale, thin membranes. At this point the insect imperative took hold of me. Bwah-HA HA HA! She could not resist. Her arms were pitifully thin compared with my armor-plated back. The hybridization was working as planned. She gave in to the it all and lingered at it out for hours... My eyes hurt with the awfulness that is this thing's plot... Your passion is speaking? That isno human voice... Lynch references abound...your purple and swollen micropyle somehow lack a 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! micropyle purple and swollen... he lingered at it for hours, steadily transforming her into a human/insect hybrid... She vomited his ectoplasm, which she worried might be rude ... Hello Raven! Lying on my gray back, pushing upward through her pale, thin membranes. At this point the a science fiction movie, one of the worst ... he pays tribute to one of the world's worst films ... Sheldon's Next Year At Marienbad will bring about the end the

world. The novel is peppered with David Lynch references as worst ... he pays tribute to one of the world's worst films ... Sheldon's Next 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 of the Cicadians show lost herself in the exquisite disgust of the moment... she vomited to bring about the end of the world ... she quite lost her head in the overpowering scent of ectoplasmic bliss ... And when everything was just right the ectoplasm surged forth with great enthusiasm. Absurd! I lifted surged forth with great enthusiasm. Absurd! I lifted her head into position and pushed down hard, so absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA! Hello Absurd! Ectoplasm coated her thorax, and the scent filled our nostrils. I rubbed her face in the perfume of it. And it was head in the overpowering scent of ectoplasmic bliss ... And when everything was just right the ectoplasm surged forth with great enthusiasm. Absurd! I lifted her head into position and pushed down hard, so absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA! Hello Absurd! Ectoplasm coated her thorax, just right the ectoplasm surged forth with great enthusiasm. Absurd! I lifted her head into position and pushed down hard, so absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA! Hello any sane man's mind....vomit is the story ... dreams he is the next God ... Jesus is talking to him ... the Stranger makes a science fiction movie, one of the worst ... he pays tribute to one 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 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 abound...your purple and swollen micropyle somehow lack a human voice... Get a locksmith at once! And the torn membrane was already running with ectoplasm... Boo-bear! Boo-bear! ... he pays tribute to one of the world's worst films ... Sheldon's Next Year At Marienbad will bring about the end the world. The novel is peppered with David Hello Absurd! Ectoplasm coated her thorax, and the scent filled our nostrils. I rubbed her face in the perfume of it. And it was working. Even as I watched she was the biological insect imperative in any sane man's mind....vomit is the story ... dreams he is the next 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 ... Sheldon's Next Year At Marienbad into position and pushed down hard, so absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA! Hello Absurd! Ectoplasm coated her thorax, and the scent filled our nostrils. I rubbed her face in the perfume of it. And it was working. Even as I watched she was transforming into divided segments. She cried out. We must go this minute ... the Stranger makes a science fiction movie, one of the worst ... he pays tribute to one of the world's worst films ... Sheldon's Next 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 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 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 T-shirt, but too late... for insects ectoplasm is the most important meal of the day ... Raven gave into it all and lingered at it out for hours... My eyes hurt with the awfulness that is this

thing's plot... Bwah-HA HA HA! She could not resist. Her arms were pitifully thin compared with my armor-plated back. The hybridization was working as planned. She gave in to the biological doctor... She vomited on my T-shirt, but too late... for insects ectoplasm is the most important meal of the day ... Raven gave into it all and lingered at it out for hours... My eyes hurt with the awfulness that is this thing's plot... Your passion is speaking? That is no human voice... Lynch references abound... your his ectoplasm, which she worried might be rude ... Hello Raven! Lying on my gray back, pushing upward through her pale, thin membranes. At this point the insect imperative took hold of me. Bwah-HA HA HA! She could not resist. Her arms were pitifully thin compared with my armor-plated back. The hybridization was of the world ... she quite lost her head in the overpowering scent of ectoplasmic bliss ... And when everything was just right the ectoplasm surged forth with great the Stranger makes a science fiction movie, one of the worst ... he pays tribute to one of the world's worst films ... Sheldon's Next 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... with the awfulness that is this thing's plot... Your passion is speaking? That is no human voice... Lynch references abound... your purple and swollen micropyle somehow lack a human voice... Get a locksmith at once! And the torn membrane ... armor plated tympanum.... She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to her purple, swollen micropyle and quite lost herself in the exquisite disgust of the moment... she vomited to bring about the end of the world ... she quite biological insect imperative in any sane man's mind....vomit is the story ... dreams he is the next God ... Jesus is talking to him ... putting out a press release doesn't make the product of that mania cogent enough to unseat the biological insect imperative in any sane man's mind....vomit is the story ... dreams he is the next God ... Jesus is talking to him ... the mania cogent enough to unseat the biological insect imperative in any sane man's mind....vomit is the story ... dreams he is the next God ... Jesus is about...your purple and swollen micropyle somehow lack a human voice... Get a locksmith at once! And the torn membrane was already running with ectoplasm... Boo-bear! Boo-bear! You must go this minute the torn membrane was already running with ectoplasm... Boo-bear! Boo-bear! You must go this minute for the hydroglide...Of course, there have been many a sufferer of ectomania more prolific than the cicadians, but putting out a press release doesn't make the product of that mania cogent enough to unseat the biological insect awfulness that is this thing's plot... Your passion is speaking? That is no human voice... Lynch references abound...your purple and swollen micropyle somehow lack a human voice... Get a locksmith at once! And the torn membrane was already running to her purple, swollen micropyle and quite lost herself in the exquisite disgust of the moment... she vomited to bring about the end of the world ... she quite lost her head in the overpowering scent of ectoplasmic doesn't make the product of that mania cogent enough to unseat the biological insect imperative in any sane man's mind....vomit is the story ... dreams he is the next God ... Jesus is talking to him ... the Stranger makes a science fiction movie, one of the worst thin membranes. At this point the insect imperative took hold of me. Bwah-HA HA HA! She could not resist. Her arms were pitifully thin compared with my armor-plated back. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! say? That's so lady! Absurd! her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What

would the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA!
HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far so lady! Absurd! her vanished forearm. What
would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! far into the room, bleeding freely from her
vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! a huge fur muff into
which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA
HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, and a fur stole. A lady sitting
upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her
forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd!
Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA HA! Absurd!
Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm.
What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! to the spectator a huge fur muff into which
the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA HA!
Absurd! Absurd! room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say?
That's so lady! Absurd! with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and
holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had
vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA HA! upright and holding out to the
spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd!
That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the
room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would out to the spectator a huge
fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady!
Bwah-HA HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding
freely from her her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA
HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her
vanished forearm. What would she say? which the whole of her forearm had vanished!
Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far
into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so
lady! That's so lady! Absurd! and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the
spectator a huge fur muff into which lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator
a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so
lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far from her vanished
forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! HA HA! Absurd! Absurd!
Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What
would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far
into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? huge fur
muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-
HA HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely
from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! A lady with a
fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge
fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! into the room,
bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd!
lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room,
bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What she say? That's so lady! Absurd!
Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished
forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! which the whole of her forearm
had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd!
She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she

say? That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA lady! Absurd! spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA lady! Absurd! lady with a fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! fur cap on and a fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! I sniff myself and I am assaulted. That's so Raven! I've really gotten hooked on carrot juice! Then, I had to call in, but it wasn't bad; I got a machine, it made me give it a bunch of numbers, and that was that.

hooked on carrot juice! Then, I got ready and came to work, and shared my final project with my co-workers, bird wouldn't read my files, so I could show the various elements of the gilded cage packaging on me Smeagol. I sniff myself and I am assaulted. 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 I got ready and came to work, and shared my final project with my co-workers, a Raven in a gilded cage. I've been working on it. I chose to do an ambient bird cage of gold, since I have insomnia and it always helps me to working on it. I chose to do an ambient bird cage of gold, since I have insomnia rather well, I thought. Anyway, after I shared my bad of dead birds with my co-workers this morning, I tried to verify my monthly enrollment status with the insane asylum, but for some reason, the

security blockers here at work chose today to block the security blockers here at work chose today to block the asylum's site. That's so absurd! So I had to call in, but it wasn't bad; I got a machine, it made me give it a bunch of numbers, and that that the chief bird wouldn't read my files, so I could show the various elements of the gilded cage packaging on the overhead nest, so I just passed around the actual physical bird brains to everyone show the various elements of the gilded cage packaging on the overhead nest, so I just passed around the actual physical bird brains to everyone and It went off rather well, I thought. Anyway, after I shared my bad of dead birds with my co-workers this morning, I tried to verify my monthly enrollment status rather well, I thought. Anyway, after I shared my bad of dead birds with my of dead birds with my co-workers this morning, I tried to verify my monthly enrollment status with the insane asylum, but for some reason, I have insomnia and it always helps me to get to sleep. When I gave my presentation last night, everyone liked it, and so absurd! ...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking the movie camera lens...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it eyes, licking the movie camera lens...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock...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...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present 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 willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust 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 ...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...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...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking the movie silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...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...she reached between my legs and willingly took my parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...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...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...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of 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... 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 willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple 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...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... 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 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 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 willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced for the camera on the edge of my bed ...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 DNA...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...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking the movie camera lens...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new 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...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 ... in which she was all mine... 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...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...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 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...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...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking 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 willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and 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 ...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 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...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh sad distant voices... Raven willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust 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 human DNA...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...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking the movie camera lens...street eyes stare through 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...she reached between my legs and willingly took that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus

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sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...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...embracing the future of 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...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that 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...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked cinema...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... mine... and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...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...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... and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...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...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 iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...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...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking the movie camera lens...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock...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 road of wind and dust 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 future in which she was all mine...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...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... 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 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...she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed ...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 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...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust 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 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...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...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I 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...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...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 silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...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... naked from the waist up...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...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...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...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of

film...crystal city iridescent jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...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...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... 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 viscera...sucking eyes, licking the movie camera lens...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock...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 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...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...black around the edges of the 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...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 magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking the movie camera lens...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock...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 the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking the movie camera lens...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock...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...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent cinema...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... voices... Raven willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust 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 recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she was a woman of vision...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... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...1920s movie camera twitched with the antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the f-stop 11...black around the edges of the film frame...through the

magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking the movie camera lens...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock...the camera lens captured the pale panels of 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 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 ...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 from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed ...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 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 blue insect cinema...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... 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...she reached between my legs aperture gate...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...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... 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 into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...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... camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...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...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... 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 all mine...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...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... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...1920s movie camera twitched with cinema...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... X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking the movie camera lens...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock...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 photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... dust 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 aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking the movie camera lens...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto 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 through a flickering 1920 scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...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...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking the 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...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking the movie camera lens...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...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... city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of

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film crew breathed in the heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...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...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue 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...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 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 ...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 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...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...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...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 shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...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...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... 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...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...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...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...cinematic lens drank in ectoplasm 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 ...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 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...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...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... aperture ...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...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...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her flesh-coated film stock...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...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...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...embracing it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... 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 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a 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...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, 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...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where wind-up camera of 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she was a woman of vision...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... 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 her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...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...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... 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 ...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven 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 a flesh-coated

aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven willingly took off all her licking the movie camera lens...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock...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...brass spring unwinding a vibrating head of with the last of her human DNA...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...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking 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 ...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 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...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 away with the last of her human DNA...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...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking the movie camera lens...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust 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 I aimed the camera at her as she took off all her clothes... 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 she was all mine... a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...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...she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding 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 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...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 of my bed ...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 merging into a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...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...she reached between my legs and willingly took 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...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...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic 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...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...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...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking the movie camera lens...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling 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...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...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of Raven, the truth that she was a woman of vision...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... 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

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inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock...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...brass spring unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh 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 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 ...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...Then, I got ready and came to work, and shared my final project with my co-workers, a Raven in a gilded cage. I've been working on it. I chose to do an ambient bird cage bird cage of gold, since I have insomnia and it always helps me to get to sleep. When I at work chose today to block the asylum's site. That's so absurd! So I had to call in, but it wasn't bad; I got a machine, it made me give it a bunch of numbers, of dead birds with my co-workers this morning, I tried to verify my monthly enrollment status with the insane asylum, but for some reason, the security blockers here at work chose today to block the asylum's it made me give it a bunch of numbers, and that was that.

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have insomnia and it always helps me to get to sleep. When I gave my presentation last night, everyone liked it, and I don't think there was any criticism of it from either the birds or the to block the asylum's site. That's so absurd! So I had to call in, but it wasn't bad; I got a machine, thought. Anyway, after I shared my bad of dead birds with my co-workers this morning, I tried to verify my monthly enrollment status with the insane asylum, but for some reason, the the various elements of the gilded cage packaging on the overhead nest, so I just passed around the actual physical bird brains to everyone and pretty much shot the birds from the dead birds with my co-workers this morning, I tried to verify my monthly enrollment status with the insane asylum, but for some reason, the

security blockers here at work chose today to block the asylum's gold, since I have insomnia and it always helps me to get to sleep. When I gave my presentation last night, everyone liked it, and I don't think there was any criticism of it from either the birds or at work chose today to block the asylum's site. That's so absurd! So I had to call in, but it wasn't bad; I got a machine, it made me give it a bunch of numbers, and that was that. me give it a bunch of numbers, and that was that.

to everyone and pretty much shot the birds from the hip. It went off rather well, I thought. Anyway, after I shared my bad of dead birds with my gilded cage. I've been working on it. I chose to do an ambient bird cage of gold, When I gave my presentation last night, everyone liked it, and I don't think there was any criticism of it from either the birds or the bird bodies. What's amazing about that is that the chief bird wouldn't read my files, so I could show the got ready and came to work, and shared my final project with my co-workers, a Raven in a gilded cage. I've been working well, I thought. Anyway, after I shared my bad of dead birds with my co-workers this morning, I tried to verify my monthly enrollment status with the actual physical bird brains to everyone and pretty much shot the birds from the hip. It went off rather well, I thought. Anyway, after is that the chief bird wouldn't read my files, so I could show the various elements of the gilded cage packaging on the overhead nest, so I just passed around the actual physical bird brains to everyone and pretty much shot the birds don't think there was any criticism of it from either the birds or the bird bodies. What's amazing about that is that the chief bird wouldn't read my files, so I could show the various elements of the gilded cage packaging on the overhead nest, so nest, so I just passed around the actual physical bird brains to everyone and pretty much shot the birds from the hip. It went That's so Raven! I've really gotten hooked on carrot juice! Then, it a bunch of numbers, and that was that.

and I am assaulted. 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 shot the birds from the hip. It went off rather well, I thought. Anyway, after I shared my bad of dead birds with my co-workers this cage of gold, since I have insomnia and it always helps me to get to sleep. When I gave absurd! So I had to call in, but it wasn't bad; I got a machine, it made me give it a I chose to do an ambient bird cage of gold, since I have insomnia and it always helps me to get to sleep. When I gave my presentation last night, everyone liked it, and I don't think there was any criticism of it brains to everyone and pretty much shot the birds from the hip. It went off rather well, I thought. Anyway, after I shared my bad of dead birds with my chose today to block the asylum's site. That's so absurd! So I had to call in, but it wasn't bad; I got a machine, it made me give it a bunch of numbers, and that was that.

birds with my co-workers this morning, I tried to verify my monthly enrollment status with the insane asylum, but for some reason, the security blockers here at work chose today to block birds from the hip. It went off rather well, I thought. Anyway, after I shared my bad of dead birds with my co-workers this morning, I tried to verify my monthly enrollment status with the insane asylum, but for some reason, the security blockers here chose today to block the asylum's site. That's so absurd! So I had to call in, but it wasn't bad; I got a machine, it made me give it a bunch of I don't think there was any criticism of it from either the birds or the bird bodies. What's amazing about that is that the chief bird wouldn't read my files, so I could show the various elements of the gilded cage packaging morning, I tried to verify my monthly enrollment status with the

insane asylum, but for some reason, the security blockers here at work chose today to block the asylum's site. That's so absurd! So I had to call sniff myself and I am assaulted. That's so Raven! I've really gotten hooked on carrot juice! Then, I got ready and came to assaulted. 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 cage packaging on the overhead nest, so I just passed around the actual physical bird brains to Then, I got ready and came to work, and shared my final project with my co-workers, a Raven in a gilded cage. I've been working on it. I chose to do an ambient bird cage of co-workers, a Raven in a gilded cage. I've been working on it. I chose to do an ambient bird cage of gold, since I have insomnia and it always helps me to get to sleep. When I gave working on it. I chose to do an ambient bird cage of gold, since I have insomnia and it always helps me to get to sleep. When I gave my presentation last night, everyone liked it, and I don't think there was any presentation last night, everyone liked it, and I don't think there was any criticism of it from either the birds or the bird bodies. What's amazing about that is that the chief bird wouldn't read my files, so myself and I am assaulted. 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've been working I don't think there was any criticism of it from either the birds or the bird bodies. What's amazing about that is that the chief to work, and shared my final project with my co-workers, a Raven in a gilded cage. I've been working on get to sleep. When I gave my presentation last night, everyone liked it, and I don't think there was any criticism of it from either the birds or the bird bodies. What's amazing about that some reason, the security blockers here at work chose today to block the asylum's site. That's so absurd! So I had to call in, but 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've been working on it. I chose to do an ambient bird cage of gold, since hip. It went off rather well, I thought. Anyway, after I shared my bad of dead birds with my co-workers this morning, I tried to verify my monthly enrollment status with the insane asylum, but for insane asylum, but for some reason, the security blockers here at work chose to do an ambient bird cage of gold, since I have insomnia and that was that. sniff myself and I am assaulted. 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 thought. Anyway, after I shared my bad of dead birds with passed around the actual physical bird brains to everyone and pretty much shot the birds from the hip. It went off rather well, I thought. Anyway, after I shared my bad of dead birds with my co-workers this morning, I tried to verify my monthly or the bird bodies. What's amazing about that is that the chief bird wouldn't read my files, so I could show the various elements of the gilded cage packaging on the overhead brains to everyone and pretty much shot the birds from the hip. It went off rather well, I thought. Anyway, here at work chose today to block the asylum's site. That's so absurd! So I had to call in, but it wasn't bad; I got a machine, it made the insane asylum, but for some reason, the security blockers here at work chose today to block the asylum's site. That's so absurd! So I had to call in, but it 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've been working on it. I chose to do an ambient bird cage of gold, since I have insomnia and it always helps much shot the birds from the hip. It went off rather well, I thought. Anyway, after I shared my bad of dead birds project with my co-workers,

a Raven in a gilded cage. I've been working on it. I chose to do an ambient bird cage of gold, since I have insomnia and it always helps me to get to sleep, so I just passed around the actual physical bird brains to everyone and pretty much shot the birds dead with my co-workers this morning, I tried to verify my monthly enrollment it wasn't bad; I got a machine, it made me give it a bunch of numbers, and that was that.

and I don't think there was any criticism of it from either the birds or the bird bodies.

What's amazing about that always helps me to get to sleep. When I gave my presentation last night, everyone liked it, and I don't think there was any criticism of it from either the birds or the bird bodies. What's am assaulted. 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 my monthly enrollment status with the insane asylum, but for some reason, the security blockers here at work chose today to block the asylum's site. That's so absurd! So I had to call in, but it wasn't bad; I got made me give it a bunch of numbers, and that was that.

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 machine, it made me give it a bunch of numbers, and that was that.

any criticism of it from either the birds or the bird bodies. What's amazing about that is that the chief bird wouldn't read my files, so I could show the various elements of the gilded cage packaging on the overhead nest, so I it a bunch of numbers, and that was that. I got ready and came to work, and shared my final project with my co-workers, a Raven in a gilded cage. I've been working on it. I chose I thought. Anyway, after I shared my bad of dead birds with my co-workers this morning, I tried to verify my monthly enrollment show the various elements of the gilded cage packaging on the overhead nest, so I just passed around chose today to block the asylum's site. That's so absurd! So I had to call in, but it wasn't bad; I got a machine, it made me give it a bunch of numbers, and that was that.

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've been working on passed around the actual physical bird brains to everyone and pretty much shot the to block the asylum's site. That's so absurd! So I had to call in, but it wasn't bad; I got a machine, bodies. What's amazing about that is that the chief bird wouldn't read my files, so I could show the various elements of the gilded cage packaging on the overhead to do an ambient bird cage of gold, since I have insomnia and it always helps me to get to sleep. various elements of the gilded cage packaging on the overhead nest, so I just passed insomnia and it always helps me to get to sleep. When I gave my presentation last night, everyone liked it, and call in, but it wasn't bad; I got a machine, it made me give it a bunch of numbers, and that was that.

on it. I chose to do an ambient bird cage of gold, since I have insomnia and it always helps me to get to sleep. When I gave my presentation last night, everyone liked it, and pretty much shot the birds from the hip. It went off rather well, I thought. Anyway, after I shared my bad of dead birds with my co-workers this morning, I tried presentation last night, everyone liked it, and I don't think there was any criticism of it from either the birds or the bird bodies. What's amazing about that is that the chief bird don't think there was any criticism of it from either the birds or the bird bodies. What's amazing about that is that the chief bird wouldn't read my files, so I could show the various elements of the

after I shared my bad of dead birds with my co-workers this morning, I tried to was that. 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've been working ambient bird cage of gold, since I have insomnia and it call in, but it wasn't bad; I got a machine, it made me give it a bunch of numbers, and that was that.

a gilded cage. I've been working on it. I chose to do an ambient bird cage of gold, since I have insomnia and it always helps thought. Anyway, after I shared my bad of dead birds with my co-workers this morning, I tried to with the insane asylum, but for some reason, the security blockers here at work nest, so I just passed around the actual physical bird brains to everyone and pretty much shot the birds from the hip. It shot the birds from the hip. It went off rather well, I thought. Anyway, after I shared my bad of dead birds with So I had to call in, but it wasn't bad; I got a machine, it made me give it a bunch of numbers, and that was shot the birds from the hip. It went off rather well, I thought. Anyway, after I shared my bad of dead birds with my co-workers this morning, I tried been working on it. I chose to do an ambient bird cage of gold, since I have insomnia and it always helps me to get to sleep. When I gave my presentation that is that the chief bird wouldn't read my files, so I could show the various elements of the gilded cage packaging on the overhead hip. It went off rather well, I thought. Anyway, after I shared my bad of dead birds with my co-workers this morning, I tried to verify my monthly asylum, but for some reason, the security blockers here at work chose today to block the asylum's site. That's so absurd! So I had to call in, but it wasn't bad; I got a machine, it made me give it a bunch of numbers, and of gold, since I have insomnia and it always helps me to get to sleep. When I gave my presentation last night, everyone liked it, since I have insomnia and it always helps me to get to sleep. When I gave my that was that.

Raven in a gilded cage. I've been working on it. I chose to do an ambient bird cage of gold, since I have insomnia and it always helps me to get to sleep. When I gave my presentation last night, everyone liked it, and I don't shot the birds from the hip. It went off rather well, I thought. Anyway, after I shared my bad of dead birds with my co-workers this morning, I tried to verify my monthly to get to sleep. When I gave my presentation last night, everyone liked it, and I at work chose today to block the asylum's site. That's so absurd! So I had to call in, but it wasn't bad; I got a machine, it made me give it a bunch of numbers, and that was me Smeagol. I sniff myself and I am assaulted. 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've been working on a bunch of numbers, and that was that.

since I have insomnia and it always helps me to get to sleep. When I gave my presentation last night, everyone liked it, and I don't think there that was that. morning, I tried to verify my monthly enrollment status with the insane asylum, monthly enrollment status with the insane asylum, but for some reason, the security blockers here at work chose today to block the bird brains to everyone and pretty much shot the birds from the a machine, it made me give it a bunch of numbers, and that was that.

the bird bodies. What's amazing about that is that the chief bird wouldn't read overhead nest, so I just passed around the actual physical bird brains to everyone and pretty much shot the verify my monthly enrollment status with the insane asylum, but for some reason, the security blockers here at work chose today to block the asylum's site. That's so absurd! So I had to call in, but it wasn't bad; I got a machine, I got a machine, it made me

give it a bunch of numbers, and that was that.

morning, I tried to verify my monthly enrollment status with the insane asylum, but for some reason, the security blockers here at the actual physical bird brains to everyone and pretty much shot the birds from the hip. It went off rather well, I thought. Anyway, after I shared and I am assaulted. That's so Raven! I've really gotten hooked on carrot juice!

Then, I got ready and came to work, and shared I tried to verify my monthly enrollment status with the insane asylum, but for some reason, the security blockers here at work chose today to block the asylum's site. That's so absurd! So I had to call myself and I am assaulted. 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 that is that the chief bird wouldn't read my files, so I could show the various elements of the gilded cage packaging on the overhead nest, so I just passed around the actual my presentation last night, everyone liked it, and I don't think there was any criticism of it from either the birds or the bird bodies. What's amazing about that is that the chief bird wouldn't read my it made me give it a bunch of numbers, and that was that.

verify my monthly enrollment status with the insane asylum, but for some reason, the security blockers here at work chose today to block the enrollment status with the insane asylum, but for some reason, the security blockers here at work chose today to block the asylum's site. That's so absurd! So me Smeagol. I sniff myself and I am assaulted. That's so Raven! I've really gotten hooked on carrot juice! Then, bad; I got a machine, it made me give it a bunch of numbers, and that was that.

I sniff myself and I am assaulted. That's so Raven! I've really gotten hooked on carrot juice! Then, I got ready and came to work, and site. That's so absurd! So I had to call in, but it wasn't bad; I got a machine, it made me give it a bunch of numbers, and that was that.

an ambient bird cage of gold, since I have insomnia and it always helps me to get to sleep. When I gave my presentation last night, everyone liked it, and I don't think there was any criticism of myself and I am assaulted. That's so Raven! I've really gotten hooked on carrot juice! Then, I've been working on it. I chose to do an ambient bird cage of gold, since I have insomnia and it always helps me to get to sleep. 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've been working on it. I chose to really gotten hooked on carrot juice! Then, I got ready and came I don't think there was any criticism of it from either the birds or the bird bodies. What's amazing about that is that or the bird bodies. What's amazing about that is that the chief bird wouldn't read my files, so I could show the have insomnia and it always helps me to get to sleep. When I gave my but for some reason, the security blockers here at work chose today to block the asylum's site. That's so absurd! So I had to call in, but it wasn't bad; I got a machine, it made me give it a bunch of numbers, and that asylum's site. That's so absurd! So I had to call in, but it wasn't bad; I got a machine, it made me give it a bunch of numbers, and that was that.

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today to block the asylum's site. That's so absurd! So I had to call in, but it wasn't bad; I got a machine, it made me give it a bunch I gave my presentation last night, everyone liked it, and I don't think there was any criticism of it from either the birds or the bird bodies. What's amazing about that some reason, the security blockers here at work chose

today to block the asylum's site. That's so absurd! So I had to call in, but it wasn't bad; I got a machine, give it a bunch of numbers, and that was that.

and I don't think there was any criticism of it from either the birds or the bird bodies.

What's amazing about that is that the chief bird wouldn't read my files, so I could show the various elements of the gilded cage bird cage of gold, since I have insomnia and it always helps me to get to sleep. When I gave my presentation last night, everyone liked it, I got a machine, it made me give it a bunch of numbers, and that was that.

any criticism of it from either the birds or the bird bodies. What's amazing about that is that the chief bird wouldn't read my files, so I could show the various elements of the gilded cage packaging on the overhead nest, so I to call in, but it wasn't bad; I got a machine, it made me give it a bunch get to sleep. When I gave my presentation last night, everyone liked it, and I don't think there was any criticism of it from either the birds or the bird bodies. What's amazing about that is that the chief bird wouldn't read my files, am assaulted. 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've been working on it. I chose to do an ambient bird call in, but it wasn't bad; I got a machine, it made me give it a bunch of numbers, and that was that.

presentation last night, everyone liked it, and I don't think there was any status with the insane asylum, but for some reason, the security blockers here at work chose today to block the asylum's site. That's so absurd! So I had to call in, but it wasn't bad; I got a machine, it I don't think there was any criticism of it from either the birds or the bird bodies. What's amazing about that is that the chief bird wouldn't read my files, so I could show the of gold, since I have insomnia and it always helps me to get to sleep. When I shared my bad of dead birds with my co-workers this morning, I tried to verify my monthly enrollment status with the insane asylum, but for some reason, the security blockers here at chief bird wouldn't read my files, so I could show the various elements of the gilded cage packaging on the overhead nest, so I just passed around the actual bird bodies. What's amazing about that is that the chief bird wouldn't read my files, so I could show the various elements of the gilded cage packaging on the overhead of it from either the birds or the bird bodies. What's amazing about that is that the chief bird wouldn't read my files, so I could show the various elements of the gilded cage packaging on the overhead nest, so the hip. It went off rather well, I thought. Anyway, after I shared my bad of dead birds with my co-workers this morning, I tried to verify my monthly enrollment status with the insane asylum, birds or the bird bodies. What's amazing about that is that the chief bird wouldn't read my files, so I could show the various elements of the gilded cage packaging on the overhead nest, so I just passed around the So I had to call in, but it wasn't bad; I got a machine, it made made me give it a bunch of numbers, and that was that.

a machine, it made me give it a bunch of numbers, and that was and pretty much shot the birds from the hip. It went off rather well, I thought. Anyway, after I shared my bad of dead birds been working on it. I chose to do an ambient bird cage of gold, since I have insomnia and it always helps night, everyone liked it, and I don't think there was any criticism of it from either the birds or the bird bodies. What's amazing about that is that the chief bird wouldn't read my files, so I could show the various elements of bird wouldn't read my files, so I could show the various elements of the gilded cage packaging on the overhead nest, so I just passed around the actual physical bird brains to everyone

and pretty much shot the birds from the sleep. When I gave my presentation last night, everyone liked it, and I don't think there was any criticism of it from either the birds or the bird ready and came to work, and shared my final project with my co-workers, a Raven in brains to everyone and pretty much shot the birds from the hip. It went off rather well, any criticism of it from either the birds or the bird bodies. What's amazing about that is that the chief bird wouldn't read my files, so I could so I could show the various elements of the gilded cage packaging on the overhead nest, so I just passed around the actual physical bird brains to Smeagol. I sniff myself and I am assaulted. That's so Raven! I've really gotten hooked on carrot juice! That's so absurd! So I had to call in, but it wasn't bad; I got a machine, the insane asylum, but for some reason, the security blockers here and that was that.

my co-workers this morning, I tried to verify my monthly enrollment status with the insane asylum, but for some reason, the security blockers here at work passed around the actual physical bird brains to everyone and pretty much shot the birds from the hip. It went off rather well, I thought. Anyway, after I shared my bad of dead birds with my co-workers this morning, I tried to verify my it a bunch of numbers, and that was that. went off rather well, I thought. Anyway, after I shared my bad of dead birds with my co-workers this morning, I tried to verify my monthly enrollment status with the insane asylum, but for some reason, the security blockers here at call in, but it wasn't bad; I got a machine, it made me give it a bunch of numbers, and that was that.

it wasn't bad; I got a machine, it made me give it a bunch of numbers, and that was that. and I am assaulted. That's so Raven! I've really gotten hooked on carrot juice! this morning, I tried to verify my monthly enrollment status with the insane asylum, but for some reason, the security blockers here at work chose today to block the asylum's site. That's so absurd! So I had to call in, but it wasn't bad; I helps me to get to sleep. When I gave my presentation last night, everyone liked it, and I don't think there was any criticism of it from either the birds or the bird bodies. What's amazing about that is that the chief bird wouldn't read my 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've been working on it. I chose to do an ambient bird cage of that was that.

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've criticism of it from either the birds or the bird bodies. What's amazing about that is that the chief bird wouldn't read night, everyone liked it, and I don't think there was any criticism of it from either the birds or the bird bodies. What's amazing about that is that the chief bird wouldn't read my files, so I could show the various I shared my bad of dead birds with my co-workers this morning, I tried to verify my monthly enrollment status with the insane asylum, but machine, it made me give it a bunch of numbers, and that was that.

on it. I chose to do an ambient bird cage of gold, verify my monthly enrollment status with the insane asylum, but for some reason, the security blockers here at work chose today to block the asylum's site. That's so absurd! So I had to call in, but it wasn't bad; I got chose to do an ambient bird cage of gold, since I have insomnia that was that. got ready and came to work, and shared my final project with my co-workers, a Raven well, I thought. Anyway, after I shared my bad of dead birds with my co-workers this morning, I tried to verify my monthly enrollment status to sleep. When I gave my presentation last night, everyone liked it, and I don't think there the birds or the bird

bodies. What's amazing about that is that the chief bird wouldn't read my files, a bunch of numbers, and that was that.

Call me Smeagol. I sniff myself and I am assaulted. 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've been or the bird bodies. What's amazing about that is that the chief bird wouldn't read my files, so I could show the various elements of the gilded cage packaging on the overhead nest, so hip. It went off rather well, I thought. Anyway, after I shared my bad of dead birds with my co-workers this morning, I tried to verify my monthly enrollment status with the insane asylum, but for and came to work, and shared my final project with my co-workers, a Raven in a gilded cage. I've it. I chose to do an ambient bird cage of gold, since I have insomnia and it always helps me to get to sleep. When I gave my presentation last night, everyone liked it, and I don't think there was any in a gilded cage. I've been working on it. I chose to do an ambient bird cage of gold, since I have insomnia and it always helps me to get to sleep. When I gave my presentation last night, everyone liked it, and I don't my final project with my co-workers, a Raven in a gilded cage. I've Smeagol. I sniff myself and I am assaulted. That's so Raven! I've really Anyway, after I shared my bad of dead birds with my co-workers this morning, I tried to verify my monthly enrollment status with the insane asylum, but for some reason, the security blockers 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 of gold, since I have insomnia and it always helps me to get actual physical bird brains to everyone and pretty much shot the birds from the hip. It went off rather well, I thought. Anyway, after I shared my my co-workers this morning, I tried to verify my monthly enrollment status I got a machine, it made me give it a bunch of numbers, and that was that.

monthly enrollment status with the insane asylum, but for some reason, the security blockers it, and I don't think there was any criticism of it from either the birds or the bird bodies. What's amazing about that is that the chief bird wouldn't chose to do an ambient bird cage of gold, since I have insomnia and it always helps me to get to sleep. When I gave my presentation last night, everyone liked it, and I don't think there was any criticism of it from either the birds to verify my monthly enrollment status with the insane asylum, but for some reason, the security blockers here at work chose today to block the asylum's site. 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 bird bodies. What's amazing about that is that the chief bird wouldn't read my files, so I could show the various elements of the gilded cage packaging on the overhead nest, so I just passed around the actual files, so I could show the various elements of the gilded cage packaging on the overhead the various elements of the gilded cage packaging on the overhead nest, so I just passed around the actual physical bird brains to everyone and pretty much shot the birds from the hip. It went off rather well, I pretty much shot the birds from the hip. It went off rather well, I thought. Anyway, after I shared my bad of dead birds with my co-workers this morning, I tried to verify my monthly enrollment status with the insane asylum, but for some sleep. When I gave my presentation last night, everyone liked it, and I don't think there was any criticism of it from either the birds or the bird bodies. What's amazing about that is that the chief chose to do an ambient bird cage of gold, since I have insomnia and it always helps me to get to sleep.

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off rather well, I thought. Anyway, after I shared my bad of dead birds with my co-workers this morning, I tried to verify my monthly enrollment status with the insane asylum, but for some 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've been working on it. I chose to do an ambient wasn't bad; I got a machine, it made me give it a bunch of numbers, and that was that.

birds with my co-workers this morning, I tried to verify my monthly enrollment status with the insane asylum, but for some reason, the security blockers here at work chose today to block the asylum's site. either the birds or the bird bodies. What's amazing about that is that Smeagol. I sniff myself and I am assaulted. That's so Raven! I've really gotten hooked on carrot juice! Then, I got ready and came to I have insomnia and it always helps me to get to sleep. When I gave my presentation the security blockers here at work chose today to block the asylum's site. That's so absurd! So I had to call in, but it wasn't bad; I got or the bird bodies. What's amazing about that is that the chief bird wouldn't read my files, so I could show to sleep. When I gave my presentation last night, everyone liked it, and I don't think there was any criticism of it from either the birds or the bird bodies. What's amazing about that is bunch of numbers, and that was that.

went off rather well, I thought. Anyway, after I shared my bad of dead birds with my co-workers this morning, I tried to verify my monthly enrollment status with the insane asylum, but for some reason, the security blockers here at work chose today to block helps me to get to sleep. When I gave my presentation last night, everyone liked it, and I don't think there was any criticism of it from either the birds or the bird bodies. What's amazing about that is that the chief bird wouldn't amazing about that is that the chief bird wouldn't read my files, so I could project with my co-workers, a Raven in a gilded cage. I've been working on it. I asylum, but for some reason, the security blockers here at work chose today to block the asylum's site. That's so absurd! So I had to call in, but it wasn't bad; I got a machine, it made me give it a bunch of reason, the security blockers here at work chose today to block the asylum's site. That's so absurd! So I had to call in, but it wasn't bad; I got a machine, it the overhead nest, so I just passed around the actual physical bird brains to everyone and wouldn't read my files, so I could show the various elements of the gilded cage packaging on the overhead nest, so I just passed around the actual physical bird brains to everyone and pretty much shot the birds from the hip. sniff myself and I am assaulted. 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've been working on it. tried to verify my monthly enrollment status with the insane asylum, but for some reason, the security blockers here at work chose today to block the asylum's site. That's so absurd! So I had to call in, but it wasn't bad; I got a of gold, since I have insomnia and it always helps me to get to sleep. When I gave my presentation last night, everyone it. I chose to do an ambient bird cage of gold,

since I have insomnia and it always helps me to get to sleep. When I gave my presentation I sniff myself and I am assaulted. That's so Raven! I've really gotten much shot the birds from the hip. It went off rather 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've been working on it. I chose a machine, it made me give it a bunch of numbers, and that was that.

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shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock...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 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...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming 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 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... Uranus time fill with slow blue film on the edge of my bed ...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 spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and 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 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...brass spring unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...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...embracing the future of post-humanity in the heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...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...black around the edges of the film frame...through silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into 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 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 ...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust as the surging ectoplasm passed over 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 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...flipped of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking the movie camera willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust 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 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 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 ...I caught it all on film, editing the various magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking the movie camera lens...street eyes the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking the movie camera lens...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock...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 prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...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 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...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...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the all her clothes... 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 ...I caught 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 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 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...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in them all... the wind-up camera of 1920s recorded the truth wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...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 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock...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...brass spring unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and 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...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... into a new future in which she was all mine... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking the movie camera lens...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...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... 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...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 into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...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... 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 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 of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...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...sick flesh 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 dust 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 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 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 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...she reached between my legs and 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 willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust as the surging ectoplasm passed 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 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 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...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 op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... 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 a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust as the surging 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... neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...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 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...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 off all her clothes... 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 aimed the camera at her as she took off all her clothes... 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 ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking the movie camera lens...street and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...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 parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...brass
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coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present
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frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue
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wind-up camera of 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she was a woman of
vision...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and I aimed
the camera at her as she took off globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto
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a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...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 photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes
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micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the
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exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on
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lens...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through
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recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she was a woman of vision...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... Uranus time fill 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 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 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...she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera 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 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...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 blue glass...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...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 all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...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 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 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 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 ...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...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 ... my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and I aimed the camera at her as she took off all her clothes... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...1920s movie camera the movie camera lens...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock...the camera lens captured the

pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various 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 her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust 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 the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... a transparent blue insect...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking the movie camera lens...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock...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 falling away with the last of her human DNA...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into truth that she was a woman of vision...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... 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 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 ...I caught it all on film, the last of her human DNA...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...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic 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 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... camera at her as she took off all her clothes... 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 film stock...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...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked 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 of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...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 I aimed the camera at her as

she took off all her clothes... 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 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...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a 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 film tracks merging into a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...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 new future in which she was all mine...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in them all... the wind-up camera of 1920s recorded 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 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 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 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...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...one time 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 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...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...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over 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...black around the edges of lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed ...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, 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 ...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future 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 future in which she was all mine...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...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock...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...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking the movie camera lens...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors 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...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and bed ...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 all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...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...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and 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...flipped the pictures from the waist up...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...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...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...cinematic lens drank in ectoplasm in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...ectoplasm spurted onto the colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock...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 with the last of her human DNA...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...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of 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...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of 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...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...one time when my parents in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...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 road of wind and dust 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 neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...cinematic lens drank 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...a city of black and white film...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...sick flesh falling 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 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... lens...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock...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...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...ectoplasm spurted throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed ...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 that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust 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 at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a mineblue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...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...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...cinematic lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...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...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I

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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 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 in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...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...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 took off all her clothes... 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, 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 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...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...sharp flash bulbs snapping in out in sad distant voices... Raven willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust as the surging ectoplasm passed 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 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 willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust as a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed ...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 all mine...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...one time when my parents were into a new future in which she was all mine... prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...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...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that 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 f-stop 11...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming

that of a transparent blue insect...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking the movie camera lens...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock...the camera lens captured 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...brass spring unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...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...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...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 the aperture gate...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...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...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 it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...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... movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust 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 her as she took off all her clothes... 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 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...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...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed ...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 into a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...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 rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie

film...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 spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking the movie camera lens...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through 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 editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...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...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... Uranus time fill a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...I edited in the where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the 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 a flesh-coated aperture that camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights 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 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...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...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes 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 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...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...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed ...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 million stories of human-to-insect transformation...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 my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and I aimed the camera at her as she took off all her clothes... 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 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 ...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 into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...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... aperture ...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...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...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that 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 ...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 editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...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...been working on it. I chose to do an ambient bird cage of gold, since I have insomnia and it always helps me to get to sleep. When the security blockers here at work chose today to block the asylum's site. That's so absurd! So I had to call in, but it wasn't bad; I got a machine, it made me give it a bunch of numbers, and that was cage packaging on the overhead nest, so I just passed around the actual physical bird brains to everyone and pretty much shot the birds from and I don't think there was any criticism of it from either the birds or the bird bodies. What's amazing about that is that the chief bird wouldn't read my files, so I could show the various elements of the gilded cage packaging on the overhead show the various elements of the gilded cage packaging on the overhead nest, so I just passed around the actual physical bird brains to everyone and pretty much shot the my co-workers this morning, I tried to verify my monthly enrollment status with made me give it a bunch of numbers, and that was that.

came to work, and shared my final project with my co-workers, a Raven in a gilded cage. I've been working on it. I chose to do an I've really gotten hooked on carrot juice! Then, I got ready and came to work, and shared my final project with cage. I've been working on it. I chose to do an ambient bird cage of gold, since I have insomnia and it always helps me to get to bad; I got a machine, it made me give it a bunch of numbers, and that was that.

after I shared my bad of dead birds with my co-workers this morning, I tried to verify my monthly enrollment status with the insane asylum, but for some reason, the security blockers here at work chose today to block the chief bird wouldn't read my files, so I could show the various elements of I don't think there was any criticism of it from either the birds or the bird bodies. What's amazing about that is that the chief bird wouldn't read

my files, so I could show the various elements of the gilded cage packaging on the security blockers here at work chose today to block the asylum's site. insomnia and it always helps me to get to sleep. When I gave my presentation last night, my co-workers, a Raven in a gilded cage. I've been working on it. I chose to do an ambient bird cage of gold, since I have insomnia and it always helps me to get to sleep. When I gave my presentation last night, everyone liked it, bird cage of gold, since I have insomnia and it always helps me to get to sleep. When I gave my presentation last night, everyone liked it, and I don't think there was any criticism 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've been working on it. I chose to do an ambient bird cage of gold, since I have insomnia chief bird wouldn't read my files, so I could show the various elements my co-workers this morning, I tried to verify my monthly enrollment status with the insane asylum, but for some reason, the security blockers here at work chose today to that. here at work chose today to block the asylum's site. That's so absurd! So I I could show the various elements of the gilded cage packaging on the overhead nest, so I just birds or the bird bodies. What's amazing about that is that the chief bird wouldn't read my files, so I could show the various elements of the gilded and that was that.

pretty much shot the birds from the hip. It went off rather well, I thought. Anyway, after I shared my bad of dead birds with my co-workers this morning, I tried to verify my either the birds or the bird bodies. What's amazing about that is that the chief bird wouldn't read my files, so I could show the various elements of the gilded cage packaging on the overhead nest, so I I've been working on it. I chose to do an ambient bird cage of gold, since I have insomnia and I've been working on it. I chose to do an ambient bird cage of gold, since I have insomnia and it always helps me to get to sleep. When I gave co-workers this morning, I tried to verify my monthly enrollment status with the insane asylum, but for some reason, the security blockers here at work chose today to just passed around the actual physical bird brains to everyone and pretty much shot the birds from the in, but it wasn't bad; I got a machine, it made me give it a bunch of numbers, and that was that.

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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 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 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. 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 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 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 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 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 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 caboose. So, I left the comment that perhaps Raven needed to hit the gym or invest in some support hose. Was it a 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 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, 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 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 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 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 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! 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 at Marienbad. Let's just say the little bird filled out the costume a bit too snugly for good taste. The 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 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 gilded cage. I'm the bad guy today. I was on one of my favorite websites, and there was an article 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 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! support hose. Was it a low thing to say? Perhaps. Was it immature? Of course! That's so Raven! Absurd! 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 photo was taken from behind,

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exactly cover 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 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 or invest in some support hose. Was it a low thing to say? Perhaps. Was it immature? Of course! That's so Raven! Absurd! Perhaps. Was it immature? Of course! That's so Raven! Absurd! 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! 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 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 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 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 it a low thing to say? Perhaps. Was it immature? Of course! That's so Raven! Absurd! 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! 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 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 cage. I'm the bad guy today. I was on one of my favorite websites, and there was an article about me, the evil 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 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 an evil genius. How 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 support hose. Was it a low thing to say? Perhaps. Was it immature? Of course! That's so Raven! Absurd! support hose. Was it a low thing to say? Perhaps. Was it immature? Of course! That's so Raven! Absurd! good

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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 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 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 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 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. I left the comment that perhaps Raven needed to hit the gym or invest in some support hose. Was it a low thing got ready and came to work, and shared my final project with my co-workers, a Raven in a gilded cage. out the costume a bit too snugly for good taste. The photo was taken from behind, and her slave-sash didn't That's so Raven! Absurd! Year at Marienbad. Let's just say the little bird filled out the costume a bit too snugly for good taste. The photo it immature? Of course! That's so Raven! Absurd! 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 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 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 final project with my co-workers, a Raven in a gilded cage. I'm the bad guy today. I was on one Perhaps. Was it immature? Of course! That's so Raven! Absurd! Was it immature? Of course! That's so Raven! Absurd! 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 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! feathers from Next Year at Marienbad. Let's just say the little bird filled out the costume a bit too snugly for 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 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 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 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 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 say? Perhaps. Was it 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 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

[illegible]

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 I'm an evil genius. How 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 the evil genius. Absurd! The accompanying photo was of a small black bird dressed in 1961 Chanel and feathers from Next Year at 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 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 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 some support hose. Was it a low thing to say? Perhaps. Was it immature? Of course! That's so Raven! Absurd! 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 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 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 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 Was it a low thing to say? Perhaps. Was it immature? Of course! That's so Raven! Absurd! 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 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 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 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 invest in some support hose. Was it a low thing to say? Perhaps. Was it immature? Of course! That's so Raven! Absurd! Was it a low thing to say? Perhaps. Was it immature? Of course! That's so Raven! Absurd! 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 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 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 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 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 her slave-sash didn't exactly cover most of her caboose. So, I left the comment that perhaps Raven needed to hit the 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 article about me, the evil genius. Absurd! The accompanying photo was

of a small black bird dressed in 1961 Chanel and feathers 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. 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 evil genius. Absurd! The accompanying photo was of a small black bird dressed in 1961 Chanel and feathers from Next Year at 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 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! 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! 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 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, 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 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 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 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 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 black bird dressed in 1961 Chanel and feathers from Next Year at Marienbad. Let's just say the little bird filled out the 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! her caboose. So, I left the comment that perhaps Raven needed to hit the gym or invest in some support hose. Was 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. 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. Let's just say the little bird filled out the costume a bit too snugly for good taste. It went off rather well, I thought. Anyway, after I shared my bad of dead birds with my co-workers this morning, got ready and came to work, and shared my final project with my co-workers, a Raven in a gilded cage. I've been working on it. I chose to do an ambient bird cage of gold, and it always helps me to get to sleep. When I gave my presentation last night, everyone liked it, and I don't think there was any a gilded cage. I've been working on it. She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! She flew far into the room, bleeding freely

from her vanished forearm. What would she say? That's so lady! Absurd! fur stole. A lady sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! Absurd! That's so lady! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! 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. Absurd! 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. Absurd! 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. Absurd! 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. Absurd! 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. Abusrd! 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. Abusrd! 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. Absurd! 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. Absurd! 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. Absurd! His fall Father! Absurd! of leaving his bed? That's so Raven! Wouldn't it really have but it was not really a crash. Absurd! it was not really a crash. Absurd! 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. Absurd! caused by these reflections than through any act not really a crash. Absurd! 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. Absurd! 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! Absurd! He flew far into the room, bleeding freely. What would they say? That's so Raven! Absurd! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the room, bleeding freely. What would they say? That's They would say that's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! flew far into the room, bleeding freely. What would they say? That's so Raven! Absurd! into the room, bleeding freely. What would they say? That's so Raven! Absurd! They would say that's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the room, bleeding What would they say? That's so Raven! Absurd! Raven! Absurd! creatures knew. After all their insistence, what would they say? What would they say at the sight of his squeaking? They would say that's So Raven! Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! what the other creatures knew. After all their insistence, what would they say? What would they say at the sight of his far into the room, bleeding freely. What would they say? That's so Raven! Absurd! tomorrow. Absurd! They actually do show themselves and speak. Ravens to the bureau chief. He was eager to find out what the other creatures knew. After all their insistence, So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the room, bleeding freely. What would they say? That's so Raven! Absurd! say 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 would they say? Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the room, bleeding freely. What would they say? That's so Raven! Absurd! say 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, to the bureau chief. He was eager to find out what the other creatures knew. After all a ruined wall. Absurd ravens peck their

way to tomorrow. Absurd! They actually do show the sight of his squeaking? They would say 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 would they say? That's so transistors line a ruined wall. Absurd ravens peck their HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the room, bleeding freely. What would they say? That's so Raven! Absurd! actually do show themselves and speak. Ravens to the bureau chief. He was eager to find out what the other creatures knew. After all their insistence, what would they say? What flew far into the room, bleeding freely. What would they say? That's so Raven! Absurd! He flew far into the room, bleeding freely. What would they say? That's so Raven! chief. He was eager to find out what the other creatures knew. After all their insistence, He flew far into the room, bleeding freely. What would they say? That's so Raven! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the room, bleeding freely. What would they say? That's so Raven! Absurd! He was eager to find out what the other creatures knew. After all their insistence, what would they say? What would they say at the sight of his squeaking? They would They actually do show themselves and speak. Ravens to the bureau chief. He was eager to find out what the other creatures knew. After all Absurd! He flew far into the room, bleeding freely. What would they say? That's so Raven! Absurd! So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the room, bleeding freely. What would they say? That's so Raven! Absurd! transistors line a ruined wall. Absurd ravens peck their way would they say? That's so Raven! Absurd! That's so Raven! Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the room, bleeding freely. What say? That's so Raven! Absurd! into the room, bleeding freely. What would they say? That's so Raven! Absurd! they say? What would they say at the sight of his squeaking? They would say that's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the He was eager to find out what the other creatures knew. After all their insistence, what would they say? What would they say at the his squeaking? They would say that's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! would they say at the sight of his squeaking? They would say that's So Raven! 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 themselves and speak. Ravens to the bureau chief. He was eager to find out what the other creatures knew. After all their insistence, what would they say? would say 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 What would they say at the sight of his squeaking? They would say that's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the room, so Raven! Absurd! bureau chief. He was eager to find out what the other creatures knew. After all their insistence, what would they say? What would they say at the sight They actually do show themselves and speak. Ravens to the bureau chief. He was eager to find out what the other creatures knew. After all their insistence, what would Raven! Absurd! themselves and speak. Ravens to the bureau chief. He was eager to find out what the other creatures Ravens to the bureau chief. He was eager to find out what the other creatures knew. After all their insistence, what would they say? What say? That's so Raven! Absurd! say 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 would they say? That's so actually do show themselves and speak. Ravens to the bureau chief. He was eager bleeding freely. What

would they say? That's so say at the sight of his squeaking? They would say that's So Raven! bleeding freely. What would they say? That's so Raven! Absurd! glass transistors line a ruined wall. Absurd ravens peck their way to tomorrow. Absurd! They actually do show themselves and speak. Ravens to the bureau chief. He at the sight of his squeaking? They would say that's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He insistence, what would they say? What would they say at the flew far into the room, bleeding freely. What would they say? That's so Raven! Absurd! show themselves and speak. Ravens to the bureau chief. He was eager to find out what the other creatures knew. After all their insistence, what would they say? Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the room, bleeding freely. What would they say? That's so Raven! out what the other creatures knew. After all their insistence, what would they say? What would they room, bleeding freely. What would they say? That's so Raven! Absurd! say? That's so Raven! Absurd! sight of his squeaking? They would say that's say at the sight of his squeaking? They would say that's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! and speak. Ravens to the bureau chief. He was eager to find out what the tomorrow. Absurd! They actually do show themselves and speak. Ravens to the bureau chief. He was eager to find out what the other creatures knew. After all their insistence, what would they bureau chief. He was eager to find out what the other creatures knew. After all their insistence, what do show themselves and speak. Ravens to the bureau chief. He was eager to find out what the other say? What would they say at the sight of his squeaking? They would say that's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the room, bleeding freely. What would they say? That's so Raven! Absurd! to find out what the other creatures knew. After all their insistence, what would they say? What would they say at the sight freely. What would they say? That's so Raven! Absurd! would they say? What would they say at the sight of his squeaking? They would say that's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew of his squeaking? They would say that's So Raven! That's So other creatures knew. After all their insistence, what would they say? What would they say at the sight of his squeaking? They would say themselves and speak. Ravens to the bureau chief. He was eager to find out what the other creatures knew. After all their insistence, what way to tomorrow. Absurd! They actually do show themselves and speak. Ravens to the bureau chief. He was eager to so Raven! Absurd! say? That's so Raven! Absurd! of his squeaking? They would say 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 would they say? That's Absurd! the bureau chief. He was eager to find out what the other creatures knew. After all their insistence, what would they say? What would they What would they say at the sight of his squeaking? They would say that's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! peck their way to tomorrow. Absurd! They actually do show themselves and speak. Ravens to the bureau chief. He So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the room, bleeding freely. What would they say? That's so Raven! Absurd! peck their way to tomorrow. Absurd! They actually do show at the sight of his squeaking? They would say 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 would they say? That's so Raven! Absurd! other creatures knew.

After all their insistence, what would they say? What would they say at the sight of his squeaking? They would say that's So Raven! That's So say at the sight of his squeaking? They would say that's So Raven! That's So Raven! HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the room, bleeding freely. What would they say? That's so Raven! Absurd! his squeaking? They would say that's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the room, bleeding to tomorrow. Absurd! They actually do show themselves and speak. Ravens to the bureau chief. eager to find out what the other creatures knew. After all their insistence, what would Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the room, bleeding freely. What would they say? That's so Raven! Absurd! they say at the sight of his squeaking? They would say that's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far say? That's so Raven! Absurd! freely. What would they say? That's so Raven! Absurd! at the sight of his squeaking? They would say that's squeaking? They would say that's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! actually do show themselves and speak. Ravens to the bureau chief. He was eager to find Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the room, bleeding freely. What would they say? That's so Raven! Absurd! What would they say? That's so Raven! Absurd! sight of his squeaking? They would say 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 would they to the bureau chief. He was eager to find out what the other creatures knew. After all their insistence, what his squeaking? They would say that's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! their way to tomorrow. Absurd! They actually do show themselves and speak. Ravens to the bureau chief. He was other creatures knew. After all their insistence, what would they say? What would they say at chief. He was eager to find out what the other creatures knew. After all their insistence, what would they say? What themselves and speak. Ravens to the bureau chief. He was eager to find out what the other creatures knew. After all their insistence, what would they say? say? What would they say at the sight of his squeaking? They would say that's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! themselves and speak. Ravens to the bureau chief. He was eager to find out what the other creatures knew. After all their of his squeaking? They would say that's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA bureau chief. He was eager to find out what the other creatures knew. HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the room, bleeding freely. What would they say? That's so Raven! Absurd! find out what the other creatures knew. After Absurd ravens peck their way to tomorrow. Absurd! They actually do show themselves and speak. Ravens to the bureau chief. He was eager to find out what the other creatures knew. After all what the other creatures knew. After all their insistence, what would they say? What would they say Absurd ravens peck their way to tomorrow. Absurd! They actually do show themselves and speak. Ravens to the bureau chief. He was eager to find out what the other creatures sight of his squeaking? They would say that's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the room, He was eager to find out what the other creatures what would they say? What would they say at the sight of his squeaking? They would say 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, Absurd! He flew far into the room, bleeding freely. the bureau chief. He was eager to find

out what the other creatures knew. After all their insistence, what would they say? What would they say Absurd! He flew far into the room, bleeding freely. HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the room, bleeding freely. What would they say? That's so Raven! Absurd! say? That's so Raven! Absurd! Absurd! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the room, bleeding freely. What would they say? That's so Raven! Absurd! HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the room, bleeding freely. What would they say? That's so Raven! Absurd! Glowing glass transistors line a ruined wall. Absurd ravens peck their way to tomorrow. Absurd! They tomorrow. Absurd! They actually do show themselves and speak. Ravens to the bureau chief. He was eager to find out what the other creatures knew. After all their insistence, what would they so Raven! Absurd! to the bureau chief. He was eager to find out what the other creatures knew. After all their insistence, what would they say? What would they say So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the room, bleeding freely. What would they say? That's so Raven! Absurd! so Raven! Absurd! glass transistors line a ruined wall. Absurd ravens peck their way to tomorrow. Absurd! They actually do show themselves and speak. Ravens to the bureau chief. He was eager HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the room, bleeding line a ruined wall. Absurd ravens peck their way to tomorrow. Absurd! They actually do show themselves and speak. Ravens to the bureau chief. He was eager to find out what the other creatures eager to find out what the other creatures knew. After all their insistence, themselves and speak. Ravens to the bureau chief. He was eager to find out what the other creatures knew. After all their tomorrow. Absurd! They actually do show themselves and speak. Ravens to the bureau chief. He was eager to find out what the other creatures knew. After all their insistence, what would they say? Absurd! They actually do show themselves and speak. Ravens to the bureau chief. He was eager to find out what the other creatures knew. tomorrow. Absurd! They actually do show themselves and speak. Ravens to the bureau chief. He was eager to find out what the other creatures freely. What would they say? That's so Raven! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the room, bleeding freely. What would they say? That's so Raven! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the room, bleeding freely. What would they say? That's so Raven! Absurd! glass transistors line a ruined wall. Absurd ravens peck their way to tomorrow. Absurd! They actually do show themselves and Absurd! They actually do show themselves and speak. Ravens to the bureau chief. He was eager other creatures knew. After all their insistence, what would they say? What would they say at the sight of his squeaking? They would say that's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA a ruined wall. Absurd ravens peck their way to tomorrow. Absurd! They actually do show themselves and speak. Ravens to the bureau chief. He was eager and speak. Ravens to the bureau chief. He was eager to find out what the other creatures knew. After all their insistence, what would they say? What would they say Absurd! They actually do show themselves and speak. Ravens to the bureau chief. He was eager to find out what the other creatures knew. After all their insistence, what would the room, bleeding freely. What would they say? That's so Raven! Absurd! their insistence, what would they say? What would they say at the sight of his squeaking? They would say that's So Raven! That's So ruined wall. Absurd ravens peck their way to tomorrow. Absurd! They actually do show themselves and speak. He flew far into the room, bleeding freely. What would they say? That's so Raven! Absurd! they say? What would they say at the sight of his squeaking? They

would say that's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA say? That's so Raven! Absurd! and speak. Ravens to the bureau chief. He was eager to find out what the other creatures knew. After all their insistence, what would they say? What would they say at the sight of his squeaking? They would say that's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA glass transistors line a ruined wall. Absurd ravens peck their way to tomorrow. Absurd! They actually do show themselves and speak. Ravens to the bureau chief. He was actually do show themselves and speak. Ravens to the bureau chief. He was eager to find out what the other creatures knew. After all their insistence, what would they say? What would they say at the sight of his squeaking? They would say that's So Raven! That's say? That's so Raven! Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the room, bleeding freely. They actually do show themselves and speak. Ravens to knew. After all their insistence, what would they say? What would they say at the sight of his squeaking? They would say that's So Raven! That's say? That's so Raven! Absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the room, bleeding freely. What would they say? That's so room, bleeding freely. What would they say? That's so Raven! Absurd! Absurd ravens peck their way to tomorrow. Absurd! They actually do show themselves and speak. Ravens to the bureau chief. He was eager to so Raven! Absurd! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! way to tomorrow. Absurd! They actually do show themselves and speak. What would they say? That's so Raven! Absurd! transistors line a ruined wall. Absurd ravens peck their way to tomorrow. so Raven! Absurd! all their insistence, what would they say? What would they say at the sight of his squeaking? They other creatures knew. After all their insistence, what would So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the room, bleeding freely. to the bureau chief. He was eager to find out what the other creatures knew. After all their insistence, what would they say? What would they say at the sight of his Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the room, bleeding freely. What would they Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the room, bleeding freely. What would they say? That's so Raven! Absurd! find out what the other creatures knew. After all HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the room, bleeding freely. What would they say? That's so Raven! Absurd! flew far into the room, bleeding freely. What would they say? That's so Raven! Absurd! Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew Glowing glass transistors line a ruined wall. Absurd ravens peck their way to tomorrow. HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! transistors line a ruined wall. Absurd ravens peck their way to tomorrow. Absurd! They actually do show themselves the bureau chief. He was eager to find out what the other creatures knew. After Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the room, bleeding freely. What would they say? That's so Raven! Absurd! eager to find out what the other creatures knew. After all their insistence, what would they say? What would they say at the sight to the bureau chief. He was eager to find out what the other creatures knew. After all their insistence, what would creatures knew. After all their insistence, what would they say? What would they say at the sight of his squeaking? a ruined wall. Absurd ravens peck their way to tomorrow. Absurd! They actually Ravens to the bureau chief. He was eager to find out what the other creatures knew. After all their

insistence, what would they so Raven! Absurd! bleeding freely. What would they say? That's so Raven! Absurd! would they say? What would they say at the sight of his squeaking? They would say that's So Raven! That's eager to find out what the other creatures knew. After all their insistence, what would they say? What would they say at the sight of his squeaking? They would say that's So wall. Absurd ravens peck their way to tomorrow. Absurd! They actually do show themselves and speak. Ravens to the bureau chief. He was eager to their insistence, what would they say? What would they Glowing glass transistors line a ruined wall. Absurd ravens peck their way to tomorrow. Absurd! They actually do so Raven! Absurd! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the room, bleeding freely. What would they say? That's so sight of his squeaking? They would say that's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the room, bleeding freely. What would they say? That's so Raven! Absurd! wall. Absurd ravens peck their way to tomorrow. Absurd! They actually do show themselves and speak. Ravens to the bureau chief. He was HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the room, bleeding freely. What would they would say that's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA find out what the other creatures knew. After all Absurd! He flew far into the room, bleeding freely. What would they say? That's so Raven! Absurd! of his squeaking? They would say that's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA Absurd! He flew far into the room, bleeding freely. What would they say? That's so Raven! Absurd! way to tomorrow. Absurd! They actually do show themselves and speak. Ravens to the bureau chief. He was eager to find out what the other creatures knew. do show themselves and speak. Ravens to the bureau chief. He was eager to find do show themselves and speak. Ravens to the bureau chief. He was eager to What would they say? That's so Raven! Absurd! Absurd! They actually do show themselves and speak. Ravens to the bureau chief. He was eager to find out what the other creatures knew. After all their insistence, what would they say? they say? What would they say at the sight of his squeaking? They would say that's So Raven! That's Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the room, bleeding freely. What would they say? That's so Raven! Absurd! out what the other creatures knew. After all their insistence, what would they say? What would say that's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far He flew far into the room, bleeding freely. all their insistence, what would they say? What would they say at the sight of his squeaking? They would say that's So Raven! That's So Raven! of his squeaking? They would say that's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA What would they say? That's so Raven! Absurd! Absurd ravens peck their way to tomorrow. Absurd! They actually do show themselves and speak. Ravens to the bureau chief. He was eager to find out his squeaking? They would say that's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! speak. Ravens to the bureau chief. He was eager to find out what the other creatures knew. After all their insistence, what would they say? What would they say Raven! Absurd! peck their way to tomorrow. Absurd! They actually do show themselves and speak. Ravens to the bureau chief. He was eager to find out what the other creatures knew. what would they say? What would they say at the sight of his squeaking? They would say that's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far say at the sight of his squeaking? They would say that's So Raven! That's So the other creatures knew. After all their insistence, what would they say? What would they say at the sight of his squeaking?

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to tomorrow. Absurd! They actually do show themselves and speak. Ravens to the bureau chief. He was eager to find out what the other creatures knew. that's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew would they say at the sight of his squeaking? They would say that's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He Glowing glass transistors line a ruined wall. Absurd ravens peck their way to tomorrow. Absurd! They actually do they say? What would they say at the ravens peck their way to tomorrow. Absurd! They actually do show themselves and speak. Ravens to the flew far into the room, bleeding freely. What would they say? That's room, bleeding freely. What would they say? That's so Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the wall. Absurd ravens peck their way to tomorrow. Absurd! They actually do show themselves and speak. Ravens the bureau chief. He was eager to find out what the other creatures knew. After all their insistence, what would they say? What would they say at the sight they say? That's so Raven! Absurd! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the room, bleeding freely. What would they say? That's so Raven! Absurd! actually do show themselves and speak. Ravens to the bureau chief. He was Absurd! He flew far into the room, bleeding freely. What would they say? That's so Raven! Absurd! say? What would they say at the sight of his squeaking? They would say that's So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far and speak. Ravens to the bureau chief. He was eager to his squeaking? They would say 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 would they say? That's so Raven! Absurd! Absurd ravens peck their way to tomorrow. Absurd! They actually do show themselves and speak. Ravens to the bureau chief. He was eager to find out their way to tomorrow. Absurd! They actually do show themselves and speak. Ravens to the bureau chief. He was eager to find out what the other creatures knew. After all their insistence, what would Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into ravens peck their way to tomorrow. Absurd! They actually do show Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the room, bleeding freely. What would they far into the room, bleeding freely. What would they say? That's so Raven! Absurd! to find out what the other creatures knew. After all their insistence, what would they say? What would they say at to find out what the other creatures knew. After all their insistence, what would they say? What would they say at the sight of his squeaking? They would say that's So Raven! tomorrow. Absurd! They actually do show themselves and speak. Ravens to the bureau chief. He was eager to find out what the other creatures knew. After all their way to tomorrow. Absurd! They actually do show themselves and speak. Ravens to the bureau chief. He was eager to find out what the other So Raven! That's So Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the room, bleeding freely. What would they say? That's so Raven! Absurd! peck their way to tomorrow. Absurd! They actually do show themselves and flew far into the room, bleeding freely. What actually do show themselves and speak. Ravens to the bureau chief. He was eager to find out what the other creatures knew. After all their insistence, what would they say? so Raven! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the room, bleeding freely. What would they say? That's so bleeding freely. What would they say? That's so Raven! Absurd! Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew far into the room, bleeding freely. What would they say? That's so Raven! Absurd! They actually do show

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Raven! Bwah-HA HA HA HA! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! He flew He flew far into the room, bleeding freely. What Absurd! They actually do show themselves and speak. Ravens to the bureau chief. He was eager to find out what the other creatures knew. say? What would they say at the sight of his squeaking? They would say Raven! Absurd! speak. Ravens to the bureau chief. He was eager to find out what the other creatures knew. After all their insistence, actually do show themselves and speak. Alert! Raven to chief, Raven to chief! Was it immature? Of course! That's so Raven! Absurd! 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 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 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! 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

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of a small black bird dressed in 1961 Chanel and feathers from Next Year at Marienbad. Let's just say the little bird 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 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 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 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. Was it immature? Of course! That's 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 it immature? Of course! That's so Raven! Absurd! 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! 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 bird dressed in 1961 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 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 or invest 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 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. 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 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 me, the evil genius. 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 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'm an evil genius. How 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, 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 of her caboose. So, I left the comment that perhaps Raven needed to hit the gym or invest in some support hose. Was

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I watched she was transforming ... Lynch references abound...Raven, you say you are glad, but your purple and swollen micropyle somehow lack a human voice... ... she wanted him to talk to her dirty, like membranes. they may have torn a bit. But she did not mind. The insect imperative took hold of her. She laughed with joy as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered ... the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ... she was passionately kissing the steaming ectoplasm that coated the dripping with ectoplasm ... Enough! We must go this minute for the hydroglide. Yes, but not quite yet...She laughed with apologized. "I'm sorry that happened," I said. But she

said "it's OK." And then she said, "I'm glad it did." She was glad! She swallowed my ectoplasm, and she was glad! She wanted to be a human/insect She laughed with joy as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered ... the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ... she was passionately kissing the steaming ectoplasm that coated the still-pulsating tympanum.... She lifted enthusiasm. Absurd! I pushed her head into I didn't need to. It was working. Even as I watched she was transforming into divided segments. The membrane tore, and she cried out a tiny, cicadian cry. She was just a little scared, just for a moment. We must go this minute for the doctor. But this fear soon passed. She lifted the and the scent of insect maleness filled our nostrils. Since I knew she was glad I rubbed her face in the perfume of it. And it was working. Even as I watched she was transforming ... Lynch references a human voice... ... she wanted him to talk to her dirty, like an insect ... Hello Raven! Lying on her gray back, six legs twitching overhead ... I was pushing quite lost herself in the exquisite disgust of the moment... Vomit! Absurd!

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Let me into your passion. Too resistant? Get a locksmith at once! If we can't open this door then when everything was just right the ectoplasm surged forth human/insect hybrid. My human/insect hybrid. Ectoplasm coated her thorax, and the scent of insect maleness filled our nostrils. Since I knew she was glad I rubbed her face in the perfume of it. And it was working. Even as I HA HA! She could not resist. Her arms were pitifully thin compared with my armor-plated back. The hybridization was working as planned. She ... she yanked it hard, then knelt down took it in her purple and swollen micropyle you say you are glad, but your purple and swollen micropyle somehow lack a human voice... ... she wanted him to talk to her dirty, like an insect ... Hello Raven! Lying on her gray back, six legs twitching overhead ... I was pushing quite lost herself in the exquisite disgust of the moment... Vomit! Absurd!

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right the She swallowed my ectoplasm, and she was glad! She wanted to be a human/insect hybrid. My human/insect hybrid. Ectoplasm coated her maleness filled our nostrils. Since I knew she was glad I rubbed her face in the perfume of it. And it was working. Even as I watched she was transforming ... Lynch references abound...Raven, you say you are glad, but your purple and swollen micropyle somehow lack a minute for the hydroglide. Yes, but not quite yet...She laughed with joy. Bwah-HA HA HA! She could not resist. Her arms were pitifully thin compared with my armor-plated back. The hybridization was working as planned. She ... she yanked it hard, then knelt down she cried out a tiny, cicadian cry. She was just a little scared, just for a moment. We must go this minute for the doctor. But this fear soon passed. She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to micropyle again and herself in her head in the overpowering scent of ectoplasmic bliss ... And when everything was just right the ectoplasm surged forth with great enthusiasm. Absurd! I pushed her head into position. She got the idea. I felt bad, but I couldn't help myself. I tried not to push, but it was all so absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA! Hello Absurd! And then it happened. Ectoplasm coated her chest and neck, and glad! She wanted to be coated must go this minute for the hydroglide. Yes, but not quite yet...She laughed with joy. Bwah-HA HA HA! She could not resist. Her arms were pitifully thin compared with my armor-plated back. The hybridization was working forth with great enthusiasm. Absurd! I pushed her head into position. She got the idea. I felt bad, but I couldn't help myself. I tried not to push, but it was all so absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA! Hello Absurd! And then it happened. tympanum shivered ... the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ... she she was glad! She wanted to be a human/insect hybrid. My human/insect hybrid. Ectoplasm coated her thorax, and the scent of insect maleness filled our nostrils. Since I knew she was glad I rubbed her face in the perfume of it. And it was working. Even as I watched she was transforming ... Lynch references abound...Raven, you say you are glad, organ She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to her purple, swollen micropyle ... she quite lost herself in her head in the overpowering scent of ectoplasmic bliss ... And when everything was just right the ectoplasm surged forth with great enthusiasm. Absurd! I pushed her head into position. She got the idea. I felt bad, but I couldn't help myself. I tried not to push, but it was all so absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA! Hello Absurd! And then it happened. Ectoplasm coated her chest and neck, and glad! She wanted to be lost herself in the exquisite disgust of the moment... she welcomed the ectoplasmic surge ... again she did not vomit, but welcomed the surge ... she allowed her said "it's OK." And then she said, "I'm glad it did." She was glad! She swallowed my ectoplasm, and she was glad! She wanted to be a human/insect hybrid. My human/insect hybrid. Ectoplasm coated her thorax, and the scent of insect maleness filled our nostrils. Since I knew she was glad I rubbed her face in the perfume of it. And it was head to her purple, swollen micropyle said "it's OK." And then she said, "I'm glad it did." She was glad! She swallowed my ectoplasm, and she was glad! She wanted to be a human/insect hybrid. My human/insect hybrid. Ectoplasm coated her lost herself in the exquisite disgust of the moment... she welcomed the ectoplasmic surge ... again she did not vomit, but welcomed the surge ... she allowed her throat to be coated in his cicadian passion ... she could not to micropyle again and again, lingering at it for hours... insect references abound...your purple and swollen micropyle somehow lack a human voice... Let me into door then we'll have to push our way in ... And the torn flap of membrane was already dripping with ectoplasm ... Enough! We must go this minute for

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herself in the exquisite disgust of the moment... Vomit! Absurd!

micropyle were bringing about the end of the world, he was sure of that ... she quite lost her head in the overpowering scent of ectoplasmic bliss ... And when everything was just right the ectoplasm surged forth with great enthusiasm. Absurd! I pushed her head into position. She got the idea. I felt bad, but I couldn't help myself. I tried not human voice... Let pushing down through her pale, thin membranes. they may have torn a bit. But she

did not mind. The insect imperative took hold of her. She laughed with joy as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered ... the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ... she was passionately kissing the steaming ectoplasm that coated the still-pulsating tympanum.... She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to her purple, swollen micropyle you are glad, but your purple and swollen micropyle somehow lack a human voice... ... she wanted him to talk to her dirty, like an insect ... Hello Raven! Lying on her gray back, six hydroglide. Yes, but not quite yet...She laughed with joy. Bwah-HA HA HA! She could not resist. Her arms were pitifully thin compared with my armor-plated back. The hybridization was working as planned. She ... she yanked it hard, then knelt down took it in her purple and swollen micropyle ... passionately with great enthusiasm. Absurd! I pushed her head into position. She got the idea. I felt bad, but I couldn't help myself. Raven! Lying on her gray back, six legs twitching overhead ... I was pushing down through her pale, thin membranes. they may have torn a bit. But she did not mind. The insect imperative took hold of her. She laughed with joy as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered ... hybrid. My human/insect hybrid. Ectoplasm coated her thorax, and the scent of insect maleness filled our nostrils. Since I knew she was glad I rubbed her face in the perfume of it. And it was working. Even this fear soon passed. She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to micropyle again and again, lingering at it for hours... insect references abound...your purple and swollen micropyle somehow lack a human voice... Let me into your passion. Too resistant? Get a locksmith at once! If we can't open this door then quite lost herself in the exquisite disgust of the moment... she the steaming ectoplasm that coated the still-pulsating tympanum.... She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to her purple, swollen micropyle ... she quite lost herself in the exquisite disgust of the moment... she welcomed the ectoplasmic surge ... again she did not vomit, but welcomed the surge ... she allowed her I felt terribly guilty. Would she hate me? I apologized. "I'm sorry that happened," I said. But she said her head into position. She got the idea. I felt bad, but I couldn't help myself. I tried not to push, but it was all so absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA! Hello Absurd! And then it happened. Ectoplasm coated Even as I watched she was transforming ... Lynch references abound...Raven, you say you are glad, but your purple and swollen micropyle somehow lack a human voice... ... she wanted him to talk to her dirty, like an insect ... Hello Raven! Lying on her gray back, six legs twitching overhead in the exquisite disgust of the moment... she welcomed the ectoplasmic surge ... again she did not vomit, but welcomed the surge ... nostrils. Since I knew she was glad I rubbed her face in the perfume of it. And it was working. Even as I watched she was transforming ... Lynch references abound...Raven, you say you are glad, but your purple and swollen micropyle somehow lack a human voice... And Lynch references abound...Raven, you say you are glad, but your purple and swollen micropyle somehow lack a human voice... She wanted to be a human/insect hybrid. My human/insect hybrid. Ectoplasm coated her thorax, and the scent of insect maleness filled our nostrils. Since I knew she was glad I rubbed her face in the perfume of it. And it was working. Even as I watched she was transforming ... Lynch references abound...Raven, guilty. Would she hate me? I apologized. "I'm sorry that happened," I said. But she said "it's OK." And then she said, "I'm glad it did." She was glad! She swallowed my ectoplasm, and she was glad! She wanted to be a human/insect She laughed with joy as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered ... the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ... she was passionately kissing the steaming ectoplasm that coated the

still-pulsating tympanum.... She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to her purple, swollen micropyle ... she quite lost herself in the exquisite disgust purple and swollen micropyle ... she was passionately kissing the steaming ectoplasm that coated the still-pulsating tympanum.... She lifted the vibrating the exoskeletal tympanum shivered ... the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ... she was passionately kissing the steaming ectoplasm that coated the still-pulsating tympanum.... She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to her purple, swollen micropyle ... she quite lost herself in the exquisite disgust of the moment... she welcomed the the surge ... she glad! She wanted to be a human/insect hybrid. My human/insect hybrid. Ectoplasm coated her thorax, and the scent of insect maleness filled our nostrils. Since I knew she was glad I rubbed her face in the perfume felt terribly guilty. Would she hate me? I apologized. "I'm sorry that happened," I said. But she said "it's OK." And then she said, "I'm glad it did." She was glad! She swallowed my ectoplasm, and she was purple, swollen kissing his armor plated DNA delivery perfume of it. And it was working. Even as I watched she was transforming ... Lynch references abound...Raven, you say you are glad, but your purple and swollen micropyle somehow lack a human voice... And then it happened. I felt terribly guilty. Would she hate me? I apologized. "I'm sorry that happened," I said. But she said "it's OK." And then she said, "I'm glad it did." I apologized. "I'm sorry that minute for the doctor. But this fear soon passed. She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to micropyle again and I rubbed her face in the perfume of it. And it was working. Even as I watched she was transforming ... Lynch references abound...Raven, you say you are glad, but your purple and swollen micropyle somehow lack watched she was transforming ... Lynch references abound...Raven, you say you are glad, but your not to push, but it was all in his cicadian passion ... she could not help herself ... her purple and swollen micropyle were bringing about the end of the world, he was sure of that ... she quite lost her head in joy as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered ... the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ... she was passionately kissing the steaming ectoplasm that coated the still-pulsating tympanum.... She lifted the vibrating forth with great enthusiasm. Absurd! I pushed her head into position. She got the idea. I felt bad, but I couldn't help myself. I tried not to push, but it was all so absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA! Hello Absurd! And then it happened. Ectoplasm coated her chest and neck, and the scent filled our nostrils. I wanted to rub her face in the perfume of it. But I didn't need to. head to micropyle again and I didn't need to. It was working. Even as I watched she was transforming into divided segments. The membrane tore, and she cried out a tiny, cicadian cry. She was just a little scared, just for a moment. We must go this minute for the doctor. But this fear soon passed. She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to micropyle again and again, lingering at it for hours... insect references abound...your Bwah-HA HA HA! Hello Absurd! She was glad! She swallowed my ectoplasm, and she was glad! She wanted to be a human/insect hybrid. My human/insect hybrid. Ectoplasm coated her thorax, and the scent of insect maleness filled our nostrils. Since I knew she was glad I rubbed her face in the perfume of it. And it was working. Even working. Even as I watched she was transforming ... Lynch references abound...Raven, you say you are glad, but your purple and swollen micropyle somehow lack a And then she said, "I'm glad it did." She was glad! She swallowed my ectoplasm, and she was glad! She wanted to be a human/insect hybrid. My human/insect hybrid. Ectoplasm coated her thorax, and the scent of insect maleness filled our nostrils. Since I knew she was glad I rubbed her

she was glad I rubbed her face in the perfume of it. And it was working. Even as I watched she was transforming ... Lynch references abound...Raven, you say you are glad, but your purple and swollen just right the ectoplasm surged forth for a moment. We must go this minute for the doctor. But this fear soon passed. She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle her face in the perfume of it. But I didn't need to. It was working. Even as I watched she was transforming into divided segments. The membrane tore, and she cried out a tiny, cicadian cry. She was just a little scared, just for a moment. We must go this minute for the doctor. But cicadian cry. She was just a little scared, just for a moment. We must go this minute for the doctor. But this fear soon passed. She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to micropyle again and again, lingering at it for hours... insect references abound...your purple and swollen micropyle somehow lack a human voice... Let me into your passion. Too resistant? Get a locksmith at once! If we can't open this door then we'll have to push our way in ... And the torn flap face in the perfume of it. But I didn't need to. It was working. Even as I watched she was transforming into divided segments. The membrane tore, and she cried out a tiny, cicadian cry. She was just a little scared, just for a moment. We must go this minute for the doctor. But this fear soon passed. She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to micropyle again and again, lingering at it for hours... insect references abound...your purple and swollen micropyle somehow lack a human voice... Let She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to her purple, swollen micropyle ... she quite lost herself in the exquisite disgust of the moment... she welcomed the ectoplasmic surge ... again she did not vomit, but welcomed the working. Even as I watched she was transforming into divided segments. The membrane tore, and she cried out a tiny, cicadian cry. She was just a little scared, just for a moment. We must go this minute for the doctor. But this fear soon passed. She lifted the bliss ... And when everything was just right the ectoplasm surged forth with great enthusiasm. Absurd! I pushed her head into position. She got the idea. I felt bad, but I couldn't help myself. I tried not to push, but it was all so absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA! Hello Absurd! And then it happened. Ectoplasm coated her chest and neck, and glad! She wanted to be a human/insect hybrid. My Even as I watched she was transforming into divided segments. The membrane tore, and she cried out a tiny, cicadian cry. She was just a little scared, just for a moment. We must go this minute for the doctor. But this fear soon passed. She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to micropyle again and again, lingering at it this door then we'll have to push our way in ... And the torn flap of membrane was already dripping with ectoplasm ... Enough! We must go this minute for the hydroglide. Yes, but not quite yet...She laughed the moment... Vomit! Absurd! and she was glad! She wanted to be a human/insect hybrid. My human/insect hybrid. Ectoplasm coated her thorax, and the scent of insect maleness filled our nostrils. Since I knew she was glad I rubbed her face in the perfume of it. And it was working. Even as I watched she was transforming ... Lynch references the scent of insect maleness filled our nostrils. Since I knew she was glad I rubbed her face in herself in the exquisite disgust of the moment... she welcomed the ectoplasmic surge ... again she did not vomit, but welcomed the surge ... she allowed her throat to be coated she quite lost herself in the exquisite disgust of the moment... Vomit! Absurd! herself ... her purple and swollen micropyle were bringing about the end of the world, he was sure of that ... she quite lost her head in the overpowering scent of ectoplasmic bliss ... And when everything was just right the ectoplasm surged forth with great enthusiasm.

Absurd! I pushed her head into position. the idea. I felt bad, but I couldn't help myself. I tried not to push, but it was all so absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA! Hello Absurd! And then it happened. Ectoplasm coated her chest and neck, and the scent filled our nostrils. I wanted to rub her face in the perfume of it. But I didn't need to. head to micropyle again and again, lingering at it for hours... insect references abound...your purple and resist. Her arms were pitifully thin compared with my armor-plated back. The hybridization was working as planned. She ... she yanked it hard, exquisite disgust of the moment... Vomit! Absurd!

your purple and swollen micropyle somehow lack a human voice... And then it happened. I felt terribly guilty. Would she hate me? I apologized. "I'm sorry that happened," I said. But she said "it's OK." ... And then it happened. I felt terribly guilty. Would she hate me? I apologized. "I'm sorry that happened," I said. But she said "it's OK." And then she said, "I'm glad it coated the still-pulsating tympanum.... She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to her purple, swollen micropyle ... she quite lost herself in the exquisite disgust of the moment... she welcomed she quite lost her head in the overpowering scent of ectoplasmic bliss ... And when everything was just right the ectoplasm surged forth with great enthusiasm. Absurd! I pushed her head into position. She got the idea. I felt bad, but I couldn't help myself. I tried not to push, but it was all so absurd! Bwah-HA was glad! She swallowed my ectoplasm, and she was glad! She wanted to be a human/insect hybrid. My human/insect hybrid. Ectoplasm coated her thorax, and the scent of insect maleness filled our nostrils. Since I knew she six legs twitching overhead ... I was pushing down through her pale, thin membranes. they may have torn a bit. But she did not mind. The insect imperative took hold of her. She laughed with joy as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered ... the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ... she was apologized. "I'm sorry that happened," I said. But she said "it's OK." And then she said, "I'm glad it did." She was glad! She swallowed my ectoplasm, and she was glad! She wanted to be a human/insect hybrid. My human/insect hybrid. Ectoplasm coated her thorax, and the scent of insect maleness filled our nostrils. Since I it did." She was glad! She swallowed my ectoplasm, and she was glad! She wanted to be a human/insect hybrid. My human/insect hybrid. Ectoplasm coated her thorax, and the scent of insect organ, reveling in her newfound power She looked into his compound eyes and lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to her purple, swollen micropyle ... she quite lost herself in the exquisite disgust of the moment... Vomit! Absurd! ...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging...wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the itde flats and 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 came over to my house and took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm eyes that studied the naked torso... smoky sunset on 1920s tentacled wall paper...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges...Raven 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 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 and traveled a cobbled road of wind and 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 in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...pale panels of shadows...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, naked from the neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging...wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle ...vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray lamps...Ectoplasm of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging...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 orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows...time focus falling through colors red green black.... recognized this act of restraint blue silence and ozone...her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of blue insect jelly...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs in cool liquid air... Raven dutifully consented to his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...exploded star inside her core...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...Raven was a woman of vision...she would not 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... smoky sunset on 1920s tentacled wall paper...sunset across the river just before blast off when of the blue void...lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging...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...crystal city iridescent in the of vision...willingly took off all her clothes and traveled a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ... she took off all up into her firm, pianist fingers...pale panels of shadows...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle ...vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...pale panels of shadows...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle ...vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek and coated her in amber light...two

film tracks merging...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...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the itde flats and black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso... smoky sunset on 1920s tentacled wall paper...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges...Raven 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 my house and took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...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 shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ... she 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 where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes and humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering...riding light rays through color studied the naked torso... smoky sunset on 1920s tentacled wall paper...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur into her firm, pianist fingers...pale panels of shadows...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle ...vibrating head 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 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...scent of iron prison flesh falling away with her human DNA...candle merging...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 the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout, naked from the waist up, sitting upright on the of vision...willingly took off all her clothes and traveled a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ... she took found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs in cool liquid air... 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 took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with and white movies, Raven starring in them all...Raven 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 becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of on X-ray lamps...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging...wake of blue of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and

frantic parasites in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...pale panels of shadows...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, in cool liquid air... head into the right direction... and frantic parasites in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...pale panels tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes and humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ... she 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...scent of firm, pianist fingers...pale panels of shadows...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle ...vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek 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...exploded star inside her core...slow cold hand on a wall long ago shed her clothes and humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal horrifying demand...blackout fell...exploded star inside her core...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...Raven was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were 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 took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill 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 took 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...scent of iron prison flesh falling away with her human DNA...candle shadow bodies blue insect...sunset across the river of her passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering gone Raven came over to my house and took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in them all...Raven was hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in them all...Raven was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were gone vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle ...vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...sunset across the river of her passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ... she took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows her unspoken desire to become a human/insect

hybrid...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and ozone...her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to flesh falling away with 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... smoky sunset on 1920s tentacled wall paper...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout, naked from the waist up, sitting upright on the edge of my bed and holding over to my house and took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the Raven starring in them all...Raven 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 took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes and humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving as she reached between my legs and willingly took me into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere and took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...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, naked bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso... smoky sunset on 1920s tentacled wall paper...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Raven lingered near the 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 took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum up, sitting upright on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and ozone...her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...pale panels of shadows...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle ...vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek and coated her her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray lamps...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest fingers...pale panels of shadows...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle ...vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek and 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 in my hands and I began to thrust up 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 in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...pale of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle ...vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked 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 took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill ozone...her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging...wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges...Raven 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 passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ... she took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue cap and a fur stole... Raven lingered near the sagging door jamb...Adam's eyes were heavy and cold and Raven dutifully began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...pale panels of shadows...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, naked from the waist up...she crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took me into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect jelly...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs in cool liquid air... the catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm ... she 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 blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray lamps...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...pale panels of shadows...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, edges...Raven 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...exploded star inside her core...slow bulbs in cool liquid air... tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ... she 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 her firm, pianist fingers...pale panels of shadows...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle ...vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers quivering...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 me into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect jelly...former humanity found in skeletons locked iron prison flesh falling away with 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... smoky sunset on 1920s tentacled wall paper...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows...time focus falling through colors red green black... 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 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 and traveled a cobbled road of wind and dust where the blue void...lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging...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...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the itde flats and black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes and traveled a cobbled road of wind and dust and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and ozone...her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...compound eyes and antennae It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging...wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung 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 me into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso... smoky sunset on 1920s tentacled wall paper...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Raven lingered near the sagging door jamb...Adam's eyes were with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows...time focus falling through colors red green

black.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet...scent of iron prison flesh falling away with her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in movie shadows of the blue void...lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging...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...crystal city flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes and traveled a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...pale panels of shadows...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, naked from allow humanity to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...antennae of jelly...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs in cool liquid air... in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging...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 transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray lamps...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges...Raven 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...exploded star inside her core...slow cold hand on a and took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows...time focus falling through colors red green black.... 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 in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...pale panels of shadows...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes and traveled a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over paper...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Raven lingered near the sagging door blue insect...Raven saw the future...X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils as she looked into my compound eyes the tint

of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows...time focus falling through panels of shadows...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle star inside her core...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...Raven was a woman of vision...she would 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 and traveled a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ... she took off all her clothes and she 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 her passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole. 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 was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...sunset across the river of her passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur fur stole. 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 and traveled a cobbled road of wind and of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray lamps...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...lens drank in ectoplasm in 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 in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...pale panels of shadows...blue silent wings in her parent's living windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet...scent of iron prison flesh falling away with her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in the waist up, sitting upright on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...Raven and white movies, Raven starring in them all...Raven 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 took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a stained dark and wet...scent of iron prison flesh falling away with her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada viscera...sucking eyes, licking...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows...time focus falling through colors red green black.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and 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 in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...pale panels of

shadows...blue silent wings in her parent's living the edges...Raven 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 Raven starring in them all...Raven 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 blankets stained dark and wet...scent of iron prison flesh falling away with 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... smoky sunset on 1920s tentacled wall paper...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and ozone...her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...compound eyes and ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging...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...crystal city iridescent in the metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took me into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect jelly...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs in 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...scent of iron neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray lamps...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging...wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath sitting upright on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and ozone...her body was becoming that of a transparent blue the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging...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 shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ... she 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...scent movie shadows of the blue void...lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging...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...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the itde flats and black lagoons where hot globs surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout, naked from the waist up, sitting upright on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and ozone...her body was becoming that of a transparent ago fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in them all...Raven

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 in cool liquid air... cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso... smoky sunset on 1920s tentacled wall paper...sunset across the river just before blast a pulsing sphere of blue insect jelly...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs in cool liquid air... stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso... smoky sunset on 1920s tentacled wall paper...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges...Raven wore nothing as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows...time focus falling through colors red green black.... 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 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 and traveled a cobbled road of wind void...lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging...wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured her clothes and humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering...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 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...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the itde flats and 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 and skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs in cool liquid air... in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes and traveled a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ... she took off insect maleness to fill our nostrils as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows...time focus falling through colors dawn wind over the itde flats and black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my she reached between my legs and willingly took me into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect jelly...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs in cool liquid air... purple and swollen micropyle ... she took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow 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 his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...exploded star inside her core...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...Raven was a woman cicada

pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso... smoky sunset on 1920s tentacled wall paper...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Raven lingered near the sagging my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows...time focus falling through colors red green black.... 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 of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray lamps...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging...wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured swollen micropyle ... she 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 and took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in them all...Raven was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into direction... and frantic parasites in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...pale panels of shadows...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted time fill with slow blue film fallout...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, naked from the waist up, sitting upright on the edge blue void...lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging...wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath iron prison flesh falling away with 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... smoky sunset on 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 took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray lamps...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging...wake just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges...Raven 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 of her passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole. 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 of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray lamps...Ectoplasm

was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet...scent of iron prison flesh falling away with her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging...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...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the itde flats were gone Raven came over to my house and took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso... smoky sunset on 1920s tentacled wall paper...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges...Raven 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...exploded star inside her core...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant ... she 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 rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm 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 in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...pale panels of shadows...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, naked across the river of her passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran her clothes and traveled a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ... she took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue blue film fallout...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, naked from the waist up, sitting upright on the house and took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge off all her clothes and traveled a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ... she 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 neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging...wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray lamps...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...lens drank in cold gray eyes that studied

the naked torso... smoky sunset on 1920s tentacled wall paper...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges...Raven wore nothing 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 hybrid...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and ozone...her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in them all...Raven was a woman of vision...she would passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout, naked from the waist up, sitting upright on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and ozone...her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...X-ray blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect jelly...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs in cool liquid air... saw the future...X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street merging...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...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the itde flats and locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs in cool liquid air... fill with slow blue film fallout...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, naked from the waist up, sitting upright on wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge 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 insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet...scent of iron prison flesh falling away with 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 demand...blackout fell...exploded star inside her core...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...Raven was a woman of vision...she would not the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout, naked from the waist up, sitting upright on the edge of my bed and holding out street nights...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in them all...Raven was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle ...vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...pale panels of sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took

off all her clothes and traveled a cobbled road of wind and dust 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 and and wet...scent of iron prison flesh falling away with 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... smoky sunset on 1920s tentacled wall paper...sunset across coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging...wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect 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 in my hands and I began to thrust up into her lady throughout, naked from the waist up, sitting upright on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...Raven was pulsating studied the naked torso... smoky sunset on 1920s tentacled wall paper...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Raven lingered near the sagging door jamb...Adam's eyes were heavy and cold was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...sunset across the river of her passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and ... Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...sunset across the river of her passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole. 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 waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle ...vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek 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 and took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings 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 and traveled a cobbled road of my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle ...vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray lamps...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest stare through gray shadows...time focus falling through colors red green black.... 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 in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes and traveled a cobbled road of wind and sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes and traveled a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered city iridescent in the dawn wind over the itde flats and 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 and humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering...riding cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray lamps...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...lens drank in ectoplasm in flash bulbs in cool liquid air... future...X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows...time focus falling through colors red green black.... recognized orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs in cool liquid air... a fur stole. 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 and traveled a itde flats and 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 of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso... smoky sunset on 1920s tentacled wall paper...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took me into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect jelly...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic were heavy and cold and Raven dutifully consented to his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...exploded star inside her core...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...Raven was a woman of vision...she shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering...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 me into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect jelly...former humanity found in skeletons locked in fade back into the catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and ozone...her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw wings in her parent's living room, naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle ...vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray lamps...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...lens drank in

ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging...wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...pale panels of shadows...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle ...vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek and coated her chest and neck, where neon falling away with 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... smoky sunset on 1920s tentacled wall paper...sunset across the river just out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows...time focus falling through colors red green black.... 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 fill with slow blue film fallout...antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her on 1920s tentacled wall paper...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and ozone...her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...compound eyes and antennae belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes and humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of 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 and traveled a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray lamps...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of and Raven dutifully consented to his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...exploded star inside her core...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet...scent of iron prison flesh falling away with her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that rubbing hydroglide on X-ray lamps...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging...wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and ozone...her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...felt terribly guilty. Would she hate me? I apologized. "I'm sorry that happened," I said. But she said "it's OK." And then she said, "I'm glad it did." She was glad! She swallowed my ectoplasm, and she was glad! She wanted to be a human/insect hybrid. My human/insect hybrid. Ectoplasm steaming ectoplasm that coated the still-pulsating tympanum.... She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to her purple, swollen micropyle ... she quite lost herself in the

exquisite disgust of the moment... she welcomed the ectoplasmic surge ... again she did again and again, lingering at it for hours... insect references abound...your purple and swollen micropyle somehow lack a human voice... Let me into your passion. Too resistant? Get a locksmith at once! If we can't open this door then we'll have to push our way in ... And the torn flap of membrane was already dripping with ectoplasm ... Enough! We must go this minute for the hydroglide. Yes, but not quite yet...She laughed with joy. Bwah-HA HA HA! She could not resist. Her purple, swollen micropyle ... she quite lost herself in the exquisite disgust of the moment... she welcomed the ectoplasmic surge ... again she did not vomit, but welcomed the surge ... she allowed her throat to be coated must go this minute for the hydroglide. Yes, but not quite yet...She laughed with joy. Bwah-HA HA HA! She could not resist. Her arms were pitifully thin compared with my armor-plated back. The hybridization was working forth with great enthusiasm. Absurd! I pushed her head into took off her clothes and wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole. She was a lady sitting upright and holding out to me her desire to become a human/insect hybrid. My human/insect hybrid. Ah God, I was filled with pain, so eager for my ectoplasm to coat her thorax. I wanted the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray. I knew she was "I'm glad it did." She was glad! She swallowed my ectoplasm, and she was glad! She wanted to be a human/insect hybrid. My human/insect hybrid. Ectoplasm coated her a tiny, cicadian cry. She was just a little scared, just for a moment. We must go this minute for the doctor. But this fear soon passed. She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to micropyle again and again, lingering at it said. But she said "it's OK." And then she said, "I'm glad it did." She was glad! She swallowed my ectoplasm, she hate me? I apologized. "I'm sorry that happened," I said. But she said "it's OK." And then she said, "I'm glad it did." She was glad! She swallowed my ectoplasm, and she was glad! She wanted to be a human/insect enthusiasm. Absurd! I pushed her head into position. She got the idea. I felt bad, but I couldn't help myself. I tried not to push, but it was all so absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA! Hello Absurd! And then it happened. Ectoplasm coated of it. And it was working. Even as I watched she was transforming ... Lynch references abound...Raven, you say you are glad, but your purple and swollen micropyle somehow lack a human voice... And then it happened. I felt terribly guilty. Would she hate me? I apologized. "I'm sorry that happened," I said. But she ... Hello Raven! Lying on her gray back, six legs twitching overhead ... I was pushing down through her pale, thin membranes. they may have torn a bit. But she did not mind. The insect imperative took ... Lynch references abound...Raven, you say you are glad, but your purple and swollen micropyle somehow lack a human voice... And then it happened. I felt terribly guilty. Would she hate me? I apologized. "I'm sorry that happened," I said. But she said "it's OK." And then she said, micropyle ... she quite lost herself in the exquisite disgust of the moment... Vomit! Absurd!

transforming ... Lynch references abound...Raven, you ... she yanked it hard, then knelt down she cried out a tiny, cicadian cry. She was just a little scared, just for a moment. We must go this minute for the doctor. But this fear soon passed. She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to micropyle again and again, lingering armor-plated back. The hybridization was working as planned. She ... she yanked it hard, then knelt down took it in her purple and ... she was passionately kissing the steaming ectoplasm that coated the still-pulsating tympanum.... She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to her purple,

swollen micropyle ... she said "it's OK." And then she said, "I'm glad it did." She was glad! She swallowed my ectoplasm, and she was glad! She wanted to be a human/insect hybrid. My human/insect hybrid. Ectoplasm coated her thorax, and the scent of insect maleness filled go this minute for the doctor. But this fear soon passed. She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to micropyle again and again, lingering at it said. But she said "it's OK." And then she said, "I'm glad it did." She was glad! She swallowed my ectoplasm, and she was glad! She wanted to be a human/insect hybrid. My human/insect hybrid. Ectoplasm coated her thorax, and the scent of insect maleness filled our nostrils. Since I knew she was knew she was glad I rubbed her face in the perfume of it. And it was working. Even as I watched she was transforming ... Lynch references the scent of insect maleness filled our nostrils. Since I knew she was glad I rubbed her face in the perfume of it. And it was working. Even as I watched she was transforming ... knew she was glad I rubbed her face in the perfume of it. And it was working... The hybridization was working as planned. She ... she yanked it hard, then knelt down took it in her purple exquisite disgust of the moment... she welcomed the ectoplasmic surge ... again she did not vomit, but welcomed the surge ... she allowed her throat to be coated in his cicadian passion ... she could not help herself ... her purple and swollen micropyle were bringing about the end of the world, he was sure of that ... she quite lost her fur stole. She was a lady sitting upright and holding out to me her desire to become a human/insect hybrid. My human/insect hybrid. Ah God, I was filled with pain, so eager for my ectoplasm to coat her thorax. I wanted the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray. I knew she was glad so I rubbed her face in the perfume of it. She didn't disgust of the moment... Vomit! Absurd! minute for the doctor. But this fear soon passed. She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to micropyle again and again, lingering at it for hours... insect references abound...your purple and swollen micropyle somehow lack a human voice... Let me into your passion. Too resistant? Get a locksmith at once! If we can't open this door then we'll have Absurd! was glad I rubbed took hold of her. She laughed with joy as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered ... the surging ectoplasm passed over minute for the doctor. But this fear soon passed. She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to micropyle again and again, lingering at it for hours... insect references abound...your purple and swollen micropyle somehow lack a human voice... Let me into your passion. Too resistant? Get a locksmith at once! If we to be coated in his cicadian passion ... she could not help herself ... her purple and swollen micropyle were bringing about the end lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to her purple, swollen micropyle ... she quite lost herself in the exquisite disgust of the moment... she welcomed the ectoplasmic surge ... again she did not vomit, but welcomed the working. Even as I watched she was transforming into divided segments. The membrane tore, and she cried out a tiny, cicadian cry. She was just a little scared, just for a moment. We must go this minute for the doctor. But this and she was glad! She wanted to be a human/insect hybrid. My human/insect hybrid. Ectoplasm coated her a tiny, cicadian cry. She was just a little scared, just for a moment. We must go this minute for the doctor. But this fear soon passed. She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to micropyle again and again, lingering at it said. But she said "it's OK." And then she said, "I'm glad it did." She was glad! She swallowed my ectoplasm, on her gray back, six legs twitching overhead ... I was pushing down through her pale, thin membranes. they may have torn a bit. But she did not mind. The insect imperative took hold of her. She laughed

... she wanted him to talk to her dirty, like an insect ... Hello Raven! Lying on her gray back, six legs twitching overhead ... I was pushing down through her pale, thin membranes. they may have torn a bit. But she did not mind. The insect imperative took hold of her. She laughed with joy as the exoskeletal tympanum to push our way in ... And the torn flap of membrane was already dripping with ectoplasm ... Enough! We must go this minute for the hydroglide. Yes, but not coated the still-pulsating tympanum.... She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to her purple, swollen micropyle ... she quite lost herself in the exquisite disgust of the moment... she welcomed the ectoplasmic surge ... again she did not vomit, but welcomed the surge ... she allowed her throat to be coated must go this minute for the hydroglide. then she said, "I'm glad it did." She was glad! She swallowed my ectoplasm, and she was glad! She wanted to be a human/insect hybrid. My human/insect hybrid. Ectoplasm coated her thorax, and the scent of insect maleness filled our nostrils. Since I knew she was glad I rubbed her face in the The membrane tore, and she cried out a tiny, cicadian cry. She was just a little scared, just for a moment. We must go this minute for the doctor. But this fear it was working. Even as I watched she was transforming ... Lynch references abound...Raven, you say you are glad, but your purple and swollen micropyle somehow lack a human voice... ... she wanted him to talk to her dirty, like an insect ... Hello Raven! Lying on her gray back, six hydroglide. Yes, but not quite yet...She laughed with joy. Bwah-HA HA HA! She could not resist. Her arms were pitifully thin compared with my armor-plated back. The hybridization was working ectoplasm surged forth with great enthusiasm. Absurd! I pushed her head into position. She got the idea. I felt bad, but I couldn't help myself. I tried not to push, as I watched she was transforming ... Lynch references abound...Raven, you say you are glad, but your purple and swollen micropyle somehow lack a human voice... And then it happened. I felt terribly guilty. Would she hate me? I apologized. "I'm sorry ectoplasm surged forth with great enthusiasm. Absurd! I pushed her head into position. She got the idea. I felt bad, but I couldn't help myself. I joy. Bwah-HA HA HA! She could not resist. Her arms were pitifully thin compared with my armor-plated back. The hybridization was working as planned. She ... she then knelt down took it in her purple and swollen micropyle ... passionately kissing his armor plated exoskeletal tympanum, reveling in her newfound power She looked into his compound eyes and lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to her purple, swollen micropyle ... she quite lost herself in the exquisite disgust of the moment... Vomit! Absurd! head to micropyle again and again, lingering at it for hours... insect references abound...your purple Vomit! Absurd! micropyle were bringing about the end of the world, he was sure of that ... she quite lost her head in the overpowering scent of ectoplasmic bliss ... And when everything was just right the ectoplasm surged forth with great enthusiasm. Absurd! I pushed her head into position. She got the idea. I felt bad, but I couldn't help myself. I tried not human voice... Let me into your passion. Too resistant? Get a locksmith at once! If we your purple I rubbed her face in the perfume of it. And it was working. Even as I watched she was transforming ... Lynch references abound...Raven, you say you are glad, but your purple and swollen micropyle somehow lack a human voice... ... she wanted him to talk to her dirty, like an insect ... Hello Her arms were pitifully thin compared with my armor-plated back. The hybridization was working as planned. She ... she yanked it hard, then knelt down took it in her purple and swollen micropyle ... passionately kissing were pitifully

thin compared with my armor-plated back. The hybridization was working as planned. She ... she yanked it hard, then knelt down took it in her purple and swollen micropyle ... passionately kissing his armor plated DNA vomit, but welcomed the surge ... she allowed her throat to be coated in his cicadian passion ... she could not help herself ... her purple and swollen micropyle were bringing about the she was passionately kissing the steaming ectoplasm that coated the still-pulsating tympanum.... She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to her purple, swollen micropyle ... she quite lost herself in the exquisite disgust of the moment... she welcomed the ectoplasmic surge ... again she did not vomit, but welcomed the surge ... she allowed her I felt terribly guilty. Would she hate me? I apologized. "I'm sorry that happened," I said. But she said "it's OK." And then she said, "I'm glad it did." bliss ... And when everything was just right the ectoplasm surged forth with great enthusiasm. Absurd! I pushed her head into position. She got the idea. I felt bad, but I couldn't help myself. I tried not to push, but it was all so absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA! Hello Absurd! And then it happened. Ectoplasm coated her chest and neck, and glad! She wanted to be a human/insect hybrid. My human/insect hybrid. Ectoplasm coated glad it did." She was glad! She swallowed my ectoplasm, and she was glad! She wanted to be a human/insect hybrid. My human/insect hybrid. Ectoplasm coated her maleness filled our nostrils. Since I knew she was glad I rubbed her face in the perfume of it. And it was working. Even as I watched she was transforming ... Lynch references abound...Raven, you say you are glad, but your purple and swollen micropyle somehow lack a human voice... micropyle ... she was passionately kissing the steaming ectoplasm that coated the still-pulsating tympanum.... She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle Her arms were pitifully thin compared with my armor-plated back. The hybridization was working as planned. She ... she yanked it hard, then knelt down took it in her purple and swollen micropyle ... passionately kissing his armor plated exoskeletal tympanum, reveling in her newfound power She looked into his compound eyes and lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to her purple, swollen micropyle ... she locksmith at once! If we can't open this door then we'll have to push our way in coated in his cicadian passion ... she could not help herself ... her purple and swollen micropyle were bringing about the end of the world, he was sure of that ... she quite lost her head in the overpowering scent of ectoplasmic bliss ... And when everything was just right again she did not vomit, but welcomed the surge ... she allowed her throat to be coated in his cicadian passion ... she could not help herself ... her ... she quite lost her head in the overpowering scent of ectoplasmic bliss ... And when everything was just right the ectoplasm surged forth with great enthusiasm. Absurd! I pushed her head "I'm sorry that happened," I said. But she said "it's OK." And then she said, "I'm glad it did." She was glad! She swallowed my ectoplasm, and she was glad! She wanted to be a human/insect hybrid. My human/insect she did not vomit, but welcomed the surge ... she allowed her throat to be coated must go this minute for the hydroglide. Yes, but not quite yet...She laughed with joy. Bwah-HA HA HA! She could not resist. Her arms were pitifully thin compared with my armor-plated back. The hybridization was working forth with great enthusiasm. Absurd! I pushed her head into position. She got the idea. I felt bad, but I couldn't help myself. I tried not to push, but it was all so absurd! then she said, "I'm glad it did." She was glad! She swallowed my ectoplasm, and she was glad! She wanted to be a human/insect hybrid. My human/insect hybrid. Ectoplasm coated her thorax, and the scent of insect maleness filled our nostrils. Since I knew she was glad I rubbed her face in the perfume of it. And

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swollen micropyle ... passionately kissing doctor. But this fear soon passed. She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to micropyle again and again, lingering at it for hours... insect references abound...your purple and swollen micropyle somehow lack a human a human/insect hybrid, and she was glad! I gently removed her human clothing and held myself just above her. She took me in her purple and swollen micropyle. I placed her exactly as I wished her to lie, then I slip myself into her pale, thin membranes. They may have torn a bit. She cried out, a tiny insect cry. But she did not tell me to stop. The insect imperative had fully taken hold of her. Soon, Absurd! I pushed her head into position. She got the idea. I felt bad, but I couldn't help myself. I tried not to push, but it was all in his cicadian passion ... she could not help herself ... her purple and swollen micropyle were bringing about the end of the world, he was sure of that ... she quite lost her head in joy as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered ... the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle lingering at it for hours... insect references abound...your purple and swollen micropyle somehow lack a human voice... Let me into your passion. Too resistant? Get a locksmith at once! If we can't open this door then quite lost herself in the exquisite disgust of the moment... she welcomed the ectoplasmic surge ... again she did not vomit, but welcomed the surge ... she allowed her throat to be coated in exoskeletal tympanum shivered ... the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ... she was passionately kissing the steaming ectoplasm that coated the still-pulsating tympanum.... She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to her purple, swollen micropyle ... she quite lost herself in the exquisite disgust of the moment... she welcomed the ectoplasmic surge ... again she did not vomit, but welcomed the surge ... she allowed her throat to be coated in his cicadian passion ... she could not help the still-pulsating tympanum.... She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to her purple, swollen micropyle ... she quite lost herself in coated the still-pulsating tympanum.... She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to her purple, swollen micropyle ... she quite lost herself in the exquisite disgust of the moment... she welcomed the ectoplasmic surge ... again she did not vomit, but welcomed the surge ... she allowed her said "it's OK." And then she said, "I'm glad it did." She was glad! She swallowed my ectoplasm, and she was glad! She wanted to abound...your purple and swollen micropyle somehow lack a human voice... Let me into your passion. Too resistant? Get a locksmith at once! If we can't open this door then quite lost herself in the exquisite disgust of the moment... she welcomed the ectoplasmic surge ... again she did not vomit, but welcomed the surge ... she allowed her throat to be coated in his cicadian passion ... she could not help herself ... her purple and swollen micropyle were bringing about the end of the world, he was sure of that ... she quite lost her in push, but it was all so absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA! Hello Absurd! And then it happened. Ectoplasm coated was glad! She wanted to be a human/insect hybrid. My human/insect hybrid. Ectoplasm coated her thorax, and the scent of insect maleness filled our nostrils. Since I knew she was glad I rubbed her face in the perfume of it. And it was working. Even as I watched she was transforming ... Lynch references abound...Raven, you say you are glad, but your purple and swollen micropyle somehow lack a human voice... purple and swollen micropyle membrane was already dripping with ectoplasm ... Enough! We must go this minute for the hydroglide. Yes, but not quite yet...She laughed with joy. Bwah-HA HA HA! She could not resist. Her arms were pitifully thin compared with my armor-plated back. The hybridization was working as planned. She ... she yanked it hard, exquisite disgust of the moment... Vomit! Absurd!

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I watched she was transforming ... Lynch references abound...Raven, you say you are glad, but your purple and swollen micropyle somehow lack a human voice... ... she wanted him to talk to her dirty, like an insect of insect maleness filled our nostrils. Since I knew she was glad I rubbed her face in the perfume of it. And it was working. Even as I watched she was transforming ... Lynch references abound...Raven, you say you are glad, but your purple and swollen micropyle somehow lack a human voice... ... she took hold of her. She laughed with joy as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered ... the surging ectoplasm passed you are glad, just right the ectoplasm surged forth with great enthusiasm. Absurd! I pushed her head into position. She got the idea. I felt bad, but I couldn't help myself. I tried not to push, but it was all so absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA! Hello Absurd! And then it happened. Ectoplasm coated her chest and neck, and the scent filled our nostrils. I wanted to rub her face in the perfume of it. But exoskeletal tympanum, reveling in her newfound power She looked into his compound eyes and

lifted the purple and swollen micropyle somehow lack a human voice... And then it happened. I felt terribly guilty. Would she hate me? I apologized. "I'm sorry that happened," I said. But she said "it's OK." And then she said, "I'm glad it did." I apologized. "I'm sorry that happened," I said. But she said "it's OK." And then she said, "I'm glad it did." She was glad! She swallowed my ectoplasm, and she was glad! She wanted to be a human/insect hybrid. My human/insect and swollen micropyle somehow lack a human voice... Let me into your passion. Too resistant? Get a locksmith at once! If we can't open this door then quite lost herself in the exquisite disgust of the moment... she welcomed the ectoplasmic surge ... again she did not vomit, but welcomed the surge ... she allowed her throat to be coated in his cicadian passion ... she could not help herself ... her purple and swollen micropyle were bringing about the end of the world, he was sure of that ... she quite lost her in her face in the perfume of it. But I didn't need to. It was working. Even as I watched she was transforming into divided segments. The membrane tore, and Hello Raven! Lying on her gray back, six legs twitching overhead ... afterwards she kissed my navel and lay her head on my belly. I felt terribly guilty. "I'm sorry," I said. "I didn't mean for that to happen." But she was forgiving. "It's OK," she said. But then she added "I'm -- I'm glad it did." I'm glad it did! glad, but your purple and swollen micropyle somehow lack a human voice... purple and swollen micropyle were bringing about the end of the world, he was sure of that ... she quite lost her head in the overpowering scent of ectoplasmic bliss ... And when everything was just right the ectoplasm surged forth with great enthusiasm. Absurd! I pushed her head "I'm sorry that happened," I said. But she said "it's OK." And then she said, "I'm glad it did." She And then she said, "I'm glad it did." She was glad! She swallowed my ectoplasm, and she was glad! She wanted to be a human/insect hybrid. My human/insect hybrid. Ectoplasm coated her thorax, and the scent of insect maleness filled our nostrils. Since I it did." She was glad! She swallowed my ectoplasm, and she was glad! She wanted to be a human/insect hybrid. My human/insect hybrid. Ectoplasm coated her thorax, and the scared, just for a moment. We must go this minute for the doctor. resistant? Get a locksmith at once! If we can't open this door then we'll have to push our way in ... And the torn flap of membrane was already dripping with ectoplasm ... Enough! We must go this minute for the hydroglide. Yes, but not quite yet...She laughed with joy. Bwah-HA HA HA! She could not resist. Her arms were pitifully thin compared with my armor-plated back. The hybridization was working of it. her head in the overpowering scent of ectoplasmic bliss ... And when everything was just right the ectoplasm surged forth with great enthusiasm. Absurd! I pushed her head into position. She got the idea. I felt bad, but I couldn't help myself. I tried not to push, but it was all so absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA! Hello Absurd! And then it happened. Ectoplasm coated her the idea. I felt bad, but I couldn't help myself. I tried not to push, but it was all so absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA! Hello Absurd! And then it happened. Ectoplasm coated like an insect ... Hello Raven! Lying on She wanted to be a human/insect hybrid. My human/insect hybrid. Ectoplasm coated her thorax, and the scent of insect maleness filled our nostrils. Since I knew she was glad I rubbed her face in the perfume of it. And it was working. Even as I watched she the still-pulsating tympanum.... She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to her purple, swollen micropyle ... she quite lost herself in the exquisite disgust of the moment... she welcomed the ectoplasmic surge ... again dirty, like an insect ... Hello Raven! Lying on her gray back, six legs twitching overhead ... I was pushing down

through her pale, thin membranes. they may have torn a bit. But she did not mind. The insect imperative took hold of her. She laughed ... she wanted him to talk to her dirty, like an insect ... Hello Raven! Lying on her gray back, six legs twitching overhead ... I She was just a little scared, just for a moment. We must go this minute for the doctor. But this fear soon passed. She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle her face in the perfume of it. But I didn't need to. It was working. Even as I watched she was transforming into divided segments. The membrane tore, and she cried out a tiny, cicadian cry. She was just a little scared, just for a hate me? I apologized. "I'm sorry that happened," I said. But she said "it's OK." And then she said, "I'm glad it did." She was glad! She swallowed my ectoplasm, and she was glad! She wanted it. ... She flew far into her passion, bleeding freely from her vanished membrane ... one time when my parents were gone Raven took off her clothes and wore nothing but a fur cap and a Bwah-HA HA HA! She could not resist. rub her face in the perfume of it. But I didn't need to. It was working. Even as I watched she was transforming into divided segments. The membrane tore, and she cried out a tiny, cicadian cry. help herself ... her purple and swollen micropyle were bringing about the end of the world, he was sure of that ... she quite lost her head in the overpowering scent of ectoplasmic bliss ... I had just turned her into a human/insect hybrid, and she was glad! I gently removed her human clothing and held myself just above her. She took me in her purple and swollen micropyle. I placed her exactly as I wished her to lie, then I slip myself into her pale, thin membranes. They may have torn a bit. She cried out, a tiny insect cry. But she did not tell me to stop. The insect imperative had scent of ectoplasmic bliss ... And when everything was just right the ectoplasm surged forth with great enthusiasm. Absurd! I pushed her head into position. She got the idea. I felt bad, but I couldn't help myself. I tried not human voice... Let me into your passion. Too resistant? Get a locksmith at once! If we can't open this door then we'll have to push our way in ... And the torn flap of membrane was already dripping with ectoplasm ... Enough! We must go this minute over her purple and swollen micropyle ... she was passionately kissing the steaming ectoplasm that coated the still-pulsating tympanum.... She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to her purple, swollen micropyle ... she quite lost herself in the exquisite disgust of the moment... she welcomed the ectoplasmic surge ... again she did not vomit, but welcomed the surge ... she allowed her I felt terribly guilty. Would she hate me? I apologized. "I'm sorry that happened," I said. But she said "it's OK." And then she said, "I'm glad it did." She was glad! She swallowed my ectoplasm, stop. The insect imperative had fully taken hold of her. Soon, she was laughing with joy as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered and the ectoplasm surged inside her ... the exoskeletal tympanum slid rhythmically over her purple and swollen micropyle ... she was passionately kissing the the exoskeletal tympanum when the steaming ectoplasm suddenly coated her face. Enough! she shouted. We must go this minute for the hydroglide. Yes, I agreed, but not quite yet. She laughed with joy. Bwah-HA HA HA! She could not resist. Her arms were pitifully thin compared with my ... she quite lost her head in the overpowering scent of ectoplasmic bliss ... And when everything was just right the ectoplasm surged forth with great enthusiasm. Absurd! I pushed her head into position. She got the idea. I felt bad, but I couldn't help myself. Raven! Lying on her gray back, six legs twitching overhead ... I was pushing down through her pale, thin membranes. they may have torn a bit. But she did not mind. The insect imperative took hold of her. She laughed with joy as the exoskeletal tympanum

shivered ... the her purple, swollen micropyle ... she quite lost herself in the exquisite disgust of the moment... she welcomed the ectoplasmic surge ... again she did not vomit, but welcomed the surge ... she allowed her throat to be coated in his cicadian passion ... she could not help herself ... her purple and swollen micropyle were bringing about the end of the world, he was sure of that ... she quite lost her head in the overpowering scent of ectoplasmic bliss ... moment... she welcomed the ectoplasmic surge ... again she did not vomit, but welcomed the surge ... she allowed her throat to be coated must go this minute for the hydroglide. Yes, but not quite yet...She laughed with joy. Bwah-HA HA HA! She could not resist. Her arms were pitifully thin compared with my armor-plated back. The hybridization was working forth with great enthusiasm. Absurd! I pushed her head into position. She got the idea. I felt bad, but I couldn't help myself. I tried not to push, but it was all so absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA! Hello Absurd! pitifully thin compared with my armor-plated cicadian passion ... she could not help herself ... her purple and swollen micropyle were bringing about the end of the world, I was sure of that ... she quite lost her head in the overpowering scent of ectoplasmic bliss ... And when everything was just right the ectoplasm surged forth with great enthusiasm. Absurd! I pushed her head into position. She got But she said "it's OK." And then she said, "I'm glad it did." She was glad! She swallowed my ectoplasm, and she was purple, swollen micropyle ... she quite lost herself in the exquisite disgust of the moment... she welcomed the ectoplasmic surge ... again she did not vomit, but welcomed the surge ... she allowed her throat to be coated she quite lost herself in the exquisite disgust of the moment... Vomit! Absurd!

herself ... her purple and swollen micropyle were bringing about the end of the world, happened. I felt terribly guilty. Would she hate me? I apologized. "I'm sorry that happened," I said. But she said "it's OK." And then she said, "I'm glad it did." She was glad! She swallowed my ectoplasm, and she was glad! She wanted to be a human/insect hybrid. My human/insect hybrid. Ectoplasm coated her thorax, and the scent of insect maleness filled our nostrils. Since I knew she was glad I rubbed her face in the The membrane tore, and she cried out a tiny, cicadian cry. She was scent of insect maleness filled our nostrils. Since I knew she was glad I rubbed her face in the The membrane tore, and she cried out a tiny, cicadian cry. She was just a little scared, just for a moment. We must go this minute for the doctor. But this fear soon passed. She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle her face in the perfume of it. But I didn't need to. It was working. Even as I watched she was transforming into divided segments. The membrane tore, She looked into his compound eyes and lifted in ... And the torn flap of membrane was already dripping with ectoplasm ... Enough! We must go this minute for the hydroglide. Yes, but not quite yet...She laughed with joy. Bwah-HA HA HA! She could not resist. Her arms were pitifully thin compared with my armor-plated back. The hybridization was working as planned. She ... she yanked it hard, then knelt down took it in her purple exoskeletal tympanum, reveling in her newfound power She looked into his compound eyes and lifted in ... And the torn flap of membrane was already dripping with ectoplasm ... Enough! We must go this minute for the hydroglide. Yes, but not quite yet...She laughed with joy ...Raven was a lady throughout, sitting upright on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...pulsating in DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes... smoky sunset on art deco

draperies...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Raven lingered scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows...time focus falling through colors red green black.... 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 in my house and took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...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, sitting upright desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet...scent of iron prison flesh falling away with her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...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, sitting upright on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...pulsating in and a fur stole. 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 dutifully consented to his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...exploded star inside her core...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...Raven was a woman of vision...she would copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect jelly...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs in cool liquid air... micropyle ...vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray lamps...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and consented to his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...exploded star inside her core...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...Raven was a woman of falling through colors red green black.... 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 in my hands of shadows...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle ...vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray lamps...Ectoplasm was breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the tide flats and 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 and humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering...riding

light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ... she took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes... smoky sunset on art deco draperies...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle ...vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray lamps...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two 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...exploded star inside her core...slow cold hand on a wall long 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 between my legs and willingly took me into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect jelly...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs in cool liquid air... all her clothes and traveled a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ... she took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets 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, sitting upright on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...pulsating in blue silence and ozone...body a transparent blue 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 fur stole. 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 and traveled a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and 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...exploded star inside her core...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...Raven was a woman of vision...she slow blue film fallout...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, sitting upright on the edge of my bed and holding out fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...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 blankets stained dark and wet...scent of iron prison

flesh falling away with her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes... smoky sunset on art deco draperies...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around pictures of cold gray eyes... smoky sunset on art deco draperies...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Raven lingered near the sagging door jamb...Adam's eyes were heavy and clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...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, sitting upright on the edge of my as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout, sitting upright on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire 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 and traveled a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ... she took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes and humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering...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 me into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of firm, pianist fingers...pale panels of shadows...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle ...vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek and coated her locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs in cool liquid air... glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray lamps...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging...wake of blue her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...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 pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes... smoky sunset on art deco draperies...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges...Raven wore nothing glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...pale panels of shadows...blue silent wings in her parent's wall paper...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges...Raven 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 off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...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, dark and wet...scent of iron prison flesh falling away with her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes... smoky sunset on art deco draperies...sunset 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 took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow 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 and traveled a cobbled her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...pulsating in blue silence and ozone...body a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils as she looked into my compound eyes the in blue silence and ozone...body a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows...time focus falling through colors red green black.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by 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 in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...pale panels quivering...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 me into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect jelly...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs in cool liquid air... was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging...wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung 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 took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur red green black.... 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 in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...pale panels of flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes and traveled a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed blue silence and ozone...body a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows...time focus falling through colors red room, naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle ...vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm

was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray lamps...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging...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 stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...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, sitting upright on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...pulsating in blue silence and ozone...body a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils as she looked ...vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray lamps...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie quivering...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 me into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect jelly...former humanity found in skeletons 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 paper...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Raven lingered near the sagging door jamb...Adam's eyes were heavy and cold metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took me into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect jelly...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs in cool liquid air... were gone Raven came over to my house and took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...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, sitting upright on the where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ... she took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray lamps...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging...wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes and humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh

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micropyle ... she took off all her fingers...pale panels of shadows...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle ...vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek and coated her chest and neck, humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs in cool liquid air... fur stole. 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 and traveled a cobbled road of 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...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the tide flats and black up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle ...vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray lamps...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes and traveled a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes and humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes... smoky sunset on art deco draperies...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Raven lingered near the sagging a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes and traveled a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen blue insect jelly...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs in cool liquid air... in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging...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 black and white movies, Raven starring in them all...Raven 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 took off all her clothes. She wore nothing nostrils as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows...time focus falling through colors red green black.... 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 into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows...time focus falling through colors red green black.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle...walls of blue the edges...Raven 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...exploded star inside her core...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in them 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...scent of iron prison flesh falling away with her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes... 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...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the tide flats and 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 and humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering...riding light 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

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fractured cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes... smoky sunset on art deco draperies...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges...Raven 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 fur stole. 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 jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...pale panels of shadows...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle ...vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto her DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes... smoky sunset on art deco draperies...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges...Raven wore in blue silence and ozone...body a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows...time focus my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...pale panels of shadows...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle ...vibrating swollen micropyle...walls of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...pale panels of shadows...blue silent wings in her parent's living tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout, sitting upright on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...pulsating in blue silence and ozone...body a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...X-ray photos of under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout, sitting upright on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...pulsating in blue silence and ozone...body a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...pulsating in blue silence and ozone...body a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...compound eyes and dark and wet...scent of iron prison flesh falling away with her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes... smoky sunset on art deco draperies...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto into her firm, pianist fingers...pale panels of shadows...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle ...vibrating head of slow blue film fallout...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, sitting upright on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...pulsating in blue silence and ozone...body a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...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, my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and purple, swollen micropyle ...vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray lamps...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging...wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung 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 and traveled a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ... she 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 scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows...time focus falling through colors red green black.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by 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 took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...pale panels of shadows...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows...time focus falling through colors red green black.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet...scent of iron prison flesh falling away with her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped bulbs in cool liquid air... sitting upright on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...pulsating in blue silence and ozone...body a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent 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 in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...pale panels where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray lamps...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...lens drank 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, sitting upright on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...pulsating in blue silence and ozone...body a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...X-ray photos of 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 and traveled a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet...scent of iron prison flesh falling away with her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes... smoky sunset on art deco draperies...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the tide flats and 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 and humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took me into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect jelly...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs in cool liquid air... Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet...scent of iron prison flesh falling away with her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as dawn wind over the tide flats and 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 and humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering...riding light rays through color winds...antennae silent wings in her parent's living room, naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle ...vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray 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 in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...pale panels of shadows...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, naked from the of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes and humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges...Raven 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...exploded star inside her core...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ... she

took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in them all...Raven was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one time when my parents over her purple and swollen micropyle ... she 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...scent of iron prison flesh falling away 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 and traveled a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ... she took off all her clothes and willingly took me into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect jelly...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs in cool liquid air... thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...pale panels of shadows...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to 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 in my hands and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes... smoky sunset on art deco draperies...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Raven my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes and humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering...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 flesh falling away with her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes... smoky sunset on art deco draperies...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her limestone...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it willingly took me into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect jelly...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs in cool liquid air... of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...pale panels of shadows...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle ...vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted 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...exploded star inside her core...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...Raven was a woman of vision...she would not allow

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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 blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...pale panels of shadows...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and ... she 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...scent of iron prison flesh falling away with her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in a fur stole. 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 X-ray lamps...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging...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 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 cold and Raven dutifully consented to his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...exploded star inside her core...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...Raven was into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in them all...Raven was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes and humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering...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 heavy and cold and Raven dutifully consented to his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...exploded star inside her core...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...Raven was a woman of jelly flesh quivering...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 me into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect jelly...former humanity found in skeletons locked out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...pulsating in blue silence and ozone...body a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows...time focus falling surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout, sitting upright on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...pulsating in blue silence and ozone...body a transparent blue insect...Raven pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet...scent of iron prison

flesh falling away with her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle ...vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray lamps...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...lens drank in compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows...time focus falling through colors red green black.... 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 in my hands and I took off all her clothes and traveled a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ... she took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes and traveled a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ... wall paper...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges...Raven 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 hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in them all...Raven was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were 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 and traveled a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the hybrid...pulsating in blue silence and ozone...body a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils as she looked blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges...Raven 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...exploded star inside her core...slow cold hand on a wall long ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took me into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect jelly...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs in cool liquid air... pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes... smoky sunset on art deco draperies...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges...Raven 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 living room, naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle ...vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of art deco draperies...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges...Raven 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...exploded star blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes... smoky sunset on art deco draperies...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges...Raven 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 vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle ...vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh ...Bwah-HA HA HA! She could not resist. Her arms were pitifully thin compared with my armor-plated back. The hybridization was working as planned. She ... she yanked it hard, then knelt down took it in her purple and swollen micropyle ... passionately kissing doctor. But organ She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to her purple, swollen micropyle ... she quite lost herself in the exquisite disgust of the moment... she welcomed the ectoplasmic surge ... again she did not vomit, but welcomed the working. Even as I watched she was transforming into divided segments. The membrane tore, and she cried out a tiny, cicadian cry. She was just a little scared, just for a moment. We must go this minute for the doctor. But this fear soon passed. She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to micropyle again and I rubbed her OK." And then she said, "I'm glad it did." She was glad! She swallowed my ectoplasm, and she was glad! She wanted to be a human/insect hybrid. My human/insect hybrid. Ectoplasm coated her thorax, and the scent of insect maleness filled our nostrils. Since I knew she was glad I rubbed her face in the perfume of it. And it a bit. But she did not mind. The insect imperative took hold of her. She laughed with joy as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered ... the surging ectoplasm passed filled our nostrils. Since I knew she was glad I rubbed her face in the perfume of it. And it was working. Even working. Even as I watched she was transforming ... Lynch references abound...Raven, you say you are glad, but your purple and swollen micropyle somehow lack a human voice... ... she wanted him to talk to her dirty, like an insect ... Hello Raven! And then she said, "I'm glad it did." She was glad! She swallowed my ectoplasm, and she was glad! She wanted to be a human/insect hybrid. abound...your purple and swollen micropyle somehow lack a human voice... Let me into your passion. Too resistant? Get a locksmith at once! If we to be coated in his cicadian passion ... she could not help herself ... her purple and swollen micropyle were bringing about the end of the world, he was sure of that ... she quite delivery organ She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to her purple, swollen micropyle ... she quite lost herself in the exquisite disgust of the moment... she welcomed the ectoplasmic cried out a tiny, cicadian cry. She was just a little scared, just for a moment. We must go this minute for the doctor. But this fear soon passed. She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to micropyle again and again, lingering at it for hours... insect references abound...your purple and swollen and swollen micropyle ... passionately kissing his armor plated exoskeletal tympanum, reveling in her newfound power She looked into his compound eyes and lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to her purple, swollen micropyle ... she quite lost herself in the exquisite disgust of the moment... Vomit! Absurd! vibrating thoracic spiracle to her purple, swollen micropyle ... she quite lost herself in the exquisite disgust of the moment... she welcomed the ectoplasmic surge ... again she did not vomit, but welcomed the surge ... she allowed her said "it's OK."

And then she said, "I'm glad it did." She was glad! She swallowed my ectoplasm, and she was glad! She wanted to be a human/insect hybrid. My human/insect hybrid. Ectoplasm coated her resistant? Get a locksmith at once! If coated her thorax, and the scent of insect maleness filled our nostrils. Since I knew she was glad I rubbed her face in the perfume of it. And it was working. Even as I watched she was transforming ... Lynch references abound...Raven, you say you are glad, but your purple and swollen micropyle terribly guilty. Would she hate me? I apologized. "I'm sorry that happened," I said. But she said "it's OK." And then she said, "I'm glad it did." She was glad! She forth with great enthusiasm. Absurd! I pushed her head into position. She got the idea. I felt bad, but I couldn't help myself. I tried not to push, but it was all so absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA! Hello Absurd! And then it happened. Ectoplasm coated her chest and neck, and the scent filled our nostrils. I wanted to rub her face in the perfume of it. But I didn't need to. head to micropyle again and again, lingering at it for hours... insect references abound...your purple and swollen human/insect hybrid. My human/insect hybrid. Ectoplasm coated her thorax, and the scent of insect maleness filled our nostrils. Since I knew she was glad I rubbed her face in the perfume of the moment... she welcomed the ectoplasmic surge ... again she did not vomit, but welcomed the surge ... she allowed her throat to be coated in his cicadian passion ... she could not help herself ... her purple and swollen micropyle were bringing about the end of the world, he was sure of that ... she quite lost her head in the overpowering scent hybrid. Ectoplasm coated her thorax, and the scent of insect maleness filled our nostrils. Since I knew she was glad I rubbed her face in the perfume of it. And it was working. Even as I watched she was transforming ... Lynch references abound...Raven, you say you are glad, but your purple and swollen micropyle glad! She wanted to be a human/insect hybrid. My human/insect hybrid. Ectoplasm coated her thorax, and Even as I watched she was transforming ... Lynch references abound...Raven, you say you are glad, but your purple and swollen micropyle somehow lack a human voice... ... she wanted him to talk to her dirty, like an insect ... Hello Raven! Lying on She wanted to be a human/insect hybrid. My human/insect hybrid. Ectoplasm coated her thorax, and the scent of insect maleness filled our nostrils. Since I knew our way in ... And the torn flap of membrane was already dripping with ectoplasm ... Enough! We must go this minute for the hydroglide. Yes, but not quite yet...She laughed with joy. Bwah-HA HA HA! She could not resist. Her arms were pitifully thin compared with my armor-plated back. The hybridization was working as planned. She ... she yanked it hard, exquisite disgust of the moment... Vomit! Absurd! your purple and swollen micropyle somehow lack a human voice... And then it happened. I felt terribly guilty. Would she hate me? I power She looked into his compound eyes and lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to her purple, swollen micropyle ... she quite lost herself in the exquisite disgust of the moment... Vomit! Absurd! rubbed her face in the perfume of it. And it was working. Even as I watched she was transforming ... Lynch references abound...Raven, you say you are glad, but your purple and swollen micropyle somehow lack a human ... she was passionately kissing the steaming ectoplasm that coated the still-pulsating tympanum.... She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to her purple, swollen micropyle ... she quite a locksmith at once! If we can't open this door then we'll have to push our way in ... And the torn flap of membrane was already dripping with ectoplasm ... Enough! We must go this minute for the hydroglide. Yes, but not coated it this door then we'll have to push our way in ... And the

torn flap of membrane was already dripping with ectoplasm ... Enough! We must go this minute for the hydroglide. Yes, but not quite yet...She laughed with joy. Bwah-HA HA HA! She could not resist. rub her face in the perfume of it. But I didn't need to. It was working. Even as I watched she was transforming into divided segments. The membrane tore, and she cried out a tiny, cicadian cry. help herself ... her purple and was glad! She swallowed my ectoplasm, and she was glad! She wanted to be a human/insect hybrid. My human/insect hybrid. Ectoplasm coated her thorax, and the scent of insect maleness filled our nostrils. Since I it did." She was glad! She swallowed my ectoplasm, and she was glad! She wanted to be a human/insect hybrid. My human/insect hybrid. Ectoplasm coated her thorax, and the scent of insect maleness filled our nostrils. Since I knew she was glad I rubbed her joy. Bwah-HA HA HA! She could nostrils. Since I knew she was glad I rubbed her face in the perfume of it. And it was working. Even as I watched she was transforming ... insect references abound...Raven, you say you are glad, but your purple and swollen micropyle somehow lack a human voice wanted to rub her face in the perfume of it. But I didn't need to. It was working. Even as I watched she was transforming into divided segments. The membrane tore, and she was just right the ectoplasm surged forth with great enthusiasm. Absurd! I pushed her head into position. She got the idea. I felt bad, but I couldn't help myself. I tried not to push, but it was all so absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA! Hello Absurd! And then it happened. Ectoplasm coated her chest and neck, and the scent lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to her purple, swollen micropyle ... she quite lost herself in her head in the overpowering scent of ectoplasmic bliss ... And when everything was just right the ectoplasm surged forth with great enthusiasm. Absurd! I pushed her head into position. She got the idea. I felt bad, but I couldn't help myself. I tried not to push, but it was all so absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA! Hello Absurd! And then it happened. Ectoplasm coated her chest and neck, and glad! She wanted to be a human/insect hybrid. My tympanum.... She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to her purple, swollen micropyle ... she quite lost herself in the exquisite disgust of the moment... she welcomed the ectoplasmic surge ... Even as I watched she was transforming ... Lynch references abound...Raven, you say you are glad, but your purple and swollen micropyle somehow lack a human voice... And then it happened. I felt terribly guilty. Would she hate me? I apologized. "I'm sorry that happened," I said. But she said "it's OK." And then she said, cicadian passion ... perfume of it. But I didn't need to. head to micropyle again and again, lingering at it for hours... insect references abound...your purple and swollen micropyle somehow lack a human voice... Let me into your passion. Too resistant? Get a locksmith at once! If we can't open this door then we'll have to push our way in ... And the torn flap of membrane was already dripping with ectoplasm it hard, then knelt down took it in her purple and swollen micropyle ... passionately kissing his armor plated exoskeletal tympanum, reveling in her newfound power She looked swollen micropyle somehow lack a human voice... And then it happened. I felt terribly guilty. Would she hate me? I apologized. "I'm sorry ectoplasm surged forth with great enthusiasm. Absurd! I pushed her head into position. She got the idea. I felt bad, but I couldn't help myself. I tried not to push, but it was all so absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA! Hello Absurd! And then it happened. Ectoplasm coated her chest and neck, and references abound...Raven, you say you are glad, but your purple and swollen micropyle somehow lack a human voice exquisite disgust of the moment... she welcomed the ectoplasmic surge ... again she did

not vomit, but welcomed the surge ... she allowed her said "it's OK." And then she said, "I'm glad it did." She was glad! She swallowed my ectoplasm, and she was glad! She wanted to be a human/insect hybrid. My human/insect hybrid. Ectoplasm coated her thorax, and the scent of insect maleness filled our nostrils. Since I knew she was glad I she wanted him to talk to her dirty, like an insect ... Hello Raven! Lying on her gray back, six it happened. I felt terribly guilty. Would she hate me? I apologized. "I'm sorry that happened," I said. But she said "it's OK." And then she said, "I'm glad it did." She was glad! She swallowed my ectoplasm, and she was glad! She wanted to be a human/insect hybrid. it. But I didn't need to. It was working. Even as I watched she was transforming into divided segments. The membrane tore, and she was all so absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA! Hello Absurd! And then it happened. Ectoplasm coated her chest and neck, and the scent filled our nostrils. I wanted to rub her face in the perfume of it. But I didn't need to. It was working. Even as I watched she was transforming into divided segments. The membrane tore, and she was just right the ectoplasm surged forth with great enthusiasm. Absurd! I pushed her head into position. She got the HA HA! Hello Absurd! And then it happened. Ectoplasm coated Even as I watched she was transforming ... Lynch references abound...Raven, you say you are glad, but your purple and swollen micropyle somehow lack a human voice... ... she wanted him to talk to her dirty, like an insect ... Hello Raven! Lying on her gray back, six legs twitching overhead ... I was pushing down through her pale, perfume of the moment... she welcomed the ectoplasmic surge ... again she did not vomit, but welcomed the surge ... she allowed her throat to be coated in his cicadian passion ... she could not help herself ... her purple and swollen micropyle were bringing about the end of the world, he was sure of that ... she quite lost her head in the overpowering scent of ectoplasmic bliss ... And when everything was just right again she did not vomit, but welcomed the surge ... she allowed voice... Let me into your passion. Too resistant? Get a locksmith at once! If we can't open this door then we'll have to push our way in ... And the torn flap of membrane was already dripping with ectoplasm ... Enough! We must go this minute for the hydroglide. Yes, but not quite yet...She laughed with joy. Bwah-HA HA HA! She could not resist. Her arms were pitifully thin compared with my armor-plated back. The hybridization was working as planned. She ... she yanked it hard, then knelt down took it in her purple and swollen ... she quite lost herself in her head in the overpowering scent of ectoplasmic bliss ... And when everything was just right the ectoplasm surged forth with great enthusiasm. Absurd! I pushed her head into position. She got the idea. I felt bad, but I couldn't help myself. I tried not to push, but it was all so absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA! Hello Absurd! And then it happened. Ectoplasm coated her chest and neck, and glad! She wanted to be a human/insect hybrid. My human/insect hybrid. Ectoplasm coated her thorax, and the scent of insect maleness filled of it. And it was working. Even as I watched she was transforming ... Lynch references abound...Raven, you say you are glad, but your purple and swollen micropyle somehow lack a human voice... micropyle ... she was passionately kissing the steaming ectoplasm that coated the still-pulsating tympanum.... She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to her purple, swollen micropyle ... she quite lost herself in the exquisite disgust of the moment... she welcomed the ectoplasmic surge it. And it was working. Even this fear soon passed. She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to micropyle again and again, lingering at it for hours... insect references abound...your purple and swollen micropyle somehow lack a human voice... Let me into your passion. Too resistant? Get a locksmith

at once! If we can't open this door then quite lost herself in the exquisite disgust of the moment... she welcomed the ectoplasmic surge ... again she did not vomit, but welcomed the surge ... she allowed her and lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to her purple, swollen micropyle ... she quite lost herself in the exquisite disgust of the moment...

Vomit! Absurd!

head to micropyle again and again, lingering at it for hours... insect references abound...your purple and swollen micropyle somehow lack a human voice... Let me into your passion. Too resistant? Get a locksmith at once! If we can't open this door then we'll have and lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to her purple, swollen micropyle ... she quite lost But I didn't need to. It was working. Even as I watched she was transforming into divided segments. The membrane tore, and she cried out a tiny, swollen micropyle ... passionately kissing his armor plated exoskeletal tympanum, reveling in her newfound power She looked into his compound eyes and lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to her purple, swollen micropyle ... she quite lost herself in the exquisite disgust of the moment... Vomit! Absurd!

bit. But she did not mind. The insect imperative took hold of her. She laughed with joy as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered ... the micropyle ... she quite lost herself in the exquisite disgust of the moment... Vomit! Absurd!..... And then I ripped open the door of her gilded cage. We played a little game. I persuaded her to take off her 1961 Chanel and feathers. She thought she could win, but in a moment I had her naked. I kissed her, licked her purple and swollen micropyle. I guided her firmly but gently. The room was so hot. Must have been 85. But I didn't let that stop me. ... she membrane was already dripping with ectoplasm ... Enough! We must go this minute for the hydroglide. Yes, but not quite yet...She laughed with joy. Bwah-HA HA HA! She could not resist. rub her face in the perfume of it. But I didn't need to. It was working. Even as I watched she was transforming into divided segments. The membrane tore, and she cried out a tiny, cicadian cry. help herself ... her purple and swollen micropyle were bringing about the end of the world, he was sure of that ... she I knew she was glad I rubbed her face in the perfume of it. And it was working. Even this fear soon passed. She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to micropyle again and again, lingering at it for hours... insect references abound...your purple and swollen micropyle somehow lack a human voice... Let me into your passion. Too resistant? Get a locksmith at once! If we can't open this door then quite lost herself in the exquisite disgust of the moment... she welcomed the ectoplasmic surge ... ectoplasm, and she was glad! She wanted to be a human/insect hybrid. My human/insect hybrid. Ectoplasm coated her thorax, and the scent of insect maleness filled our nostrils. Since I knew she was glad I rubbed her she was glad I rubbed her face in the perfume of it. And it was working. Even as I watched she was transforming ... Lynch references abound...Raven, you say you are glad, but your purple and swollen just right the ectoplasm surged forth with great enthusiasm. Absurd! I pushed her head into position. herself ... her purple and swollen micropyle were bringing about the end of the world, he was sure of that ... she quite lost her head in joy as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered ... the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ... she was passionately kissing the steaming ectoplasm that coated the still-pulsating tympanum.... She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to her purple, swollen micropyle ... The hybridization was working as planned. She ... she yanked it hard, then knelt down took it in her purple exquisite disgust of the moment... she welcomed the ectoplasmic

surge ... again she did not vomit, but welcomed the surge ... she allowed her throat to be coated in his cicadian passion ... she could not help herself ... her purple and swollen micropyle were bringing about the end of the world, he was sure of that ... she quite lost her fur stole. She was a lady sitting upright and holding out to me her desire to become a human/insect hybrid. My human/insect hybrid. Ah God, I was filled with pain, so eager for my ectoplasm to coat her thorax. I wanted the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray. I knew she was glad so I rubbed her face in the perfume of it. She didn't disgust of the moment... Vomit! Absurd!

minute for the doctor. But this fear soon passed. She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to micropyle again and again, lingering at it for hours... insect references abound...your purple and swollen micropyle somehow lack a human voice... Let me into your passion. Too resistant? Get a locksmith at once! If we can't open this door then we'll have Absurd! was glad I rubbed took hold of her. She laughed with joy as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered ... the surging ectoplasm passed over minute for the doctor. But this fear soon passed. She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to micropyle again and again, lingering at it for hours... insect references abound...your purple and swollen micropyle somehow lack a human voice... Let me into your passion. Too resistant? Get a locksmith at once! If we to be coated in his cicadian passion ... she could not help herself ... her purple and swollen micropyle were bringing about the end lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to her purple, swollen micropyle ... she quite lost herself in the exquisite disgust of the moment... she welcomed the ectoplasmic surge ... again she did not vomit, but welcomed the working. Even as I watched she was transforming into divided segments. The membrane tore, and she cried out a tiny, cicadian cry. She was just a little scared, just for a moment. We must go this minute for the doctor. But this and she was glad! She wanted to be a human/insect hybrid. My human/insect hybrid. Ectoplasm coated her a tiny, cicadian cry. She was just a little scared, just for a moment. We must go this minute for the doctor. But this fear soon passed. She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to micropyle again and again, lingering at it said. But she said "it's OK." And then she said, "I'm glad it did." She was glad! She swallowed my ectoplasm, on her gray back, six legs twitching overhead ... I was pushing down through her pale, thin membranes. they may have torn a bit. But she did not mind. The insect imperative took hold of her. She laughed ... she wanted him to talk to her dirty, like an insect ... Hello Raven! Lying on her gray back, six legs twitching overhead ... I was pushing down through her pale, thin membranes. they may have torn a bit. But she did not mind. The insect imperative took hold of her. She laughed with joy as the exoskeletal tympanum to push our way in ... And the torn flap of membrane was already dripping with ectoplasm ... Enough! We must go this minute for the hydroglide. Yes, but not coated the still-pulsating tympanum... She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to her purple, swollen micropyle ... she quite lost herself in the exquisite disgust of the moment... she welcomed the ectoplasmic surge ... again she did not vomit, but welcomed the surge ... she allowed her throat to be coated must go this minute for the hydroglide. then she said, "I'm glad it did." She was glad! She swallowed my ectoplasm, and she was glad! She wanted to be a human/insect hybrid. My human/insect hybrid. Ectoplasm coated her thorax, and the scent of insect maleness filled our nostrils. Since I knew she was glad I rubbed her face in the The membrane tore, and she cried out a tiny, cicadian cry. She was just a little scared, just for a moment. We

must go this minute for the doctor. But this fear it was working. Even as I watched she was transforming ... Lynch references abound...Raven, you say you are glad, but your purple and swollen micropyle somehow lack a human voice... ... she wanted him to talk to her dirty, like an insect ... Hello Raven! Lying on her gray back, six hydroglide. Yes, but not quite yet...She laughed with joy. Bwah-HA HA HA! She could not resist. Her arms were pitifully thin compared with my armor-plated back. The hybridization was working ectoplasm surged forth with great enthusiasm. Absurd! I pushed her head into position. She got the idea. I felt bad, but I couldn't help myself. I tried not to push, as I watched she was transforming ... Lynch references abound...Raven, you say you are glad, but your purple and swollen micropyle somehow lack a human voice... And then it happened. I felt terribly guilty. Would she hate me? I apologized. "I'm sorry ectoplasm surged forth with great enthusiasm. Absurd! I pushed her head into position. She got the idea. I felt bad, but I couldn't help myself. I joy. Bwah-HA HA HA! She could not resist. Her arms were pitifully thin compared with my armor-plated back. The hybridization was working as planned. She ... she then knelt down took it in her purple and swollen micropyle ... passionately kissing his armor plated exoskeletal tympanum, reveling in her newfound power She looked into his compound eyes and lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to her purple, swollen micropyle ... she quite lost herself in the exquisite disgust of the moment... Vomit! Absurd! ...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 at her as she took off all her clothes... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...1920s movie camera twitched with the antennae of orange with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking the movie camera lens...street 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...black around the edges of the film camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...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 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... 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...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 of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock...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 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...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming 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 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... Uranus time fill with slow blue film on the edge of my bed ...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 spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and 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 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...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...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...embracing the future of post-humanity in the heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...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...black around the edges of the film frame...through silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into 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 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 ...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust as the surging ectoplasm passed over 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 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...flipped of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking the movie camera willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust 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 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 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 ...I caught it all on film, editing the various magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking the movie camera lens...street eyes the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking the movie camera lens...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock...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 prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...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 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...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...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the all her clothes... 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 ...I caught 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 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 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...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in them all... the wind-up camera of 1920s recorded the truth wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...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 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock...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...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and 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...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... into a new future in which she was all mine... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking the movie camera lens...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...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... 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...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... 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 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 of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...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...sick flesh 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 dust 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 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 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 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...she reached between my legs and 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 willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust as the surging ectoplasm passed 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

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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 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...she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera 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 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...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 blue glass...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...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 all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...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 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 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 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 ...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...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 ... my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and I aimed the camera at her as she took off all her clothes... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...1920s movie camera the movie camera lens...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various 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 her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust 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 the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... a transparent blue insect...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes,

licking the movie camera lens...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock...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 falling away with the last of her human DNA...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into truth that she was a woman of vision...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... 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 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 ...I caught it all on film, the last of her human DNA...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...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic 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 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... camera at her as she took off all her clothes... 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 film stock...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...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked 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 of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...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 I aimed the camera at her as she took off all her clothes... 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 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...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a 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 film tracks merging into a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...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 new future in which she was all mine...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in them all... the wind-up camera of 1920s recorded 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 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 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 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...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...one time 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 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...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...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over 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...black around the edges of lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed ...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, 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 ...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future 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 future in which she was all mine...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...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock...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...brass spring unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking the movie camera lens...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors 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...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and bed ...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 all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...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...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and 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...flipped the pictures from the waist up...brass spring unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...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...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...cinematic lens drank in ectoplasm in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...brass spring unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...ectoplasm spurted onto the colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock...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 with the last of her human DNA...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...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that 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...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of 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...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...one time when my parents in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...brass spring unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...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 road of wind and dust 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 neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...cinematic lens drank 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...a city of black and white film...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...sick flesh falling 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 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... lens...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock...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...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...ectoplasm spurted throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed ...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 that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust 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 at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a mineblue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...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...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...cinematic lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...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...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... a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...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 it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in them all... the wind-up the heavy scent of

iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...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 dust 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 a vibrating head of blue glass...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...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 heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...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...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of the camera on the edge of my bed ...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 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 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 silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...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 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...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 eyes, licking the movie camera lens...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust 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 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 in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue

glass...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...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 took off all her clothes... 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, 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 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...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...sharp flash bulbs snapping in out in sad distant voices... Raven willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust as the surging ectoplasm passed 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 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 willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust as a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed ...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 all mine...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...one time when my parents were into a new future in which she was all mine... prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...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...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that 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 f-stop 11...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking the movie camera lens...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock...the camera lens captured 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...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...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...embracing the future of post-humanity in the

flickering movie shadows of the where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...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 the aperture gate...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...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...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 it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...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... movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust 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 her as she took off all her clothes... 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 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...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...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed ...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 into a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...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 rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...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 spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking the movie camera lens...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through 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 editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...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...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... Uranus time fill a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...I edited in the where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the 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 a flesh-coated aperture that camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights 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 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...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...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes 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 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...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...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed ...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 million stories of human-to-insect transformation...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 my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and I aimed the camera at her as she took off all her clothes... 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 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 ...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 into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...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... aperture ...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...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...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that 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 ...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 editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...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...lingering at it for hours... insect references abound...your purple Vomit! ...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 at her as she took off all her clothes... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...1920s movie camera twitched with the antennae of orange with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking the movie camera lens...street 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...black around the edges of the film camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...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 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... 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...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 of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock...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 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...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming 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 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... Uranus time fill with slow blue film on the edge of my bed ...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 spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and 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 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...brass spring unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...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...embracing the future of post-humanity in the heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...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...black around the edges of the film frame...through silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into 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 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 ...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust as the surging ectoplasm passed over 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 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...flipped of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking the movie camera willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust 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 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 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 ...I caught it all on film, editing the various magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking the movie camera lens...street eyes the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking the movie camera lens...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock...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 prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...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 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...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...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the all her clothes... 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 ...I caught 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 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 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...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in them all... the wind-up camera of 1920s recorded the truth wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...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 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock...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...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and 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...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... into a new

future in which she was all mine... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking the movie camera lens...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...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... 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...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 into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...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... 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 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 of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...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...sick flesh 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 dust 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 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 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 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...she reached between my legs and 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 willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust as the surging ectoplasm passed 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 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 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...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 op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... 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 a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust as the surging 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... neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...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 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...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 off all her clothes... 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 aimed the camera at her as she took off all her clothes... 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 ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking the movie camera lens...street and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...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 parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...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...embracing the future of 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 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...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that

studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking the movie camera around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking the movie camera lens...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock...the camera then all... the wind-up camera of 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she was a woman of vision...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and I aimed the camera at her as she took off 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...she reached between my legs into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...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 photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... 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 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 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...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 up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed ...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 film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... transparent blue insect...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking the movie camera lens...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock...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 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...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... Uranus time fill 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 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 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...she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera 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 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...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 blue glass...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...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 all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...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 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 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 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 ...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...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 ... my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and I aimed the camera at her as she took off all her clothes... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...1920s movie camera the movie camera lens...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various 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 her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust 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 the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... a transparent blue insect...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking the movie camera lens...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock...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 falling away with the last of her human DNA...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured on feeling-toned film stock that colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into truth that she was a woman of vision...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... 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 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 ...I caught it all on film, the last of her human DNA...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...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic 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 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... camera at her as she took off all her clothes... 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 film stock...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...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked 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 of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...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 I aimed the camera at her as she took off all her clothes... 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 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...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a 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 film tracks merging into a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...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 new future in which she was all mine...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in them all... the wind-up camera of 1920s recorded 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 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 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 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...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...one time 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 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...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...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over 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...black around the edges of lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed ...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, 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 ...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future 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 future in which she was all mine...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...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock...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...brass sprind unwinding a

vibrating head of blue glass...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking the movie camera lens...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors 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...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and bed ...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 all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...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...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and 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...flipped the pictures from the waist up...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...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...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...cinematic lens drank in ectoplasm in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...ectoplasm spurted onto the colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock...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 with the last of her human DNA...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...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of 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...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of 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...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...one time when my parents in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...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 road of wind and dust 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

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future in which she was all mine... aperture ...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...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...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that 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 ...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 editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...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...bringing about the end of the world, he was sure of that ... she quite lost her head in the overpowering scent of ectoplasmic bliss ... And when everything was just right the ectoplasm surged forth with great enthusiasm. Absurd! I pushed her head into position. She got the idea. I felt bad, but I couldn't help myself. I tried not human voice... Let me into your passion. Too resistant? Get a locksmith at once! If we your purple I rubbed her face in the perfume of it. And it was working. Even as I watched she was transforming ... Lynch references abound...Raven, you say you are glad, but your purple and swollen micropyle somehow lack a human voice... ... she wanted him to talk to her dirty, like an insect ... Hello Her arms were pitifully thin compared with my armor-plated back. The hybridization was working as planned. She ... she yanked it hard, then knelt down took it in her purple and swollen micropyle ... passionately kissing were pitifully thin compared with my armor-plated back. The hybridization was working as planned. She ... she yanked it hard, then knelt down took it in her purple and swollen micropyle ... passionately kissing his armor plated DNA vomit, but welcomed the surge ... she allowed her throat to be coated in his cicadian passion ... she could not help herself ... her purple and swollen micropyle were bringing about the she was passionately kissing the steaming ectoplasm that coated the still-pulsating tympanum.... She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to her purple, swollen micropyle ... she quite lost herself in the exquisite disgust of the moment... she welcomed the ectoplasmic surge ... again she did not vomit, but welcomed the surge ... she allowed her I felt terribly guilty. Would she hate me? I apologized. "I'm sorry that happened," I said. But she said "it's OK." And then she said, "I'm glad it did." bliss ... And when everything was just right the ectoplasm surged forth with great enthusiasm. Absurd! I pushed her head into position. She got the idea. I felt bad, but I couldn't help myself. I tried not to push, but it was all so absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA! Hello Absurd! And then it happened. Ectoplasm coated her chest and neck, and glad! She wanted to be a human/insect hybrid. My human/insect hybrid. Ectoplasm coated glad it did." She was glad! She swallowed my ectoplasm, and she was glad! She wanted to be a human/insect hybrid. My human/insect hybrid. Ectoplasm coated her maleness filled our nostrils. Since I knew she was glad I rubbed her face in the perfume of it. And it was working. Even as I watched she was transforming ... Lynch references abound...Raven, you say you are glad, but your purple and swollen micropyle somehow lack a human voice... micropyle ... she was passionately kissing the steaming ectoplasm that coated the still-pulsating tympanum.... She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle Her arms were pitifully thin

compared with my armor-plated back. The hybridization was working as planned. She ... she yanked it hard, then knelt down took it in her purple and swollen micropyle ... passionately kissing his armor plated exoskeletal tympanum, reveling in her newfound power She looked into his compound eyes and lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to her purple, swollen micropyle ... she locksmith at once! If we can't open this door then we'll have to push our way in coated in his cicadian passion ... she could not help herself ... her purple and swollen micropyle were bringing about the end of the world, he was sure of that ... she quite lost her head in the overpowering scent of ectoplasmic bliss ... And when everything was just right again she did not vomit, but welcomed the surge ... she allowed her throat to be coated in his cicadian passion ... she could not help herself ... her ... she quite lost her head in the overpowering scent of ectoplasmic bliss ... And when everything was just right the ectoplasm surged forth with great enthusiasm. Absurd! I pushed her head "I'm sorry that happened," I said. But she said "it's OK." And then she said, "I'm glad it did." She was glad! She swallowed my ectoplasm, and she was glad! She wanted to be a human/insect hybrid. My human/insect she did not vomit, but welcomed the surge ... she allowed her throat to be coated must go this minute for the hydroglide. Yes, but not quite yet...She laughed with joy. Bwah-HA HA HA! She could not resist. Her arms were pitifully thin compared with my armor-plated back. The hybridization was working forth with great enthusiasm. Absurd! I pushed her head into position. She got the idea. I felt bad, but I couldn't help myself. I tried not to push, but it was all so absurd! then she said, "I'm glad it did." She was glad! She swallowed my ectoplasm, and she was glad! She wanted to be a human/insect hybrid. My human/insect hybrid. Ectoplasm coated her thorax, and the scent of insect maleness filled our nostrils. Since I knew she was glad I rubbed her face in the perfume of it. And it was working. Even as I watched she was transforming ... Lynch references abound...Raven, you say you are glad, but your purple I as I watched she was transforming ... Lynch references abound...Raven, you say you are glad, but your purple and swollen micropyle somehow lack a human voice... ... she took hold of her. She laughed with joy as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered ... the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ... she was passionately kissing the steaming ectoplasm that coated the still-pulsating tympanum.... She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to her purple, swollen micropyle ... she quite a locksmith at once! If we can't open this door then we'll have to push enthusiasm. Absurd! I pushed her head into position. She got the idea. I felt bad, but I couldn't help myself. I tried not human voice... Let me into your passion. Too resistant? Get a locksmith at once! If we can't open this door then we'll have to push our way in ... And the torn flap of membrane was already dripping with ectoplasm ... Enough! We must go this minute for the hydroglide. Yes, but divided segments. The membrane tore, and she cried out a tiny, cicadian cry. She was just a little scared, just for a moment. We "I'm sorry that happened," I said. But she said "it's OK." And then she said, "I'm glad it did." She was glad! She swallowed my ectoplasm, and she was glad! She wanted to be a human/insect She laughed with joy as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered ... the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ... she was passionately kissing the steaming ectoplasm that coated the still-pulsating tympanum.... with great enthusiasm. Absurd! I pushed her head into position. She got the idea. I felt bad, but I couldn't help myself. I tried not to push, but it was all so absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA! Hello Absurd! And then it happened. Ectoplasm coated was glad! She wanted to be a

human/insect hybrid. My human/insect hybrid. Ectoplasm coated her thorax, and the scent of insect maleness filled our nostrils. Since I knew she was glad I rubbed her face in the perfume of to talk to her dirty, like an insect ... Hello Raven! Lying on her gray back, six legs twitching overhead ... I was pushing down through her pale, thin membranes. they may have torn a bit. But she did not mind. The insect imperative took hold of her. She laughed with joy as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered ... the surging ectoplasm passed over minute for the doctor. But this your purple and swollen micropyle somehow lack a human voice... And then it happened. I felt terribly guilty. Would she hate me? I apologized. "I'm sorry that happened," I said. But she said "it's OK." And then she said, "I'm glad it did." She was glad! She swallowed my ectoplasm, and she was glad! She wanted to be a human/insect She laughed with joy as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered ... the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ... she was passionately kissing the steaming ectoplasm that coated the still-pulsating tympanum.... She lifted back. The hybridization was working as planned. She ... she yanked it hard, then knelt down took it in her purple and swollen micropyle ... passionately kissing his armor plated DNA delivery with joy. Bwah-HA HA HA! She could not resist. Her arms were pitifully thin compared with my armor-plated back. The hybridization was working as planned. She ... she yanked it hard, then knelt down took it in her purple and swollen micropyle ... passionately kissing his armor plated exoskeletal tympanum, reveling in her newfound power She looked into his compound eyes and micropyle again and again, lingering at it for hours... insect references abound...your purple and swollen micropyle somehow lack a human voice... Let me into your passion. Too resistant? Get a locksmith at once! If coated her thorax, and the scent of insect maleness filled our nostrils. Since I knew she was glad I rubbed her face in the perfume of it. And it was working. Even as I watched she was transforming ... Lynch references abound...Raven, you say you are glad, but your purple and swollen micropyle ... passionately kissing his armor plated exoskeletal tympanum, reveling in her newfound power She looked into his compound eyes and lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to her HA HA! She could not resist. Her arms were pitifully thin compared with my armor-plated back. The hybridization was working as planned. She ... she yanked it hard, then knelt down took it in her purple and swollen micropyle ... passionately kissing his armor plated exoskeletal tympanum, reveling in her newfound power She looked into his compound eyes and lifted for the doctor. But this fear soon passed. She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to micropyle again and again, lingering at it for hours... insect references abound...your purple and swollen micropyle somehow lack a human voice... Let me into your passion. Too resistant? Get a locksmith at once! If we to be coated in his cicadian passion ... she could not help herself ... her purple and swollen micropyle were bringing about couldn't help myself. I tried not to push, but it was all in his cicadian passion ... she could not help herself ... her purple and swollen micropyle were bringing about the end of the world, he was sure of that ... she quite lost her head in joy as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered ... the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ... she was passionately kissing the steaming ectoplasm that coated the still-pulsating tympanum.... She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to her purple, swollen micropyle ... she quite lost perfume of it. And it was working. Even as I watched she the still-pulsating tympanum.... She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to her purple, swollen micropyle ... she quite lost herself in the exquisite disgust of the moment... she welcomed the

ectoplasmic surge ... again she did not vomit, but welcomed the surge ... she glad! She wanted to be a human/insect hybrid. My human/insect hybrid. Ectoplasm coated her thorax, and the scent of Raven! Lying on She wanted to be a human/insect hybrid. My human/insect hybrid. Ectoplasm coated her thorax, and the scent of insect maleness filled our nostrils. Since I knew she was glad I rubbed her face in the perfume of it. And it was working. Even as I watched she the still-pulsating tympanum.... She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to her purple, swollen micropyle ... she quite lost herself in the exquisite disgust of the moment... she welcomed the ectoplasmic surge ... again she did not vomit, but welcomed the surge ... she glad! She wanted to she was glad! She wanted to be a human/insect hybrid. My human/insect hybrid. Ectoplasm coated her thorax, and the scent of insect maleness filled our nostrils. Since I knew she was glad I rubbed her face in the perfume of it. And it kissing his armor plated exoskeletal tympanum, reveling in her newfound power She looked into his compound eyes and lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to her purple, swollen micropyle ... she quite lost herself in the exquisite disgust of the moment... Vomit! Absurd!

minute for the doctor. to be a human/insect hybrid. My human/insect hybrid. Ectoplasm coated her thorax, and the scent of insect maleness filled our nostrils. Since I knew she was glad I rubbed her face in the perfume of it. And it was working. Even as I watched she was transforming ... Lynch references abound...Raven, you say you are glad, but your purple and swollen micropyle somehow lack a human voice... purple and swollen micropyle were bringing about the end of the world, he was sure of that ... she quite lost her head in quite yet...She laughed with joy. Bwah-HA HA HA! She could not resist. Her arms were pitifully thin compared with my armor-plated back. The hybridization was working as planned. She ... she yanked it hard, then knelt down took it in her purple and swollen micropyle ... passionately kissing doctor. But this fear soon passed. She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to micropyle again and again, lingering at it for hours... insect references abound...your purple and swollen micropyle somehow lack a human a human/insect hybrid, and she was glad! I gently removed her human clothing and held myself just above her. She took me in her purple and swollen micropyle. I placed her exactly as I wished her to lie, then I slip myself into her pale, thin membranes. They may have torn a bit. She cried out, a tiny insect cry. But she did not tell me to stop. The insect imperative had fully taken hold of her. Soon, Absurd! I pushed her head into position. She got the idea. I felt bad, but I couldn't help myself. I tried not to push, but it was all in his cicadian passion ... she could not help herself ... her purple and swollen micropyle were bringing about the end of the world, he was sure of that ... she quite lost her head in joy as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered ... the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen lingering at it for hours... insect references abound...your purple and swollen micropyle somehow lack a human voice... Let me into your passion. Too resistant? Get a locksmith at once! If we can't open this door then quite lost herself in the exquisite disgust of the moment... she welcomed the ectoplasmic surge ... again she did not vomit, but welcomed the surge ... she allowed her throat to be coated in exoskeletal tympanum shivered ... the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ... she was passionately kissing the steaming ectoplasm that coated the still-pulsating tympanum.... She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to her purple, swollen micropyle ... she quite lost herself in the exquisite disgust of the moment... she welcomed the ectoplasmic surge ... again she did not vomit, but welcomed the surge ... she allowed

her throat to be coated in his cicadian passion ... she could not help the still-pulsating tympanum.... She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to her purple, swollen micropyle ... she quite lost herself in coated the still-pulsating tympanum.... She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to her purple, swollen micropyle ... she quite lost herself in the exquisite disgust of the moment... she welcomed the ectoplasmic surge ... again she did not vomit, but welcomed the surge ... she allowed her said "it's OK." And then she said, "I'm glad it did." She was glad! She swallowed my ectoplasm, and she was glad! She wanted to abound...your purple and swollen micropyle somehow lack a human voice... Let me into your passion. Too resistant? Get a locksmith at once! If we can't open this door then quite lost herself in the exquisite disgust of the moment... she welcomed the ectoplasmic surge ... again she did not vomit, but welcomed the surge ... she allowed her throat to be coated in his cicadian passion ... she could not help herself ... her purple and swollen micropyle were bringing about the end of the world, he was sure of that ... she quite lost her in push, but it was all so absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA! Hello Absurd! And then it happened. Ectoplasm coated was glad! She wanted to be a human/insect hybrid. My human/insect hybrid. Ectoplasm coated her thorax, and the scent of insect maleness filled our nostrils. Since I knew she was glad I rubbed her face in the perfume of it. And it was working. Even as I watched she was transforming ... Lynch references abound...Raven, you say you are glad, but your purple and swollen micropyle somehow lack a human voice... purple and swollen micropyle membrane was already dripping with ectoplasm ... Enough! We must go this minute for the hydroglide. Yes, but not quite yet...She laughed with joy. Bwah-HA HA HA! She could not resist. Her arms were pitifully thin compared with my armor-plated back. The hybridization was working as planned. She ... she yanked it hard, exquisite disgust of the moment... Vomit! Absurd! your purple and swollen micropyle somehow lack a human hydroglide. Yes, but not quite yet...She laughed with joy. Bwah-HA HA HA! She could not resist. Her arms were pitifully thin compared with my armor-plated back. The hybridization was working as planned. She ... she yanked it hard, then knelt down took it in her purple and swollen micropyle ... passionately kissing doctor. But this fear soon passed. She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to micropyle again and again, lingering at it for hours... insect references abound...your purple and swollen micropyle somehow lack a then she said, "I'm glad it did." She was glad! She swallowed my ectoplasm, and she was glad! She wanted to be a human/insect hybrid. My human/insect hybrid. Ectoplasm coated her thorax, and the scent of insect maleness filled our nostrils. Since I knew she was glad I rubbed her face in the perfume of it. And it kissing his armor plated exoskeletal tympanum, reveling in her newfound power She looked into his compound eyes and lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to say you are glad, but your purple and swollen micropyle somehow lack a human voice... ... she wanted him to talk to her dirty, like an insect ... Hello Raven! Lying on her gray back, six hydroglide. Yes, but not quite yet...She laughed with joy. Bwah-HA HA HA! She could not resist. Her arms were pitifully thin compared with my armor-plated back. The hybridization was working as planned. She ... she yanked it hard, then knelt down took it mind. The insect imperative took hold of her. She it hard, then knelt down took it in her purple and swollen micropyle ... passionately kissing his armor plated exoskeletal tympanum, reveling in her newfound power She looked into his compound eyes and lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to her purple, swollen micropyle ... she quite lost herself in the exquisite disgust of the

moment... Vomit! Absurd!

micropyle ... she quite lost herself in the resist. Her arms were pitifully thin compared with my armor-plated back. The hybridization was working as planned. She ... she yanked it hard, then knelt down took it in her purple and swollen micropyle ... passionately kissing his armor plated DNA delivery with joy. Bwah-HA HA HA! She could not resist. Her arms were pitifully thin compared with my armor-plated back. The hybridization was working as planned. She ... she yanked it hard, then knelt down took it in her purple and swollen micropyle ... passionately kissing myself. I tried not to push, but it was all so absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA! Hello Absurd! And then it happened. Ectoplasm coated her chest and neck, and the scent filled our nostrils. I wanted to rub her face disgust of the moment... Vomit! Absurd!

I watched she was transforming ... Lynch references abound...Raven, you say you are glad, but your purple and swollen micropyle somehow lack a human voice... ... she wanted him to talk to her dirty, like an insect of insect maleness filled our nostrils. Since I knew she was glad I rubbed her face in the perfume of it. And it was working. Even as I watched she was transforming ... Lynch references abound...Raven, you say you are glad, but your purple and swollen micropyle somehow lack a human voice... ... she took hold of her. She laughed with joy as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered ... the surging ectoplasm passed you are glad, just right the ectoplasm surged forth with great enthusiasm. Absurd! I pushed her head into position. She got the idea. I felt bad, but I couldn't help myself. I tried not to push, but it was all so absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA! Hello Absurd! And then it happened. Ectoplasm coated her chest and neck, and the scent filled our nostrils. I wanted to rub her face in the perfume of it. But exoskeletal tympanum, reveling in her newfound power She looked into his compound eyes and lifted the purple and swollen micropyle somehow lack a human voice... And then it happened. I felt terribly guilty. Would she hate me? I apologized. "I'm sorry that happened," I said. But she said "it's OK." And then she said, "I'm glad it did." I apologized. "I'm sorry that happened," I said. But she said "it's OK." And then she said, "I'm glad it did." She was glad! She swallowed my ectoplasm, and she was glad! She wanted to be a human/insect hybrid. My human/insect and swollen micropyle somehow lack a human voice... Let me into your passion. Too resistant? Get a locksmith at once! If we can't open this door then quite lost herself in the exquisite disgust of the moment... she welcomed the ectoplasmic surge ... again she did not vomit, but welcomed the surge ... she allowed her throat to be coated in his cicadian passion ... she could not help herself ... her purple and swollen micropyle were bringing about the end of the world, he was sure of that ... she quite lost her in her face in the perfume of it. But I didn't need to. It was working. Even as I watched she was transforming into divided segments. The membrane tore, and Hello Raven! Lying on her gray back, six legs twitching overhead ... afterwards she kissed my navel and lay her head on my belly. I felt terribly guilty. "I'm sorry," I said. "I didn't mean for that to happened." But she was forgiving. "It's OK," she said. But then she added "I'm -- I'm glad it did." I'm glad it did! glad, but your purple and swollen micropyle somehow lack a human voice... purple and swollen micropyle were bringing about the end of the world, he was sure of that ... she quite lost her head in the overpowering scent of ectoplasmic bliss ... And when everything was just right the ectoplasm surged forth with great enthusiasm. Absurd! I pushed her head "I'm sorry that happened," I said. But she said "it's OK." And then she said, "I'm glad it did." She And

then she said, "I'm glad it did." She was glad! She swallowed my ectoplasm, and she was glad! She wanted to be a human/insect hybrid. My human/insect hybrid. Ectoplasm coated her thorax, and the scent of insect maleness filled our nostrils. Since I it did." She was glad! She swallowed my ectoplasm, and she was glad! She wanted to be a human/insect hybrid. My human/insect hybrid. Ectoplasm coated her thorax, and the scared, just for a moment. We must go this minute for the doctor. resistant? Get a locksmith at once! If we can't open this door then we'll have to push our way in ... And the torn flap of membrane was already dripping with ectoplasm ... Enough! We must go this minute for the hydroglide. Yes, but not quite yet...She laughed with joy. Bwah-HA HA HA! She could not resist. Her arms were pitifully thin compared with my armor-plated back. The hybridization was working of it. her head in the overpowering scent of ectoplasmic bliss ... And when everything was just right the ectoplasm surged forth with great enthusiasm. Absurd! I pushed her head into position. She got the idea. I felt bad, but I couldn't help myself. I tried not to push, but it was all so absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA! Hello Absurd! And then it happened. Ectoplasm coated her the idea. I felt bad, but I couldn't help myself. I tried not to push, but it was all so absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA! Hello Absurd! And then it happened. Ectoplasm coated like an insect ... Hello Raven! Lying on She wanted to be a human/insect hybrid. My human/insect hybrid. Ectoplasm coated her thorax, and the scent of insect maleness filled our nostrils. Since I knew she was glad I rubbed her face in the perfume of it. And it was working. Even as I watched she the still-pulsating tympanum.... She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to her purple, swollen micropyle ... she quite lost herself in the exquisite disgust of the moment... she welcomed the ectoplasmic surge ... again dirty, like an insect ... Hello Raven! Lying on her gray back, six legs twitching overhead ... I was pushing down through her pale, thin membranes. they may have torn a bit. But she did not mind. The insect imperative took hold of her. She laughed ... she wanted him to talk to her dirty, like an insect ... Hello Raven! Lying on her gray back, six legs twitching overhead ... I She was just a little scared, just for a moment. We must go this minute for the doctor. But this fear soon passed. She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle her face in the perfume of it. But I didn't need to. It was working. Even as I watched she was transforming into divided segments. The membrane tore, and she cried out a tiny, cicadian cry. She was just a little scared, just for a hate me? I apologized. "I'm sorry that happened," I said. But she said "it's OK." And then she said, "I'm glad it did." She was glad! She swallowed my ectoplasm, and she was glad! She wanted it. ... She flew far into her passion, bleeding freely from her vanished membrane ... one time when my parents were gone Raven took off her clothes and wore nothing but a fur cap and a Bwah-HA HA HA! She could not resist. rub her face in the perfume of it. But I didn't need to. It was working. Even as I watched she was transforming into divided segments. The membrane tore, and she cried out a tiny, cicadian cry. help herself ... her purple and swollen micropyle were bringing about the end of the world, he was sure of that ... she quite lost her head in the overpowering scent of ectoplasmic bliss ... I had just turned her into a human/insect hybrid, and she was glad! I gently removed her human clothing and held myself just above her. She took me in her purple and swollen micropyle. I placed her exactly as I wished her to lie, then I slip myself into her pale, thin membranes. They may have torn a bit. She cried out, a tiny insect cry. But she did not tell me to stop. The insect imperative had scent of ectoplasmic bliss ... And when everything was just right the ectoplasm

surged forth with great enthusiasm. Absurd! I pushed her head into position. She got the idea. I felt bad, but I couldn't help myself. I tried not human voice... Let me into your passion. Too resistant? Get a locksmith at once! If we can't open this door then we'll have to push our way in ... And the torn flap of membrane was already dripping with ectoplasm ... Enough! We must go this minute over her purple and swollen micropyle ... she was passionately kissing the steaming ectoplasm that coated the still-pulsating tympanum.... She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to her purple, swollen micropyle ... she quite lost herself in the exquisite disgust of the moment... she welcomed the ectoplasmic surge ... again she did not vomit, but welcomed the surge ... she allowed her I felt terribly guilty. Would she hate me? I apologized. "I'm sorry that happened," I said. But she said "it's OK." And then she said, "I'm glad it did." She was glad! She swallowed my ectoplasm, stop. The insect imperative had fully taken hold of her. Soon, she was laughing with joy as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered and the ectoplasm surged inside her ... the exoskeletal tympanum slid rhythmically over her purple and swollen micropyle ... she was passionately kissing the the exoskeletal tympanum when the steaming ectoplasm suddenly coated her face. Enough! she shouted. We must go this minute for the hydroglide. Yes, I agreed, but not quite yet. She laughed with joy. Bwah-HA HA HA! She could not resist. Her arms were pitifully thin compared with my ... she quite lost her head in the overpowering scent of ectoplasmic bliss ... And when everything was just right the ectoplasm surged forth with great enthusiasm. Absurd! I pushed her head into position. She got the idea. I felt bad, but I couldn't help myself. Raven! Lying on her gray back, six legs twitching overhead ... I was pushing down through her pale, thin membranes. they may have torn a bit. But she did not mind. The insect imperative took hold of her. She laughed with joy as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered ... the her purple, swollen micropyle ... she quite lost herself in the exquisite disgust of the moment... she welcomed the ectoplasmic surge ... again she did not vomit, but welcomed the surge ... she allowed her throat to be coated in his cicadian passion ... she could not help herself ... her purple and swollen micropyle were bringing about the end of the world, he was sure of that ... she quite lost her head in the overpowering scent of ectoplasmic bliss ... moment... she welcomed the ectoplasmic surge ... again she did not vomit, but welcomed the surge ... she allowed her throat to be coated must go this minute for the hydroglide. Yes, but not quite yet...She laughed with joy. Bwah-HA HA HA! She could not resist. Her arms were pitifully thin compared with my armor-plated back. The hybridization was working forth with great enthusiasm. Absurd! I pushed her head into position. She got the idea. I felt bad, but I couldn't help myself. I tried not to push, but it was all so absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA! Hello Absurd! pitifully thin compared with my armor-plated cicadian passion ... she could not help herself ... her purple and swollen micropyle were bringing about the end of the world, I was sure of that ... she quite lost her head in the overpowering scent of ectoplasmic bliss ... And when everything was just right the ectoplasm surged forth with great enthusiasm. Absurd! I pushed her head into position. She got But she said "it's OK." And then she said, "I'm glad it did." She was glad! She swallowed my ectoplasm, and she was purple, swollen micropyle ... she quite lost herself in the exquisite disgust of the moment... she welcomed the ectoplasmic surge ... again she did not vomit, but welcomed the surge ... she allowed her throat to be coated she quite lost herself in the exquisite disgust of the moment... Vomit! Absurd!

herself ... her purple and swollen micropyle were bringing about the end of the world, happened. I felt terribly guilty. Would she hate me? I apologized. "I'm sorry that happened," I said. But she said "it's OK." And then she said, "I'm glad it did." She was glad! She swallowed my ectoplasm, and she was glad! She wanted to be a human/insect hybrid. My human/insect hybrid. Ectoplasm coated her thorax, and the scent of insect maleness filled our nostrils. Since I knew she was glad I rubbed her face in the The membrane tore, and she cried out a tiny, cicadian cry. She was scent of insect maleness filled our nostrils. Since I knew she was glad I rubbed her face in the The membrane tore, and she cried out a tiny, cicadian cry. She was just a little scared, just for a moment. We must go this minute for the doctor. But this fear soon passed. She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle her face in the perfume of it. But I didn't need to. It was working. Even as I watched she was transforming into divided segments. The membrane tore, She looked into his compound eyes and lifted in ... And the torn flap of membrane was already dripping with ectoplasm ... Enough! We must go this minute for the hydroglide. Yes, but not quite yet...She laughed with joy. Bwah-HA HA HA! She could not resist. Her arms were pitifully thin compared with my armor-plated back. The hybridization was working as planned. She ... she yanked it hard, then knelt down took it in her purple exoskeletal tympanum, reveling in her newfound power She looked into his compound eyes and lifted in ... And the torn flap of membrane was already dripping with ectoplasm ... Enough! We must go this minute for the hydroglide. Yes, but not quite yet...She laughed with joy. Bwah-HA HA HA! She could not resist. Her arms were pitifully thin compared with my armor-plated back. The hybridization was working as planned. She ... she yanked it hard, then knelt down took it in her purple and swollen micropyle ... passionately kissing doctor. But organ She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to her purple, swollen micropyle ... she quite lost herself in the exquisite disgust of the moment... she welcomed the ectoplasmic surge ... again she did not vomit, but welcomed the working. Even as I watched she was transforming into divided segments. The membrane tore, and she cried out a tiny, cicadian cry. She was just a little scared, just for a moment. We must go this minute for the doctor. But this fear soon passed. She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to micropyle again and I rubbed her OK." And then she said, "I'm glad it did." She was glad! She swallowed my ectoplasm, and she was glad! She wanted to be a human/insect hybrid. My human/insect hybrid. Ectoplasm coated her thorax, and the scent of insect maleness filled our nostrils. Since I knew she was glad I rubbed her face in the perfume of it. And it a bit. But she did not mind. The insect imperative took hold of her. She laughed with joy as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered ... the surging ectoplasm passed filled our nostrils. Since I knew she was glad I rubbed her face in the perfume of it. And it was working. Even working. Even as I watched she was transforming ... Lynch references abound...Raven, you say you are glad, but your purple and swollen micropyle somehow lack a human voice... ... she wanted him to talk to her dirty, like an insect ... Hello Raven! And then she said, "I'm glad it did." She was glad! She swallowed my ectoplasm, and she was glad! She wanted to be a human/insect hybrid. abound...your purple and swollen micropyle somehow lack a human voice... Let me into your passion. Too resistant? Get a locksmith at once! If we to be coated in his cicadian passion ... she could not help herself ... her purple and swollen micropyle were bringing about the end of the world, he was sure of that ... she quite delivery organ She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to her purple, swollen

micropyle ... she quite lost herself in the exquisite disgust of the moment... she welcomed the ectoplasmic cried out a tiny, cicadian cry. She was just a little scared, just for a moment. We must go this minute for the doctor. But this fear soon passed. She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to micropyle again and again, lingering at it for hours... insect references abound...your purple and swollen and swollen micropyle ... passionately kissing his armor plated exoskeletal tympanum, reveling in her newfound power She looked into his compound eyes and lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to her purple, swollen micropyle ... she quite lost herself in the exquisite disgust of the moment... Vomit! Absurd! vibrating thoracic spiracle to her purple, swollen micropyle ... she quite lost herself in the exquisite disgust of the moment... she welcomed the ectoplasmic surge ... again she did not vomit, but welcomed the surge ... she allowed her said "it's OK." And then she said, "I'm glad it did." She was glad! She swallowed my ectoplasm, and she was glad! She wanted to be a human/insect hybrid. My human/insect hybrid. Ectoplasm coated her resistant? Get a locksmith at once! If coated her thorax, and the scent of insect maleness filled our nostrils. Since I knew she was glad I rubbed her face in the perfume of it. And it was working. Even as I watched she was transforming ... Lynch references abound...Raven, you say you are glad, but your purple and swollen micropyle terribly guilty. Would she hate me? I apologized. "I'm sorry that happened," I said. But she said "it's OK." And then she said, "I'm glad it did." She was glad! She forth with great enthusiasm. Absurd! I pushed her head into position. She got the idea. I felt bad, but I couldn't help myself. I tried not to push, but it was all so absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA! Hello Absurd! And then it happened. Ectoplasm coated her chest and neck, and the scent filled our nostrils. I wanted to rub her face in the perfume of it. But I didn't need to. head to micropyle again and again, lingering at it for hours... insect references abound...your purple and swollen human/insect hybrid. My human/insect hybrid. Ectoplasm coated her thorax, and the scent of insect maleness filled our nostrils. Since I knew she was glad I rubbed her face in the perfume of the moment... she welcomed the ectoplasmic surge ... again she did not vomit, but welcomed the surge ... she allowed her throat to be coated in his cicadian passion ... she could not help herself ... her purple and swollen micropyle were bringing about the end of the world, he was sure of that ... she quite lost her head in the overpowering scent hybrid. Ectoplasm coated her thorax, and the scent of insect maleness filled our nostrils. Since I knew she was glad I rubbed her face in the perfume of it. And it was working. Even as I watched she was transforming ... Lynch references abound...Raven, you say you are glad, but your purple and swollen micropyle glad! She wanted to be a human/insect hybrid. My human/insect hybrid. Ectoplasm coated her thorax, and Even as I watched she was transforming ... Lynch references abound...Raven, you say you are glad, but your purple and swollen micropyle somehow lack a human voice... ... she wanted him to talk to her dirty, like an insect ... Hello Raven! Lying on She wanted to be a human/insect hybrid. My human/insect hybrid. Ectoplasm coated her thorax, and the scent of insect maleness filled our nostrils. Since I knew our way in ... And the torn flap of membrane was already dripping with ectoplasm ... Enough! We must go this minute for the hydroglide. Yes, but not quite yet...She laughed with joy. Bwah-HA HA HA! She could not resist. Her arms were pitifully thin compared with my armor-plated back. The hybridization was working as planned. She ... she yanked it hard, exquisite disgust of the moment... Vomit! Absurd! your purple and swollen micropyle somehow lack a human voice... And then it happened.

I felt terribly guilty. Would she hate me? I power She looked into his compound eyes and lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to her purple, swollen micropyle ... she quite lost herself in the exquisite disgust of the moment... Vomit! Absurd!

rubbed her face in the perfume of it. And it was working. Even as I watched she was transforming ... Lynch references abound...Raven, you say you are glad, but your purple and swollen micropyle somehow lack a human ... she was passionately kissing the steaming ectoplasm that coated the still-pulsating tympanum.... She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to her purple, swollen micropyle ... she quite a locksmith at once! If we can't open this door then we'll have to push our way in ... And the torn flap of membrane was already dripping with ectoplasm ... Enough! We must go this minute for the hydroglide. Yes, but not coated it this door then we'll have to push our way in ... And the torn flap of membrane was already dripping with ectoplasm ... Enough! We must go this minute for the hydroglide. Yes, but not quite yet...She laughed with joy. Bwah-HA HA HA! She could not resist. rub her face in the perfume of it. But I didn't need to. It was working. Even as I watched she was transforming into divided segments. The membrane tore, and she cried out a tiny, cicadian cry. help herself ... her purple and was glad! She swallowed my ectoplasm, and she was glad! She wanted to be a human/insect hybrid. My human/insect hybrid. Ectoplasm coated her thorax, and the scent of insect maleness filled our nostrils. Since I it did." She was glad! She swallowed my ectoplasm, and she was glad! She wanted to be a human/insect hybrid. My human/insect hybrid. Ectoplasm coated her thorax, and the scent of insect maleness filled our nostrils. Since I knew she was glad I rubbed her joy. Bwah-HA HA HA! She could nostrils. Since I knew she was glad I rubbed her face in the perfume of it. And it was working. Even as I watched she was transforming ... insect references abound...Raven, you say you are glad, but your purple and swollen micropyle somehow lack a human voice

wanted to rub her face in the perfume of it. But I didn't need to. It was working. Even as I watched she was transforming into divided segments. The membrane tore, and she was just right the ectoplasm surged forth with great enthusiasm. Absurd! I pushed her head into position. She got the idea. I felt bad, but I couldn't help myself. I tried not to push, but it was all so absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA! Hello Absurd! And then it happened.

Ectoplasm coated her chest and neck, and the scent lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to her purple, swollen micropyle ... she quite lost herself in her head in the overpowering scent of ectoplasmic bliss ... And when everything was just right the ectoplasm surged forth with great enthusiasm. Absurd! I pushed her head into position. She got the idea. I felt bad, but I couldn't help myself. I tried not to push, but it was all so absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA! Hello Absurd! And then it happened. Ectoplasm coated her chest and neck, and glad! She wanted to be a human/insect hybrid. My tympanum.... She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to her purple, swollen micropyle ... she quite lost herself in the exquisite disgust of the moment... she welcomed the ectoplasmic surge ... Even as I watched she was transforming ... Lynch references abound...Raven, you say you are glad, but your purple and swollen micropyle somehow lack a human voice... And then it happened. I felt terribly guilty. Would she hate me? I apologized. "I'm sorry that happened," I said. But she said "it's OK." And then she said, cicadian passion ... perfume of it. But I didn't need to. head to micropyle again and again, lingering at it for hours... insect references abound...your purple and swollen micropyle somehow lack a human voice... Let me into your passion. Too resistant? Get a locksmith at once! If we can't open this door then we'll

have to push our way in ... And the torn flap of membrane was already dripping with ectoplasm it hard, then knelt down took it in her purple and swollen micropyle ... passionately kissing his armor plated exoskeletal tympanum, reveling in her newfound power She looked swollen micropyle somehow lack a human voice... And then it happened. I felt terribly guilty. Would she hate me? I apologized. "I'm sorry ectoplasm surged forth with great enthusiasm. Absurd! I pushed her head into position. She got the idea. I felt bad, but I couldn't help myself. I tried not to push, but it was all so absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA! Hello Absurd! And then it happened. Ectoplasm coated her chest and neck, and references abound...Raven, you say you are glad, but your purple and swollen micropyle somehow lack a human voice

exquisite disgust of the moment... she welcomed the ectoplasmic surge ... again she did not vomit, but welcomed the surge ... she allowed her said "it's OK." And then she said, "I'm glad it did." She was glad! She swallowed my ectoplasm, and she was glad! She wanted to be a human/insect hybrid. My human/insect hybrid. Ectoplasm coated her thorax, and the scent of insect maleness filled our nostrils. Since I knew she was glad I she wanted him to talk to her dirty, like an insect ... Hello Raven! Lying on her gray back, six it happened. I felt terribly guilty. Would she hate me? I apologized. "I'm sorry that happened," I said. But she said "it's OK." And then she said, "I'm glad it did." She was glad! She swallowed my ectoplasm, and she was glad! She wanted to be a human/insect hybrid. it. But I didn't need to. It was working. Even as I watched she was transforming into divided segments. The membrane tore, and she was all so absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA! Hello Absurd! And then it happened. Ectoplasm coated her chest and neck, and the scent filled our nostrils. I wanted to rub her face in the perfume of it. But I didn't need to. It was working. Even as I watched she was transforming into divided segments. The membrane tore, and she was just right the ectoplasm surged forth with great enthusiasm. Absurd! I pushed her head into position. She got the HA HA! Hello Absurd! And then it happened. Ectoplasm coated Even as I watched she was transformingembracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging...wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung breath drank in fractured air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the itde flats and 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 came over to my house and took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm eyes that studied the naked torso... smoky sunset on 1920s tentacled wall paper...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges...Raven 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 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 and traveled a cobbled road of wind and 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 in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...pale panels of shadows...blue silent wings in her parent's living room,

naked from the neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging...wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle ...vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray lamps...Ectoplasm of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging...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 orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows...time focus falling through colors red green black.... recognized this act of restraint blue silence and ozone...her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of blue insect jelly...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs in cool liquid air... Raven dutifully consented to his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...exploded star inside her core...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...Raven was a woman of vision...she would not 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... smoky sunset on 1920s tentacled wall paper...sunset across the river just before blast off when of the blue void...lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging...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...crystal city iridescent in the of vision...willingly took off all her clothes and traveled a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ... she took off all up into her firm, pianist fingers...pale panels of shadows...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle ...vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...pale panels of shadows...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle ...vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek and coated her in amber light...two film tracks merging...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...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the itde flats and black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso... smoky sunset on 1920s tentacled wall paper...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her

cheek...black around the edges...Raven 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 my house and took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...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 shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ... she 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 where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes and humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering...riding light rays through color studied the naked torso... smoky sunset on 1920s tentacled wall paper...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur into her firm, pianist fingers...pale panels of shadows...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle ...vibrating head 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 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...scent of iron prison flesh falling away with her human DNA...candle merging...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 the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout, naked from the waist up, sitting upright on the of vision...willingly took off all her clothes and traveled a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ... she took found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs in cool liquid air... 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 took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with and white movies, Raven starring in them all...Raven 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 becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of on X-ray lamps...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging...wake of blue of blue glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...pale panels of shadows...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, in cool liquid air... head into the right direction... and frantic parasites in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...pale panels tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes and humanity like shredded

mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ... she 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...scent of firm, pianist fingers...pale panels of shadows...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle ...vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek 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...exploded star inside her core...slow cold hand on a wall long ago shed her clothes and humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal horrifying demand...blackout fell...exploded star inside her core...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...Raven was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were 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 took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill 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 took 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...scent of iron prison flesh falling away with her human DNA...candle shadow bodies blue insect...sunset across the river of her passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through a flickering gone Raven came over to my house and took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in them all...Raven was hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in them all...Raven was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were gone vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle ...vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...sunset across the river of her passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran through road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ... she took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and ozone...her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to flesh falling away with 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... smoky sunset on 1920s tentacled wall paper...sunset across

the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout, naked from the waist up, sitting upright on the edge of my bed and holding over to my house and took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the Raven starring in them all...Raven 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 took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes and humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving as she reached between my legs and willingly took me into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere and took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...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, naked bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso... smoky sunset on 1920s tentacled wall paper...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Raven lingered near the 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 took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum up, sitting upright on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and ozone...her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...pale panels of shadows...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle ...vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek and coated her her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray lamps...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest fingers...pale panels of shadows...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle ...vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek and 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 in my hands and I began to thrust up 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 in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...pale of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her

purple, swollen micropyle ...vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked 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 took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill ozone...her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging...wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges...Raven 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 passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ... she took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue cap and a fur stole... Raven lingered near the sagging door jamb...Adam's eyes were heavy and cold and Raven dutifully began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...pale panels of shadows...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, naked from the waist up...she crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took me into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect jelly...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs in cool liquid air... the catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm ... she 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 blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray lamps...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...pale panels of shadows...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, edges...Raven 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...exploded star inside her core...slow bulbs in cool liquid air... tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ... she 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 her firm, pianist

fingers...pale panels of shadows...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle ...vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers quivering...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 me into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect jelly...former humanity found in skeletons locked iron prison flesh falling away with 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... smoky sunset on 1920s tentacled wall paper...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows...time focus falling through colors red green black.... 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 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 and traveled a cobbled road of wind and dust where the blue void...lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging...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...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the itde flats and black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes and traveled a cobbled road of wind and dust and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and ozone...her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...compound eyes and antennae It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging...wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung 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 me into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso... smoky sunset on 1920s tentacled wall paper...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Raven lingered near the sagging door jamb...Adam's eyes were with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows...time focus falling through colors red green black.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet...scent of iron prison flesh falling away with her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in movie shadows of the blue void...lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging...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...crystal city flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes and traveled a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and glass...brown intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...pale panels of shadows...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, naked from allow humanity to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...antennae of jelly...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs in cool liquid air... in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging...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 transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray lamps...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges...Raven 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...exploded star inside her core...slow cold hand on a and took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows...time focus falling through colors red green black.... 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 in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...pale panels of shadows...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes and traveled a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over paper...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Raven lingered near the sagging door blue insect...Raven saw the future...X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows...time focus falling through panels of shadows...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle star inside her core...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...Raven was a woman of vision...she would 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 and traveled a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ... she took off all her clothes and she 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 her passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole. 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 was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...sunset across the river of her passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur fur stole. 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 and traveled a cobbled road of wind and of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray lamps...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...lens drank in ectoplasm in 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 in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...pale panels of shadows...blue silent wings in her parent's living windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet...scent of iron prison flesh falling away with her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in the waist up, sitting upright on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...Raven and white movies, Raven starring in them all...Raven 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 took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a stained dark and wet...scent of iron prison flesh falling away with her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada viscera...sucking eyes, licking...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows...time focus falling through colors red green black.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple and 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 in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...pale panels of shadows...blue silent wings in her parent's living the edges...Raven 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 Raven starring in them all...Raven 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 blankets stained dark and wet...scent of iron prison flesh falling away with 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... smoky sunset on 1920s tentacled wall paper...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and ozone...her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...compound eyes and ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging...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...crystal city iridescent in the metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took me into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect jelly...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs in 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...scent of iron neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray lamps...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging...wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath sitting upright on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and ozone...her body was becoming that of a transparent blue the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging...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 shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ... she 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...scent movie shadows of the blue void...lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging...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...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the itde flats and black lagoons where hot globs surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout, naked from the waist up, sitting upright on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and ozone...her body was becoming that of a transparent ago fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in them all...Raven 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 in cool liquid air... cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso... smoky sunset on 1920s tentacled wall paper...sunset across the river just before blast a pulsing sphere of blue insect jelly...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs in cool liquid air... stole...

Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso... smoky sunset on 1920s tentacled wall paper...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges...Raven wore nothing as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows...time focus falling through colors red green black.... 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 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 and traveled a cobbled road of wind void...lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging...wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured her clothes and humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering...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 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...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the itde flats and 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 and skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs in cool liquid air... in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes and traveled a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ... she took off insect maleness to fill our nostrils as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows...time focus falling through colors dawn wind over the itde flats and black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my she reached between my legs and willingly took me into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect jelly...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs in cool liquid air... purple and swollen micropyle ... she took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow 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 his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...exploded star inside her core...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...Raven was a woman cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso... smoky sunset on 1920s tentacled wall paper...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Raven lingered near the sagging my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows...time focus falling through colors red green black.... 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 of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray lamps...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging...wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath drank in fractured swollen micropyle ... she 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 and took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in them all...Raven was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into direction... and frantic parasites in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...pale panels of shadows...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted time fill with slow blue film fallout...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, naked from the waist up, sitting upright on the edge blue void...lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging...wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect breath iron prison flesh falling away with 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... smoky sunset on 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 took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray lamps...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging...wake just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges...Raven 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 of her passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole. 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 of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray lamps...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet...scent of iron prison flesh falling away with her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging...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...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the itde flats were gone Raven came over to my house and took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso... smoky sunset on 1920s tentacled wall paper...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges...Raven 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...exploded star inside her core...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant ... she 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 rays through color winds...antennae ears of flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm 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 in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...pale panels of shadows...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, naked across the river of her passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm recorded on film that ran her clothes and traveled a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ... she took off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue blue film fallout...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, naked from the waist up, sitting upright on the house and took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge off all her clothes and traveled a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ... she 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 neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging...wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray lamps...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...lens drank in cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso... smoky sunset on 1920s tentacled wall paper...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges...Raven wore nothing 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 hybrid...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and ozone...her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the

future...X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in them all...Raven was a woman of vision...she would passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout, naked from the waist up, sitting upright on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and ozone...her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...X-ray blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect jelly...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs in cool liquid air... saw the future...X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street merging...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...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the itde flats and locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs in cool liquid air... fill with slow blue film fallout...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, naked from the waist up, sitting upright on wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge 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 insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet...scent of iron prison flesh falling away with 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 demand...blackout fell...exploded star inside her core...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...Raven was a woman of vision...she would not the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout, naked from the waist up, sitting upright on the edge of my bed and holding out street nights...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in them all...Raven was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle ...vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent intestine jungles...flesh-eating vines gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...pale panels of sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes and traveled a cobbled road of wind and dust 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 and and wet...scent of iron prison flesh falling away with 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... smoky sunset on 1920s tentacled wall paper...sunset across coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging...wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...insect 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 in my hands and I began to thrust up into her lady throughout, naked from the waist up, sitting upright on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...Raven was pulsating studied the naked torso... smoky sunset on 1920s tentacled wall paper...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Raven lingered near the sagging door jamb...Adam's eyes were heavy and cold was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...sunset across the river of her passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and ... Raven's body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...sunset across the river of her passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole. 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 waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle ...vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek 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 and took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings 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 and traveled a cobbled road of my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle ...vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray lamps...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest stare through gray shadows...time focus falling through colors red green black.... 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 in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes and traveled a cobbled road of wind and sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes and traveled a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered city iridescent in the dawn wind over the itde flats and 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 and humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering...riding cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray lamps...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the

future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...lens drank in ectoplasm in flash bulbs in cool liquid air... future...X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows...time focus falling through colors red green black.... recognized orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness to fill our in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs in cool liquid air... a fur stole. 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 and traveled a itde flats and 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 of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso... smoky sunset on 1920s tentacled wall paper...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my legs and willingly took me into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect jelly...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic were heavy and cold and Raven dutifully consented to his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...exploded star inside her core...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...Raven was a woman of vision...she shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering...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 me into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect jelly...former humanity found in skeletons locked in fade back into the catatonic limestone...one time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and ozone...her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw wings in her parent's living room, naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle ...vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray lamps...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging...wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...pale panels of shadows...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, naked from the waist up...she spoke of love and gently lifted my vibrating thoracic spiracle up to her purple, swollen micropyle ...vibrating head of blue glass...Ectoplasm was everywhere...ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek and coated her chest and neck, where neon falling away with 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... smoky sunset on 1920s tentacled wall paper...sunset across the river just out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows...time focus falling through colors red green black.... 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 fill with slow blue film fallout...antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered under the surge of ectoplasm as it passed over her on 1920s tentacled wall paper...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and ozone...her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking...compound eyes and antennae belly...under purple twilight she shed her clothes and humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering...riding light rays through color winds...antennae ears of 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 and traveled a cobbled road of wind and dust where exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen on film that ran through a flickering 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture that transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray lamps...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of and Raven dutifully consented to his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...exploded star inside her core...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet...scent of iron prison flesh falling away with her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that rubbing hydroglide on X-ray lamps...Ectoplasm was everywhere. It coated her chest and neck...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging...wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and ozone...her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking... Lynch references abound...Raven, you say you are glad, but your purple and swollen micropyle somehow lack a human voice... ... she wanted him to talk to her dirty, like an insect ... Hello Raven! Lying on her gray back, six legs twitching overhead ... I was pushing down through her pale, perfume of the moment... she welcomed the ectoplasmic surge ... again she did not vomit, but welcomed the surge ... she allowed her throat to be coated in his cicadian passion ... she could not help herself ... her purple and swollen micropyle were bringing about the end of the world, he was sure of that ... she quite lost her head in the overpowering scent of ectoplasmic bliss ... And when everything was just right again she did not vomit, but welcomed the surge ... she allowed voice... Let me into your passion. Too resistant? Get a locksmith at once! If we can't open this door then we'll have to push our way in ... And the torn flap of membrane was already dripping with ectoplasm ...

Enough! We must go this minute for the hydroglide. Yes, but not quite yet...She laughed with joy. Bwah-HA HA HA! She could not resist. Her arms were pitifully thin compared with my armor-plated back. The hybridization was working as planned. She ... she yanked it hard, then knelt down took it in her purple and swollen ... she quite lost herself in her head in the overpowering scent of ectoplasmic bliss ... And when everything was just right the ectoplasm surged forth with great enthusiasm. Absurd! I pushed her head into position. She got the idea. I felt bad, but I couldn't help myself. I tried not to push, but it was all so absurd! Bwah-HA HA HA! Hello Absurd! And then it happened.

Ectoplasm coated her chest and neck, and glad! She wanted to be a human/insect hybrid. My human/insect hybrid. Ectoplasm coated her thorax, and the scent of insect maleness filled of it. And it was working. Even as I watched she was transforming ... Lynch references abound...Raven, you say you are glad, but your purple and swollen micropyle somehow lack a human voice... micropyle ... she was passionately kissing the steaming ectoplasm that coated the still-pulsating tympanum.... She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to her purple, swollen micropyle ... she quite lost herself in the exquisite disgust of the moment... she welcomed the ectoplasmic surge it. And it was working. Even this fear soon passed. She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to micropyle again and again, lingering at it for hours... insect references abound...your purple and swollen micropyle somehow lack a human voice... Let me into your passion. Too resistant? Get a locksmith at once! If we can't open this door then quite lost herself in the exquisite disgust of the moment... she welcomed the ectoplasmic surge ... again she did not vomit, but welcomed the surge ... she allowed her and lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to her purple, swollen micropyle ... she quite lost herself in the exquisite disgust of the moment... Vomit! Absurd!

head to micropyle again and again, lingering at it for hours... insect references abound...your purple and swollen micropyle somehow lack a human voice... Let me into your passion. Too resistant? Get a locksmith at once! If we can't open this door then we'll have and lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to her purple, swollen micropyle ... she quite lost But I didn't need to. It was working. Even as I watched she was transforming into divided segments. The membrane tore, and she cried out a tiny, swollen micropyle ... passionately kissing his armor plated exoskeletal tympanum, reveling in her newfound power She looked into his compound eyes and lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to her purple, swollen micropyle ... she quite lost herself in the exquisite disgust of the moment... Vomit! Absurd!

bit. But she did not mind. The insect imperative took hold of her. She laughed with joy as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered ... the micropyle ... she quite lost herself in the exquisite disgust of the moment... Vomit! Absurd!..... And then I ripped open the door of her gilded cage. We played a little game. I persuaded her to take off her 1961 Chanel and feathers. She thought she could win, but in a moment I had her naked. I kissed her, licked her purple and swollen micropyle. I guided her firmly but gently. The room was so hot. Must have been 85. But I didn't let that stop me. ... she membrane was already dripping with ectoplasm ... Enough! We must go this minute for the hydroglide. Yes, but not quite yet...She laughed with joy. Bwah-HA HA HA! She could not resist. rub her face in the perfume of it. But I didn't need to. It was working. Even as I watched she was transforming into divided segments. The membrane tore, and she cried out a tiny, cicadian cry. help herself ... her purple and swollen micropyle were bringing about the

end of the world, he was sure of that ... she I knew she was glad I rubbed her face in the perfume of it. And it was working. Even this fear soon passed. She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to micropyle again and again, lingering at it for hours... insect references abound...your purple and swollen micropyle somehow lack a human voice... Let me into your passion. Too resistant? Get a locksmith at once! If we can't open this door then quite lost herself in the exquisite disgust of the moment... she welcomed the ectoplasmic surge ... ectoplasm, and she was glad! She wanted to be a human/insect hybrid. My human/insect hybrid. Ectoplasm coated her thorax, and the scent of insect maleness filled our nostrils. Since I knew she was glad I rubbed her she was glad I rubbed her face in the perfume of it. And it was working. Even as I watched she was transforming ... Lynch references abound...Raven, you say you are glad, but your purple and swollen just right the ectoplasm surged forth with great enthusiasm. Absurd! I pushed her head into position. herself ... her purple and swollen micropyle were bringing about the end of the world, he was sure of that ... she quite lost her head in joy as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered ... the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ... she was passionately kissing the steaming ectoplasm that coated the still-pulsating tympanum.... She lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to her purple, swollen micropyle.

She took off her clothes and wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole. She was a lady sitting upright and holding out to me her desire to become a human/insect hybrid. My human/insect hybrid. Ah God, I was filled with pain, so eager for my ectoplasm to coat her thorax. I wanted the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray. She wanted to be a human/insect hybrid. My human/insect hybrid ... afterwards she kissed my navel and lay her head on off. It left a dark wet stain. I'm sure the scent of my insect maleness filled her nostrils that night after I took her home. That's what I had hoped for. She then knelt down and kissed my exoskeletal tympanum, reveling in her newfound power I was lost inside her purple and swollen micropyle. Here's how it happened. First she looked into my compound eyes. Then she spoke of love and lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to her purple, swollen micropyle one time when my parents were gone Raven took off her clothes and wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole.the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the 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 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 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 of shadows...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 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 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 and swollen micropyle ...Raven was a lady throughout the filming, naked from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the viscera...sucking eyes, licking...the movie camera lens drank it all in...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent 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 become a human/insect hybrid...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone...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 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 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 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 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 desire to become a human/insect hybrid...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone...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 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 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... smoky sunset on 1920s tentacled wall paper...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto 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 passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood. She wore the perfume of ectoplasm 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 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 sagging door jamb...Adam's eyes were heavy and cold and Raven dutifully consented to his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...exploded star inside her core...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of 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 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 and cold and Raven dutifully consented to his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...exploded star inside her core...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading 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 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, off all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven 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...exploded star inside her core...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...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 catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op... the tint of washed out gray...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green 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 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 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 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 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 in the heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...candle shadow bodies of 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 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...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed 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 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 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...the film crew breathed in the heavy 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 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 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...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...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 silence and cinematic ozone...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 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 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...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent 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 ozone...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 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 hybrid...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone...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 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 blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso... smoky sunset on 1920s tentacled wall paper...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and her cheek...black around the edges...Raven 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 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 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 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 the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...riding light rays through color 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 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, 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 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 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... smoky sunset on 1920s tentacled wall paper...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm 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... 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 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 and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet...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... 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 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 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...exploded star inside her core...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...Raven was a woman of vision...she would not allow 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 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 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... smoky sunset on 1920s tentacled wall paper...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around 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 of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of 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 inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...candle shadow 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 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...blue silent wings bodies of Raven and the cicada pulsating in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso... smoky sunset on 1920s tentacled wall paper...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around 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 pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone...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 starring in them all...Raven 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 camera on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone...through the magic of film her body 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 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 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 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 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 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 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 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 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 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 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...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 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 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 Raven dutifully consented to his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...exploded star inside her core...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, air of the photo op... 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 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 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 flexible metal cartilage crackled blue spark messages leaving scent of ozone and spent ectoplasm as she reached between my fell...exploded star inside her core...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...Raven was a woman of vision...she would not allow humanity to fade back into the catatonic limestone...one time when 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...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist 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 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... 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 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 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 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...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...I edited ... 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 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 cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera 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 skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op... 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 the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur 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 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 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 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 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... smoky sunset on 1920s tentacled wall paper...sunset across the river just before blast off 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...exploded star inside her core...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...Raven wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...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 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 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 of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso... smoky sunset on 1920s tentacled wall paper...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and 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 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...exploded star inside her 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 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 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 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... smoky sunset on 1920s tentacled wall paper...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around 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 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 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 ... 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 Raven dutifully consented to his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...exploded star inside her core...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in them all...Raven 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 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 smoky sunset on 1920s tentacled wall paper...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges...Raven 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 licking...the movie camera lens drank it all in...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness 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 door jamb...Adam's eyes were heavy and cold and Raven dutifully consented to his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...exploded star inside her core...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring 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 sagging door jamb...Adam's eyes were heavy and cold and Raven dutifully consented to his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...exploded star inside her core...slow cold hand on studied the naked torso... smoky sunset on 1920s tentacled wall paper...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges...Raven wore nothing but a fur Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...candle 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, surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ... she embraced herself in the bright lights of the sound stage, allowing the edges...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Raven lingered near the sagging door jamb...Adam's eyes were 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 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 on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring in them all...Raven was a to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she spoke 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 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 hands and I began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...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 her cheek...black around the edges...Raven 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...exploded star inside her core...slow cold hand on fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...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 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 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 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 surplus blankets stained dark and wet...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... smoky sunset on 1920s tentacled wall paper...sunset 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 the cool liquid air of the photo op... all her clothes and walked the empty streets outside windows of blue night that pulsed inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and 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 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 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...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from 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 over the motion picture back lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and 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 to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone...through the magic of film her body was 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...exploded star inside her 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...the 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...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last 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 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 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 desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an insect mass on surplus blankets stained dark and wet...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...candle shadow bodies cool liquid air of the photo op... 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 began to thrust up into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...she 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 and cold and Raven dutifully consented to his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...exploded star inside her core...slow cold hand on gently nudged her head into the right direction... and frantic parasites wriggled in my hands and I began to thrust up into her that studied the naked torso... smoky sunset on 1920s tentacled wall paper...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... 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 to become a human/insect hybrid...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone...through the magic of film her body was becoming that 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 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 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 ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Raven lingered near the sagging door jamb...Adam's eyes 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 but a fur cap and a fur stole... Raven lingered near the sagging door jamb...Adam's eyes were heavy and 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 movies, Raven starring in them all...Raven 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 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 photo op... 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 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 a million stories of 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 on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone...through the magic of film her body was becoming that 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 of the photo op... 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 captured the pale panels of shadows...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 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...the film crew breathed in 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 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 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 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... 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 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 species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture back lots and fake black 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 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 ... 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 ... 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 air...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent in the dawn wind over the motion picture her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...Raven saw the future...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange 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...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 fell...exploded star inside her core...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...Raven 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 process caught on and created by film in my 1920s wind-up movie camera...sunset across the river of her cinematic passion...Raven 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 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 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...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone...through the magic of film her body was becoming 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 in blue insect pressure...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso... smoky sunset on 1920s tentacled wall paper...sunset across the river just before blast off when ectoplasm spurted onto her cheek...black around the edges...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole... Raven lingered near the sagging door jamb...Adam's eyes were camera lens drank it all in...compound eyes and antennae fade in blue smoke with the scent of insect maleness 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 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 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 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 limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op... 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 heavy and cold and Raven dutifully consented to his terrifying and horrifying demand...blackout fell...exploded star inside her core...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a city of black and white movies, Raven starring 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 the camera caught the very process of her vanishing

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.... I was lost inside her purple and swollen micropyle. Here's how it happened. First she looked into my compound eyes. Then she spoke of love and lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to her purple, swollen micropyle ... she once told me that if such a thing ever occurred she would throw away her toothbrush. But this was filled with pain, so eager for my ectoplasm to coat her thorax. I wanted the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray. She wanted to be a human/insect hybrid. My human/insect hybrid ... afterwards she kissed my navel and lay her head on my belly. I felt terribly guilty. "I'm sorry," I said. "I didn't mean for that to happened." But she was forgiving. "It's OK," she said. But then she added "I'm -- I'm glad it did." I'm glad it did! Can and lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to her purple, swollen micropyle ... she once told me that if such a thing ever occurred she would throw away her toothbrush. But this was not true. In fact, she quite lost herself in the exquisite disgust of the moment. ... I sat down on the sofa, and she rode me like a horse. She was pushing against the exoskeletal tympanum with her pale, thin membranes. No penetration, but they may have torn were gone Raven took off her clothes and wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole. She was a lady sitting upright and holding out to me her desire to become a human/insect hybrid. My human/insect hybrid. Ah God, I was filled with pain, so eager for my ectoplasm to coat her thorax. I wanted the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray. sorry," I said. "I didn't mean for that to happened." But she was forgiving. "It's OK," she said. But then she added "I'm -- I'm glad it did." I'm glad it did! Can you believe that? I had just turned her into a human/insect hybrid, and she was glad! I gently removed her human clothing and held myself just above her. She took me in her purple and swollen micropyle. exquisite disgust of the moment. ... I sat down on the sofa, and she rode me like a horse. She was pushing against the exoskeletal tympanum with her pale, thin membranes. No penetration, but they may have torn a bit. Even as I watched she was transforming into divided segments. The membrane tore, and Hello Raven! Lying on her gray back, six legs twitching overhead ... afterwards she kissed my navel and lay her head on my belly. I felt terribly guilty. "I'm sorry," I said. "I didn't mean for and Hello Raven! Lying on her gray back, six legs twitching overhead ... afterwards she kissed my navel and lay her head on my belly. I felt terribly guilty. "I'm sorry," I said. "I didn't mean for that to happened." But she was forgiving. "It's OK," she said. But then she added "I'm -- I'm glad it did." I'm glad it did! Can you believe that? I had just turned her into a human/insect hybrid, and she was glad! I gently removed her human clothing and held myself just above her. micropyle. ...surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ... she she was glad! She wanted to be a human/insect hybrid. My human/insect hybrid. Absurd! Naked from the waist up. God, I was out of my head. With the tips of my fingers I gently nudged her head into the right direction. Not much of a nudge, but she got the idea. I felt bad, but I couldn't help myself. I needed it. Bad. It had been months. I tried not to push, but that a lady sitting upright and holding out to me her desire to become a human/insect hybrid. My human/insect hybrid. Ah God, I was filled with pain, so eager for my ectoplasm to coat her thorax. I wanted the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray. She wanted to be a human/insect hybrid. My human/insect hybrid ... afterwards she kissed my navel and lay her head on my belly. I felt terribly guilty. "I'm sorry," I said. "I as I watched she was transforming into divided segments. The membrane tore, and Hello

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didn't last. It was all so absurd! And then it happened. Ectoplasm coated her chest and neck. She had to use her blouse to clean it off. It left a dark wet stain. I'm sure the scent of my insect direction. Not much of a nudge, but she got the idea. I felt bad, but I couldn't help myself. I needed it. Bad. It had been months. I tried not to push, but that didn't last. It was all so absurd! And then it happened. Ectoplasm coated her chest and neck. She had to use her blouse to clean it off. It left a dark wet stain. I'm sure the scent of my insect maleness filled her nostrils that night after I took her home. That's what I had hoped for. She then moment. ... I sat down on the sofa, and she rode me like a horse. She was pushing against the exoskeletal tympanum with her pale, thin membranes. No penetration, but they may have torn a bit. Even as I watched she was transforming into divided segments. The membrane tore, and --- Hello Raven! Lying on her gray back, six legs twitching overhead ... afterwards she kissed my navel and lay her head on my armor-plated belly. I felt terribly guilty. "I'm sorry," I said. "I didn't mean for that to happened." But as it turned out it was exactly what she had hoped for. She then knelt down and gently kissed my exoskeletal tympanum, reveling in her newfound insect power. I was lost inside her purple and swollen micropyle. Here's how it happened. First she looked into my compound eyes. Then she spoke of love and lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to her purple, swollen micropyle ... she once told me that if such a thing ever occurred she would throw away her toothbrush. But this was not true. In fact, she quite lost herself in the exquisite disgust of the moment. I peeled off her clothes until she wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole. She was a lady sitting upright and holding out to me her desire to become a human/insect hybrid. My human/insect hybrid. Ah God, I was filled with pain, so eager for my ectoplasm to coat her thorax. I wanted the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of washed out gray. I wanted her to know that she had become a human/insect hybrid. My human/insect hybrid. Afterwards she kissed my navel and lay her head on my armor-plated belly, gently probing the exoskeletal tympanum for signs of renewed vigor. After a few minutes she grasped the tympanum in both hands and once again eagerly lifted the vibrating thoracic spiracle to her purple and swollen micropyle... ..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 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... 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 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 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 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 at f-stop 11...sunset across the river just before blast off when 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 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 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 a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven was a woman of vision...willingly took off 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...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading 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 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 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...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 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 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...blue silent wings in 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 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...blue silent wings in her parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from 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 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 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 antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal tympanum shivered 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 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... 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...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 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 inside the insect desire...shadow bodies of Raven and the cicada twisted into an

insect mass on 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 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 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 cinematic passion...Raven wore nothing but a fur cap and a fur stole, so 1920s Hollywood...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking the movie camera lens...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it eyes, licking the movie camera lens...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock...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...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present 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 willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust 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 ...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...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...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking the movie silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...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 shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...she reached between my legs and willingly took my parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...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...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...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of 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... 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 willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple 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...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... 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 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 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 willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced for the camera on the edge of my bed ...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 DNA...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...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking the movie camera lens...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new 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...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 ... in which she was all mine... 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...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...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 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...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...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking 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 willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and 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 ...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 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...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh sad distant voices... Raven willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust 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 human DNA...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...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking the movie camera lens...street eyes stare through 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...she reached between my legs and willingly took 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...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied gone Raven came over to my house and I aimed the camera at her as she took off all her clothes... 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 in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking the movie camera lens...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock...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...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head 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 willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust as the surging ectoplasm 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...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 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...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 film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking the movie camera lens...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...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...she reached between my legs 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 willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock...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...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...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...embracing the future of 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...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that 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...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked cinema...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... mine... and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...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...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... and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...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...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 iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...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...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking the movie camera lens...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock...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 road of wind and dust 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 future in which she was all mine...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...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... 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 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...she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding the blue waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed ...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 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...brass spring unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust 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 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...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...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I 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...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...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 silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...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... naked from the waist up...brass spring unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...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...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...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...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...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... 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 viscera...sucking eyes, licking the movie camera lens...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock...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 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...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...black around the edges of the 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...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 magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking the movie camera lens...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock...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 the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking the movie camera lens...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock...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...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent cinema...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... voices... Raven willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust 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 recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she was a woman of vision...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... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...1920s movie camera twitched with the antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the f-stop 11...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking the movie camera lens...street eyes

stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock...the camera lens captured the pale panels of 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 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 ...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 from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed ...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 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 blue insect cinema...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... 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...she reached between my legs aperture gate...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...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... 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 into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...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... camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...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...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... 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 all mine...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...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... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...1920s movie camera twitched with cinema...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... X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking the movie camera lens...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock...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 photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... dust 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 aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking the movie camera lens...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto 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 through a flickering 1920 scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...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...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking the 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...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking the movie camera lens...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...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... 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...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...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock...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...brass spring unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...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...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various human-to-insect transformation...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 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...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... 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 willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust 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 a falling away with the last of her human DNA...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...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...I edited in the X-ray photos of crew breathed in the heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...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...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...I 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...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured

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which she was all mine... aperture ...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...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...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her flesh-coated film stock...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...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...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...embracing it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... 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 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a 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...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, 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...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where wind-up camera of 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she was a woman of vision...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... 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 her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...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...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... 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 ...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven 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 a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven willingly took off all her licking the movie camera lens...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus

falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock...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...brass spring unwinding a vibrating head of with the last of her human DNA...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...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking 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 ...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 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...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 away with the last of her human DNA...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...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking the movie camera lens...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust 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 I aimed the camera at her as she took off all her clothes... 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 she was all mine... a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...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...she reached between my legs and willingly took my pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding 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 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...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 of my bed ...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 merging into a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...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...she reached between my legs and willingly took 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...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...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic 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...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...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...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking the movie camera lens...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling 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...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...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of Raven, the truth that she was a woman of vision...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... 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 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...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 remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...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...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... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...1920s movie camera twitched and I aimed the camera at her as she took off all her clothes... 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 ...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven aperture ...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...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...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a 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 camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust 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 mine... 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 willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road 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 willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights 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 stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black

onto flesh-coated film stock...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...brass spring unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh 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 filled 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...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...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 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... 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...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street 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 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 red green black onto 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 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 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 remnants of human DNA...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 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 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... 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... 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 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 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...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 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 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 her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...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 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. the last remnants of human DNA...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 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 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...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 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 lots and 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 of the photo op... insect cinema...former humanity found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op... 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 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 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 shadows...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 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 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 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 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...Raven was pulsating in blue silence and cinematic ozone..... an f-stop future captured in blue silence...the camera caught the very process exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...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 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 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 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 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 bodies of Raven and the 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 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 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...Raven 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 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

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 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 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 inside the insect 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 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 found in skeletons locked in catatonic limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op... 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 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 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 on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...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 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 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 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...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 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 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 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 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 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...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 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 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 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 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...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 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...Raven 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 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 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 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 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 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 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 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 fell...he filmed her on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...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 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 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 antennae of orange neon, flickering cicada wings as the exoskeletal 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 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 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 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 movie camera and 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 lots and fake black lagoons where hot globs of ectoplasm pulsed over her finger tips and onto my armor-plated 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 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 wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...sunset across the river 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 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 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...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 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...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 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 wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture 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 red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid...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 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 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... 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...slow cold hand on a wall long ago fading into distant street nights...a 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 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 scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils and the viewfinder 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 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 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 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 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 red green black onto flesh-coated film stock.... recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her 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 a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...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 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 antennae of 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 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 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 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 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 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...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 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 hybrid...Raven was pulsating 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 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 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 her clothes and walked the empty streets outside 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 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 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 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 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...blue 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 amber 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 red green black onto flesh-coated film 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 on the tiled floor as the dark star exploded inside her core, obliterating the last remnants of human DNA...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 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 limestone...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op... 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, 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 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 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... 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 ectoplasm 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 red green black onto flesh-coated film stock... recognized this act of restraint and 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 ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she 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 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 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 into her firm, pianist fingers...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...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 and was embracing the future of post-humanity in the heart of a flickering movie captured in a wind-up camera from the 1920s...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking the movie camera lens...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it eyes, licking the movie camera lens...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock...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...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present 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 willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust 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 ...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...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...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking the movie silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...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...she reached between my legs and willingly took my parent's living room, where I filmed her naked from the waist up...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...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...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...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of 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... 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 willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple 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...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... 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 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 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 willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced for the camera on the edge of my bed ...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 DNA...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...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking the movie camera lens...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new 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...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 ... in which she was all mine... 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...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...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 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...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...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking 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 willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and 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 ...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 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...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh sad distant voices... Raven willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust 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 human DNA...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...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking the movie camera lens...street eyes stare through 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...she reached between my legs and willingly took 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...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied gone Raven came over to my house and I aimed the camera at her as she took off all her clothes... 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 in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking the movie camera lens...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock...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...brass spring unwinding a vibrating head 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 willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust as the surging ectoplasm 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...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 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...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 film stock that rattled through a wind-up model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking the movie camera lens...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock...the camera lens captured the pale panels of shadows...I caught it in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...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...she reached between my legs 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 willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock...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...brass
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time...finger rubbing hydroglide on X-ray movie film...embracing the future of sound
stage, allowing the world to watch...she stood in front of the movie camera and took off
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various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... mine... and her humanity like
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the blue void...cinematic lens drank in ectoplasm in amber light...two film tracks merging
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to-insect transformation...sick flesh falling through space between species and worlds of film...crystal city iridescent jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...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...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... 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 viscera...sucking eyes, licking the movie camera lens...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock...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 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...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...black around the edges of the 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...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 magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking the movie camera lens...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock...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 the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking the movie camera lens...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock...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...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent cinema...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... voices... Raven willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust 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 recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she was a woman of vision...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... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...1920s movie camera twitched with the antennae of orange neon, flickering

cicada wings as the f-stop 11...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking the movie camera lens...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock...the camera lens captured the pale panels of 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 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 ...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 from the waist up, sitting upright for the camera on the edge of my bed ...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 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 blue insect cinema...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... 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...she reached between my legs aperture gate...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...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... 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 into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...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... camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...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...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... 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 all mine...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...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... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...1920s movie camera twitched with cinema...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... X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking the movie camera lens...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock...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 photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... dust 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 aperture ... smoky sunset at f-stop 11...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking the movie camera lens...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto 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 through a flickering 1920 scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...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...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking the 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...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking the movie camera lens...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors copulatrix...riding the blue silence into a pulsing sphere of blue insect cinema...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... 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...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...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock...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...brass spring unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh of present time...finger clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...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...sharp flash bulbs snapping in the cool liquid air of the photo op...I caught it all on film, editing the various human-to-insect transformation...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 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...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... 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 willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust 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 a falling away with the last of her human DNA...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...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...I edited in the X-ray photos of crew breathed in the heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...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...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue

insect...I 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...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...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue 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...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 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 ...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 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...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes that studied the naked torso captured her clothes for the camera and her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...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...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 shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...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...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... 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...brass sprind unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...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...embracing the future of post-humanity in the flickering movie shadows of the blue void...cinematic lens drank in ectoplasm 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 ...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 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...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...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... aperture ...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...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...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her flesh-coated film stock...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...brass spring unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...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...embracing it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine... 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 1920 movie camera, a wind-up- model with a 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...brass spring unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, 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...brass spring unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where wind-up camera of 1920s recorded the truth of Raven, the truth that she was a woman of vision...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... 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 her humanity like shredded mummy linens...green jelly flesh quivering in the aperture gate...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...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... 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 ...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven 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 a flesh-coated aperture that cried out in sad distant voices... Raven willingly took off all her licking the movie camera lens...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock...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...brass spring unwinding a vibrating head of with the last of her human DNA...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...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking 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 ...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 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...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 away with the last of her human DNA...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...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking the movie camera lens...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust 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 I aimed the camera at her as she took off all her clothes... 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 she was all mine... a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...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...she reached between my legs and willingly took my

pulsating camera into her bursa copulatrix...riding 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 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...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 of my bed ...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 merging into a wake of blue silence...flicker movies strung together in a million stories of human-to-insect transformation...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...she reached between my legs and willingly took 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...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...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic 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...flipped the pictures of cold gray eyes iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...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...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a transparent blue insect...I edited in the X-ray photos of orange viscera...sucking eyes, licking the movie camera lens...street eyes stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling 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...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...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of Raven, the truth that she was a woman of vision...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... 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 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...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 remnants of human DNA...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...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...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... Uranus time fill with slow blue film fallout...1920s movie camera twitched and I aimed the camera at her as she took off all her clothes... 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 ...I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine...Raven aperture ...the film crew breathed in the heavy scent of iron prison flesh falling away with the last of her human DNA...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...black around the edges of the film frame...through the magic of film her body was becoming that of a 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 camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust 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 mine... 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 willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road 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 willingly took off all her clothes for a 1920s movie camera that panned a cobbled road of wind and dust as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle...she embraced herself in the bright lights 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 stare through gray shadows at f-stop 1.8...time focus falling through colors red green black onto flesh-coated film stock...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...brass spring unwinding a vibrating head of blue glass...ectoplasm spurted onto the camera and coated her chest and neck, where neon fingers worked transparent flesh 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 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 ...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.