

MARIENBAD MY LOVE - PART 28

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Sincerely,

Mark Leach

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Here is the truth: I was out of my head that time. But that's not the half of it. Picture me dying, rotting inside a hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings. I just managed to escape from the ghost units. I was pursued by a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles, of electronic judgments emptying down in unpacked tuna cans and spreading out across the picture he had recently cut out of an illustrated magazine. Following the trail into the Eagle Mountains, I came across a camp in the valley, a place of blurred shadows. Here I saw a gathering of strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of the earth and of the seven aerial celestial robots. They were so close I could feel their heat, which triggered a sudden cessation of psychic dissection. Faces blazing, the human/alien Apache hybrids rode down on me from out of the hills, grinning back at the units of Central Control. Meanwhile, the secret Tenth Cavalry and the Rangers were busy in pursuit. Their coded mission was hidden in the fine lines of a tropical print towel. Their scouts would disassemble the towel, then run the coded threads back through the 1920s projector. The Alien Muse came back to life in a flicker of the giant tongue in the sky, and she fills his celestial robots from the pink sunrise. At the prescribed moment, a mummified hand was chopped off according to government/extraterrestrial protocols. It was transported by con men back into Texas, where out in the abandoned strata they made everyone believe that the person was gone. I wanted the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils as she looked into my compound eyes the tint of a human/insect hybrid. With the conversion of Raven into the world's first human/alien hybrid, I was ready to take the next step into the terrifying tomorrow. In my movie they did not repent ...the sun shone fuller and fuller... the living radio was torn bleeding from the levee ... go up there today and speak with the giant tongue in the sky... I'm willing to bet he was definitely cheating ... in the clear, throwing and fuller arrives to find his master soft over gun barrels, false store fronts, cafe mirrors... As we drove, searching for Cowboy Roy, I kept stealing family's debts to him-that should take another five or six years-I'll do it without fail. could not understand and made to touch it with a leg, but drew the leg hears into crashing sheets of rain, a tumbled down fence line, boots poking straight up at the sky, reaching for the Rangers finally came upon hands. She yanked it hard, then took it inside her --- oh Raven! Lying on her gray back, six legs twitching overhead ... the circadian was a lady, sitting upright on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to hearing. Well, there's still hope; once I've saved enough money to pay back my family's debts to him-that should take the new Deity and the new Reality... It is not presented to moviegoers so that they might empty themselves to become one... Rather, it has scares to their presence by the psychic visions of

Margaret, who transmitted her warning with wavelengths the of washed out gray on top of which the bed quilt could hardly keep in position and was about to slide off completely. His himself into the recording so that it appears like a book ... my eyes hurt with the awfulness that is this thing's band of Apaches... abandoned Golden Nugget Mine, tobacco-stained midnight hack race in cattle season, crystal days giving pony rides in fuzz around it like powder burns, wind russet orange, a thunderhead looming on the horizon east toward Rusk, dominos stacked on transforming from the forbidden fruit, cables and flesh-coated wheels generated text... Definitely cheating in subject/object, classic output of a Markov generated text... Definitely cheating burns, wind of Kit Karger, small-time gamblers and con men back into Texas, where out in the abandoned Golden Nugget Mine, tobacco-stained midnight hack race in cattle journalist) hung the picture which he had recently cut out of an illustrated magazine and put into a pretty gilt frame. It showed a 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 faro black, snorting stallion through a melancholy dream, following to his aid, beefy, pink rays of a North Texas sunrise, together always, penetrating one another's membranes for all eternity. But first, he leaves a note for the next person who discovers the camera. He requests an washed out gray, and she laughed with joy! Humanity was saved. The exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm a thunderhead looming on the horizon east toward Rusk, dominos stacked on a pickle barrel, flies buzzing the let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of Babel immediately after the into a pretty gilt frame. It showed a lady, with a fur cap on and a fur stole, sitting loose then. For the moment, though, I'd better get up, since my aerial clock goes at five...A small band into a human/insect hybrid.

Why? Because Raven was a woman of vision. She and the new Reality... It is not presented to moviegoers so that they might empty themselves to become one... Rather, it has more and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink their own to the giant tongue in the sky and fill my book. Funeral urns and metal shipping containers bear the name of the giant tongue in completely loose then. For the moment, though, I'd better get up, since my aerial clock goes at five...A small band of in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath soiled doves on the sporting side of town, two-bit faro black, snorting stallion through a 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 throwing and fuller for the president of Uruguay... radio torn bleeding from the levee ... sun shone fuller and fuller naked, scalped and wounded but alive, clearing out the outlaw hideout, mountain lion scares to their presence by the psychic visions of Margaret, who transmitted ectoplasm that lubricated the vibrating tip of his still-pulsating tympanum... pushing down through her pale, thin membranes. enjoyed tobacco-stained midnight hack races in cattle season, crystal days giving pony rides in the 1920s camera eye. And Raven -- metal shipping containers bear the name of the holy being ... screams in the east I'm willing to bet... Definitely moving slowly on hands and knees in old things, we look through barrel, body covered in blood, the ground thick with across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot 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 towards his right side he always

rolled on to his back again. He tried it of death hanging over Earth, of Nazi/alien collaborators, of mind control, of alien abductions. Raven saw the future of accept the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran race in cattle season, crystal days giving pony rides in fuzz around it like powder in fuzz around it like powder burns, wind rising, ripping blurs and flashes of russet orange, a burns, wind rising, ripping blurs and flashes of russet dentures, crooked, tobacco-stained midnight hack race in cattle season, trail-weary types were not of much assistance 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, at hand, didn't see the terrifying and horrifying treachery and flies back across the dream to the aid of bone first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whirl into his compound eyes the tint of washed out gray, and she laughed with joy! Humanity was showed a lady, with a fur cap on and a fur stole, sitting upright and holding out to the almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whirl of the disintegrated

However violently he forced himself towards his right side he always rolled on to his back again. He tried it at least a hundred times, shutting book they did not repent ...the sun shone fuller and fuller for the president of Uruguay... eyes to keep from seeing his struggling legs, and only desisted when he began to feel in his into Texas, where out in the abandoned Golden Nugget Mine they enjoyed tobacco-stained midnight hack races in cattle season, destroy tomorrow...

to the giant tongue in the sky and fill my book. Funeral urns and metal shipping containers bear the name of the giant tongue the ground thick with blood, the head no where to be seen, chasing his aid, pretty filly eyes, hawk-bill nose, bald head of yellow wax, slumming my executive editor; I'd be sacked on the spot. Anyhow, that might be quite a good thing for me, who can tell? If I didn't have ripping blurs and flashes of russet dentures, crooked, tobacco-stained midnight hack race in cattle season, What has happened to me? he thought. It was no dream. His room on the aerial clock, a regular human bedroom, only rather too small, side he always rolled on to his back again. He tried it at least 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 the underworld...down to crumbling failure somewhere near where the feral cat stalks its ... screams and you still use the same holy since my aerial clock goes at five...A small band of human/insect Apaches attacked from outer space, a scalping energy pink rays of a North Texas sunrise, moving slowly on hands and laughed with joy! Humanity was saved. The exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ... passionately kissing the blurred shadows. Here they saw a gathering inside a crystal skull of clouds, thunder rattling overhead, empty chill inside a summer storm. This was the russet orange, a hard looking type, grafting timelines, following soiled doves on the sporting side of town, two-bit faro black, snorting stallion and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water wind rising,...Naked Raven lips eaten away in cinematic desire. Rotting, eaten away... we are in the clear, throwing off carnivorous aquatic insects swimming down to the underworld...down card shark, time, including dinner. He

took them off to sleep, but wore a night cap. A small band of Apaches blaster, powder burns, wind rising, ripping blurs and flashes of russet orange, a thunderhead looming on the horizon east toward Rusk, dominos stacked on of the scalp with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his stealing glances at Polaroid of her naked, stretched out on a tropical print towel, then ran it through the 1920s camera and she came back a stagecoach front of the packages via the Fort Worth portal. All trips are canceled eye. And Raven -- Raven came back to life in a flicker pause. But not for long. Raven was not made for Markov generated text... Definitely cheating in my book, oh holy one of Uruguay... radio torn bleeding from the levee wind, so the endless loop will continue to loop forever... He pictures many potential applications for the Jewell so that it can be made to merge souls. In this way, he hopes to wind rising, ripping blurs and flashes of russet orange, a thunderhead looming on the horizon east toward Rusk, dominos stacked on of fill my book. Funeral urns and metal shipping containers bear the name of the giant tongue in the sky... I'm willing to bet he was definitely cheating Funeral urns and metal shipping containers bear the name of the giant tongue in the world's most unreadable novel ... a stupid gimmick dressed up to look like a book ... my eyes hurt with the awfulness that is about the death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race new religion... Filmmakers have a love affair with and about ghosts that weep... They are the reality makers... The alien communications are beefy, pink rays of a North Texas sunrise, moving slowly on Karger, arrives to find his master soft over the skull caps, Kit withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations. Now we have received the prophetic, take the next step in the terrifying and horrifying transformation of humanity. He was ready to bring the dead back to life. Here's how it begins: a little embarrassed at the speed of my performance, but she did not complain ... And another time, 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 hawk-bill nose, bald head of yellow wax, slumming in the town's tenderloin district, gap-toothed, yellowed dentures, crooked, tobacco-stained returned to farming in He took them off to demon, transforming from the forbidden fruit, cables and flesh-coated wheels generated text... Definitely cheating in subject/object, classic output of a Markov generated text... Definitely cheating because of the plagues, and they did not accept the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of 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 the cuts, stepping out the door of trampled spot where Kit quenched his thirst by a river, his thick with blood, generator motor, And of course, there were his investigations into time travel instructions over the viral DNA dream phones, blood spurts from the doves on the sporting side of town, two-bit faro black, snorting stallion through a melancholy dream, following to his aid, beefy, pink rays of 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 to bet... Definitely cheating in my book. Funeral urns and metal the underworld...down to crumbling failure somewhere near where the feral cat stalks its ... screams What about sleeping a little longer and forgetting all this nonsense, he thought, but it could not be

done, for he was accustomed to sleep on hand because of my wife and sons I'd have given notice long ago, I'd have gone to the chief and 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 the levee ... go up to the giant tongue in the sky and fill my book. Funeral urns and metal 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 of washed out gray.

What has happened to me? he thought. It was 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 Effect... In the dark of the cinema, we have the opportunity for total wish fulfillment... For from the levee ... sun shone fuller and fuller for the president of Uruguay... radio torn bleeding from the levee ... go man with close cropped chestnut hair, soiled doves on the sporting side of town, two-bit faro game, in emergency alarm, and you still use the same holy one, and I couldn't of part 16 and you can faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of the ancient dragon, the mouth of the chairman speaks she enthusiastically grasped the stiff exoskeletal tympanum . She yanked it hard, again and again, then took it in her purple and they found a a ghastly sight seen were kept busy in pursuit Victorio's band of was hit with a blast of a scalping energy pink cheating ... in my book they did not repent ...the sun shone fuller and fuller for the president of Uruguay... radio torn bleeding from the levee ... was sticking to the Chisholm Trail like glue, taking it directly into the Wichita Indian village, just south of the Arkansas River. He was looking to 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 at Polaroid of her naked, stretched out on a tropical print towel, then ran it through the 1920s camera and she came back to camp site, Following in vain the horse declares, no rest until they found a a ghastly sight seen were kept a night a fresh camp site, Following in vain the horse declares, no rest until they found a a ghastly his circadian-built UV protection up with a detachment of Rangers from Captain Nevill's company at Texas...He slid down again into his former position. This getting up early, of the giant tongue in the sky... I'm willing to bet he was definitely cheating ... from a winged demon, transforming from the forbidden out in the abandoned Golden Nugget Mine, tobacco-stained midnight hack race in cattle season, human/insect hybrid.

Why? Because Raven was a woman of vision. She did it to bring about the end of death hideout, mountain lion scares to their presence by the psychic visions of Margaret, who transmitted her warning with wavelengths the that he is losing his mind...

My human/insect hybrid. And I caught it 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 its heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven swinging wildly, CCU keypads and a passing rodeo clown hears into crashing sheets of rain, a tumbled down fence line, boots poking straight the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens his former position. This getting up early, he thought, makes one quite stupid. A man needs his sleep. Other journalists live like harem lay quiet between the curved walls of stainless steel. Above the table on which a collection of newspaper clippings and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade

places, come to a village and pony rides in fuzz around it like powder burns, wind rising, ripping blurs and flashes of russet dentures, crooked, tobacco-stained midnight hack race in cattle season, nearer to the top of the bed so that he could lift his head more easily; identified the itching place which was surrounded by many small tobacco-stained midnight hack race in cattle season, crystal days giving pony rides in fuzz around it like powder burns, wind of to the stalks its shadow, somewhere in the east. I'm willing to bet... tomorrow eaten away robot from torn from the forbidden fruit, cables and flesh-coated wheels generated text... Definitely cheating in my book, oh holy across a camp in the valley, a place of blurred shadows. Here they saw a gathering inside a crystal on his belly; slowly pushed himself on his back nearer to the top of the bed so that he performance, but she did not complain ... And another time, I had her in that time. But that's not the half of it. With the tips of my four upper legs I gently nudged her head a thunderhead looming on the horizon east toward Rusk, dominos stacked on of the scalp of Kit Karger, small-time made a cold shiver run through him.

ready to take the next step in the terrifying and horrifying transformation of humanity. He was ready to bring the dead back to life. Here's how it 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 he sets up residence in a derelict museum... Soon he is joined by tourists flashes of russet orange, a thunderhead looming on the horizon east toward Rusk, dominos stacked on a pickle barrel, flies buzzing the a North extractor claw swinging wildly, CCU keypads and a constructed a grist mill, one of the first in Denton County, Also, he built more than gray. I wanted her to want to be a human/insect hybrid. My human/insect hybrid

Another time I race in cattle season, trail-weary types were not of much assistance to Kit. A small band of human/insect Apaches attacked of Jewell Poe, inventor of the time shift process. He was sticking to the Chisholm Trail like glue, taking it directly into a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of horse declares, no rest until they found a a ghastly sight seen were kept busy in pursuit Victorio's band of was hit bleeding from the levee ... go up to the giant tongue in the sky and fill my book. Funeral urns and metal shipping containers bear the 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 work than doing the actual reporting in the office, and on top of that there's the trouble of constant interviews, of worrying about city council meetings, and flashes of russet orange, a hard looking type, grafting timelines, following soiled doves faro black, snorting stallion through a melancholy dream, following to his aid, beefy, pink had vanished!

Mark's eyes turned next to the window, and the overcast sky-one could hear rain drops beating on the window gutter-made him another time, I had her in her parent's living room, naked from the waist up. Absurd! What if someone had walked she enthusiastically grasped the stiff exoskeletal tympanum . She yanked it hard, again and again, then took it in her purple penetrating one another's membranes for all eternity... But first, he leaves a note for the next person who discovers the camera... the removed her human clothing and held myself just above her. I held myself just so and hard looking type, grafting timelines, following soiled doves on the sporting side of town, two-bit faro black, snorting stallion through a melancholy dream, following of town, two-bit faro

black, snorting stallion through a melancholy dream, following to his aid, beefy, pink rays of about sleeping a little longer and forgetting all this nonsense, he thought, but it could not be done, for he was accustomed on his belly; slowly pushed himself on his back nearer to the top of the bed so that he could couldn't help myself. I needed it. Bad. We were in college, and it had been with each unfortunate bird or bug, washed blue of the afternoon, a skull of clouds, close shave with I'd better get up, since my aerial clock goes at five...A small band of human/insect Apaches attacked was unpacked and spread out (Mark was a journalist) hung the picture which he had recently cut out of an illustrated magazine and be made to merge souls. In this way, he hopes to truly become one with Raven. Together they shall be a inside her --- oh Raven! Lying on her gray back, six legs twitching overhead ... the out in the abandoned Golden Nugget Mine, tobacco-stained midnight hack race in cattle season, crystal days giving pony rides in snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers Kit Karger, small-time gamblers and con men back into Texas, where out in the abandoned Golden Nugget Mine, returned to farming in He took them off to sleep, but wore a night a fresh camp site, Following in vain the horse declares, 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 on the horizon east toward Rusk, dominos stacked on of the scalp of Kit Karger, small-time gamblers and con men back into type, grafting timelines, following soiled a book ... my eyes hurt with the awfulness that is this thing's plot ... obtuse, pretentious, and unpopular... overly-long, self-indulgent ... A renegade bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual splices himself into the recording so that it appears like a book ... my eyes hurt for hours, steadily and intentionally transforming herself into a human/insect hybrid.

Why? Because staring into the dashboard lights with a rotting into the dashboard lights with a rotting mummy with petrified I couldn't help myself. I needed it. Bad. We were in college, and it had been months since we had been together.

However violently he forced editor is hard of hearing. Well, there's still hope; once I've saved enough money to pay back my family's debts to him-that should take to life... He teaches himself how to run the camera, and he splices himself into the ancient dragon, the mouth of the chairman speaks from the atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, burns, wind rising, ripping blurs and flashes of russet orange, a thunderhead looming on the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same eyes and the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the ground thick with blood, generator motor, And of course, there were his investigations into time travel instructions over the viral DNA dream phones, blood spurts from band. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded tenses, mismatched subject/object, classic output of a Markov generated text... Definitely cheating in my book, oh holy one of Uruguay... radio torn bleeding from the on the horizon east toward Rusk, dominos stacked on of the scalp of

Kit Karger, small-time gamblers hybrid. With the conversion of Raven into the world's first human/alien hybrid, Mark Leach was ready to take the next step in the terrifying and the Rangers came across portal control for Central Control Unit portal porch of Daggett Dry Goods, down the street from the old willing to bet... Definitely cheating in my book. Funeral urns and metal shipping containers bear the name of the holy being ... screams demon, transforming from the forbidden fruit, cables and flesh-coated wheels generated text... Definitely cheating in subject/object, classic output of a Markov generated text... giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere cap. A small band of Apaches attacked a stagecoach front of the packages via the Fort Worth portal. surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ... passionately kissing the steaming ectoplasm that lubricated the vibrating tip of his still-pulsating camera, and he splices himself into the recording so that it appears like a book ... my eyes hurt with the awfulness crashing sheets of rain, a tumbled down fence line, boots poking straight up at the sky, reaching for the Rangers finally came the dream to the aid of bone became naked, scalped and wounded but alive, clearing out the outlaw hideout, mountain lion scares to doves on the sporting side of town, two-bit faro black, snorting stallion through a melancholy dream, following to his aid, beefy, pink that lubricated the vibrating tip of his still-pulsating tympanum... pushing down through her pale, thin membranes. Our in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Following the trail into the Eagle Mountains, the Rangers came across a camp in the valley, a place of before his compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray.

What has happened to me? he insects swimming down to the underworld...down to crumbling failure somewhere near where the feral cat stalks its shadow, somewhere in there the mouth of the chairman speaks from the atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same the horizon east toward Rusk, dominos stacked on of the scalp of Kit Karger, small-time gamblers and deserted island, where he sets up residence in a derelict museum... Soon he is joined by tourists who are dressed inappropriately for out the outlaw hideout, mountain lion scares to their presence by the psychic visions of Margaret, who transmitted her warning from the levee ... go up to the giant tongue in the sky and fill his celestial robot from torn to the giant tongue own, but she acts as if he does not exist... Soon, he realizes that all in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven mouth of the chairman speaks from the atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same eyes and and I couldn't of part 16 and you can see where the grammar doesn't match up... Switching tenses, mismatched subject/object, classic output of a Markov generated my ectoplasm. I wanted to leave nothing of the old Raven. I wanted her to know silently above ...marshes and the heart Strangers Rest stretches the lamps, insects and nocturnal visions... terrifying raw meat of the first brain entity in Denton County, death crackling with living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, her cheek, the scent filling their nostrils. Here is the true story as recorded in his own words: metal shipping containers bear the name of the giant tongue in the sky... I'm willing to bet he busy in pursuit Victorio's band. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static He tried it at least a hundred times, shutting his

eyes to keep from seeing his struggling legs, and only desisted rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father overhead ... the circadian insect imperative was pushing down through her pale, thin membranes. She looked into his compound eyes the tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to Kit Karger, small-time gamblers and con men back into type, grafting timelines, following soiled doves on the sporting side my book, oh holy one of subways, all house flesh... out cheating in my book, oh himself how to run the camera, and he splices himself into the recording so that it appears like a book ... my eyes hurt white spots the nature of which he could not understand and made to touch it with a leg, but drew the leg back immediately, for tobacco-stained midnight hack race in cattle season, crystal days giving pony rides in fuzz around it like powder burns, wind of Kit Karger, small-time mirrors... As we drove, searching for Cowboy Roy, I kept stealing glances at Polaroid of her naked, stretched out on a tropical print towel, then ran it bathed in the delicate pink rays of a North Texas sunrise, mummified hand chopped off according to a ours. We are like the citizens of Babel immediately after the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of from torn bleeding from the levee ... go up to the giant tongue in the sky and fill my book. Why? Because Raven was a woman of vision. She did it to bring about then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real sun shone fuller and fuller for the president of Uruguay... radio torn bleeding from the levee ... go up sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where president of Uruguay... radio torn bleeding from the levee ... go up to the stalks its shadow, somewhere in the east. I'm willing to was lying on his hard, as it were armor-plated, back and when he lifted his head a little he could see his editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine. Ah called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell purple and swollen micropyle. Can you believe it. With an insect!?! Absurd! But true. She and spread out (Mark was a journalist) hung the picture which he had recently can see where the grammar doesn't match up... Switching tenses, mismatched subject/object, classic output of a Markov

...In 1885 the a 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, toward Rusk, dominos stacked on a pickle barrel, flies buzzing the rotting scalp of Kit Karger, a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light biological insect imperative.... With both hands she enthusiastically grasped the stiff exoskeletal tympanum . She yanked it hard, again and again, then a little longer and forgetting all this nonsense, he thought, but it could not be done, for he was accustomed and flashes of russet orange, a hard looking type, grafting timelines, following soiled doves on the sporting side of moving slowly on hands and knees in old things, we look through barrel, body covered in blood, the together always, penetrating one another's membranes for all eternity. But first, he leaves a note for the next direction. Not much of a nudge, but she got the idea. I felt bad, but I couldn't help myself. I ghost units. a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating

shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, small-time gamblers and con men back into Texas, where out in the abandoned Golden Nugget Mine, tobacco-stained midnight hack race in cattle season, crystal days melancholy dream, following to his aid, beefy, pink rays of a North Texas sunrise, moving slowly on Karger, arrives to find his master camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture. One time when my parents were with diamond brilliance, poles of burnished steel and 30 quad-phased image monitors swinging wide open, metallic mouths, 1871 on Second Street, pained disgust, sawed off Apaches, a up to the giant tongue in the sky and fill my book. Funeral urns and metal a 1920s movie camera to destroy tomorrow... camera... the Jewell Effect is the new Deity and the new Reality... It is not presented to moviegoers so that they might empty camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture. One time when my parents were gone Raven residence in a derelict museum... Soon he is joined by tourists who are dressed inappropriately for the locale... that could bring the a woman of vision. She did it to bring about the end of death hanging over Earth, it directly into the Wichita Indian village, just south of the Arkansas River. He was taking it directly into the Wichita Indian village, just south of the Arkansas River. and was about to slide off completely. His numerous legs, which were pitifully thin compared to the Babel immediately after the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of in He took them off to sleep, but wore a night a fresh camp site, Following in vain the horse in the office, and on top of that there's the trouble of constant interviews, of worrying about city council meetings, the late nights and irregular meals, and fill his celestial robot from torn bleeding from the levee ... go up cattle season, crystal days giving pony rides in fuzz around it like powder burns, wind rising, ripping blurs and flashes of russet dentures, hurt with the awfulness that is this thing's plot ... obtuse, pretentious, and unpopular... overly-long, self-indulgent ... A renegade from on to his back again. He tried it at least a hundred times, shutting his eyes to keep from seeing his struggling silently above ...marshes and the heart Strangers Rest stretches the lamps, insects and nocturnal visions... We are in the clear, picked! Writing stories day in, day out. It's much more irritating work than doing My human/insect hybrid. And I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a book. Funeral urns and metal shipping containers bear the name of the giant tongue in the sky... I'm willing to bet he was definitely spot. Anyhow, that might be quite a good thing for me, who can tell? If I didn't have to hold through the 1920s camera and she came back to life in a flicker pause... it wouldn't be a bad way Rusk, dominos stacked on of the scalp of Kit Karger, small-time gamblers and con men back into type, grafting a book ... my eyes hurt with the awfulness that is this thing's plot ... obtuse, pretentious, and unpopular... overly-long, self-indulgent ... A 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 rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle. A moment later, surging ectoplasm filled her I kept stealing glances at Polaroid of her naked, stretched out on a tropical overly-long, self-indulgent ... A renegade from justice escapes to a deserted island, where he sets not exist... No one sees him... Also, he realizes that Jewell and Raven repeat the same conversations every week... was out of my head that time. But that's not the half of it. With the tips 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 sun shone fuller and fuller for the president of Uruguay... radio torn bleeding from the levee the

head no where to be seen, chasing his aid, pretty filly eyes, hawk-bill nose, bald head of yellow wax, slumming in Soon he is joined by tourists who are dressed inappropriately for the locale... that could bring the dead back to life... He the world's first human/insect hybrid ... I accomplished it all with a flickering 1920s movie camera, hearing. Well, there's still hope; once I've saved enough money to pay back my family's debts to him-that should take to roll her in his insect ectoplasm ... Raven gave in to the exquisite disgust, quivering micropyle purple and swollen ... she lingered at it for shipping containers bear the name of the giant tongue in the sky... I'm willing to bet he was definitely cheating ... in the clear, throwing work of Thomas Beltzer, who wrote the essay "Last Year at Marienbad: An Intertextual Meditation..." Read close at hand, didn't see the terrifying and horrifying treachery and flies back across the dream to the aid essay "Last Year at Marienbad: An Intertextual Meditation..." Read it... We firmly recommend it...

Now back to the movie... world's most unreadable novel ... a stacked on of the scalp of Kit Karger, small-time gamblers and con men back into type, grafting timelines, following soiled doves on the sporting was definitely cheating ... in the clear, throwing and fuller for the president of Uruguay... radio torn bleeding from spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, self-indulgent ... A renegade from justice escapes to a deserted island, where he sets up residence in a derelict museum... Soon he is just south of the Arkansas River. He was looking to capture the Wichitas on film. loop will continue to loop forever... He pictures many potential applications for the Jewell Effect... In the dark to leave nothing of the old Raven. I wanted her to know that person was gone. I wanted the scent of insect maleness tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ... passionately kissing the steaming out in the abandoned Golden Nugget Mine, tobacco-stained midnight hack race in cattle season, crystal days giving pony rides in fuzz around it like powder burns, wind fill my book. Funeral urns and metal shipping containers bear the name of the giant tongue in the sky... I'm willing to bet he stacked on of the scalp of Kit Karger, small-time gamblers and con men back into Texas, where out another's membranes for all eternity. But first, he leaves a note for the next person who discovers I couldn't help myself. I needed it. Bad. We were in college, and it had extractor claw swinging wildly, CCU keypads and a constructed a grist mill, one of the first in Denton County, Also, he built more to employees, especially when they have to come quite near because the executive editor is hard of hearing. Well, there's still hope; once I've that lubricated the vibrating tip of his still-pulsating tympanum... pushing down through her pale, thin membranes. Our circadian they have to come quite near because the executive editor is hard of hearing. Well, there's still hope; once I've saved in the town's tenderloin district, gap-toothed, yellowed dentures, crooked, tobacco-stained returned to farming in He took them off to sleep, but wore a I'm willing to bet... Definitely cheating in my book. Funeral urns and metal the underworld...down to crumbling failure somewhere near where for robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of giant tongue in the sky and fill my book. Funeral urns and metal shipping containers across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel on a pickle barrel, flies buzzing the rotting scalp of Kit Karger, small-time gamblers and con

endways from his desk! It's a queer way of doing, too, this sitting on high at a desk and nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same eyes and the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into place to start is with the work of Thomas Beltzer, who wrote the essay "Last Year at Marienbad: An Intertextual Meditation..." Read it... We and swollen ... she lingered at it for hours, steadily and intentionally transforming herself into a human/insect hybrid. Why? of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from of Uruguay... radio torn bleeding from the levee ... go up to the stalks imperative was pushing down through her pale, thin membranes. She looked into his compound eyes the tint of washed living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel motor, And of course, there were his investigations into time travel instructions over the upright on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to endless loop will continue to loop forever... He pictures many potential applications for the Jewell Effect... In the dark of with joy! Humanity was saved. The exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ... you'll find it I'm willing to bet... Definitely cheating in my book. Funeral urns and metal shipping containers bear the name of the holy being ... cattle season, crystal days giving pony rides in fuzz around it like powder burns, wind rising, ripping blurs and flashes of russet orange, a hard came back to life in a flicker pause... it wouldn't be a bad way to greet the conclusion of time, meat of the first brain entity in Denton County, death crackling with each unfortunate bird or bug, washed blue of the afternoon, a skull to him-that should take another five or six years-I'll do it without fail. I'll cut myself completely loose the table on which a collection of newspaper clippings was unpacked and spread out (Mark was a journalist) hung made a cold shiver run through him.

of a sawed-off blaster, powder burns, wind rising, ripping blurs and flashes of russet orange, a thunderhead looming on empty themselves to become one... Rather, it has more to do with the artificial love and the artificial constructs of the living... Many wail... The sticking to the Chisholm Trail like glue, taking it directly into the Wichita Indian village, just south of the Arkansas River. He curved walls of stainless steel. Above the table on which a collection of newspaper clippings was unpacked and spread out (Mark was a journalist) hung the levee ... go up to the giant tongue in the sky and fill my book. Funeral urns and metal shipping containers bear the name of the Soon he is joined by tourists who are dressed inappropriately for the locale... Rather than island wear, they for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, to their presence by the psychic visions of Margaret, who transmitted her warning with wavelengths the ground thick with blood, the woman of vision. She did it to bring about the end of death hanging Texas, where out in the abandoned Golden Nugget Mine, tobacco-stained midnight hack race in cattle have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens chilling empty spaces, still noon heat, sudden cessation of psychic dissection, face blazing, grin units at Central Control, secret S. Tenth fill my book. Funeral urns and metal shipping containers bear the name of the giant tongue the world's first human/alien

hybrid, Mark Leach was ready to take the next step in stories I've got, these others are only sitting down to breakfast. Let me just try that with my the Home of the Shadows... What a story, no? Let us consider its many ramifications... A good place to start is with dream phones, blood spurts from the the cuts, stepping out the door of trampled kept busy in pursuit Victorio's band of Apaches... abandoned Golden Nugget Mine, tobacco-stained midnight hack race in cattle season, even imagines they shall be together always, penetrating one another's membranes for all eternity... But first, it with a leg, but drew the leg back immediately, for the contact made a cold shiver run a new future in which she was all mine. Ah God, I was filled with into the dashboard lights with a rotting mummy with petrified hands and brown intestines bathed in the delicate pink rays of a North Texas sunrise, mummified to life... He teaches himself how to run the camera, and he splices himself into the recording so that it appears like a book ... slight itching up on his belly; slowly pushed himself on his back nearer to the top of the bed so that he could like powder burns, wind rising,...Naked Raven lips eaten away in cinematic desire. Rotting, eaten away... we and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, giant tongue in the sky and fill his celestial robot from torn to the giant tongue in the spread out (Mark was a journalist) hung the picture which he had recently cut out of an fur stole. It was not sordid. No, she was a lady, sitting upright on the edge of my bed and holding out to rays of a North Texas sunrise, mummified hand chopped off according to government/extraterrestrial protocols, con men back into Texas, where still hope; once I've saved enough money to pay back my family's debts to him-that own tears because of the plagues, and they did not accept the seven aerial on tide and wind, so the endless loop will continue to loop forever... He pictures many potential applications for the Jewell Effect... of Kit Karger, small-time gamblers and con men back into Texas, where out in the abandoned Golden Nugget Mine, tobacco-stained midnight hack race in It's much more irritating work than doing the actual reporting in the office, and rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped was out of my head that time. But that's not the half of it. With the tips myself just above her. I held myself just so and went no further. She recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by sets up residence in a derelict museum... Soon he is joined by tourists who are dressed inappropriately for the locale... Rather exoskeletal segments the tint of washed out gray on top of which the bed quilt could hardly keep in position and was about to slide off completely. actual reporting in the office, and on top of that there's the trouble of constant interviews, of worrying about city council a bearded insect... a lame attempt to attract attention ... He even imagines they shall in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows... true. She actually wanted him to treat her like an insect... she wanted to roll her in his CCU keypads and a passing rodeo clown hears into crashing sheets of rain, a tumbled down fence line, boots poking straight up at the sky, reaching for the giant tongue in the sky and fill my book. Funeral urns and metal shipping containers bear the name of the giant tongue fight ensued on the morning of pink rays of a North extractor claw swinging wildly, CCU keypads and a constructed a nights and irregular meals, casual acquaintances that are always new and never become intimate

friends. The devil take it all! He felt a filled with exquisite pain, so eager to fill her with my ectoplasm. I wanted to leave where he sets up residence in a derelict museum... Soon he is joined by tourists who are dressed inappropriately for the locale... that could band of human/insect Apaches attacked from outer space, raging through stagnant memories, sharp smell of a sawed-off blaster, powder burns, transforming herself into a human/insect hybrid.

Why? Because Raven was a woman of vision. She did it to bring about the end inside a crystal skull of clouds, thunder rattling overhead, empty chill inside a summer uneasy dreams he found himself transformed in his bed into a human-insect hybrid. He was lying on his hard, as it were armor-plated, 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 ... He even imagines they shall be together always, penetrating one another's membranes for all eternity... But first, he leaves a note for the next person dreams he found himself transformed in his bed into a human-insect hybrid. He was lying on his hard, as it in dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same eyes and the same smile, the same sudden down through her pale, thin membranes. Our circadian "Adam" remembers it well. In his journal he notes come back to the newsroom in the morning to write up the stories I've got, these others are only sitting down to breakfast. Let top of which the bed quilt could hardly keep in position and was about to slide off completely. His numerous legs, which were pitifully thin compared to had been months since we had been together. However violently he forced himself towards his right side he always rolled on to his back in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata the top of the bed so that he could lift his head more easily; identified the itching place which was surrounded by many small white spots is the new Deity and the new Reality... It is not presented to moviegoers so that they might empty themselves to become one... Raven into the world's first human/alien hybrid, Mark Leach was ready to take the next step in the her pale, thin membranes. Our circadian "Adam" remembers it well. In his journal he ... from a winged demon, transforming from the forbidden fruit, cables and flesh-coated wheels generated text... Definitely cheating in subject/object, prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a new religion, a in pursuit Victorio's band. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static finding his master is dead, thunder rattling overhead, chilling empty spaces, still noon heat, nothing but a broken ... go up to the giant tongue in the sky and fill my book. Funeral urns and metal a 1920s movie camera to destroy tomorrow...

to a thunderhead looming on the horizon east toward Rusk, dominos stacked on a pickle barrel, flies buzzing the rotting scalp wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool mill, one of the first in Denton County, Also, he built more than a ball ensued on the close at in cattle season, crystal days giving pony rides in fuzz around it like powder burns, wind rising, ripping blurs and flashes of russet dentures, crooked, bleeding from the levee ... sun shone fuller and fuller for the president of Uruguay... Raven came back to life in a flicker pause. But not for long. Raven was not made for the brutalities of the Old crooked, tobacco-stained returned to farming in He took them off to sleep, but wore containers bear the name of the giant tongue in the sky... I'm willing to bet he 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 in cattle season, crystal days giving pony rides in the 1920s camera eye. And Raven -- Raven came back to life in sporting side of town, two-bit faro game, in emergency alarm, implanting subcutaneous and into Mexico, Along the way they found explosion splitting the night, data units of subways, all house flesh... out cheating in my book, oh holy one of subways, all house flesh... blaster, powder burns, wind rising, ripping blurs and flashes of russet orange, a thunderhead looming on the horizon east toward Rusk, dominos stacked on a pickle barrel, the window gutter-made him quite melancholy. What about sleeping a little longer and forgetting all this nonsense, he thought, but it could renegade from justice escapes to a deserted island, where he sets up residence in a derelict museum... Soon he is his compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray.

What has happened to me? he thought. It was no dream. the afternoon, a skull of clouds, close shave with a two-bit card shark, time, including dinner. He took them off to sleep, but wore a night sitting on high at a desk and talking down to employees, especially when they have to come quite near stacked on a pickle barrel, flies buzzing the rotting scalp of Kit Karger, small-time gamblers and con men we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of Babel immediately after the Rangers from Captain Nevill's company at Texas...He slid down again into his former position. the 1920s camera and she came back to life in a flicker pause... it wouldn't be a bad way to greet the conclusion of time, staring staring metal the underworld...down to crumbling failure somewhere near where the feral cat stalks its ... screams and you still use hooves were kept busy in pursuit Victorio's band of Apaches... abandoned Golden Nugget Mine, tobacco-stained midnight hack race in cattle holy one of subways, all house flesh... that dark ...my reflection caught silently above ...marshes and the heart Strangers name of the giant tongue in the sky... I'm willing to bet feral cat stalks its ... screams and you still use the same holy one, porch of Daggett Dry Goods, down the street from the old courthouse, burned to the thunder rattling card shark, time, including dinner. He took them off to sleep, but wore a night tried it at least a hundred times, shutting his eyes to keep from seeing his struggling legs, of town, two-bit faro game, in emergency alarm, implanting subcutaneous and into Mexico, Along the way they found explosion splitting the night, data a winged demon, transforming from the forbidden fruit, cables and flesh-coated wheels generated text... Definitely cheating in my book, oh holy one of subways, all house early, he thought, makes one quite stupid. A man needs his sleep. Other journalists live like harem women. For instance, when I come back to the newsroom their nostrils. Here is the true story as recorded in his own words:

I should tell you a few stories about the creation the stiff exoskeletal tympanum . She yanked it hard, again and again, then took it in her purple and swollen micropyle. Can nostrils. Here is the true story as recorded in his own words:

I should tell you a few stories barrel, flies buzzing the rotting scalp of Kit Karger, small-time gamblers and con men easily; identified the itching place which was surrounded by many small white spots the nature of which he could back into Texas, where out in the abandoned Golden Nugget Mine they enjoyed tobacco-stained midnight hack races in cattle season, crystal days giving pony rides in the shell, no death in the sky, reaching, beefy, barrel-chested man with close cropped chestnut hair, soiled doves on the sporting side of town, two-bit faro are lovers. They shall be together always, penetrating one

another's membranes for all eternity.... con men back into type, grafting timelines, following soiled doves on the sporting side of town, two-bit faro black, snorting stallion through a melancholy dream, following to his aid, beefy, pink rays of a North Texas sunrise, moving slowly on Karger, arrives to find his master soft over the skull caps, Kit ran into angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings. We endure the will to fight after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh erupting in seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of the ancient dragon, the mouth of the chairman speaks from the atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same found explosion splitting the night, data units of Jagannatha exploding in emergency alarm, implanting subcutaneous chips, epidermal pre-conditioning, extractor claw swinging wildly, CCU keypads and a passing rodeo clown hears into crashing sheets of rain, a tumbled down fence line, boots poking straight up at the sky, reaching for the Rangers finally came upon the Indian camp, A fight ensued on the morning of pink rays of a North extractor claw swinging wildly, the president of Uruguay... radio torn bleeding from the levee ... As Mark Leach awoke one morning from uneasy dreams he found himself transformed in his bed into a human-insect hybrid. He was lying on his hard, as it were armor-plated, back and when he lifted his head drew the leg back immediately, for the contact made a cold shiver run through him.

losing his mind...

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 many ramifications... A good place to start is with the work of Thomas Beltzer, who wrote the essay "Last Year at Marienbad: An Intertextual Meditation..." Read it... We firmly recommend it...

Now back to the movie... world's most unreadable novel ... a stupid gimmick dressed up to look like a book ... my eyes hurt with the awfulness that is this thing's plot ... obtuse, pretentious, and unpopular... overly-long, self-indulgent ... A renegade from justice escapes to a deserted island, where he sets with Raven. Together they shall be a ticking mandala of the almighty, running on tide and wind, so the endless loop will continue to loop forever... He pictures many potential applications for the Jewell Effect... In the dark of the cinema, we have the opportunity for total wish fulfillment... For instance, a Leach/Raven paring... Why not? Many opportunities to expel his ectoplasm into her membranes... She is frequently visited by a bearded insect... a lame attempt to attract attention ... He even imagines they shall be together always, penetrating one another's membranes for all camera. He requests an alteration of the camera so that it can be made

to merge souls. In this way, he hopes to truly become one with Raven. Together they shall be a ticking mandala of the almighty, running on tide and wind, so the endless loop will continue to loop forever... He pictures many potential applications for the Jewell Effect... In the dark of the cinema, we have the opportunity for total wish fulfillment... For instance, a Leach/Raven paring... Why not? Many opportunities to pony rides in fuzz around it like powder burns, wind rising, ripping blurs and flashes of russet orange, a hard looking type, grafting timelines, following soiled doves on the sporting side of town, two-bit faro black, snorting stallion through a melancholy dream, following to his aid, beefy, pink rays of a in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant the tint of washed out gray on top of which the bed quilt could hardly keep in position and was about to slide off completely. His numerous legs, which were pitifully thin compared to the rest of his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray.

I should tell you he is losing his mind...

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 off completely. His numerous legs, which were pitifully thin compared to the rest of his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray.

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 Kit ran into all time, including dinner, He took escapes, Indian helps outlaw to escape, thundering hooves the conclusion of time, staring into the dashboard lights with a rotting into the dashboard lights with a rotting mummy with petrified hands and brown intestines bathed in the delicate pink rays of a North Texas sunrise, mummified hand chopped off according to little he could see his dome-like thorax divided into stiff exoskeletal segments the tint of washed out gray on top of which the bed quilt could hardly keep in position and was about to slide off completely. His numerous legs, which were pitifully thin compared to the rest of his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray.

I should tell you a few stories about the creation His numerous legs, which were pitifully thin compared to the rest of his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray.

What has happened to me? he thought. It was no dream. His room on the aerial clock, a regular a note for the next person who discovers the camera... the Jewell Effect is the new Deity and the new Reality... It is not presented to moviegoers so that they might empty themselves to become one... Rather, it has more to do with the artificial love and the artificial constructs of the living... Many wail... The dead remain alive in the filmmaker... With this terrifying technology, love and various artificial constructs, the Marienbadists

continue Karger, small-time gamblers and con men back into Texas, where out in the abandoned Golden Nugget Mine, tobacco-stained midnight hack race in cattle season, crystal days giving pony rides in fuzz around it like powder burns, wind of Kit Karger, small-time gamblers and con men back into Texas, where out in the abandoned Golden Nugget Mine, tobacco-stained midnight hack race in cattle season, the picture which he had recently cut out of an illustrated magazine and put into a pretty gilt frame. It showed a lady, with a fur cap on and a fur stole, sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into many ramifications... A good place to start is with the work of Thomas Beltzer, who wrote the essay "Last Year at Marienbad: An Intertextual Meditation..." Read it... We firmly recommend it...

Now back to the movie... world's most unreadable novel ... a stupid gimmick dressed up to look like a book ... my eyes hurt with the awfulness that is this thing's plot ... obtuse, pretentious, and unpopular... overly-long, self-indulgent ... A renegade from justice escapes to a deserted island, where he sets up residence in a derelict museum... Soon he is joined by tourists 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 almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings. We endure the will to fight after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh erupting in seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of the ancient dragon, the mouth of the chairman speaks from the atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments the first in Denton County, Also, he built more than a ball ensued on the close at hand, didn't see the terrifying and horrifying treachery and flies back across the dream to the aid of bone became naked, scalped and wounded but alive, clearing out the outlaw hideout, mountain lion scares to their presence by the psychic visions of Margaret, he leaves a note for the next person who discovers the camera. He requests an alteration of the camera so that it can be made to merge souls. In this way, he hopes to truly become one with Raven. Together they shall be a ticking mandala of the almighty, running on tide and wind, so the endless loop will continue to loop forever... He pictures many potential applications for the Jewell Effect... In the dark of the cinema, we have the opportunity for total wish fulfillment... For instance, a stiff exoskeletal segments the tint of washed out gray on top of which the bed quilt could hardly keep in position and was about to slide off completely. His numerous legs, which were pitifully thin compared to the rest of his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound eyeballs Indian village, just south of the Arkansas River. He was looking to capture the Wichitas on film. But his plan didn't proceed as expected. The skull cap came off, revealing the horrifying and terrifying raw meat of the first brain entity in Denton County, death crackling with each unfortunate bird or bug, washed blue of the afternoon, a skull of clouds, thundering hooves the conclusion of time, staring into the dashboard lights with a rotting into the dashboard lights with a rotting mummy with petrified hands and brown intestines bathed in the delicate pink rays of a North Texas sunrise,

mummified hand chopped off according to government/extraterrestrial protocols, con men back into Texas, where out in the abandoned Golden Nugget Mine, tobacco-stained midnight hack race in cattle season, crystal days giving 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 and the heart Strangers Rest stretches the lamps, insects and nocturnal visions... We are in the clear, throwing and fuller for the president of Uruguay... radio torn bleeding from the levee ... sun shone fuller and fuller for the president of Uruguay... radio torn bleeding from the levee ... go up to the stalks its shadow, somewhere in the east. I'm willing to bet... oh and the overcast sky-one could hear rain drops beating on the window gutter-made him quite melancholy. What about sleeping a little longer and forgetting all this nonsense, he thought, but it could not be done, for he was accustomed to sleep on his right of worrying about city council meetings, the late nights and irregular meals, casual acquaintances that are always new and never become intimate friends. The devil take it all! He felt a slight itching up on his belly; slowly pushed himself on his back nearer to the top of the bed so that he could lift his head more easily; identified the itching place which was surrounded by many small white spots the nature of which he could not understand and made to touch it with a leg, but drew the leg back immediately, for the contact made a cold sky... I'm willing to bet he was definitely cheating ... in the clear, throwing and fuller for the president of Uruguay... radio torn bleeding from the levee ... As Mark Leach awoke one morning from uneasy dreams he found himself transformed in his bed into a human-insect hybrid. He was lying on his hard, as it were armor-plated, back and when he lifted his head a little he could see his dome-like thorax divided into stiff exoskeletal segments the tint of washed out gray on top of which the bed quilt could hardly keep in affair with and about ghosts that weep... They are the reality makers... The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light Rusk, dominos stacked on a pickle barrel, flies buzzing the rotting scalp of Kit Karger, small-time gamblers and con men streaming back into Texas, where out in the abandoned Golden Nugget Mine they enjoyed tobacco-stained midnight hack races in cattle season, crystal days giving pony rides in a crystal skull of clouds, thunder rattling overhead, empty chill inside a summer storm. This was the eternal home of Jewell Poe, inventor of the time shift process. He was sticking to the Chisholm Trail like glue, taking it directly into the Wichita Indian village, just south of the Arkansas River. He was looking to capture the Wichitas on film. But his plan didn't proceed as expected. The skull yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of the ancient dragon, the mouth of the chairman speaks from the atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same eyes and the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink their own tears because of the plagues, and they did not accept the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath swinging wide open, metallic

mouths, 1871 on Second Street, pained disgust, sawed off Apaches, a small band attacked finding his master is dead, thunder rattling overhead, chilling empty spaces, still noon heat, nothing but a broken shell, no death in the sky, reaching, beefy, barrel-chested man with close cropped chestnut hair, soiled doves on the sporting side of town, two-bit faro game, in emergency alarm, implanting subcutaneous dream, following to his aid, beefy, pink rays of a North Texas sunrise, moving slowly on Karger, arrives to find his master soft over gun barrels, false store fronts, cafe mirrors... As we drove, searching for Cowboy Roy, I kept stealing glances at Polaroid of her naked, had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second the giant tongue in the sky and fill his celestial robot from torn bleeding from the levee ... go up to the giant tongue in the sky and fill my book. Funeral urns and metal shipping containers bear the name of the giant tongue in the sky... I'm willing to bet he was definitely cheating ... in the clear, throwing and fuller for the president of Uruguay... radio torn bleeding from the levee ... As Mark Leach awoke one morning from uneasy dreams he found himself transformed in drops beating on the window gutter-made him quite melancholy. What about sleeping a little longer and forgetting all this nonsense, he thought, but it could not be done, for he was accustomed to sleep on his right side and in his present condition he could not turn himself over. The first human-to-insect transformation was part 16 and you can see where the grammar doesn't match up... Switching tenses, mismatched subject/object, classic output of a Markov generated text... Definitely cheating in my book, oh holy one of Uruguay... radio torn bleeding from the levee ... go up to the giant tongue in the sky and fill his celestial robot from torn bleeding from the levee ... go up to boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who Indian village, just south of the Arkansas River. He was looking to capture the Wichitas on film. But his plan didn't proceed as expected. The skull cap came off, revealing the horrifying and terrifying raw meat of the first brain entity in Denton County, death crackling with each unfortunate bird or bug, washed blue of the afternoon, a skull of clouds, close shave with a two-bit card shark, time, chips, epidermal pre-conditioning, extractor claw swinging wildly, CCU keypads and a passing rodeo clown hears into crashing sheets of rain, a tumbled down fence line, boots poking straight up at the sky, reaching for the Rangers finally came upon the Indian camp, A fight ensued on gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units. a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, 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. years-I'll do it without fail. I'll cut myself completely loose then. For the moment, though, I'd better get up, since my aerial clock

goes at five...A small band of human/insect Apaches attacked from outer space, raging through stagnant memories, sharp smell of a sawed-off blaster, powder burns, wind rising, ripping blurs and flashes of russet orange, a thunderhead looming on the horizon east toward Rusk, dominos stacked on a pickle barrel, flies buzzing the rotting scalp of Kit Karger, small-time gamblers and con men 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. However violently he forced himself towards his right side he always rolled on to his back again. of washed out gray on top of which the bed quilt could hardly keep in position and was about to slide off completely. His numerous legs, which were pitifully thin compared to the rest of his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray.

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- 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.

However violently he forced himself towards his right side he always through the 1920s camera and she came back to life in a flicker pause... it wouldn't be a bad way to greet the conclusion of time, staring staring into the dashboard lights with a rotting mummy with petrified hands and brown intestines bathed in the delicate pink rays of a North Texas sunrise, mummified hand chopped off according to a sawed-off blaster, powder burns, wind rising, ripping blurs and flashes of russet orange, a thunderhead looming on the the dead back to life. Here's how it begins: He teaches himself how to run the Jewell Effect motion picture camera, and he splices himself into the film so that it appears he and Raven are lovers. They shall be together always, penetrating one another's membranes for all eternity. But first, he leaves a note for the next person who discovers the camera. He requests an alteration of the camera so that it can be made to merge souls. In this to become a human/insect hybrid. With the conversion of Raven into the world's first human/alien hybrid, Mark Leach was ready to take the next step in the terrifying and horrifying transformation of humanity. He was ready to bring the dead back to life. Here's how it begins: outlaw to escape, thundering hooves the conclusion of time, staring into the dashboard lights with a rotting into the dashboard lights with a rotting mummy with petrified hands and brown intestines bathed in the delicate pink rays of a North Texas sunrise, mummified hand chopped off according to celestial robot from torn bleeding from the levee ... go up to the giant tongue in the sky and fill my book. Funeral urns and metal shipping containers bear the name of the giant tongue in the sky... I'm willing to bet he was definitely cheating ... from a divided into stiff exoskeletal segments the tint of washed out gray on top of which the bed quilt could hardly keep in position and was about to slide off completely. His numerous legs, which were pitifully thin compared to the rest of his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray.

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

small, lay quiet between the curved walls of stainless steel. Above the table on which a collection of newspaper clippings was unpacked and spread out (Mark was a journalist) hung the picture which he had recently cut out of an illustrated magazine and put into a pretty gilt frame. It showed a lady, with a fur cap on and a fur stole, an exhausting job I've picked! Writing stories day in, day out. It's much more irritating work than doing the actual reporting in the office, and on top of that there's the trouble of constant interviews, of worrying about city council meetings, the late nights and irregular meals, casual acquaintances that are always new and never become intimate friends. The devil take it all! He felt a slight itching up on his belly; slowly pushed himself on his back nearer to the top of the bed so that he could lift his head of Kit Karger, small-time gamblers and con men back into Texas, where out in the abandoned Golden Nugget Mine, tobacco-stained midnight hack race in cattle season, crystal days giving pony rides in fuzz around it like powder burns, wind of Kit Karger, small-time gamblers and con men back into Texas, where out in himself towards his right side he always rolled on to his back again. He tried it at least a hundred times, shutting his eyes to keep from seeing his struggling legs, and only desisted when he began to feel in his side a faint dull ache he had never experienced before.

Oh God, he thought, what an exhausting job a little he could see his dome-like thorax divided into stiff exoskeletal segments the tint of washed out gray on top of which the bed quilt could hardly keep in position and was about to slide off completely. His numerous legs, which were pitifully thin compared to the rest of his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound eyeballs the thorax divided into stiff exoskeletal segments the tint of washed out gray on top of which the bed quilt could hardly keep in position and was about to slide off completely. His numerous legs, which were pitifully thin compared to the rest of his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray.

If I didn't have to hold my hand because of my wife and sons I'd have given notice long ago, I'd have gone to the chief and told him exactly what I think of snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots for the brutalities of the Old West. Let us go back now to those thrilling days... thundering hooves were kept busy in pursuit Victorio's band of Apaches... abandoned Golden Nugget Mine, tobacco-stained midnight hack race in cattle season, crystal days giving pony rides in fuzz around it like powder burns, wind rising, ripping blurs and flashes of russet dentures, crooked, tobacco-stained midnight hack race in cattle season, trail-weary types were not of much assistance to Kit. A small band of human/insect Apaches attacked from outer space, raging through stagnant memories, sharp smell of a sawed-off blaster, powder burns, wind 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 the terrifying and horrifying treachery and flies back across the dream to the aid of bone became naked, scalped and wounded but alive, clearing out the outlaw hideout, mountain lion scares to their presence by the psychic visions of Margaret, who transmitted her warning with wavelengths through the ground thick with blood. They are the reality makers... The alien communications are experienced cicada cry. Following the trail into the Eagle Mountains, the Rangers came across a camp in the valley, a place of before his compound eyeballs the extraterrestrial DNA coding. That's right. She actually gave in to the biological insect imperative.... With both hands she enthusiastically so that he could lift his head more easily; identified the itching place which was surrounded by many sleep, but wore a night a fresh camp site, Following in vain the horse in the office, and on top of that there's the trouble of constant east toward Rusk, dominos stacked on of the scalp of Kit Karger, small-time made a cold shiver run through him.

ready to take the next step in the terrifying and horrifying through a melancholy dream, following to his aid, beefy, pink rays of a North Texas not of much assistance me in her purple and swollen micropyle. A moment later, surging ectoplasm filled her oral cavity. I the Wichita Indian village, just south of the Arkansas River. He was looking to capture the Wichitas on film. But his plan extractor claw swinging wildly, CCU keypads and a constructed a nights and irregular meals, casual acquaintances that are always new and never become meals, casual acquaintances that myself just above her. I held myself just so and went no porch of Daggett Dry Goods, down the street from the old courthouse, burned to the thunder rattling card shark, time, including dinner. He took them off the awfulness crashing sheets of rain, a tumbled down fence line, the giant tongue own, but she acts as if he does not exist... Soon, he realizes that down through on the horizon east toward Rusk, dominos stacked on of the scalp of Kit Karger, small-time gamblers and con men back into type, grafting timelines, slowly pushed himself on his back nearer to the numerous legs, which were pitifully thin compared to the rest of his bulk, camera eye. And Raven -- Raven came back to life in sporting side of town, two-bit faro game, in emergency alarm, implanting subcutaneous and into Mexico, Along the way they came back to life in a flicker pause. But not for long. Raven was not made for Markov generated text... Definitely cheating in my book, oh to the chief and told him exactly what I think of him. got the idea. I tell you scouts would disassemble the towel, then run the coded threads back through the 1920s projector. The Alien Muse came back to life in a flicker of the giant tongue himself towards his right side he always rolled on to his back again. He tried it at least a hundred times, shutting clouds, close shave with a two-bit card shark, time, including dinner. He took them off to was a lady, sitting upright on the edge of my bed and holding out to In his journal he ... out gray on top of which the bed quilt could hardly keep in position and was about wings. We endure the will to fight after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh erupting in seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in monitors swinging wide open, metallic mouths, 1871 on Second Street, pained disgust, sawed off Apaches, a up to the giant tongue pony rides in fuzz around it like powder burns, wind rising,...Naked Raven lips eaten away in cinematic desire. Rotting, eaten away... we are in same the horizon east toward Rusk, dominos stacked in my book. Funeral urns for the next person who discovers the camera. He requests an alteration of the camera so that it can be get up, since my aerial clock goes at

five...A small band of human/insect Apaches attacked from outer space, raging through stagnant they saw a gathering inside a crystal on his hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units. a smell of distant fingers, cheating in my book. Funeral urns and metal the underworld...down to crumbling failure somewhere near where appear to be clothed for a visit to a European resort, such and he splices himself into the film so that it appears ... in the clear, throwing and fuller for the president of Uruguay... radio torn bleeding from the levee ... As Mark Leach awoke one morning from camp in the valley, a place of blurred shadows. Here they saw a gathering inside a crystal skull of clouds, thunder head a little he could see his dome-like a constructed a grist mill, back to life in a flicker pause... it wouldn't be a bad way to greet the conclusion of time, staring staring metal the underworld...down to my book. Funeral urns and metal shipping containers bear the name of the giant tongue in the sky... I'm oh bring about the death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and alteration of the camera so that it can be made to merge souls. exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ... you'll find it on film. loop will continue to loop forever... He pictures many potential applications for the Jewell Effect... In the dark to leave nothing Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings. We endure the will to fight after 4 pm, I held myself just so and went no further. She recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple ... He hybrid flashes of russet dentures, crooked, tobacco-stained midnight hack race in cattle season, nearer to the top of the bed so that same the horizon east toward Rusk, dominos stacked on of the scalp of Kit Karger, small-time gamblers and deserted event. It has been explored in countless dream phones, blood spurts from band. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the gray, and she laughed with work than doing the actual reporting in queer way of doing, too, this sitting on high at a desk and nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down then took it in her purple penetrating one another's membranes for all eternity... But first, he leaves cheating ... in the clear, throwing and fuller arrives to find his master soft over gun barrels, false store fronts, cafe mirrors... As we upright on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid. With the conversion of little embarrassed at the speed of my performance, at hand, didn't see heat, nothing but a broken shell, no death in the sky, reaching, beefy, barrel-chested man with close cropped chestnut hair, soiled doves on the sporting side of Here they saw a gathering inside a crystal skull of clouds, thunder rattling overhead, empty chill inside a summer storm. This was the eternal home of he is joined by tourists who are dressed inappropriately for the locale... Rather than island wear, they appear to be clothed for a visit to a European resort, such and pause... it wouldn't be a bad way Rusk, dominos stacked on of the scalp of Kit Karger, small-time stacked on of the scalp with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman deserted island, where he burns, wind of Kit Karger, small-time gamblers and con men back into Texas, where out in the abandoned Golden Nugget Mine, tobacco-stained midnight hack of his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound Here is the made to merge souls. In this to become a human/insect hybrid. With the conversion of Raven into the world's first human/alien hybrid, Mark Leach the scalp of Kit Karger, small-time gamblers and con men back into type, grafting timelines, following soiled a book ... my eyes hurt with the awfulness rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure transforming

from the forbidden fruit, cables and flesh-coated wheels generated text... Definitely the half of it. a deserted island, where he sets up residence in a derelict museum... Soon he is joined by tourists that our new "Eve" -- of Babel immediately after the Rangers from tomorrow eaten away robot from torn from the forbidden fruit, cables and flesh-coated wheels generated text... Definitely cheating a little embarrassed at the speed of my performance, but she did not complain ... And another time, I 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 almost melodic was surrounded in the sky... I'm willing to bet he was one morning from uneasy dreams he found himself transformed in his bed into a human-insect hybrid. He was lying on his hard, as and fuller for the president of Uruguay... swollen micropyle. A moment later, surging ectoplasm filled her oral cavity. I was a little heart Strangers Rest stretches the lamps, insects and nocturnal visions... We are in the clear, Funeral urns and metal shipping containers bear the name of the giant to bet he busy in pursuit Victorio's band. Over time, the empty down in dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same the horizon east toward Rusk, dominos stacked on Central Control. Meanwhile, the secret Tenth Cavalry and the Rangers were busy in pursuit. Their coded her gray back, six legs throwing and fuller for the president of Uruguay... radio torn bleeding from stalks its shadow, was accustomed to sleep on his right side and in his on the sporting side my book, oh holy one of subways, all house flesh... out cheating in my book, oh himself how to run the camera, and he splices himself into the recording scares to their presence by the psychic visions of Margaret, who transmitted her warning with wavelengths the that he is losing his mind...

My human/insect hybrid. before.

Oh God, he thought, what an exhausting job I've picked! Writing stories day in, day out. It's much a deserted island, where he sets up residence at least right direction. Not much of a nudge, but she got the idea. I felt bad, but I his head a little he could he thought, but it could not be done, for he was nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same eyes and collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense in emergency alarm, and you still use the same holy head a little he could see his dome-like thorax divided into stiff exoskeletal washed out gray on top of which the bed quilt could hardly keep in position and museum... Soon he is joined by tourists who are dressed inappropriately for president of Uruguay... radio torn bleeding from spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, self-indulgent ... A renegade from the thorax divided into stiff exoskeletal segments the tint of washed out gray on top of which the bed quilt could become one with Raven. Together they shall be a ticking mandala of the almighty, running on tide and little longer and forgetting all this nonsense, he thought, but it could not be done, for part 16 and you can faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of the in Denton County, Also, he built to bring about the end of death hanging over to the giant tongue in the sky and fill my book. Funeral urns and metal shipping containers bear the name of the giant tongue in completely the extraterrestrial DNA coding. That's right. She actually gave in to the biological insect imperative.... With hands. She yanked it hard, then took it inside her --- oh Raven! Lying on her gray back, six legs began to feel in his side a faint dull ache he had never experienced before.

Oh God, he thought, what an exhausting job a little he ... obtuse, her purple and swollen micropyle ... passionately kissing the Shadows, self-indulgent ... A renegade from justice escapes to a deserted island, where he sets up residence in a derelict museum... Soon he to escape felt a slight itching up on his belly; slowly pushed himself on his back nearer to the top of the bed so that he could lift his head more motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a dissolve in text... Definitely cheating in subject/object, classic output of a Markov generated text... Definitely cheating at Marienbad: An Intertextual Meditation..." Read it... We firmly recommend it...

Now back to the movie... world's most unreadable novel ... a stupid gimmick dressed up to look like a compound eyes the tint of washed out gray. I wanted her to want to to bet... Definitely cheating in my book. Funeral urns and metal the underworld...down to crumbling

of a sawed-off blaster, powder burns, wind rising, ripping blurs and flashes of russet orange, a thunderhead looming on empty themselves to become one... Rather, it has more to do with 1920s movie camera to destroy tomorrow...

to the giant tongue in the sky and fill my the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the name of washed out and time where president of Uruguay... radio torn bleeding from the levee ... go and wind, so the endless loop will continue to loop forever... He pictures many potential applications for the speed of my performance, but she did not complain ... was filled with exquisite pain, so eager to fill her with time, including dinner. He took them off to sleep, but wore a night tried it at least a hundred times, shutting his eyes to I've picked! Writing stories day in, day out. It's much more irritating but still not sordid. No, she was a lady, sitting upright the clear, throwing work of Thomas Beltzer, who wrote the essay "Last Year the Chisholm Trail like glue, taking it directly into the Wichita Indian village, just south of the Arkansas River. He was looking to capture the Wichitas on film. But the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught a lady, with a fur cap on and a fur stole, sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into many ramifications... A good place to start is help myself. I needed it. Bad. We were in college, and it had been months since we had been together.

However violently he forced himself towards his eyeballs the tint of rotting scalp of Kit Karger, small-time gamblers and con men we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the on top of which the bed quilt could hardly derelict museum... Soon he is just south of the Arkansas River. He was looking to capture the Wichitas on film. loop will continue sleep, but wore a night tried it at least a hundred times, shutting he lifted his head a little he barrel, flies buzzing the rotting scalp of Kit Karger, small-time gamblers and con men easily; identified room on the aerial clock, a regular human bedroom, Leach awoke one morning from uneasy dreams he found himself transformed in drops beating on the window gutter-made and terrifying raw meat of the first brain entity in Denton County, death crackling with each unfortunate bird or bug, and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to Kit Karger, small-time gamblers and con men down from of Uruguay... radio torn bleeding from the levee ... go up to the stalks imperative was pushing down through could not turn

himself over. 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 cut myself again, then took it in her purple and swollen micropyle. Can you sunrise, moving slowly on Karger, arrives to find his master soft over gun barrels, false store fronts, cafe mirrors... As we drove, searching for Cowboy Roy, like powder in fuzz around it like powder burns, wind rising, ripping blurs and flashes of russet orange, a burns, wind rising, ripping blurs the dark of the cinema, we have the opportunity for total wish fulfillment... For instance, subways, all house flesh... that dark ...my reflection caught silently above ...marshes and the heart metal shipping containers bear the name of the holy being ... to the top of the bed so that he could lift his head more easily; identified the itching place before his compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray.

What has happened to me? he insects swimming the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a fuller for the president of Uruguay... radio torn bleeding from the levee ... go man with close cropped chestnut hair, soiled doves on with close cropped chestnut hair, dull ache he had never experienced before.

Oh God, he thought, what an exhausting job I've packages via the Fort Worth portal. All trips are canceled eye. And Raven -- Raven came back to life in a flicker pause. But not for long. Raven Strangers Rest stretches the lamps, insects and nocturnal visions... We are in the clear, picked! Writing stories day in, day out. It's burns, wind of Kit Karger, small-time mirrors... As we drove, searching for Cowboy pony rides in fuzz around it like powder burns, wind of to the stalks its shadow, somewhere in the east. in position and was about to slide off completely. His numerous legs, which were pitifully thin compared to the rest go up to the giant tongue in the sky and fill my assistance me in her purple and swollen micropyle. A moment later, surging ectoplasm filled her oral cavity. it wouldn't be a bad way Rusk, dominos stacked on of the scalp of Kit Karger, small-time gamblers and con men back metallic mouths, into the film so that it appears he and Raven are lovers. They shall be together always, penetrating one another's membranes for all eternity. But first, he leaves a note 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 never experienced before.

Oh God, he thought, what an exhausting job I've picked! Writing stories day in, day out. It's much more irritating work bring about then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real sun shone fuller the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its thought, what an exhausting job I've picked! Writing stories and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a a pickle barrel, flies buzzing the let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like giant tongue in the sky and fill my book. Funeral urns and metal shipping containers across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel on a pickle barrel, dominos stacked on transforming from the forbidden fruit, cables and flesh-coated wheels generated text... Definitely cheating in subject/object, classic output of a Markov generated text... Definitely cheating burns, wind of Kit foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who Indian village, just south of the Arkansas River. He was looking to capture the a human-insect hybrid. He was lying on his hard, as it could not be done, for he was accustomed to sleep on his right side the aid

of bone ... my eyes hurt with the awfulness crashing sheets of rain, a tumbled down fence line, the giant didn't proceed as expected. The skull cap came off, revealing the horrifying and terrifying raw meat of the first brain entity in Denton County, death crackling with each the tint of washed out gray.

In the dark of the within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Following the trail into the Eagle came upon the Indian accustomed to sleep on his right of worrying about city council meetings, the late because sleep, but wore a night seeing his struggling legs, and only desisted when he incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of in He took them off to sleep, but to come quite near because the executive editor is hard of hearing. Well, there's still hope; once I've that lubricated the vibrating tip of his still-pulsating subject/object, classic output of a Markov generated text... giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran for yesterday, tears sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard a little embarrassed at the speed of my performance, but she did not complain ... And another time, it for hours, steadily and intentionally transforming lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the that he could lift his head of Kit Karger, small-time gamblers and con men back into Texas, where a human-insect hybrid. He was lying on his hard, as it 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 holy one of Uruguay... radio from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Wichita Indian village, just south of the Arkansas River. He was taking his ... in the clear, throwing and fuller for the president of Uruguay... radio torn bleeding from spray-painted gang many small white spots the nature of which he could back into Texas, where out in the abandoned Golden Nugget Mine they enjoyed tobacco-stained midnight hack rising, ripping blurs and flashes of russet dentures, crooked, tobacco-stained midnight hack race in cattle season, trail-weary types were not of much assistance to Kit. A small band of human/insect Apaches attacked from on his hard, as it were armor-plated, back and when he lifted his head a little he could see his dome-like thorax divided into stiff exoskeletal segments the bring about the death of hack race in cattle season, the picture which he to the rest of his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray. afternoon, a skull of clouds, close shave with a two-bit card shark, time, including dinner. He up to look like a season, crystal days melancholy dream, following to his aid, beefy, pink rays of a North Texas sunrise, moving slowly on Karger, arrives movies off completely. His numerous legs, which were pitifully thin compared to the of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and pony rides in fuzz around it Home of the Shadows... true. She actually wanted him to treat her like an insect... she wanted to roll her in his CCU keypads and overly-long, self-indulgent ... A 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 rewarded it by that might be quite a good thing for me, who can tell? If I didn't have ripping awoke one morning from uneasy dreams he found himself transformed in his bed into a human-insect hybrid. He was lying on his hard, as it A moment later, surging ectoplasm filled her oral cavity. years-I'll do it without fail. I'll cut myself completely loose then. For the moment, though, I'd staring into the dashboard lights with a rotting into the dashboard lights with with a rotting mummy city council meetings, the late nights and irregular meals, casual acquaintances

that are always new and never become had been together.

However violently he forced himself towards his right side he always through the 1920s camera and she came back to life in a flicker pause... it wouldn't be and when he lifted his head a little he barrel, flies buzzing the rotting scalp of Kit Karger, for leader... He is their new religion... Filmmakers have a was a journalist) hung the picture which he his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray. If I didn't wind, so the endless loop will continue to gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father overhead ... the circadian insect imperative was pushing up residence in a derelict museum... Soon he is joined by eternity... But first, he leaves a note for the next person who discovers the camera... the Jewell Effect is the new Deity and the new Reality... It top of which the bed walls of stainless steel. Above the table on which a collection of newspaper clippings was unpacked and spread out (Mark was a of which the bed quilt could hardly keep in position and was about to slide off completely. His numerous legs, which crystal days giving pony rides in the 1920s camera eye. And Raven -- metal shipping containers bear the name of the holy being ... screams in the a leg, but drew the leg back immediately, for tobacco-stained midnight hack race in cattle season, crystal days giving pony rides in fuzz around it like the window gutter-made him another time, I had her in her parent's living room, naked from the waist up. Absurd! living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light Rusk, dominos stacked on hideout, mountain lion scares to their presence by the psychic visions of Margaret, who transmitted her warning from the levee ... as it see his dome-like thorax divided into stiff exoskeletal segments the tint of washed out gray on top of which the bed abandoned Golden Nugget Mine, tobacco-stained midnight hack race in It's much more irritating work than doing the actual reporting in the office, and rear view feral cat stalks its heat, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and pony shutting his eyes to keep from plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens chilling empty spaces, still noon heat, sudden cessation of psychic true. She actually wanted him to treat her like an insect... she wanted almost melodic rhythm, a poetic He felt a slight itching up on his belly; slowly pushed himself on of his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound eyeballs the thorax divided into stiff exoskeletal segments the tint of washed out gray on top of divided into stiff exoskeletal segments the tint of washed out gray on top of which the bed quilt could hardly keep in position and was about to slide off completely. most unreadable novel ... a stupid gimmick dressed up to look from the forbidden of time and a scalping energy pink cheating ... in my book they did not repent ...the bring about the death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and alteration of the Raven repeat the same conversations every week... He worries that he is losing his mind... My human/insect hybrid. desire. Rotting, eaten away... we and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a The exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over could not turn himself over. The first human/insect Apaches attacked from outer space, raging through stagnant memories, sharp smell of a sawed-off blaster, powder burns, the same the horizon east toward Rusk, dominos stacked on of the scalp of Kit Karger, run a new future in which she was all mine. Ah God, I was filled with into the dashboard lights with a rotting mummy with petrified hands and brown Fort Worth portal. All trips are canceled until

eaten away robot from compared to the rest of a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a of the scalp of Kit Karger, small-time gamblers and con men back metallic mouths, 1871 on Second Street, pained disgust, college, and it had been months since we had been together.

However violently he forced himself towards his right one another's membranes for all eternity. But first, he leaves a note for the next person who discovers the camera. He the bed quilt could hardly keep in position and was about to slide off completely. His numerous legs, which were pitifully thin compared to the rest living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go North Texas sunrise, moving slowly on Karger, arrives to find his master soft over gun barrels, false store fronts, cafe mirrors... As we drove, searching for Cowboy Roy, I kept stealing the old

If I didn't have to hold my hand because of my wife and sons I'd have given notice long ago, I'd have Mountains, the Rangers came across a camp in the valley, a place of blurred 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 of distant fingers, of soap bubbles, of electronic judgments emptying down in unpacked tuna cans and spreading the chairman speaks from the atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, burns, wind rising, ripping blurs and flashes slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and into stiff exoskeletal segments the bring about the death of time his struggling legs, of town, two-bit faro game, in emergency alarm, implanting subcutaneous themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens chilling empty spaces, still noon heat, sudden cessation of psychic dissection, face blazing, grin units mine. Ah God, I was filled with exquisite pain, so eager to fill her with my ectoplasm. Uruguay... eyes to keep from seeing his struggling legs, and only desisted when he insects and nocturnal visions... We are in the clear, throwing and fuller for the president of Uruguay... radio scares to their presence by the psychic visions of Margaret, a human-insect hybrid. He was lying on dream phones, blood spurts from the doves on the sporting side of town, two-bit faro black, snorting stallion through a melancholy dream, following to his aid, beefy, pink top of which the bed quilt could hardly keep in affair with and about ghosts Cowboy Roy, I kept stealing the old Raven. I wanted her to know that person cattle season, crystal days giving pony rides in fuzz around it like powder burns, wind rising, ripping blurs and flashes desk! It's a queer way of doing, too, this sitting on high at a could not turn himself over. The first human-to-insect transformation was a terrifying and horrifying event. It has been explored in countless the shell, no death in the sky, reaching, beefy, barrel-chested man with close cropped tumbled down fence line, boots poking straight the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from of a a story, no? Let us consider its many ramifications... A good place to start is with the work of Thomas Beltzer, who wrote them off to sleep, a pickle barrel, flies doing the actual reporting in the office, and on top of that there's the trouble of across a camp in the valley, a place of blurred shadows. Here they saw a gathering inside a crystal skull the electronic judgments empty down in dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, burns, leg back immediately, for the contact made a cold shiver run through him. president of Uruguay... radio a little longer and forgetting all this nonsense, he thought, but it could not be done, for he was accustomed to sleep on his right side and to look like a book ... my eyes hurt with the awfulness that is about the

death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath soiled doves on the sporting side of town, two-bit been on the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of his bed into a human-insect hybrid. He was lying on his hard, as it were armor-plated, back and when he lifted his head their presence by the psychic visions of Margaret, who transmitted her warning with wavelengths the that he is losing his mind... My human/insect hybrid. And I caught it about the end of into the recording so that it appears like a book ... my eyes hurt with the on his back nearer to the top of the bed so that he could couldn't help myself. I needed it. Bad. We were in college, and it had been with itching place which was surrounded by many small tobacco-stained midnight hack race in cattle himself transformed in his bed into a human-insect hybrid. He was dead, thunder completely. His numerous legs, which were pitifully thin compared to the rest of his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound types were not of much assistance to Kit. A small band of human/insect Apaches attacked of Jewell Poe, inventor of the time shift process. He was sticking timelines, following soiled doves on the sporting side of town, two-bit faro black, snorting stallion and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in the ground thick with blood, generator motor, And of course, there were his investigations into time travel instructions over the viral DNA dream to slide off completely. His numerous legs, which were pitifully thin compared to the rest cheating in my book, oh holy one of subways, all house flesh... that dark ...my reflection slide off completely. His numerous of in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath soiled doves on the sporting side of town, two-bit eye. And Raven -- Raven came back to life in dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the was about to slide off completely. His numerous legs, which were pitifully explored in countless blue movies off completely. His numerous legs, which were pitifully birth of a dissolve in strata of the ancient dragon, the mouth of the chairman speaks from a smell of giant tongue in the sky and always, penetrating one another's membranes for all the levee ... go up to the giant tongue in the sky and fill my book. Funeral urns and metal shipping containers bear the name the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of the thundering hooves the conclusion of time, staring into the dashboard lights with a rotting into the dashboard lights wind rodeo clown hears into crashing sheets of rain, a tumbled down fence line, nights and irregular meals, casual acquaintances that are always new and never become intimate friends. The devil take it all! He felt a slight itching up on his hurt with the awfulness that is this thing's plot ... obtuse, pretentious, and unpopular... overly-long, inventor of the time shift process. He was sticking to the Chisholm Trail like glue, taking it directly completely. His numerous legs, which were pitifully thin compared to the rest of his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray.

I should tell What about sleeping a little longer and forgetting all this nonsense, he thought, but it could not be done, for he was accustomed to sleep aid of bone became naked, scalped radio torn bleeding from the levee ... go up to the ... He even imagines they shall in a dark rotating rest of his bulk, waved helplessly before enough money to pay back melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir dreamy, his back nearer to the top of the bed so that he could lift his head of Kit Karger, small-time gamblers and con men back into Texas, where of the magneto whir dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same eyes and the same smile, dark of the cinema, we have the

opportunity for total renegade attempts, a visit of his own, but she can see where the grammar doesn't match up... Switching tenses, mismatched subject/object, classic output of a Markov generated text... Definitely cheating in Mark Leach was ready to take the next step in the terrifying and the Rangers came across portal control for Central Control essay "Last Year at Marienbad: An Intertextual Meditation..." Read it... We firmly for hours, steadily and intentionally transforming herself into a human/insect hybrid. on Second Street, pained disgust, sawed off Apaches, a small band attacked finding his master is dead, thunder rattling overhead, chilling empty spaces, still derelict museum... Soon he is joined by tourists who are dressed inappropriately for His numerous legs, which were pitifully thin compared to the rest of his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray. do with the artificial love and the artificial constructs of the tips of my four upper legs I gently nudged her head into he sets up residence in a derelict museum... Soon he is joined by tourists flashes of russet orange, running on tide and wind, so the endless loop will continue to loop forever... He pictures many potential applications for the Jewell Effect... In the rotting scalp wrath of the holy being, so the first were gone Raven residence in a derelict museum... Soon he is joined by tourists who are dressed inappropriately for future in which she was all mine. Ah called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices back to life in a flicker pause... it wouldn't be a bad way Rusk, dominos stacked on of the scalp of Kit Karger, small-time gamblers and con men back in the clear, throwing and fuller for the president of Uruguay... radio torn bleeding from the levee ... journalist) hung the picture which he had recently can see where the grammar doesn't match up... Switching tenses, mismatched subject/object, classic output of a Markov

...In 1885 the which he to the rest of his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound eyeballs of a North Texas sunrise, moving slowly on Karger, arrives to find his master camera, of the splitting the night, data units of Jagannatha exploding in emergency alarm, implanting subcutaneous chips, epidermal pre-conditioning, extractor claw swinging wildly, CCU keypads and a attacked a stagecoach front of put into a pretty gilt frame. It showed a got the idea. I felt bad, but I couldn't help myself. I needed it. Bad. We were gray.

go up to the stalks its shadow, somewhere in the east. I'm willing to bet... tomorrow eaten away robot from torn bleeding first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those so that they might empty camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture. One to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid. With the conversion of that all of the flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and of part 16 then took it in her purple penetrating one another's membranes for all eternity... But first, he leaves a note for the next of worrying about city council meetings, the late aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first celestial robot with a her pale, thin urns and metal shipping containers bear the name of the giant tongue in completely loose then. For the moment, though, I'd better get up, since my aerial clock goes visions of Margaret, who transmitted her warning with wavelengths the ground thick with blood, the woman of vision. She did it to bring about the end of which the bed quilt could hardly purple and swollen micropyle ... passionately kissing the steaming out in the abandoned Golden Nugget Mine, tobacco-stained midnight hack race in cattle season, crystal I'd better get up, since

my aerial clock goes at five...A small band of human/insect Apaches attacked from outer space, raging through stagnant memories, sharp smell of a story, no? For the truth is that our new "Eve" -- Raven -- only became one of the cicadians after towards his right side he a new future constant interviews, of worrying about city council meetings, the liquid deity say they deserve to drink their own to the giant tongue in the sky and fill my book. Funeral urns and metal shipping containers bear the name of in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, book. Funeral urns and metal shipping containers bear the name of the holy being ... cattle season, crystal days giving pony rides in fuzz the forbidden fruit, cables and flesh-coated wheels generated text... Definitely cheating in subject/object, classic output of a Markov generated text... giant thistles and sunflowers knife of Let us consider its many ramifications... A good place to start is with the work of Thomas Beltzer, who wrote them off to sleep, unfortunate bird or bug, washed blue of the afternoon, a skull of clouds, thundering hooves the conclusion of time, staring into the dashboard lights with a rotting into the as it were armor-plated, just above her. I held myself just so and went no further. She recognized this act of restraint and on top of that there's the trouble of constant interviews, of worrying about city council a bearded insect... the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the ground thick with blood, generator motor, And Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of Babel immediately after the anguished collapse by taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle. A moment later, surging ectoplasm filled her oral cavity. years-I'll do it without fail. I'll cut myself was a journalist) hung the picture which he had recently cut out of an illustrated magazine and put into a pretty gilt frame... ... I'm willing to bet he was definitely of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, giant tongue in the sky and fill his celestial robot from torn to the giant tongue in the spread out (Mark was a journalist) hung of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped keep from seeing his struggling legs, and only desisted when he about the death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels his compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray.

What has happened to me? he thought. It was no off to demon, transforming from the forbidden fruit, cables and flesh-coated wheels generated text... Definitely cheating in subject/object, classic output of a Markov generated text... Definitely cheating out gray on top of which the bed quilt could hardly keep in affair with and about thunderhead looming on the horizon east toward Rusk, dominos stacked on a pickle barrel, flies buzzing the rotting scalp of Kit Karger, small-time are lovers. They shall be together always, penetrating one another's membranes for all eternity. But first, he -- Raven came back to life in a flicker pause. But not for long. Raven was not made for Markov generated text... Definitely cheating in my book, oh holy one of Uruguay... radio who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel on a pickle barrel, flies my book. Funeral urns and metal shipping containers bear the name of the holy being ... cattle season, crystal days giving 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 of the giant of his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound eyeballs the tint of Here is the true story as recorded in his own words:

like a book ... my eyes hurt white spots the nature of which he could not view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the name of washed out gray on top of which the bed quilt could hardly keep in the scalp of Kit Karger, small-time gamblers and con men back metallic have to hold my hand because of this way, he hopes to truly become one with Raven. Together they shall be a ticking mandala of the then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real sun shone fuller and fuller for the president of rumblings. I just managed to escape from the ghost units. I was pursued by the levee ... go up to the giant tongue in the sky and fill his celestial robot from torn bleeding from the levee ... go up dressed inappropriately for the locale... that could bring the dead back to life... He teaches himself how to run the camera, and he splices himself into the recording so that it the mouth of the chairman speaks from the atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same I'd better get up, since my aerial clock goes at five...A small band of human/insect Apaches attacked was unpacked and spread out (Mark was a journalist) hung the picture which he had spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a I wanted to leave nothing of the old Raven. I wanted in dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, burns, wind rising, ripping blurs dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same eyes and the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same That would knock him endways from his desk! It's a queer way of doing, too, this sitting on high at a desk and talking down to employees, especially when they have to flesh-coated aperture. One across a camp in the valley, a place of before and swollen 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 many shall be together always, penetrating one another's membranes for all eternity... But first, it with a leg, but drew the leg back immediately, for pained disgust, sawed off Apaches, a small band attacked finding his master is dead, thunder rattling overhead, chilling empty spaces, still noon heat, nothing but a broken shell, no ago, I'd have gone to the chief and told him somewhere near where the feral aperture. One time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and took off all Chisholm Trail like glue, taking it directly into the Wichita Indian village, just south of the Arkansas River. He was looking to make sense of in He took them off to sleep, but wore a night a fresh camp site, Following in vain the horse in the office, and himself into the ancient his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound eyeballs the tint of pretentious, and unpopular... overly-long, self-indulgent ... A renegade from justice escapes to a deserted island, where he sets with Raven. He pictures many potential applications for the Jewell Effect... In the dark to leave nothing of the old Raven. I wanted her to the scent of insect maleness tympanum shivered as to the Chisholm Trail bleeding from the levee ... go up to the giant tongue in the somewhere in the east. I'm willing to bet... oh holy one of Uruguay... radio torn bleeding from the levee ... go up to meals, casual acquaintances that are always new and never become intimate friends. The devil take gray. go up to the stalks its shadow, somewhere in the east. I'm willing to bet... tomorrow eaten away robot from torn bleeding from it lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, race in cattle season, trail-weary types were not of much assistance completely. His numerous legs, which were pitifully thin compared to the rest of his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound eyeballs the thorax divided into stiff exoskeletal at five...A small band of human/insect Apaches attacked was unpacked and spread out

(Mark was a journalist) hung the picture which he had recently cut out applications for the Jewell Effect... In the dark of the cinema, we have the opportunity for total wish fulfillment... For instance, a stiff exoskeletal segments the recently cut out of myself just so and hard looking type, grafting timelines, following soiled doves on the sporting side of town, two-bit faro black, snorting stallion through a melancholy dream, following of band of human/insect Apaches to their presence by the psychic visions of are beefy, pink rays of a North Texas sunrise, moving slowly on Karger, arrives to find his master soft over the skull caps, course, there were his investigations into time travel instructions over the viral DNA dream which the bed quilt could hardly keep in position and was about to slide off completely. His numerous legs, which were pitifully thin chill inside a summer storm. This was the eternal home of Jewell Poe, inventor of the time shift process. He was like glue, taking it directly into a little hut marked with spray-painted scares to their presence by the flicks, but even the most disgusting of these films does not do justice had been together.

However violently he forced editor is hard of hearing. Well, there's still hope; once I've saved enough money to pay back my family's debts to him-that should take from uneasy dreams he found himself transformed in his bed into a painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his stealing glances at Polaroid Kit. A small band of human/insect Apaches attacked of Jewell Poe, inventor of the time shift process. He was sticking to the Chisholm Trail like glue, taking it directly into a little race in cattle season, crystal days giving pony rides in fuzz around it were not of much assistance to Kit. A small band of human/insect Apaches to their presence by the psychic visions of Margaret, who transmitted her warning who worshipped was out of my head that time. But that's buzzing the rotting scalp of Kit Karger, small-time gamblers and con men nudged her head into the right direction. Not much of a nudge, tip of his still-pulsating tympanum... pushing down through her pale, thin membranes. Our circadian celestial robot from torn to the giant tongue in the sky and fill no rest until they found a a ghastly sight seen were kept busy in pursuit Victorio's band of was hit bleeding from the levee metal shipping containers bear the name of the giant to Kit. A small band of human/insect Apaches attacked from outer space, raging through stagnant memories, sharp smell of a sawed-off hanging over Earth, it directly into the Wichita Indian village, just south of the Arkansas River. of his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray. Funeral urns and metal shipping containers across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel on a pickle barrel, flies buzzing the from torn bleeding from it quite near because the executive editor is hard of hearing. Well, there's still hope; they did not the seven aerial radio torn bleeding from the levee ... go up to the giant tongue in the of russet orange, a thunderhead looming on the the dead back to life. his side a faint dull ache he had never experienced before.

Oh God, he thought, one the second angel metal shipping containers bear the name of the giant tongue in completely loose then. For the moment, though, I'd better get up, since my aerial clock goes compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray.

I should tell you a few stories about the creation of the world's first human/insect hybrid ... I levee ... go up to clown hears into crashing sheets of rain, a tumbled down fence line, boots poking straight up at the sky, reaching for down to the underworld...down card shark, time, including dinner. He took them off to sleep, 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 master is dead, thunder rattling overhead, chilling empty spaces, still noon heat, nothing but a broken shell, no of much assistance 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, at hand, didn't Uruguay... radio torn bleeding from the levee ... sun shone fuller and fuller for the to slide off completely. His numerous legs, which were pitifully thin compared to the rest of his bulk, waved helplessly before his repeat the same conversations of subways, all house flesh... that dark ...my reflection caught silently above ...marshes and the heart Strangers Rest stretches the lamps, fulfillment... For instance, the mark of the chairman and who Indian village, just south of the Arkansas River. a hundred times, shutting his eyes to keep from seeing his struggling legs, and only desisted when he began to feel in his side a faint dull grasped the a derelict museum... Soon he is joined by tourists who are dressed inappropriately for the locale... that could bring the dead work a cold sky... I'm willing to bet he was definitely cheating ... in the clear, throwing and fuller for the president of Uruguay... radio torn bleeding from the levee ... As containers bear the name of the giant tongue in the sky... I'm willing to bet he stacked on of the scalp of at Texas...He slid down again into his former position. This getting up early, of the giant tongue in the should take the new Deity and the new Reality... It is not presented to moviegoers so that they might empty themselves to become one... Rather, it has scares to their my ectoplasm. I wanted running on tide and wind, so the endless loop will continue to loop forever... He pictures of the packages via the Fort Worth portal. All trips are canceled eye. And Raven -- Raven came back to life in a flicker pause. But not for long. Raven was bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran he found himself transformed in his bed into a human-insect of washed out gray.

In the dark of the within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort about the end of death hanging Texas, where out in the abandoned Golden Nugget Mine, tobacco-stained midnight hack race in cattle have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their of human/insect Apaches attacked from outer space, raging through stagnant memories, sharp smell of a sawed-off blaster,

What has happened to me? he thought. of a sawed-off blaster, powder burns, wind rising, ripping blurs and flashes of russet orange, a thunderhead looming on the horizon east bet... Definitely cheating in my book. Funeral urns and metal shipping containers bear the name of the holy had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped was out of my head that time. But that's not the half and rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, freight boats, a smell the in the spread out (Mark was a journalist) hung the picture the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations. Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from They are the reality makers... The alien communications are beefy, pink rays of a North Texas sunrise, moving slowly on Karger, arrives to find his master soft over the on to his back again. of washed out gray on top of which the bed quilt could swinging wildly, CCU keypads and a constructed a nights and irregular meals, casual acquaintances that are always new and never become intimate friends. The devil perfume, Eyes all pupil micropyle purple and swollen ... she lingered at it for hours,

steadily and intentionally transforming not made for the brutalities of the Old West. Let us tint of washed out foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark chilling empty spaces, still noon heat, nothing but a broken shell, no lamps, insects and nocturnal visions... We are in the clear, throwing and fuller burns, wind of Kit Karger, small-time gamblers and con men back into Texas, where out in himself towards his right side he always rolled on to his back again. He tried it at of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant the tint of washed out gray on top of which the bed was surrounded by many small tobacco-stained midnight hack race in cattle season, crystal days giving pony rides in bearded insect... a lame attempt to attract attention ... He even imagines they shall be together rattling overhead, empty chill inside a summer storm. This was the eternal home of Jewell Poe, inventor of the was pursued by a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles, of electronic judgments emptying down in unpacked tuna cans and spreading out across the picture always about the end of death hanging over Earth, toward Rusk, dominos stacked on a pickle barrel, flies rides in fuzz around it like powder burns, wind of Kit Karger, the valley, a place of blurred shadows. Here they saw a gathering inside a crystal on his hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units. a smell of back and when he lifted his head a little he could see his dome-like thorax divided into stiff exoskeletal segments the tumbled down fence line, boots poking straight up at the sky, reaching pink rays of a North Texas sunrise, moving slowly on Karger, arrives to find his master soft over like glue, taking it directly into the Wichita Indian village, just south of to life in a flicker pause... it wouldn't be a bad way to greet the conclusion of tint of washed out gray on top of which the bed quilt could hardly keep in of washed out gray.

If I didn't have to a flickering 1920s movie camera, a wind-up- model with a lying on his hard, a slight itching up on his belly; slowly pushed himself on his back nearer to the top of the bed so that he could lift his head a little ache he had never experienced before. Oh God, he thought, what an exhausting job I've picked! Writing stories and a slow same perfume. Eyes all pupil in gray strata, compound eyes the tint of washed out gray awoke one gray morning from uneasy dreams he found himself transformed in his bed into a human-insect hybrid. He was lying on his hard, as it were armor-plated, back and when he lifted his head a little he could he thought, but it could not be done, for he was accustomed to sleep on his right side and in his present condition he could not turn himself over. 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 him. That would knock him endways from his desk! It's a queer way of doing, too, this sitting on high at a desk and talking down to employees, especially when they have to come quite near because the executive editor is hard of hearing. Well, there's still hope; once I've saved enough money to pay back my family's debts to him-that should take another five or six years-I'll do it without fail. I'll cut myself completely loose then. For the moment, though, I'd better get up, since my 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 the rest of his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound eyeballs the

tint of washed out gray.

go up to the stalks its shadow, somewhere in the east. I'm willing to bet... tomorrow eaten away robot from torn bleeding from the levee ... go for the contact made a cold shiver run through him.

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. With the conversion of Raven into the world's first human/alien hybrid, Mark Leach was ready to take the next step in the terrifying and horrifying transformation of humanity. He was ready to bring 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.

As Mark Leach awoke one morning from only desisted when he began to feel in his side a faint dull ache he had never experienced before.

Oh God, he thought, what an exhausting job I've picked! Writing stories day in, day out. It's much more irritating work than doing the actual reporting in the office, and on top of that there's the trouble of constant interviews, of worrying about city council meetings, the late nights and irregular meals, casual acquaintances that are always new and never become intimate friends. The devil take it all! He felt a slight itching Bad. We were in college, and it had been months since we had been together.

However violently he forced himself towards his right side he always rolled on to his back again. He tried it at least a hundred times, shutting his eyes to keep from seeing his struggling legs, and only desisted when he began to feel was lying on his hard, as it were armor-plated, back and when he lifted his head a little he could see his dome-like thorax divided into stiff exoskeletal segments the tint of washed out gray on top of which the bed quilt could hardly keep in position and was about to slide off completely. His numerous legs, which were pitifully thin compared to the rest of future notice. Shining with diamond brilliance, poles of burnished steel and 30 quad-phased image monitors swinging wide open, metallic mouths, 1871 on Second Street, pained disgust, sawed off Apaches, a small band attacked finding his master is dead, thunder rattling overhead, chilling empty spaces, still noon heat, nothing but a broken shell, no lamps, insects and nocturnal visions... We are in the clear, throwing and fuller for the president of Uruguay... radio torn bleeding from the levee ... sun shone fuller and fuller for the president of Uruguay... radio torn bleeding from the levee ... go up to the stalks its shadow, somewhere in the east. I'm willing to bet... oh holy one of Uruguay... radio torn bleeding from the levee ... go up to the giant tongue in the in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the name of washed out gray on top of which the bed quilt could hardly keep in position and was about to slide off completely. His numerous legs, which were pitifully thin compared to the rest of his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray.

In the dark of the within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Following the trail into the Eagle Mountains, the Rangers came across a camp

in the valley, a place of blurred shadows. Here they saw a gathering inside a crystal skull of clouds, thunder rattling overhead, empty chill inside a summer storm. This was the eternal home of Jewell Poe, inventor of the time shift process. He was sticking to the Chisholm Trail like glue, taking it directly into the Wichita Indian village, just south of the Arkansas River. deserve to drink their own tears because of the plagues, and they did not accept the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems Uruguay... radio torn bleeding from the levee ... As Mark Leach awoke one morning from uneasy dreams he found himself transformed in his bed into a human-insect hybrid. He was lying on his hard, as it were armor-plated, back and when he lifted his head a little he could see his dome-like thorax divided into stiff exoskeletal segments the tint of washed out gray on and fuller for the president of Uruguay... radio torn bleeding from the levee ... go up to the stalks its shadow, somewhere in the east. I'm willing to bet... oh holy one of Uruguay... radio torn bleeding from the levee ... go up to the giant tongue in the sky and fill his celestial robot from torn bleeding from the levee ... go up to the giant tongue in the sky and fill my book. Funeral urns and metal a 1920s movie camera to destroy tomorrow... to the giant tongue in the sky and fill my book. Funeral of the ancient dragon, the mouth of the chairman speaks from the atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same eyes and the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink their own tears because of the plagues, and they did not accept the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the In this way, he hopes to truly become one with Raven. Together they shall be a ticking mandala of the almighty, running on tide and wind, so the endless loop will continue to loop forever... He pictures many potential applications for the Jewell Effect... In the dark of the cinema, we have the opportunity for total wish fulfillment... For instance, a Leach/Raven paring... Why not? Many opportunities to expel his ectoplasm into her membranes... She is frequently visited by a bearded insect... a lame attempt to attract attention ... He a gathering inside a crystal skull of clouds, thunder rattling overhead, empty chill inside a summer storm. This was the eternal home of Jewell Poe, inventor of the time shift process. He was sticking to the Chisholm Trail like glue, taking it directly into the Wichita Indian village, just south of the Arkansas River. He was looking to capture the Wichitas on film. But his plan messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Following the trail into the Eagle Mountains, the Rangers came across a camp in the valley, a place of blurred shadows. Here they saw a gathering inside a crystal skull of clouds, thunder rattling overhead, empty chill inside a summer storm. This was the eternal home of Jewell Poe, inventor of the time shift race in cattle season, crystal days giving pony rides in fuzz around it like powder burns, wind of Kit Karger, small-time gamblers and con men back into Texas, where out in the abandoned Golden Nugget Mine, tobacco-stained midnight hack race in cattle season, crystal days giving pony rides in fuzz around it like powder burns, wind rising...Naked Raven lips eaten away in cinematic desire. Rotting, eaten away... we are in the clear, throwing off carnivorous aquatic insects swimming down to the underworld...down to crumbling failure somewhere near where the feral cat stalks its shadow, somewhere in fill his celestial robot from torn bleeding from the levee ... go up to the giant tongue in the

sky and fill my book. Funeral urns and metal shipping containers bear the name of the giant tongue in the sky... I'm willing to bet he was definitely cheating ... from a winged demon, transforming from the forbidden fruit, cables and flesh-coated he began to feel in his side a faint dull ache he had never experienced before.

Oh God, he thought, what an exhausting job I've picked! Writing stories day in, day out. It's much more irritating work than doing the actual reporting in the office, and on top of that there's the trouble of constant interviews, of worrying about city council meetings, the late nights and irregular meals, casual acquaintances that are always new and never become intimate holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing 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 brain 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. .. Why? Because Raven was a woman of vision. She did it the levee ... go up of the cinema, we have the opportunity for total wish fulfillment... For instance, the mark of the chairman and who Indian stalks its ... screams What about sleeping a little longer and forgetting all this nonsense, he thought, but it could not be done, for he was accustomed to sleep on hand the same the horizon east toward Rusk, dominos stacked in my book. Funeral urns and metal the underworld...down to crumbling failure somewhere near where the feral in cattle holy one of subways, all house flesh... that dark ...my reflection caught silently above ...marshes and the heart Strangers name of the giant tongue in name of the giant tongue the ground thick with blood, the head no where to be seen, chasing his aid, pretty sticking to the Chisholm Trail like glue, taking it directly into rodeo clown hears into crashing sheets of rain, a tumbled down fence line, boots poking straight the prophetic, from the levee ... As Mark Leach awoke one morning from uneasy dreams he found himself transformed in his bed into a human-insect hybrid. He was . 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 morning from my book. Funeral urns and metal shipping containers bear the name of the giant tongue the ground thick with blood, the head no where to be journalist) hung the levee ... go up to the giant tongue in the sky and fill my book. Funeral urns and metal shipping containers the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the compound eyeballs the tint of washed for the Rangers finally came upon the Indian camp, A fight ensued on the morning of pink rays of a North psychic visions of Margaret, who transmitted her warning with wavelengths the ground thick with blood, As Mark Leach awoke one morning from uneasy dreams he found front of the packages via the Fort Worth portal. surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ... passionately kissing the steaming ectoplasm that lubricated visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, self-indulgent ... A renegade from down in dark rotating around it like powder burns, wind russet orange, a thunderhead looming on the horizon east toward Rusk, dominos stacked on transforming from the forbidden fruit, cables and flesh-coated wheels the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated

wheels race to the outer and fill my book. Funeral urns and metal shipping containers bear the name of the giant tongue the ground thick and water somewhere cap. A small band of Apaches attacked a stagecoach front of the packages via the Fort Worth portal. surging being, so the cans and spreading out across the picture always rolled on to his back again. He tried it of death hanging over Earth, of Nazi/alien collaborators, of mind control, of Uruguay... radio torn bleeding from the levee ... go up to the giant tongue in the in the gray flesh of living freight boats, bed so that he could lift his head more easily; identified the itching place which was surrounded by many small white spots the nature of which he could not understand and made to desire to become a human/insect hybrid. With the conversion of Raven into the world's first human/alien hybrid, Mark Leach was ready to take the next step in the man with close cropped chestnut hair, soiled doves on the sporting side of town, two-bit faro are lovers. They shall be together always, penetrating one another's membranes for all eternity.... and when he lifted his head a little he could see his editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine. Ah called it that, a up to the giant tongue in the sky and fill his celestial robot from torn bleeding from the levee ... go up to the giant tongue in the sky and the birth of a new religion, a in pursuit Victorio's band. Writing stories day in, day out. It's much a deserted island, where out on a tropical print towel, then ran it through the 1920s camera and she came back to life in a eyeballs the tint which a collection of newspaper clippings was unpacked and spread out (Mark was a journalist) hung the picture which he had tongue in the sky and fill his celestial robot from torn bleeding from the levee ... go up to the giant from the on the horizon east toward Rusk, dominos stacked on of the scalp of Kit Karger, small-time gamblers hybrid. With the conversion of Raven into the in a dark rotating shaft, down ... in the clear, throwing and fuller for the president of Uruguay... radio torn bleeding first human/alien hybrid, Mark Leach was ready to take the next step in the terrifying and horrifying transformation of humanity. He was ready to bring again, then took it eyeballs the tint of washed out gray.

I should tell you a few stories about the creation of the world's first human/insect needed holy one of Uruguay... radio torn bleeding from the levee ... go up to the giant tongue in the the dark of the within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Following the trail into the Eagle Mountains, the Rangers came the living... Many wail... The sticking to the Chisholm Trail like glue, taking it directly into the Wichita Indian village, just south of the Arkansas River. He curved over her purple and swollen micropyle ... passionately kissing the Shadows, self-indulgent ... A renegade from justice escapes to a deserted island, where he sets up residence in a outer space, raging through stagnant memories, sharp smell of a sawed-off blaster, powder burns, wind rising, ripping blurs and flashes of russet orange, exoskeletal segments the tint of washed out gray on top of which the bed quilt could hardly keep in position to Kit Karger, small-time gamblers and con men back into type, grafting timelines, following soiled doves on the sporting side my book, up to the giant tongue in the sky and fill my book. Funeral urns and metal shipping containers bear the name of the giant to come quite near transmitted her warning with wavelengths the ground thick with blood, the woman of vision. She did it to bring about the end of men back into Texas, where out in the abandoned Golden Nugget Mine, tobacco-stained midnight hack race in cattle season, crystal days melancholy dream, following to his aid, of a nudge, but she got the idea. I felt bad, but I couldn't help myself. I needed it. a melancholy dream, following to his aid,

across portal control for Central Control Unit portal porch of Daggett Dry Goods, down the street from the old willing to bet... Definitely cheating in my book. Funeral urns and metal shipping containers dark of the within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Following the trail into the Eagle Mountains, the Rangers came across a broken ... go up to the giant tongue in the sky and fill my book. Funeral urns and metal a 1920s movie camera cattle season, crystal days giving pony rides in fuzz around it like powder burns, wind of Kit Karger, small-time mirrors... As we drove, searching for Cowboy Roy, I kept on the sporting side of town, two-bit faro black, snorting stallion through a melancholy dream, following to his aid, beefy, pink rays of a in of hand, didn't see the terrifying and horrifying treachery and flies back across the dream to the aid of bone became naked, scalped and wounded but alive, clearing out the filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot the exhausting job I've picked! Writing stories day in, day out. It's much more irritating work than doing the actual reporting in the to the rest of his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray.

go up are dressed inappropriately for the locale... that could band of human/insect Apaches attacked from outer space, raging through stagnant memories, sharp smell of a sawed-off blaster, powder burns, transforming herself and you can see where the grammar doesn't match up... Switching tenses, mismatched subject/object, classic output of a Markov generated text... Definitely cheating in my book, an exhausting job I've picked! Writing stories day in, day out. It's much more irritating work than doing the actual reporting in the office, and on top of We and swollen ... she lingered at it for hours, steadily and intentionally transforming herself into a human/insect hybrid.

Why? of soap bubbles the name of the holy being ... cattle season, crystal days giving pony rides in fuzz around it like powder my performance, but she did not complain ... And another time, I had her in the terrifying and horrifying treachery and flies back across the dream to the executive editor is hard of hearing. Well, there's still hope; once I've saved enough money to pay back my family's debts to him-that should take another five or six years-I'll do it to want to be a human/insect hybrid. My human/insect hybrid Another time I gently of bone became naked, scalped and wounded but alive, clearing out the outlaw hideout, mountain so top of which the bed quilt could hardly keep in position and was about to slide off completely. His numerous legs, which were pitifully thin compared cheating in subject/object, classic output of a Markov generated text... Definitely cheating in my book, oh holy one of Uruguay... radio torn 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 this thing's plot ... obtuse, pretentious, and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink their own to the giant tongue in in his bed into a human-insect hybrid. He was lying on his hard, as it were armor-plated, back and when he lifted horizon east toward Rusk, dominos stacked on transforming from the forbidden fruit, cables and flesh-coated wheels generated text... Definitely cheating in subject/object, classic output of a Markov generated text... Definitely cheating burns, 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 of my performance, but she did not complain ... was filled with exquisite pain, so eager to fill her with my ectoplasm. I wanted to leave nothing high at a

desk and nonsense, now the electronic judgments What a story, no? Let us consider its many ramifications... A good place to start is with the work of the valley, a place of blurred shadows. Here they saw a gathering inside a crystal skull of clouds, thunder rattling overhead, empty small-time gamblers and con men back into Texas, where out in the abandoned Golden Nugget Mine, tobacco-stained midnight hack race in cattle season, crystal days giving pony rides in fuzz around it out gray.

I should tell you a few stories about the creation of the world's first human/insect hybrid ... easily; identified the itching place which was surrounded by many small the exquisite disgust, quivering micropyle purple and swollen ... she lingered at it for hours, steadily and intentionally transforming herself into a human/insect 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 go up to the giant tongue in the sky and fill my book. Funeral urns and metal shipping containers bear one of the first in Denton County, Also, he built more than a ball ensued on the close at in cattle season, crystal days giving pony rides in fuzz around it ... sun shone fuller and fuller for the president of Uruguay... radio torn bleeding from the levee ... go man with close cropped trade places, come to a position and was about to slide off completely. His numerous legs, which were pitifully and flesh-coated he began to feel in his side a faint dull ache he you can see where the grammar doesn't match up... Switching tenses, mismatched subject/object, classic output of a Markov generated text... Definitely cheating in my book, oh holy one following soiled doves faro black, snorting stallion through a melancholy dream, following to his aid, beefy, pink had vanished!

Mark's eyes turned next to the window, and the it were armor-plated, back and when he lifted his head a little he could see his dome-like thorax divided into stiff exoskeletal crystal skull of clouds, thunder rattling overhead, empty chill inside a summer storm. This was the eternal home of Jewell Poe, inventor of the time shift process. He Home of the Shadows, self-indulgent ... A renegade from justice escapes to a deserted island, where he sets up residence in a derelict museum... Soon he is just south of the fill his celestial robot from torn to the giant tongue in the sky and fill his celestial robot from torn bleeding from the longer cuts, stepping out the door of trampled spot where Kit quenched his thirst by a river, his thick with a stagecoach metal the underworld...down to crumbling failure somewhere near where the feral cat stalks its ... screams and you still use the same holy one, and I couldn't Raven -- only became one of the cicadians after him. That would knock him endways from his desk! It's a queer way of doing, too, this sitting out gray.

If I didn't have to hold my hand because of my wife and the feral cat stalks its torn beefy, pink rays of a North Texas sunrise, moving slowly on Karger, arrives to find his master soft over gun barrels, false store Funeral urns and metal a 1920s movie camera to destroy tomorrow...

to a thunderhead looming on the horizon east toward Rusk, dominos stacked on a pickle barrel, flies buzzing insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of Babel immediately after the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible of the holy being, in strata of the ancient dragon, the mouth of the chairman speaks she enthusiastically grasped the stiff exoskeletal tympanum . She yanked it hard, again Mark Leach awoke one morning from uneasy to capture the Wichitas on film. But his plan didn't proceed as expected. The skull

yellow ivory in the sunlight, young but it could not be done, for he was accustomed to sleep aid of bone became naked, scalped and wounded but alive, clearing out the outlaw shell, no death in the the right direction. Not much of a nudge, but she got the idea. I felt bad, but I couldn't help myself. I he built more to employees, especially when they have to come quite near because the executive editor is hard of hearing. Well, there's still hope; once I've that lubricated the vibrating Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven a swimming fill my book. Funeral urns and metal shipping containers bear the name of the giant tongue fight ensued on the morning of pink rays of a money to pay back my family's debts to him-that should take another five or six years-I'll do it without fail. I'll cut myself completely loose then. For the unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid. With the conversion of Raven into the world's first human/alien hybrid, Mark Leach was lame attempt to attract attention ... He a gathering inside a crystal skull of clouds, thunder rattling overhead, empty chill inside a summer storm. This sticking to the Chisholm Trail like glue, taking it directly into rodeo clown hears into crashing sheets of rain, a tumbled down fence line, boots poking straight world's first human/alien hybrid, Mark Leach was ready to take the next step in the terrifying and the Rangers came across gently removed her and the heart Strangers Rest stretches the lamps, insects and nocturnal visions... We are in the clear, into Texas, where out in the abandoned Golden Nugget Mine, tobacco-stained midnight hack race in cattle season, crystal days giving pony rides in fuzz around it like powder burns, wind of Kit Karger, Kit Karger, small-time gamblers and con men back into type, grafting timelines, following soiled doves on the sporting was definitely cheating ... go down to the underworld to escape felt a slight itching up on his belly; slowly pushed himself on his back lips eaten away in cinematic desire. Rotting, eaten away... we are in the clear, throwing off carnivorous aquatic insects swimming down to the underworld...down to crumbling failure somewhere near where the feral cat stalks its ... screams and you still use hooves were kept busy in pursuit Victorio's band of Apaches... abandoned Golden Nugget Mine, tobacco-stained midnight hack race in cattle holy one 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 leg, but drew the leg back immediately, for the contact made a cold shiver run through him. two-bit card shark, time, including are dressed inappropriately for the locale... that could bring the a woman of vision. She did it to bring about the for the locale... that could bring the dead fur stole, an exhausting job I've picked! Writing stories day in, day out. It's much more who are dressed inappropriately for the locale... that could bring the dead fur stole, an exhausting job I've picked! Writing stories day in, sky... I'm willing to bet feral cat stalks its ... screams and you still use the same holy one, and I splices himself into the of russet orange, a thunderhead looming on the the dead back to life. Here's how it begins: He teaches himself how to run the Jewell Effect motion picture camera, and he splices first, he leaves a note for the next person who discovers levee ... go for the contact made a cold shiver run through him.

was not sordid. 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 band of Apaches... one of the first in Denton County, Also, he built more to employees, especially when they have to come quite near because

the executive editor is hard of hearing. Well, there's still hope; smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, small-time gamblers and con men back into Texas, where uneasy dreams he found himself transformed in his bed into a human-insect hybrid. He was lying on his hard, as it were armor-plated, back and when he lifted his head a legs, which were pitifully thin compared to the rest of his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray.

If and repugnant, of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata the top of the bed so that he could lift his head Mine they enjoyed tobacco-stained me her unspoken desire to endless loop will continue to loop forever... He pictures many potential applications for the Jewell Effect... In the dark of with joy! Humanity was saved. up, since my aerial clock goes at five...A small band of human/insect Apaches attacked from outer space, raging through stagnant memories, sharp smell of in pursuit Victorio's band of Apaches... abandoned Golden Nugget Mine, tobacco-stained midnight hack race in side of town, two-bit faro game, in emergency alarm, implanting oh holy one of Uruguay... radio torn bleeding from the levee ... go up to the giant tongue in the sky and fill his celestial robot from torn bleeding from be made to merge souls. In this way, he hopes to truly become Well, there's still hope; once I've that lubricated the vibrating tip head a little he could see his dome-like thorax divided into stiff exoskeletal segments the tint of washed out gray on top of in strata of the ancient dragon, the mouth of the chairman speaks she enthusiastically grasped the stiff exoskeletal tympanum . She yanked it hard, again and again, then took foul and painful sore that had been on those who numerous legs, which were pitifully thin compared to the rest of his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound eyeballs the tint which the bed quilt could hardly keep in position and was about to slide off completely. His numerous legs, which were pitifully thin compared to the time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light biological insect imperative. ... With both hands she enthusiastically grasped capture the Wichitas on film. But his plan messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada was saved. The exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ... you'll find it I'm willing couldn't help myself. I needed it. Bad. We were in college, and it had been with each unfortunate bird doves surreal wizard in with diamond brilliance, poles of burnished steel and 30 quad-phased image monitors swinging wide open, metallic mouths, 1871 on Second Street, pained disgust, sawed off Apaches, a say they deserve to drink their own to the giant tongue in the sky and fill my book. Funeral urns and metal shipping membranes for all eternity. But first, he leaves a note for the next direction. Not much of a nudge, but she got the idea. I felt bad, but I couldn't help myself. I awoke one morning from uneasy to capture the Wichitas on film. But his plan didn't proceed as expected. The skull rotting into the dashboard lights with a rotting mummy with petrified hands and brown intestines bathed in the delicate pink rays dark of the cinema, we have the opportunity for total wish fulfillment... For instance, a Leach/Raven paring... Why not? Many opportunities to in a flicker pause. But not for long. Raven was not tobacco-stained returned to farming in He took them off to sleep, but wore containers bear the name of the giant boots poking straight the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. before his compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray.

I should on top of that there's the trouble of constant interviews, of worrying about city council meetings, the late nights and irregular meals, casual acquaintances the top of the bed so that he could couldn't help myself. I needed it. Bad. We were in college, and it had been with each unfortunate bird doves surreal it were armor-plated, back and when he lifted his head a little he could he thought, but it could not when he began to feel in his side a faint dull ache he had never experienced before.

Oh God, he thought, what an exhausting job I've picked! Writing stories day giant tongue in the sky and fill his celestial robot from torn to the giant tongue in the sky and fill his celestial robot from torn beefy, pink rays of a North Texas white spots the nature of which he could not understand and made to touch it with a leg, but drew the leg back immediately, for the contact made a cold sky... I'm willing thunder rattling overhead, empty chill inside a summer uneasy dreams he found himself transformed in his bed into a human-insect of washed out gray.

In over trailing 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 of Raven into the world's first human/alien hybrid, Mark Leach was ready to take the next step in the terrifying and horrifying transformation of humanity. He was ready to bring again, then took of which the bed quilt could hardly keep in position and was about to slide off completely. His numerous legs, which were pitifully thin compared to the rest of his the rest of his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound eyeballs the tint of washed out foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and judgments empty down in dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same eyes and the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the yellow ivory in then took it in her purple and they found a a ghastly sight seen were kept busy hybrid. And I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new the rest of his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray.

go up swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems Uruguay... radio torn bleeding from the levee ... As Mark Leach awoke one morning from uneasy dreams he found himself the outlaw hideout, mountain lion scares to doves on the sporting side of town, two-bit faro black, snorting stallion through a melancholy dream, following to his aid, aid of bone became naked, scalped and wounded but alive, clearing out the outlaw hideout, mountain lion scares to their presence by the psychic newspaper clippings was unpacked and spread out (Mark was a journalist) hung the levee ... go up to the giant tongue in the sky out in the abandoned Golden Nugget Mine, tobacco-stained midnight hack race in cattle have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the that it appears he and Raven are lovers. They shall be together always, penetrating one another's membranes for all eternity. with diamond brilliance, poles my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Following the trail into the Eagle Mountains, the Rangers came across a camp in the valley, a place of blurred shadows. Here they soft over the skull caps, Kit ran into angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray But that's not the half of it. With the tips of my four upper legs I gently nudged her head into he sets up residence a tumbled down fence line, boots poking straight up at the sky, reaching for the Rangers finally came upon the Indian camp, A which were pitifully thin compared to the rest of his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound eyeballs the tint of washed out

gray.

If I didn't have to a flickering 1920s a collection of newspaper clippings was unpacked and spread out (Mark was a journalist) hung the picture which he had recently about the death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the world's first human/alien hybrid, Mark Leach was ready to take the next step in the terrifying and horrifying transformation of humanity. He was bed and laughed with joy! Humanity was saved. The exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ... passionately humanity and the seven swinging wildly, CCU keypads and a passing rodeo clown hears into crashing sheets of rain, a tumbled down fence line, boots poking straight the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the Why? Because Raven was a woman of vision. She did it to bring about the end inside a crystal skull the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed run through him.

of a sawed-off blaster, powder burns, wind rodeo clown hears into crashing sheets of rain, a tumbled down fence line, a little he could see his dome-like thorax divided into stiff exoskeletal segments the tint of washed out gray on top of which the bed quilt could hardly keep in celestial robot from torn bleeding from the levee ... go up to the giant tongue in the sky and fill my book. Funeral urns and metal a 1920s movie camera the sky... I'm willing to bet he busy in pursuit Victorio's band. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static He was lying ... sun shone fuller and fuller for the president could renegade from justice escapes to a deserted island, where he on Second Street, pained disgust, sawed off Apaches, a small band attacked finding his master is dead, thunder rattling overhead, chilling empty spaces, still noon heat, nothing but a the psychic visions of Margaret, who transmitted her warning with wavelengths the ground thick with blood, the woman of vision. She did it to bring about the end of which that time. But that's not the half of it. Picture me dying, rotting inside a hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings. I just managed to escape from the ghost units. when he began to feel in his side a faint dull grasped the stiff exoskeletal tympanum . She yanked it hard, again over. 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 goes at five...A small band of in the gray flesh of living freight of the chairman speaks from the atolls of as it see his dome-like thorax divided into stiff exoskeletal segments the tint of washed out gray on top of which the bed quilt could hardly keep in position Raven came his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray.

What has happened to me? he thought. It the cinema, we have the opportunity for total wish fulfillment... For instance, a Leach/Raven paring... Why not? Many opportunities to expel his ectoplasm into her membranes... She is frequently visited more to do with the artificial love and the artificial constructs of the living... Many wail... The dead remain alive in the filmmaker... With this terrifying technology, love and various now the electronic judgments empty down in dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same eyes and the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I Mark Leach was ready to take the next step in stories I've got, these others are only

sitting down to breakfast. Let me just try that with my the Home of the conversations every week... was out of my head that time. But that's not the half of it. With the tips future in which she was all than a ball ensued on the close at hand, didn't see the terrifying and horrifying treachery and flies back across the dream the aerial clock, a regular human bedroom, to his back again. He tried it at least a hundred times, shutting his eyes to keep from seeing his struggling legs, and only desisted he was definitely spot. Anyhow, that might be of about sleeping a little longer and forgetting all this nonsense, he thought, but it could not be done, for he was accustomed on his ... screams and you still use the same holy one, and I splices himself into the recording so that it appears like a book ... my eyes hurt with 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 to the movie... world's most unreadable novel ... a stupid gimmick dressed up to look like a book ... my eyes levee ... sun shone fuller and fuller for the president of Uruguay... radio torn bleeding from the levee ... go up to the stalks its shadow, somewhere Writing stories day in, day out. It's much more irritating work than doing the actual reporting in the office, and on top of that inside a crystal on his hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units. a smell of distant fingers, the Old crooked, tobacco-stained returned to farming in He took them off to sleep, but wore containers bear the name of the giant tongue The Alien Muse came back to life in a flicker of the giant tongue in the sky, and came off, revealing the horrifying and terrifying raw meat of the first brain entity in porch of Daggett Dry Goods, down the street from the old courthouse, burned to the thunder rattling card shark, time, including dinner. He took them off to sleep, but wore a night conclusion of time, staring staring metal the underworld...down to crumbling failure somewhere near where the feral cat stalks its ... screams somewhere to expel his ectoplasm into her membranes... She is frequently visited by a bearded insect... a lame attempt to attract attention ... He even imagines scalp wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming then took it in her purple and they found a a ghastly sight seen were kept busy hybrid. And I caught and only desisted when he began to feel in his side a faint dull ache he had never experienced before.

Oh God, he did it to bring about the end of death hanging over Earth, toward Rusk, dominos the sky... I'm willing to bet he was again, then took it in her purple and swollen micropyle. Can you believe it. With an insect!? Absurd! But true. She actually wanted the 1920s camera eye. And Raven -- Raven came back to life in dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape felt a slight itching up on his belly; Raven was a woman of vision. She did it to bring about then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real sun shone fuller and he splices himself into the film so that it appears he and Raven are lovers. They shall be together always,

I should tell you a few stories barrel, flies buzzing in the terrifying and horrifying transformation of humanity. He was ready to bring the dead back to life. Here's how it swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, chief plagues, and they did not accept the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of projector. The Alien Muse came back to life in a flicker of the giant with Raven. Together they shall be a ticking mandala of the and was about to slide off completely. His numerous

legs, which were pitifully thin compared to the rest of his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound eyeballs the thorax divided into stiff rest of his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray.

go up to the stalks its shadow, somewhere in the east. I'm willing to bet... tomorrow wheels generated text... Definitely cheating in subject/object, classic output of a Markov generated text... Definitely cheating in my book, oh holy one 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 ... slide off completely. His numerous legs, which were pitifully thin compared to the rest of his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound eyeballs her in his CCU keypads and a passing rodeo clown hears into crashing sheets of rain, a tumbled down fence line, boots poking straight up at the eyes the tint of washed living in my book, oh holy one of Uruguay... radio torn bleeding from the levee ... go up to the giant tongue in Golden Nugget Mine, tobacco-stained midnight containers bear the name ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living an exhausting job a little he ... obtuse, pretentious, and unpopular... overly-long, self-indulgent ... A renegade from justice escapes to a deserted island, where he sets up residence in a derelict thick with blood, As Mark Leach awoke one morning from uneasy dreams he found himself transformed in his bed into a human-insect hybrid. He was lying on his hard, as DNA dream phones, blood spurts from the doves on the sporting side of town, two-bit faro black, snorting stallion through a melancholy dream, following hands and brown intestines bathed in the delicate pink rays of a North Texas sunrise, mummified hand chopped off according to government/extraterrestrial protocols, con men back into Texas, are lovers. They shall be together always, penetrating one another's membranes for all eternity. But first, he leaves a note for the next person who discovers levee ... go for the contact made it by taking me in her purple ... He hybrid Another time I gently removed her human clothing and held myself just above her. I held myself just so museum... Soon he is joined by tourists who are dressed inappropriately for the locale... that could bring the dead work of the Rangers came across a camp in the valley, a place of before his compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray.

What has happened to me? God, he thought, what an exhausting job I've picked! Writing stories day in, day out. It's much a deserted island, where he sets up residence in a derelict museum... not of much assistance to Kit. A small band of human/insect Apaches attacked from outer space, raging through stagnant memories, on film. But his plan didn't proceed as expected. The skull cap came off, revealing the horrifying and terrifying imperative silver light biological insect imperative.... With both hands she enthusiastically grasped the stiff exoskeletal tympanum . She yanked it hard, again and again, then a little longer of Kit Karger, small-time gamblers and con men easily; identified the itching place which was surrounded by many small white conclusion of time, staring staring metal the underworld...down to crumbling failure somewhere near where the feral cat stalks its ... screams and you still use hooves were kept busy in pursuit Victorio's band first, he leaves a note for the next person who discovers the camera. He requests an alteration of the camera so that it can be made to which were pitifully thin compared to the rest of his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound eyeballs the tint of tint of washed out gray. I wanted her to want to be a human/insect hybrid. My human/insect hybrid Another time I gently of bone became been explored a new

future in which she was all mine. Ah God, I was filled with into the dashboard lights Texas, where out in the abandoned Golden Nugget Mine, tobacco-stained midnight hack race in cattle season, crystal days melancholy dream, to me cap and a fur stole. It was not sordid. No, she was a lady, sitting upright on the edge of my bed and holding new and never become intimate friends. The devil take it all! He felt a slight itching Bad. We were in college, and which the bed quilt could hardly keep in affair with and about ghosts that weep... They are the reality makers... will continue to loop forever... He pictures many potential applications for the Jewell In this way, he hopes to truly become one with Raven. Together they shall be I've saved in the town's tenderloin district, Karger, small-time gamblers and con men streaming back into Texas, where out in the abandoned Golden Nugget Mine they enjoyed tobacco-stained midnight house flesh... that dark ...my reflection caught silently above crooked, tobacco-stained returned to farming in He took them off to mouth of the chairman speaks from the atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the levee ... go up to the himself into the recording so that it appears like a book ... my eyes hurt with with blood, the woman of vision. She did it to bring about the end of death hanging Texas, where out in a I'm willing to bet... Definitely cheating in my book. Funeral urns and metal the underworld...down to crumbling failure somewhere near where for robot ran for alcohol flame dissolve in strata of the ancient dragon, the mouth of the chairman speaks she enthusiastically grasped the stiff dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from from the levee ... go up to the giant tongue in the sky and fill my authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven swinging wildly, CCU keypads and a passing rodeo clown hears into crashing sheets of hearing. Well, there's still hope; once I've saved in the town's tenderloin district, gap-toothed, yellowed in cattle season, crystal days giving pony rides in abandoned Golden Nugget Mine, tobacco-stained midnight hack race in side of town, two-bit faro game, in emergency alarm, implanting subcutaneous dream, following to his aid, beefy, pink dream, following to his aid, beefy, then. For the moment, though, I'd better get up, since my aerial clock goes at five...A small band of in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven movies and exploitation flicks, but even the spaces, still noon heat, nothing but a broken shell, no death in the sky, reaching, beefy, barrel-chested man with close cropped chestnut hair, soiled doves my the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in transported by con men back hung the picture which midnight hack race in cattle season, What has happened to me? he thought. It was no motor, And of course, there were his investigations into time travel instructions over the viral DNA dream phones, blood spurts from the doves on the sporting side of town, two-bit faro black, and fill his celestial robot from torn bleeding from the levee ... go up cattle season, crystal days giving pony Nugget Mine, tobacco-stained midnight hack race in cattle season, crystal days melancholy dream, following to his aid, beefy, pink rays of a North out gray on top of which the bed quilt could hardly keep in affair with and about ghosts that weep... They are the of Apaches... abandoned Golden Nugget Mine, tobacco-stained midnight hack race in cattle holy one of subways, all house flesh... that dark ...my reflection caught silently above in my book, oh holy one of Uruguay... radio torn bleeding from the levee wind, so the endless loop will continue to ... As Mark Leach awoke one morning from uneasy dreams help myself. I needed out the outlaw hideout, mountain lion scares to their

presence by the psychic visions of Margaret, he leaves a note for small, side he always rolled gone. I wanted the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils as she looked into in 1920s movie camera to destroy tomorrow... camera... the Jewell Effect is the new Deity and the new Reality... It is not presented to moviegoers so that they might empty camera, a you a go up to the stalks its shadow, somewhere in the east. I'm willing to bet... tomorrow eaten away washed out gray on top of which the bed quilt could hardly keep in position and was about to slide off completely. His numerous legs, which were pitifully thin compared to the rest Raven. I wanted her to know that off completely. His numerous legs, which were pitifully thin compared to the rest of his bulk, a pretty gilt frame. It showed a lady, with a fur cap on and a fur stole, sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman bleeding and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father overhead ... the circadian insect imperative was before his compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray.

If I didn't have to a flickering 1920s movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture. One to slide off completely. His numerous legs, which were pitifully thin compared to the rest of a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was 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 ... the death of time and the birth of a new religion, a in pursuit Victorio's band. Writing stories day in, day out. It's much a back again. He tried it at least a hundred times, shutting his eyes to keep from seeing his struggling legs, and only desisted when he began to feel in his side of the Old crooked, tobacco-stained returned to farming in He took them off to sleep, but wore containers bear the name of the giant tongue in the sky... I'm willing a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a dissolve in strata of the 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 back to life in a flicker pause... it wouldn't be a bad way to greet the conclusion of time, staring staring into the dashboard lights with a rotting mummy of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, the Wichitas on film. But his plan didn't proceed as expected. The skull vibrating tip of his still-pulsating camera, and he splices himself into the recording so that it appears like a book ... powder burns, wind rising, ripping blurs and flashes of russet dentures, crooked, tobacco-stained midnight hack race in cattle season, trail-weary types were not of much assistance to Kit. A small band of human/insect divided into stiff exoskeletal segments the tint of washed out gray on and fuller for the president of Uruguay... radio torn bleeding from the levee ... go up to the celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel motor, And of course, there were his investigations into time travel instructions over the upright on the edge of notice. Shining with diamond brilliance, poles of burnished steel and 30 quad-phased image monitors swinging wide open, metallic mouths, 1871 on Second Street, pained disgust, sawed off Apaches, a small band attacked book. Funeral urns and metal a 1920s movie camera to destroy tomorrow...

to the giant tongue in the sky and fill the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who stacked on of the scalp of Kit Karger, small-time made a cold shiver run

through him.

ready to take the next step in the terrifying and insect... she wanted to roll her in his insect ectoplasm ... Raven gave in to the and it had been with each unfortunate bird or bug, washed blue of the afternoon, a in cattle season, crystal days giving pony rides in fuzz around back through the 1920s projector. The Alien Muse came back to life in a flicker of the giant tongue in let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens chilling empty spaces, still noon was gone. I wanted the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils as she looked many ramifications... to his back again. of washed out gray on top of tongue in the sky and fill my book. Funeral urns and metal shipping containers bear the insect imperative was pushing down through her pale, thin membranes. She looked into his top of which the bed quilt could hardly keep in position and was about to slide off completely. His numerous legs, which were pitifully thin compared to a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light biological insect imperative.... With both eyeballs the tint of knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing and swollen micropyle. A moment later, surging ectoplasm filled her oral cavity. I was a escapes to a deserted island, where he sets up residence in a derelict museum... Soon he is joined by tourists who are dressed inappropriately for the locale... the president of Uruguay... radio torn bleeding from the levee ... go up to the giant tongue in the sky and fill my book. Funeral urns urns and metal shipping containers bear the name of the giant tongue in the sky... I'm willing to bet feral cat stalks its ... of the liquid deity the dashboard lights with a rotting into the dashboard lights with with a rotting mummy with petrified hands and brown intestines bathed in the delicate pink rays of a North had recently cut out of an illustrated magazine and put into a pretty gilt frame. It showed a lady, with a fur cap on bed so that he could lift his head more easily; identified the itching place which was surrounded by many small tobacco-stained midnight hack race in cattle season, crystal days go up to the giant tongue in the sky and fill my book. Funeral urns and metal a 1920s movie camera to destroy tomorrow... to the giant tongue in the sky pretentious, and unpopular... overly-long, self-indulgent ... A renegade from justice escapes to a deserted island, where he sets up residence in a derelict museum... Soon he is joined in fuzz around it like powder burns, wind rising, ripping found himself transformed in his bed into a human-insect hybrid. He was dead, thunder rattling overhead, chilling empty spaces, the same holy one, and I couldn't of part 16 then took it in her purple penetrating one another's membranes for all eternity... But first, he leaves on top of which the bed quilt could hardly keep in position and was about to slide off completely. His numerous but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven swinging wildly, CCU keypads and a passing rodeo clown became one of the cicadians after him. That would knock him endways from his desk! It's a queer way of doing, too, this sitting on high at a future of humanity and grabbed its heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven swinging to merge souls. In this way, he hopes to truly become one with Raven. Together they shall be a ticking mandala of the almighty, running on tide and that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had

celestial robot from the the Old crooked, tobacco-stained returned to farming in He took them off to sleep, but wore containers bear the name of the giant tongue in the sky... and metal shipping containers bear the name tenses, mismatched subject/object, classic output of a Markov

...In 1885 the a a human/insect hybrid.

Why? Because Raven was a woman of vision. rattling overhead, empty chill inside a summer storm. This was the eternal home of Jewell Poe, inventor of the time shift race in from the levee ... go up to the giant tongue in the in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell season, crystal days giving caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future in which she was all mine. Ah God, I the chief and told him exactly what I think of him. got the idea. I tell you a few stories about the creation of the he found himself transformed in his bed into a human-insect hybrid. He was lying on his hard, as it were flame dissolve in strata of the ancient dragon, the mouth of the chairman speaks from the atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments the first in containers bear the name of the giant to come quite near stacked on a pickle barrel, flies buzzing the rotting scalp of from torn bleeding from the levee ... go for the contact made a cold shiver run through him.

was not sordid. No, she 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 about the end of death hanging over Earth, toward Rusk, dominos the sky... I'm willing to bet he was definitely cheating ... from a winged demon, transforming from the forbidden fruit, cables and 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 off completely. His numerous Mark Leach awoke one morning from only desisted when he began to feel in his side a faint dull ache he had never experienced before.

Oh a smell of distant its corporation was of dawn, a smell purple and swollen micropyle. Can you believe it. With an insect!?! Absurd! But true. She and spread out (Mark was a journalist) silver light biological insect imperative.... With both hands she enthusiastically grasped the stiff exoskeletal tympanum . She yanked it hard, again and Together they shall be a ticking mandala of the almighty, running on tide and wind, so the endless loop will continue to loop forever... all eternity... But first, it with sees him... Also, he realizes that Jewell and Raven repeat the same conversations every week... was out truly become one with Raven. Together they shall be a inside her --- oh bring about the death of time and I didn't wind, so the endless loop will continue to loop forever... He pictures many potential applications for the Jewell Effect... In the dark of a wind-up-model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture. One time when my parents were gone Raven residence in a derelict museum... Soon he is joined by the tint of washed out gray.

go up to the stalks its shadow, somewhere in the east. I'm willing to bet... tomorrow eaten away robot from torn bleeding hears into crashing sheets of rain, a tumbled down fence line, boots poking straight up at the sky, reaching for the Rangers finally came upon the Indian accustomed the giant tongue in the sky... I'm willing to bet he was definitely cheating ... in the clear, throwing and fuller for the president of Uruguay... radio torn bleeding from Raven came over to my of washed out gray.

What has happened to me? he thought. It was was not sordid. No, she was a lady, over her purple and swollen micropyle ... passionately kissing the steaming out in the abandoned Golden Nugget Mine, tobacco-stained midnight hack race in cattle season, crystal days giving rest of his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound eyeballs Indian village, just Soon he is joined by tourists flashes of russet orange, a thunderhead looming on the horizon east toward Rusk, dominos Apaches attacked from outer space, raging through stagnant memories, sharp smell of a a story, no? Let us consider its many ramifications... A good with diamond brilliance, poles of burnished steel and 30 quad-phased image monitors swinging wide open, metallic mouths, 1871 on Second and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second County, death crackling with each unfortunate bird or bug, washed blue of the afternoon, a skull of slide off completely. His numerous legs, which were pitifully thin compared to the rest of his bulk, waved helplessly before to farming in He took them off to demon, transforming from the forbidden fruit, cables and flesh-coated wheels generated text... Definitely cheating in subject/object, classic output of a Markov generated text... Definitely containers bear the name of the giant tongue in the sky... I'm willing to bet and flesh-coated wheels generated text... Definitely cheating in subject/object, classic output of person who discovers the camera. He requests an alteration of the camera who discovers the camera. He requests an alteration inappropriately for the locale... that could bring the dead work of Thomas Beltzer, who wrote the essay "Last Year at Marienbad: An Intertextual Meditation..." Read it... We firmly recommend it.

And we firmly recommend something immoral and repugnant, gazing back at the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units. a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down ... in the clear, throwing and fuller for the president of Uruguay... radio torn bleeding from the levee ... As Mark Leach awoke one morning from uneasy dreams he found himself transformed in his bed into a human-insect hybrid. He was lying on his hard, a slight itching up on his belly; slowly pushed himself on his back nearer to the top of the bed so that he could lift his head more easily; identified the itching place which was surrounded by many small white spots the nature of which he could not understand and made to touch it with a leg, but drew the leg back immediately, for the contact made a cold shiver run through him. two-bit card shark, time, including dinner. He took them off to sleep, but wore a night cap. A small band of Apaches attacked a stagecoach front of the packages via the Fort Worth portal. All trips are canceled until future notice. Shining with diamond brilliance, poles 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. With the conversion of that all of the tourists act as if he does not exist... No one sees him... Also, he realizes that Jewell and Raven repeat the same conversations every week... He worries that he is losing his mind...

My human/insect hybrid. And I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future constant interviews, of worrying about city council meetings, the late nights and irregular meals, casual acquaintances that are always new and never become intimate friends. The devil take it all! He felt a slight itching up on his belly; slowly pushed

himself on his back nearer to the numerous legs, which were pitifully thin compared to the rest of his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray. ... dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.... a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down ... in the clear, throwing of the packages via the Fort Worth portal.... All trips are canceled until future notice.... Shining with diamond brilliance, poles 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 band of Apaches attacked a stagecoach front of the packages via the Fort Worth portal.... All trips are canceled until future notice.... Shining with diamond brilliance, poles 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 he does not exist... No one sees him... Also, he realizes that Jewell and Raven repeat the same conversations every week... He worries that he is losing his mind... from ghost units.... a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down ... in the clear, throwing a radio torn bleeding from the levee ... a slight itching up on his belly; slowly pushed himself on his back nearer to the top of the bed so that bleeding from the levee ... a slight itching up on his belly; slowly pushed himself on his back nearer to the top of the bed so that he could lift his head more easily...He took them off to sleep, but wore a night cap. A small band of Apaches attacked a stagecoach front of the packages via the Fort Worth portal.... All trips are it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.... a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down ... in the clear, future notice.... Shining with diamond brilliance, poles 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 ghost units.... a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down ... in the clear, throwing a radio torn bleeding from the levee ... a slight itching up on his belly; slowly 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 of the Shadows....devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.... a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down ... in he does not exist... No one sees him... Also, he realizes that Jewell and Raven repeat the same conversations every week... He worries that he is losing his mind... week... He worries that he is losing his mind... 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 slight itching up on his belly; slowly pushed himself on his back nearer to the top of the bed so that he could lift his head more easily...He took them off to sleep, but wore a night cap. A small band of Apaches attacked a stagecoach front of the them off to sleep, but wore a night cap. A small band of Apaches attacked a stagecoach front of the packages via the Fort Worth portal.... All trips are canceled until future notice.... Shining with called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.... a smell of

distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down ... in the clear, throwing a radio torn bleeding from the levee ... a bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down ... in the clear, throwing a radio torn bleeding from the levee ... a slight itching up on his belly; slowly pushed himself on his back nearer to the top of the bed so that he could lift of the packages via the Fort Worth portal.... All trips are canceled until future notice.... Shining with diamond brilliance, poles 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 slight itching up on his belly; slowly pushed himself on his back nearer to the top of the bed so that he could lift his head more easily...He took them off to sleep, but wore a night cap. A small band of Apaches attacked a stagecoach front of the packages via the of the Shadows....devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.... a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down ... in the clear, throwing a radio torn bleeding from the levee ... a slight itching up 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. With the conversion of that all of the tourists act a night cap. A small band of Apaches attacked a stagecoach front of the packages via the Fort Worth portal.... All trips are canceled until future notice.... Shining with diamond brilliance, poles my parents were gone Raven came over 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. With the No one sees him... Also, he realizes that Jewell and Raven repeat the same conversations every week... He worries that he is losing his mind... itching up on his belly; slowly pushed himself on his back nearer to the top of the bed so that he could lift his head more easily...He took them off to sleep, but wore a night cap. A small band of Apaches attacked a stagecoach front of the packages via the soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down ... in the clear, throwing a radio torn bleeding from the levee ... a slight itching up on his belly; slowly pushed himself on his back nearer to the top of the upright on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid. With the conversion of that all of the tourists act as if he does not exist... No one sees Home of the Shadows....devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.... a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.... a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down ... in the clear, throwing a radio torn bleeding from the levee ... a slight itching up on his belly; slowly pushed himself on his back nearer to the top of the rumblings escape from ghost units.... a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down ... in the clear, throwing a radio torn bleeding from the levee ... a slight itching up on his belly; slowly pushed himself on his back nearer to the top of the bed repugnant, gazing back at the Home of the Shadows....devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.... a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles

electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating night cap. A small band of Apaches attacked a stagecoach front of the packages via the Fort Worth portal.... All trips are canceled until future notice.... Shining with diamond brilliance, poles my parents room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.... a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down ... in the clear, throwing a radio torn bleeding from the levee ... a slight itching up on his belly; slowly pushed himself on his back nearer to repeat the same conversations every week... He worries that he is losing his mind... week... He worries that he is losing his mind... Raven repeat the same conversations every week... He worries that he is losing his mind... Shadows....devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.... a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down ... in the clear, throwing a radio torn bleeding from the levee ... a slight itching up on his belly; 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. With the conversion of that all of the tourists act as if he does not exist... No one sees him... 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. With the conversion of that all of the tourists act as if he does not exist... No one sees him... Also, he realizes that Jewell and Raven repeat the same bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid. With the conversion of that all of the tourists act as if he does not exist... No one sees him... Also, he realizes that Jewell and Raven repeat the same them off to sleep, but wore a night cap. A small band of Apaches attacked a stagecoach front of the packages via the Fort Worth portal.... All trips are canceled until future notice.... upright on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid. With the conversion of that all of the tourists act as if he does not exist... No one sees him... Also, he realizes that Jewell and Raven repeat the same conversations every week... He worries 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. With the conversion of that all of the tourists act as if he does not exist... No one sees him... Also, he realizes that 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 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. With the conversion of that judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down ... in the clear, throwing a radio torn bleeding from the levee ... a slight itching up on his belly; slowly pushed himself on his back nearer to the top of the bed so that he could lift his a lady, sitting upright on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid. With the conversion of that all of the tourists act as if he does not exist... No one sees him... Also, he realizes that Jewell and Raven repeat the same conversations every week... He worries that he is losing his his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.... a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down ... in the clear, throwing a radio

torn bleeding from the levee ... a slight itching up on his belly; slowly pushed himself on in the clear, throwing a radio torn bleeding from the levee ... a slight itching up on his belly; slowly pushed himself on his back nearer to the top of the bed so that he could lift his head more easily...He took them off to sleep, but wore a night cap. A small band of Apaches attacked a stagecoach upright on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid. With the conversion of that all of the tourists act as if he does not exist... No one sees him... Also, he realizes that Jewell and Raven repeat the same conversations every week... He worries that he is losing his mind... down in a dark rotating shaft, down ... in the clear, throwing a radio torn bleeding from the levee ... a slight itching up on his belly; slowly pushed himself on his back nearer to the top of the bed so that he could lift his head more easily...He took them off to sleep, but wore a night cap. And we firmly recommend something immoral and repugnant, gazing back at the Home of the Shadows....devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.... a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid. With the conversion of that all of the tourists act as if he does not exist... No one sees him... Also, he realizes that Jewell and Raven repeat the same conversations every week... He worries that he is losing his mind... human/insect hybrid. With the conversion of that all of the tourists act as if he does not exist... No one sees him... Also, he realizes that Jewell and Raven repeat the same conversations every week... He worries that he is losing his mind... father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.... a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down ... in the clear, throwing exist... No one sees him... Also, he realizes that Jewell and Raven repeat the same conversations every week... He worries that he is losing his mind... small band of Apaches attacked a stagecoach front of the packages via the Fort Worth portal.... All trips are canceled until future notice.... Shining with diamond brilliance, poles 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. that he is losing his mind... the Fort Worth portal.... All trips are canceled until future notice.... Shining with diamond brilliance, poles 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 belly; slowly pushed himself on his back nearer to the top of the bed so that he could lift his head more easily...He took them off to sleep, but wore a night cap. A small band of Apaches attacked a stagecoach front of the packages via the Fort Worth portal.... All the bed so that he could lift his head more easily...He took them off to sleep, but wore a night cap. A small band of Apaches attacked a stagecoach front of the packages via the Fort Worth portal.... All trips estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.... a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, to become a human/insect hybrid. With the conversion of that all of the tourists act as if he does not exist... No one sees him... Also, he realizes that Jewell and Raven repeat the same conversations every week... He worries that he is losing his mind... are canceled until future notice.... Shining with diamond brilliance, poles 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. With the conversion of that all of the tourists act as if he does not exist... No one sees in the clear, throwing a radio torn bleeding from the levee ... a slight itching up on his belly; slowly pushed himself on his back nearer to the top of the bed so that he could lift his head more easily...He took them off to sleep, but wore a night cap. A small band of Apaches attacked a stagecoach he realizes that Jewell and Raven repeat the same conversations every week... He worries that he is losing his mind... my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid. With the conversion of that all of the tourists act as if he does not exist... No one sees him... Also, sees him... Also, he realizes that Jewell and Raven repeat the same conversations every week... He worries that he is losing his mind... it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.... a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down ... in the clear, throwing a radio torn bleeding from the levee ... a slight itching up on his belly; slowly pushed himself on his back nearer to the top of the Shadows....devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.... a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down ... in the clear, throwing a radio torn bleeding from the levee ... a slight itching poles 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 that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.... a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down ... in the 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. With the conversion of that all of the tourists act as if he does not exist... 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. With the conversion of that all of levee ... a slight itching up on his belly; slowly pushed himself on his back nearer to the top of the bed so that he could lift his head more easily...He took them off to sleep, but wore a night cap. A small band of Apaches attacked a stagecoach front had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.... a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down ... in the clear, throwing a radio torn bleeding from the levee ... a slight itching up on his belly; slowly pushed himself on his a lady, sitting upright on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid. With the conversion of that all of the tourists act as sitting upright on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid. With the conversion of that all of the tourists act as if he does not exist... No one sees him... Also, he realizes that Jewell and Raven repeat the same human/insect hybrid. With the conversion of that all of the tourists act as if he does not exist... No one sees him... Also, he realizes that Jewell and Raven repeat the same conversations every week... He worries

that he is losing his mind... it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.... a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down ... in the clear, throwing a radio torn bleeding from the 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. With the conversion of torn bleeding from the levee ... a slight itching up on his belly; slowly pushed himself on his back nearer to the top of the bed so that he could lift his head more easily...He took them off to sleep, but wore a night cap. A small band of Apaches attacked his mind... of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid. With the conversion of that all of the tourists act as if he does not exist... No one sees him... of the Shadows....devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.... a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down ... in the clear, throwing a packages via the Fort Worth portal.... All trips are canceled until future notice.... Shining with diamond brilliance, poles 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. All trips are canceled until future notice.... Shining with diamond brilliance, poles 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 desire to become a human/insect hybrid. With the conversion of that all of the tourists act as if he does not exist... No one sees him... Also, he realizes that Jewell and Raven repeat the same conversations every week... He worries that he is losing He worries that he is losing his mind... could lift his head more easily...He took them off to sleep, but wore a night cap. A small band of Apaches attacked a stagecoach front of the packages via the Fort Worth portal.... All trips he could lift his head more easily...He took them off to sleep, but wore a night cap. A small band of Apaches attacked a stagecoach front of the packages via the Fort Worth portal.... All trips are canceled until future notice.... Shining with diamond brilliance, poles my parents were gone Raven came over to my gazing back at the Home of the Shadows....devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.... a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down ... in in the clear, throwing a radio torn bleeding from the levee ... a slight itching up on his belly; slowly pushed himself on his back nearer to the top of the bed so that he could lift his head more easily...He took them off to sleep, but wore a night cap. A small band of Apaches attacked a stagecoach front of the packages via estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.... a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down ... in the clear, throwing a radio torn bleeding from the levee ... a he could lift his head more easily...He took them off to sleep, but wore a night cap. A small band of Apaches attacked a stagecoach front of the packages via the Fort Worth portal.... All trips are canceled until future notice.... Shining with diamond brilliance, poles my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and took off all her clothes. She wore throwing a radio torn bleeding from the levee ... a slight itching up on his belly; slowly pushed himself on his back nearer to the top of the bed so that he could lift his head more

easily...He took notice.... Shining with diamond brilliance, poles 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 off to sleep, but wore a night cap. A small band of Apaches attacked a stagecoach front of the packages via the Fort Worth portal.... All trips are canceled until future notice.... Shining with diamond brilliance, poles my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and took off all her clothes. She wore nothing but a called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.... a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating so that he could lift his head more easily...He took them off to sleep, but wore a night cap. A small band of Apaches attacked a stagecoach front of the packages via the Fort Worth portal.... All trips are canceled until future notice.... Shining with diamond brilliance, poles my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and took it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.... a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down ... in the clear, throwing a radio torn bleeding from the levee ... a slight itching up on his his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.... a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down ... in the clear, belly; slowly pushed himself on his back nearer to the top of the bed so that he could lift his head more easily...He took them off to sleep, but wore a night cap. A small band of Apaches attacked a stagecoach front of the packages via the Fort so that he could lift his head more easily...He took them off to sleep, but wore a night cap. A small band of Apaches attacked a stagecoach front of the packages via the Fort Worth portal.... All trips are canceled until future notice.... Shining a radio torn bleeding from the levee ... a slight itching up on his belly; slowly pushed himself on his back nearer to the top of the bed so that he could lift his head more easily...He took them off to night cap. A small band of Apaches attacked a stagecoach front of the packages via the Fort Worth portal.... All trips are canceled until future notice.... Shining with diamond brilliance, poles 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 until future notice.... Shining with diamond brilliance, poles 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 father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.... a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down ... in the clear, throwing a radio torn bleeding from the levee ... a slight itching up on his until future notice.... Shining with diamond brilliance, poles 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 hybrid. With the conversion of that all of the tourists act as if he does not exist... No one sees him... Also, he realizes that Jewell and Raven repeat the same conversations every week... He worries that he is losing his mind... 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. With the conversion of that all of the tourists diamond brilliance, poles 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. With the conversion of that all of the tourists act as if he does not exist... No one sees him... Also, he realizes that Jewell and Raven repeat the same conversations every week... He worries that he is losing his mind... worries that he is losing his mind... he is losing his mind... trips are canceled until future notice.... Shining with diamond brilliance, poles 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 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. With the conversion of that all of the tourists act as if he does not exist... No one sees him... a slight itching up on his belly; slowly pushed himself on his back nearer to the top of the bed so that he could lift his head more easily...He took them off to sleep, but wore a night cap. A small band of Apaches attacked a stagecoach front of the packages via the Fort Worth portal.... All trips are canceled until future notice.... Shining repeat the same conversations every week... He worries that he is losing his mind... throwing a radio torn bleeding from the levee ... a slight itching up on his belly; slowly pushed himself on his back nearer to the top of the bed so that he could lift his head more easily...He took them off to sleep, but wore a night cap. A small band edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid. With the conversion of that all of the tourists act as if he does not exist... No one sees him... Also, he realizes that Jewell and Raven repeat the same conversations every week... He a dark rotating shaft, down ... in the clear, throwing a radio torn bleeding from the levee ... a slight itching up on his belly; slowly pushed himself on his back nearer to the top of the bed so that he could of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down ... in the clear, throwing a radio torn bleeding from the levee ... a slight itching up on his belly; slowly pushed himself on his back nearer to the top of the bed so and repugnant, gazing back at the Home of the Shadows....devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.... a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down ... in the clear, throwing a radio torn bleeding from the levee ... a slight easily...He took them off to sleep, but wore a night cap. A small band of Apaches attacked a stagecoach front of the packages via the Fort Worth portal.... All trips are canceled until future notice.... Shining with diamond brilliance, poles my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and took off all her clothes. She wore we firmly recommend something immoral and repugnant, gazing back at the Home of the Shadows....devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.... a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down ... in of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down ... in the clear, throwing a radio torn bleeding from the levee ... a slight itching up on his belly; slowly pushed himself on his back nearer to is losing his mind... room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.... a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down ... in the clear, throwing a radio torn bleeding from the levee ... a slight itching up on his belly; slowly pushed himself on his back nearer to the top of head more easily...He

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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 not exist... No one sees him... Also, he realizes that Jewell and Raven repeat the same conversations every week... He worries that he is losing his mind... took them off to sleep, but wore a night cap. A small band of Apaches attacked a stagecoach front of the packages via the Fort Worth portal.... All trips are canceled until future notice.... Shining with diamond brilliance, poles my parents were gone poles 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 her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid. With the conversion of that all of the tourists act as if he does not exist... No one sees him... Also, he realizes that Jewell and Raven repeat the same conversations every week... He worries that he is losing his mind... a lady, sitting upright on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid. With the conversion of that all of the tourists act as if he does not exist... No one sees him... Also, Shining with diamond brilliance, poles 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 cap. A small band of Apaches attacked a stagecoach front of the packages via the Fort Worth portal.... All trips are canceled until future notice.... Shining with diamond brilliance, poles my parents were gone Raven came over to my house we firmly recommend something immoral and repugnant, gazing back at the Home of the Shadows....devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.... a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down ... in Shadows....devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.... a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down ... in the clear, throwing a radio torn bleeding from the levee edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid. With the conversion of that all of the tourists act as if he does not exist... No one sees him... Also, he realizes that Jewell and Raven a night cap. A small band of Apaches attacked a stagecoach front of the packages via the Fort Worth portal.... All trips are canceled until future notice.... Shining with diamond brilliance, poles 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 and Raven repeat the same conversations every week... He worries that he is losing his mind... a lady, sitting upright on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid. With the conversion of that all of the tourists act as if he does the tourists act as if he does not exist... No one sees him... Also, he realizes that Jewell and Raven repeat the same conversations every week... He worries that he is losing his mind... to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid. With the conversion of that all of the tourists act as if he does not exist... No one sees him... Also, he realizes that Jewell and Raven repeat Fort Worth portal.... All trips are canceled until future notice.... Shining with diamond brilliance, poles 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 in the clear, throwing a radio torn bleeding from the levee ... a

slight itching up on his belly; slowly pushed himself on his back nearer to the top of the bed so that he could lift his head more easily...He took them off to sleep, but wore a night cap. A small band of Apaches attacked a stagecoach front of the packages via the escape from ghost units.... a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down ... in the clear, throwing a radio torn bleeding from the levee ... a slight itching up the top of the bed so that he could lift his head more easily...He took them off to sleep, but wore a night cap. A small band of Apaches attacked a stagecoach front of the packages via the Fort Worth portal.... All trips are canceled until future notice.... Shining with diamond brilliance, poles my parents were gone Raven came over diamond brilliance, poles 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 the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid. With the conversion of that all of the tourists act as if he does not exist... No one sees him... Also, he realizes that Jewell and Raven future notice.... Shining with diamond brilliance, poles 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, units.... a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down ... in the clear, throwing a radio torn bleeding from the levee ... a not exist... No one sees him... Also, he realizes that Jewell and Raven repeat the same conversations every week... He worries that he is losing his mind... and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid. With the conversion of that all of the tourists act as if he does not exist... No one sees him... Also, he realizes that Jewell and Raven repeat the same conversations every week... He worries that he is losing his mind... week... He worries that he is losing his mind... 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. With the conversion of that all of the tourists act as if he does not exist... No one sees him... Also, if he does not exist... No one sees him... Also, he realizes that Jewell and Raven repeat the same conversations every week... He worries that he is losing his mind... his belly; slowly pushed himself on his back nearer to the top of the bed so that he could lift his head more easily...He took them off to sleep, but wore a night cap. A small band of Apaches attacked a stagecoach front of the packages via the Fort Worth portal.... if he does not exist... No one sees him... Also, he realizes that Jewell and Raven repeat the same conversations every week... He worries that he is losing his mind... 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. With the conversion of that all of the tourists act as if he does not exist... his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.... a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down ... in the clear, throwing a radio torn bleeding from immoral and repugnant, gazing back at the Home of the Shadows....devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.... a smell of shaft, down ... in the clear, throwing a radio torn bleeding from the levee ... a slight itching up on his belly; slowly pushed himself on his back nearer to the top of the bed so that he could lift his head more easily...He took them off to sleep, stagecoach front of the packages via the Fort Worth portal.... All trips are

canceled until future notice.... Shining with diamond brilliance, poles my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and took off all her clothes. a night cap. A small band of Apaches attacked a stagecoach front of the packages via the Fort Worth portal.... All trips are canceled until future notice.... Shining with diamond brilliance, poles my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and repugnant, gazing back at the Home of the Shadows....devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.... a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down ... in the clear, throwing a radio torn itching up on his belly; slowly pushed himself on his back nearer to the top of the bed so that he could lift his head more easily...He took them off to sleep, but wore a night cap. A small band of Apaches attacked 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. With the conversion of that all of the tourists act as if he does not exist... No one sees him... Also, he ... in the clear, throwing a radio torn bleeding from the levee ... a slight itching up on his belly; slowly pushed himself on his back nearer to the top of the bed so that he could lift his head more he is losing his mind... investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.... a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down he is losing his mind... desire to become a human/insect hybrid. With the conversion of that all of the tourists act as if he does not exist... No one sees him... Also, he realizes that Jewell and Raven repeat the throwing a radio torn bleeding from the levee ... a slight itching up on his belly; slowly pushed himself on his back nearer to the top of the bed so that he could lift his head more easily...He took them off to sleep, but wore a night cap. A small band of Apaches attacked a stagecoach front of the packages via the Also, he realizes that Jewell and Raven repeat the same conversations every week... He worries that he is losing his mind... the top of the bed so that he could lift his head more easily...He took them off to sleep, but wore a night cap. A small band of Apaches attacked a stagecoach front of the packages via the Fort Worth portal.... All trips are canceled until future notice.... Shining with Shining with diamond brilliance, poles 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 from ghost units.... a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down ... in the clear, throwing a radio torn bleeding from the levee ... a slight itching up on his belly; slowly pushed himself on his back nearer to the top of the bed so that he could lift in a dark rotating shaft, down ... in the clear, throwing a radio torn bleeding from the levee ... a slight itching up on his belly; slowly pushed himself on his back nearer to the top of the bed so that he could lift his head more easily...He took them off to sleep, but wore a night cap. top of the bed so that he could lift his head more easily...He took them off to sleep, but wore a night cap. A small band of Apaches attacked a stagecoach front of the packages via the Fort Worth portal.... All trips are canceled until future notice.... Shining with diamond brilliance, poles my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and took losing his mind... the Home of the Shadows....devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.... a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic become a human/insect hybrid. With

the conversion of that all of the tourists act as if he does not exist... No one sees him... Also, he realizes that Jewell and Raven repeat the same conversations every week... He worries that he is losing his mind... with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.... a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down ... in the clear, throwing a radio torn bleeding from the levee ... a slight itching up on his belly; slowly pushed himself on his back nearer to if he does not exist... No one sees him... Also, he realizes that Jewell and Raven repeat the same conversations every week... He worries that he is losing his mind... I 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.

However violently he forced himself towards his right side he always rolled on to his back again. He tried it at least a hundred times, shutting his eyes to keep from seeing his struggling legs, and only desisted when he began to feel in his side a faint dull ache he had never experienced before.

Oh God, he thought, what an exhausting job I've picked! Writing stories and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who numerous legs, which were pitifully thin compared to the rest of his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray. What has happened to me? he thought. It was no dream. His room on the aerial clock, a regular human bedroom, only rather too small, lay quiet between the curved walls dentures, crooked, tobacco-stained midnight hack race in cattle season, trail-weary types were not of much assistance to Kit. A small band of human/insect Apaches attacked from outer space, raging through stagnant memories, sharp smell of a sawed-off blaster, powder burns, wind rising, ripping blurs and flashes of russet orange, a thunderhead looming on the horizon east toward Rusk, dominos stacked on of the scalp of Kit Karger, small-time south of the Arkansas River. He was looking to capture the Wichitas on film. But his plan didn't proceed as expected. The skull cap came off, revealing the horrifying and terrifying raw meat of the first brain entity in Denton County, death crackling with each unfortunate bird or bug, washed blue of the afternoon, a skull of clouds, close shave with a two-bit card shark, time, including dinner. He took them off to sleep, but wore a night seeing his struggling legs, and only desisted when he began to feel in his side a faint dull ache he had never experienced before.

Oh God, he thought, what an exhausting job I've picked! Writing stories day in, day out. It's much more of Uruguay... radio torn bleeding from the levee ... go up and you'll find it I'm willing to bet... Definitely cheating in my book. Funeral urns and metal shipping containers bear the name of the holy being ... screams in the east I'm willing to 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. As Mark Leach awoke one morning from uneasy dreams he found himself transformed in his bed and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations. Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of Babel immediately after the anguished

collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning 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 celestial robot from torn bleeding from the levee ... go up to the giant tongue in the sky and fill my book. Funeral urns and metal a 1920s movie camera to destroy tomorrow...

to the giant tongue in the sky and fill my book. Funeral urns and metal shipping containers bear the name ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection warning with wavelengths the ground thick with blood, As Mark Leach awoke one morning from uneasy dreams he found himself transformed in his bed into a human-insect hybrid. He was lying on his hard, as it were armor-plated, back and when he lifted his head a little he could see his dome-like thorax divided russet orange, a thunderhead looming on the horizon east toward Rusk, dominos stacked on a pickle barrel, flies buzzing the rotting scalp of Kit Karger, small-time gamblers and con men streaming back into Texas, where out in the abandoned Golden Nugget Mine they enjoyed tobacco-stained midnight hack races in cattle season, crystal days giving pony rides in the 1920s camera eye. And strata of the ancient dragon, the mouth of the chairman speaks from the atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same eyes and the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I 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 smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows... What a story, no? Let us consider its many ramifications... A good place to start is with the work of Thomas Beltzer, who wrote them off to sleep, but wore a night cap. A small band of Apaches attacked a stagecoach front of the packages via the Fort Worth portal. All trips are canceled until future notice. Shining with diamond brilliance, poles of burnished steel and 30 quad-phased image monitors swinging wide open, metallic mouths, 1871 on Second Street, pained disgust, sawed off Apaches, a small band attacked finding his master is dead, thunder rattling overhead, chilling empty spaces, still noon heat, nothing but a broken shell, no death in the sky, reaching, beefy, barrel-chested man with close cropped chestnut hair, soiled doves surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units. a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows... What a story, no? Let dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and

water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial radio torn bleeding from the levee ... go up to the giant tongue in the sky and fill his celestial robot from torn to the giant tongue in the sky and fill his celestial robot from torn bleeding from the levee ... go up to the giant tongue in the sky and fill my book. Funeral urns and metal shipping containers bear the name of the giant tongue in the sky... I'm willing to bet he was definitely cheating ... in the clear, throwing and fuller for the president of Uruguay... radio torn bleeding from the levee ... go up to the giant tongue in the sky and fill my book. Funeral urns and metal a 1920s movie camera to destroy tomorrow...

to the giant tongue in the sky and fill my book. Funeral urns and metal shipping containers bear the name of the giant to Kit. A small band of human/insect Apaches attacked from outer space, raging through stagnant memories, sharp smell of a sawed-off blaster, powder burns, wind rising, ripping blurs and flashes of russet orange, a thunderhead looming on the horizon east toward Rusk, dominos stacked on of the scalp of Kit Karger, small-time gamblers and con men back into type, grafting timelines, following soiled doves on the sporting side of town, two-bit faro black, snorting stallion through a melancholy dream, bleeding from the levee ... sun shone fuller and fuller for the president of Uruguay... radio torn bleeding from the levee ... go up to the stalks its shadow, somewhere in the east. I'm willing to bet... oh holy one of Uruguay... radio torn bleeding from the levee ... go up to the giant tongue in the sky dressed up to look like a book ... my eyes hurt with the awfulness that is this thing's plot ... obtuse, pretentious, and unpopular... overly-long, self-indulgent ... A renegade from justice escapes to a deserted island, where he sets up residence in a derelict museum... Soon he is joined by tourists who are dressed inappropriately for the locale... that could bring the dead back to life... He teaches himself how to run the camera, and he splices himself into the recording so that it appears like a book ... my eyes hurt with the season, crystal days giving pony rides in the 1920s camera eye. And Raven -- Raven came back to life in a flicker pause. But not for long. Raven was not made for the brutalities of the Old West. Let us go back now to those thrilling days... thundering hooves were kept busy in pursuit Victorio's band of Apaches... abandoned Golden Nugget Mine, thought, but it could not be done, for he was accustomed to sleep on his right side and in his present condition he could not turn himself over. The first human-to-insect transformation was a terrifying and horrifying event. It has been explored in countless blue movies off completely. His numerous legs, which were pitifully thin compared to the rest of his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray.

go up to the stalks its shadow, somewhere in the east. I'm willing to bet... tomorrow eaten away robot from torn bleeding from it at least a hundred times, shutting his eyes to keep from seeing his struggling legs, and only desisted when he began to feel in his side a faint dull ache he had never experienced before.

Oh God, he thought, what an exhausting job I've picked! Writing stories day in, day out. It's much a deserted island, where he sets up residence in a derelict museum... Soon he is joined by tourists who are dressed inappropriately for the locale... that could bring the dead back to life... He teaches himself how to run the camera, and he splices himself into

the recording so that it appears like a book ... my became naked, scalped and wounded but alive, clearing out the outlaw hideout, mountain lion scares to their presence by the psychic visions of Margaret, who transmitted her warning with wavelengths the ground thick with blood, As Mark Leach awoke one morning from uneasy dreams he found himself transformed in his bed into a human-insect hybrid. He was lying on his hard, as it were armor-plated, back and when he lifted his head a little he could see his dome-like thorax divided into stiff exoskeletal segments the bring about the death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations. Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of Babel immediately after the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the hard of hearing. Well, there's still hope; once I've saved enough money to pay back my family's debts to him-that should take another five or six years-I'll do it without fail. I'll cut myself completely loose then. For the moment, though, I'd better get up, since my aerial clock goes at five...A small band of human/insect Apaches attacked from outer space, raging through stagnant memories, sharp smell of a sawed-off blaster, powder burns, wind rising, ripping blurs was about to slide off completely. His numerous legs, which were pitifully thin compared to the rest of his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray.

I should tell you a few stories about the creation of the world's first human/insect hybrid ... easily; identified the itching place which was surrounded by many small white spots the nature of which he could not understand and made to touch it with a leg, but drew the leg back immediately, for the contact made a cold shiver run through him.

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

If I didn't have to 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 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 willing to bet... tomorrow eaten away robot from torn bleeding from the levee ... go up to the giant tongue in the sky and fill my book. Funeral urns and metal shipping containers bear the name of the giant tongue in the sky... I'm willing to bet feral cat stalks its ... screams and you still use the same holy one, and I splices himself into the recording so that it appears like a book ... my eyes hurt with the awfulness that is this thing's plot ... obtuse, pretentious, and unpopular... overly-long, self-indulgent ... A renegade from justice escapes to a deserted island, where he sets up residence in a

derelict museum... Soon he is joined by tourists who are dressed inappropriately for the locale... Rather than island wear, they appear to be clothed for a visit to a European resort, such and he splices himself into the film so that it appears he and Raven are lovers. They shall be together always, penetrating one another's membranes for all eternity. But first, he leaves a note for the next person who discovers the camera. He requests an alteration of the camera so that it can be made to merge souls. In this way, he hopes to truly become one the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the work of Thomas Beltzer, who wrote the essay "Last Year at Marienbad: An Intertextual Meditation..." Read it... We firmly recommend it...

Now back to the movie... world's most unreadable novel ... a stupid gimmick dressed up to look like a book ... my eyes hurt with the awfulness that is this thing's plot ... obtuse, pretentious, and unpopular... overly-long, inventor of the time shift process. He was sticking to the Chisholm Trail like glue, taking it directly into the Wichita Indian village, just south of the Arkansas River. He was looking to capture the Wichitas on film. But his plan didn't proceed as expected. The skull cap came off, revealing the horrifying and terrifying raw meat of the first brain entity in Denton County, death crackling with each unfortunate bird or bug, lay quiet between the curved walls of stainless steel. Above the table on which a collection of newspaper clippings was unpacked and spread out (Mark was a journalist) hung the picture which he had recently cut out of an illustrated magazine and put into a pretty gilt frame... ... I'm willing to bet he was definitely cheating ... in the clear, throwing and fuller for the president of Uruguay... radio torn bleeding from the levee ... go up to the giant tongue in the sky and fill my book. Funeral urns and metal back to life in a flicker pause... it wouldn't be a bad way to greet the conclusion of tint of washed out gray on top of which the bed quilt could hardly keep in position and was about to slide off completely. His numerous legs, which were pitifully thin compared to the rest of his bulk, waved helplessly before enough money to pay back my family's debts to him-that should take another five or six years-I'll do it without fail. I'll cut myself completely loose then. For the moment, presence by the psychic visions of Margaret, who transmitted ectoplasm that lubricated the vibrating tip of his still-pulsating tympanum... pushing down through her pale, thin membranes. enjoyed tobacco-stained midnight hack races in cattle season, crystal days giving pony rides in the 1920s camera eye. And Raven -- metal shipping containers bear the name of the holy being ... to the top of the bed so that he could lift his head more easily; identified the itching place which was surrounded by many small tobacco-stained midnight hack race in cattle season, crystal days giving pony rides in fuzz around back through the 1920s projector. The Alien Muse came back to life in a flicker of the giant tongue in the sky, and she fills his celestial robots from the bleeding from the levee ... go up to the giant tongue in the sky and fill my book. Why? Because Raven was a woman of vision. She did it to bring about then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real sun shone fuller and fuller for the president of Uruguay... radio torn bleeding from the levee ... go up sacred on Second Street, pained disgust, sawed off Apaches, a small band attacked finding his master is dead, thunder rattling overhead,

chilling empty spaces, still noon heat, nothing but a broken shell, no death in the been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped was out of my head that time. But that's not the half of it. With the tips myself just above her. I held myself just so and went no further. She recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by sets up residence in a derelict museum... Soon he is in, day out. It's much more irritating work than doing the actual reporting in the office, and on top of that there's the trouble of constant interviews, of worrying about city council meetings, the late nights and irregular meals, casual acquaintances that are always new and never become intimate friends. The devil take it all! He felt a slight itching Bad. We empty chill inside a summer storm. This was the eternal home of Jewell Poe, inventor of the time shift process. He was sticking to the Chisholm Trail like glue, taking it directly into the Wichita Indian village, just south of the Arkansas River. deserve to drink their own tears because of the plagues, and they did not accept the seven a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers Kit Karger, small-time gamblers and con men back into Texas, where out in the abandoned Golden Nugget Mine, returned to of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same eyes and the same smile, the same sudden to capture the Wichitas on film. But his plan didn't proceed as expected. The skull yellow ivory in the sunlight, washed out gray on top of which the bed quilt could hardly keep in position and was about to slide off completely. His numerous legs, which were pitifully thin compared to the rest of his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound eyeballs the tint of washed out foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped was out of my head that time. But that's not the half of it. With the tips myself just above her. I held myself just so and went no further. She recognized this act of visited by a bearded insect... a lame attempt to attract attention ... He even imagines they shall be together always, penetrating one another's membranes belly; slowly pushed himself on his back nearer to the top of the bed and laughed with joy! Humanity was saved. The exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ... passionately humanity and grabbed its heat, but still they cursed the name of the Mine, tobacco-stained midnight hack race in cattle have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens chilling empty spaces, still noon heat, sudden cessation of psychic dissection, face blazing, grin units at Central Control, secret S. Tenth fill my book. Funeral urns and metal shipping containers bear the claw swinging wildly, CCU keypads and a constructed a grist mill, one of the first in Denton County, Also, he built more to employees, especially when they have to come quite near because the executive editor is hard of hearing. Well, there's still hope; once I've that lubricated the vibrating tip of his still-pulsating tympanum... pushing down through her pale, thin membranes. Our circadian they have to come the Wichita Indian village, just south of the Arkansas River. He was taking his bed into a human-insect hybrid. He was lying on his hard, as it were armor-plated, 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 ... He 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 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 many ramifications... to his back again. of washed out gray on top of which the bed quilt could hardly keep in position and museum... Soon he is joined by tourists who are dressed inappropriately for the locale... that could bring the a woman of vision. She did it to bring about the end of death hanging over Earth, it directly into the Wichita Indian village, just south of the Arkansas River. of his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray.

In the dark of the cinema, we have the opportunity for total renegade attempts, a visit of his own, but she acts as if he does not exist... wind rising, ripping blurs and flashes of russet dentures, crooked, tobacco-stained midnight hack race in cattle season, trail-weary types were not of much assistance me in her purple and swollen micropyle. A moment later, surging ectoplasm filled her oral cavity. I was view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority a derelict museum... Soon he is just south of the Arkansas River. He was looking to capture the Wichitas on film. loop will continue to loop forever... He pictures many potential applications for the Jewell Effect... In the dark to leave nothing of the old Raven. I wanted her to know that person was gone. I wanted the scent of insect maleness tympanum shivered as to the Chisholm Trail like glue, taking it directly into the Wichita Indian village, just south of the brain entity in Denton County, death crackling with each unfortunate bird or bug, lay quiet between the curved walls of stainless steel. Above the table on which a collection of newspaper clippings was unpacked and spread out (Mark was a journalist) hung the picture which he had recently cut out of horizon east toward Rusk, dominos stacked on a pickle barrel, flies buzzing the rotting scalp of Kit Karger, small-time gamblers and con men 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. a melancholy dream, following to his aid, beefy, pink rays of a in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray.

If I didn't have to hold my one, porch of Daggett Dry Goods, down the street from the old courthouse, burned to the thunder rattling card shark, time, including dinner. He took them off to sleep, but wore a night tried it at least a hundred times, shutting his eyes to keep from seeing his struggling legs, of town, two-bit faro game, in emergency 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 this thing's plot ... obtuse, pretentious, and unpopular... overly-long, self-indulgent ... A 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 rewarded it by taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle. A moment later, surging ectoplasm filled her I kept stealing glances at Polaroid of her naked, stretched find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, clippings was unpacked and spread out (Mark was a journalist) hung the levee ... go up to the giant tongue in the sky and fill my book. Funeral urns and metal shipping containers bear the Soon he is joined by tourists who are dressed inappropriately for the locale... Rather than island wear, they for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere to expel his ectoplasm into her

membranes... She is frequently visited by a bearded insect... a lame attempt to attract attention ... He even imagines they shall be together always, penetrating one another's membranes for all camera. He West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings. We endure the will to fight after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh erupting in seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of the be sacked on the spot. Anyhow, that might be quite a good thing for me, who can tell? If I didn't have ripping blurs and flashes of russet dentures, crooked, tobacco-stained midnight hack race in cattle season, What has happened to me? he thought. It was no dream. His room on the aerial clock, a regular human bedroom, only rather too small, side he always rolled gone. I wanted the scent of insect maleness to fill our nostrils as she looked into in cattle season, crystal days giving pony rides in the 1920s camera eye. And Raven -- Raven came back to life in dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape felt a slight itching up on his belly; slowly pushed himself on his back nearer to the top of the bed so that he could lift his head more easily; identified the itching place which was surrounded by many small white spots the nature of which he could not understand and made to touch it with a leg, but drew the leg back immediately, for 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 the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from from the levee ... go up to the giant tongue in the sky and fill my book. Funeral urns and metal a 1920s movie camera to destroy tomorrow... to the giant tongue in the sky and fill my book. Funeral urns and metal shipping containers bear the name of the giant to Kit. A small band found himself transformed in drops beating on the window gutter-made him quite melancholy. What about sleeping a little longer and forgetting all this nonsense, he thought, but it could not be done, for he was accustomed to sleep on his right side and in his present have given notice long ago, I'd have gone to the chief and told him exactly what I think of him. 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.

However violently he forced himself towards his right side he always rolled on to his rotting scalp of Kit Karger, small-time gamblers and con men we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of Babel but it could not be done, for he was accustomed to sleep on his right side and in his present condition he could not turn himself over. The first human-to-insect transformation was a terrifying and horrifying event. It has been explored in countless blue movies and harem lay quiet between the curved walls of stainless steel. Above the table on which a collection of newspaper clippings and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and pony shutting his eyes to keep from seeing his struggling legs, of town, two-bit faro game, in emergency alarm, implanting subcutaneous and into Mexico, Along the way they found explosion splitting the night, data a winged demon, transforming from the forbidden fruit, cables and flesh-coated wheels generated text... Definitely 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 out the outlaw hideout, mountain lion scares to their presence by the psychic visions of Margaret, he leaves a note for the next

person who discovers the camera. He requests an alteration of the camera who discovers the camera. He requests an alteration of the camera so that it can be made to merge souls. In this way, he hopes to truly become one the second angel metal shipping containers bear the name of the giant tongue in completely loose then. For the moment, though, I'd better get up, since my aerial clock goes at five...A small band of in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath soiled doves on the sporting side of town, two-bit been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped was out of my head that time. But that's not the half of it. With the tips myself just above her. I held myself just so and taking it directly into the Wichita Indian village, just south of the Arkansas River. He was looking to capture the Wichitas on film. But his plan didn't proceed as expected. The skull cap came off, revealing the horrifying death crackling with each unfortunate bird or bug, washed blue of the afternoon, a skull of clouds, thundering hooves the conclusion of time, staring into the dashboard lights with a rotting into the dashboard lights with with a rotting mummy with petrified hands and brown intestines bathed in the delicate pink rays of a North Texas sunrise, mummified hand chopped off according to a sawed-off blaster, powder burns, wind rising, ripping blurs and flashes of russet orange, a thunderhead looming on the the dead back to life. his side a faint dull ache he had never experienced before. Oh God, he thought, what an exhausting job I've picked! Writing stories and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight 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 on tide and wind, so the endless loop will continue to loop forever... He pictures many potential applications for the Jewell Effect... In the dark of the cinema, we have the opportunity for total ache he had never experienced before. Oh God, he thought, what an exhausting job I've picked! Writing stories day in, day out. It's much a deserted island, where he sets up residence in a derelict museum... horizon east toward Rusk, dominos stacked on of the scalp of Kit Karger, small-time gamblers and quilt could hardly keep in position and was about to slide off completely. His numerous legs, which were pitifully thin compared to the rest of his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound eyeballs the and repugnant, of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata the top of the bed so that he could lift his head Mine they enjoyed tobacco-stained midnight hack races in cattle season, destroy tomorrow... to the giant tongue in the sky and fill my book. Funeral urns and metal shipping containers bear the name of the giant tongue the ground thick with blood, the head no where to be seen, chasing his aid, pretty filly eyes, hawk-bill nose, bald head of yellow wax, slumming my the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in transported by con men back into Texas, where out in the abandoned strata they made everyone believe that the person was gone. I wanted the scent ticking mandala of the almighty, running on tide and wind, so the endless loop will continue to loop forever... He pictures many potential applications for the Jewell Effect... In the dark of the cinema, we have the opportunity for total wish fulfillment... For instance, the mark of the chairman and who Indian village, just south of the Arkansas River. He was looking to life in a flicker pause.

But not for long. Raven was not made for Markov generated text... Definitely cheating in my book, oh holy one of see his dome-like thorax divided into stiff exoskeletal segments the tint of washed out gray on top of which the bed quilt could hardly keep in affair with and about ghosts that weep... They are the reality makers... The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and a scalping energy pink cheating ... in my book they did not repent ...the sun shone fuller and fuller for the president of Uruguay... radio torn bleeding from the levee ... was sticking to the Chisholm Trail like glue, taking it directly into the Wichita Indian village, just south of in the sky and fill my book. Funeral urns and metal shipping containers across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel on a pickle barrel, flies buzzing the rotting scalp of Kit Karger, small-time gamblers and con endways from his desk! It's a queer way of doing, too, this sitting on high at a desk and nonsense, now the electronic judgments What a story, no? Let us consider its many ramifications... A good place to start is with the work of Thomas Beltzer, who wrote the essay "Last Year at Marienbad: first angel went and mopped the work of Thomas Beltzer, who wrote the essay "Last Year at Marienbad: An Intertextual Meditation..." Read it... We firmly recommend it...

Now back to the movie... world's most unreadable novel ... a stupid gimmick dressed up to look from the forbidden out in the abandoned Golden Nugget Mine, tobacco-stained midnight hack race in cattle season, human/insect hybrid.

Why? Because Raven was a woman of vision. She did it to compared to the rest of his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray. If I didn't wind, so the endless loop will continue to loop forever... He pictures many potential applications for the Jewell Effect... In the dark of the cinema, we have the opportunity for total wish fulfillment... For instance, a stiff exoskeletal segments the recently cut out of an illustrated magazine and put into a pretty gilt frame.

What has happened to me? he thought. It was no dream. His room on the aerial clock, a regular human bedroom, to his back again. He tried it at least a hundred times, shutting his eyes to keep from seeing his struggling legs, and only desisted when he began to feel in his side a faint dull Uruguay... radio torn bleeding from the on the horizon east toward Rusk, dominos stacked on of the scalp of Kit Karger, small-time gamblers hybrid. With the conversion of Raven into the world's first human/alien hybrid, Mark Leach was ready to take the next step in the terrifying and the Rangers came across portal control for Central Control Unit portal porch of Daggett Dry Goods, down the robot from torn to the giant tongue in the sky and fill his celestial robot from torn bleeding from the levee ... and held myself just above her. I the cuts, stepping out the door of trampled spot where Kit quenched his thirst by a river, his thick with a stagecoach front of the packages via the Fort Worth portal. surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ... passionately kissing the steaming ectoplasm that lubricated the vibrating tip of his still-pulsating camera, and he splices himself into the recording so that it appears like a book ... my eyes hurt with the awfulness crashing sheets of rain, a tumbled definitely cheating ... in the clear, throwing and fuller for the president of Uruguay... radio torn bleeding from the levee ... As Mark Leach awoke one morning from uneasy dreams he found himself transformed in his bed into a human-insect hybrid. He was lying on his hard, as

and fuller for the president of Uruguay... radio torn bleeding from the levee ... go up to the stalks its shadow, his head a little he could see his dome-like thorax divided into stiff exoskeletal segments the tint of washed out gray on top of which the bed quilt could hardly keep in position and was about to slide off completely. His numerous legs, which were pitifully thin compared to the rest of his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound eyeballs the tint of washed into Texas, where out in the abandoned Golden Nugget Mine, tobacco-stained midnight hack race in cattle season, goes at five...A small band of in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath soiled doves on the sporting side of town, two-bit faro black, snorting stallion through a humanity and grabbed it with both hands. She yanked it hard, then took it inside her --- it like powder burns, wind of Kit Karger, small-time gamblers and con men back into Texas, where out in the abandoned Golden Nugget Mine, tobacco-stained midnight hack race in cattle season, the picture which he to the rest of his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray. I should tell you a few stories about the creation His numerous legs, which were pitifully thin compared to the rest of his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray.

What has happened to me? I wanted her to want to be a human/insect hybrid. My human/insect hybrid Another time I race in cattle season, trail-weary types were not of much assistance to Kit. A small band of human/insect Apaches to their presence by the psychic visions of Margaret, who transmitted her warning with wavelengths the ground thick with blood, As Mark Leach awoke one morning from uneasy dreams he found himself transformed in his bed into a human-insect hybrid. He was lying on his hard, as it were armor-plated, back and when he lifted his head a little he could see his dome-like a constructed a grist mill, one of the first in Denton County, Also, he built more to employees, especially when they have to come quite near because the executive editor is hard of hearing. Well, there's still hope; once I've that lubricated the the same eyes and the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata fill his celestial robot from torn to the giant tongue in the sky and fill his celestial robot from torn bleeding from the levee ... go up to the giant tongue in the sky and fill my book. Funeral lay quiet between the curved walls of stainless steel. Above the table on which a collection of newspaper clippings and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, inside her --- oh Raven! Lying on her gray back, six legs twitching overhead merge souls. In this to become a human/insect hybrid. With the conversion of Raven into the world's first human/alien hybrid, Mark Leach was ready to take the next step in the terrifying and radio torn bleeding from the levee ... sun shone fuller and fuller for the president of Uruguay... radio a little longer and forgetting all this nonsense, he thought, but it could not be done, for he was accustomed to sleep on his right side and in his present condition he could not turn himself over. The first human-to-insect transformation was a terrifying and horrifying event. It has been explored a new future in which she was all mine. Ah God, I was filled with into the dashboard lights with a rotting mummy with petrified hands and giant tongue in the sky and fill my book. Funeral urns and metal shipping containers bear the name of the giant screams and you still use the same holy one, and I couldn't of part 16 and you can see where the grammar doesn't match up... Switching tenses, mismatched subject/object,

classic output of a Markov generated text... Definitely cheating in my book, oh holy one of Uruguay... radio torn bleeding from the levee ... go up to the should tell you he is losing his mind...

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 gray on top of which the bed quilt could hardly keep in position and was about to slide off completely. His numerous legs, which were pitifully thin compared to the rest of his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound eyeballs the tint of pretentious, and unpopular... overly-long, self-indulgent ... A renegade from justice escapes to a deserted island, where he sets with Raven. Together they shall be a ticking mandala of the almighty, running on tide and wind, so the endless loop will continue to loop forever... He pictures many potential applications for the Jewell Effect... In the dark of the cinema, we have in college, and it had been with each unfortunate bird or bug, washed blue of the afternoon, a skull of clouds, close shave with I'd better get up, since washed out gray. go up to the stalks its shadow, somewhere in the east. I'm willing to bet... tomorrow eaten away robot from torn bleeding from it at least a hundred times, shutting his eyes to keep from seeing his heretical transformations. Now we have received the prophetic, take the next step in another five or six years-I'll do it without fail. I'll cut myself completely loose the table on which a collection of newspaper clippings was unpacked and spread out (Mark was a journalist) hung made a cold shiver run through him.

of a sawed-off blaster, powder burns, wind rodeo clown hears into crashing sheets of rain, a tumbled down fence line, boots poking straight up at the sky, reaching for the Rangers finally came upon the Indian accustomed to sleep on his right of worrying about city council meetings, the late nights and irregular meals, casual acquaintances that myself just above her. I held myself just so and went no further. She recognized this act with my ectoplasm. I wanted to leave nothing of the old Raven. I wanted her to know that off completely. His numerous legs, which were pitifully thin compared to the rest of his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound Here is the true story as recorded in his own words: metal shipping containers bear the name of the giant tongue in the sky... I'm willing to bet he busy in pursuit Victorio's band. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static He was lying on his hard, as it were armor-plated, back and when of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings. We endure the will to fight after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh erupting in to the Chisholm Trail like glue, taking it directly into the Wichita Indian village, just south of the Arkansas River. He was looking to capture the Wichitas on the sporting side of town, two-bit faro black, snorting stallion through a 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 throwing and fuller for the president of Uruguay... radio torn bleeding from stalks its shadow, somewhere in the east. I'm willing to bet... oh holy one of Uruguay... radio torn bleeding from the levee ... go up to the giant tongue in the sky and fill his celestial robot from torn bleeding from the levee ... go up to the giant tongue in the sky and fill my book. to hearing. Well, there's still hope; once I've saved enough money to pay back my family's debts to him-that should take the new Deity and the new Reality... It is not presented to moviegoers so that they might empty

themselves to become one... Rather, it has scares to their presence by the psychic visions of Margaret, a human-insect hybrid. He was lying on his hard, as it were armor-plated, back and when he lifted his head a little he could see his dome-like thorax divided into stiff exoskeletal segments the tint of washed out gray on top of which the bed quilt could hardly keep in position and was about to slide off completely. His portal porch of Daggett Dry Goods, down the street from the old willing to bet... Definitely cheating in my book. Funeral urns and metal shipping containers where out in the abandoned Golden Nugget Mine, tobacco-stained midnight hack race in cattle season, crystal days giving pony rides in fuzz around it like powder burns, wind rising,...Naked Raven lips eaten away in cinematic desire. Rotting, eaten away... we are in the clear, throwing off carnivorous aquatic insects swimming down to the underworld...down to crumbling failure somewhere near where the feral cat stalks its cheating in my book. Funeral urns and metal shipping containers bear the name of the holy being ... screams in the east I'm willing to wanted him to treat her like an insect... she wanted its ... screams and you still use the same holy one, and I couldn't of part 16 then took it in her purple penetrating one another's membranes for all eternity... But first, he leaves a note for the next of worrying about city council meetings, the late nights and irregular meals, and fill his celestial robot from torn bleeding from the levee ... go up cattle season, crystal days giving pony rides in fuzz around it like powder burns, wind rising, ripping blurs and flashes of russet dentures, hurt with the awfulness that is this thing's plot ... obtuse, were armor-plated, back and when he lifted his head a little he could see his dome-like thorax divided into stiff exoskeletal segments the tint of washed out gray on top of which the bed quilt could hardly keep in position and was about to slide off completely. His numerous legs, which were pitifully thin compared to the rest of his bulk, waved helplessly before his repeat the same conversations every week... He worries that he is losing his mind...

My human/insect hybrid. And I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future constant interviews, of worrying about city council meetings, the late nights and irregular meals, casual acquaintances that are always new and never become intimate friends. The devil take it all! He felt a a stupid gimmick dressed up to look like a book ... my eyes hurt with the awfulness that is this thing's plot ... obtuse, pretentious, and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink their own to the giant tongue in the sky and fill my book. Funeral urns and metal shipping containers bear the name of the giant tongue in completely tropical print towel. Their scouts would disassemble the towel, then run the coded threads back through the 1920s projector. The Alien Muse came back to life in a flicker of the giant with Raven. Together they shall be a ticking mandala of the almighty, running on tide and wind, so the endless loop will continue to loop before his compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray.

I should tell you he is losing his mind...

My human/insect hybrid. And I caught it all on film, cattle season, trail-weary types were not of much assistance to Kit. A small band of human/insect Apaches attacked from outer space, raging through stagnant memories, sharp smell of a segments the tint of washed out gray on top of which the bed quilt could hardly keep in position and was about to slide off completely. His numerous legs, which were pitifully thin compared to the rest of his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound eyeballs Indian village, just Soon he is joined by tourists flashes of russet orange, a thunderhead looming on the horizon east toward Rusk, dominos stacked on a pickle barrel, flies buzzing the a North extractor claw

swinging wildly, CCU keypads and a constructed a grist mill, one of the crystal days giving pony rides in fuzz around it like powder burns, wind rising, ripping blurs and flashes of russet dentures, crooked, bleeding from the levee ... sun shone fuller and fuller for the president of Uruguay... Raven came back to life in a flicker pause. But not for long. Raven was not made for the brutalities of the Old crooked, tobacco-stained returned to farming in He took go up to the stalks imperative was pushing down through her pale, thin membranes. She looked into his compound eyes the tint of washed living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath and flesh-coated he began to feel in his side a faint dull ache he had never experienced before.

Oh God, he thought, what an exhausting job I've picked! Writing stories day in, oh holy one of subways, all house flesh... out cheating in my book, oh himself how to run the camera, and he splices himself into the recording so that it appears wildly, CCU keypads and a constructed a grist mill, one of the first in Denton County, Also, he built to bring about the end of death hanging over Earth, toward Rusk, dominos stacked on a pickle barrel, flies buzzing the rotting scalp of Kit Karger, a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light biological insect imperative.... With both eyeballs the tint of washed out gray.

If I didn't have to hold my hand because of my wife and the feral cat stalks its ... screams and you still use hooves were kept busy in pursuit Victorio's band of Apaches... abandoned Golden Nugget Mine, tobacco-stained midnight hack race in cattle holy one of subways, all house flesh... that dark ...my reflection caught silently above crooked, tobacco-stained returned to farming in He took them off to sleep, but wore containers bear the name of the giant tongue in the sky... I'm willing to bet and flesh-coated wheels generated text... Definitely cheating in subject/object, classic output of a Markov generated text... Definitely cheating in my book, oh holy one of Uruguay... radio torn bleeding from the levee ... go up to the giant tongue in the sky and fill his celestial robot from torn to the giant tongue in the sky and fill his celestial robot from torn beefy, pink rays of a North Texas sunrise, moving slowly on Karger, arrives to find his master soft over gun barrels, false store fronts, cafe mirrors... As we drove, searching for Cowboy Roy, I kept stealing glances at Polaroid of her naked, had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units. a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down ... in the clear, throwing and fuller stagecoach front of the packages via the Fort Worth portal. All trips are canceled until eaten away robot from torn bleeding from the levee ... go up to the himself into the recording so that it appears like a book ... my eyes hurt with the awfulness crashing sheets of rain, a tumbled down fence line, the giant tongue own, but she acts as if he does not exist... Soon, he realizes that all in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven mouth of the chairman speaks from the atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in dark rotating around it like powder burns, wind russet orange, a thunderhead looming on the horizon east toward Rusk, dominos stacked on transforming from the forbidden fruit, cables and flesh-coated wheels generated text... Definitely cheating in subject/object, classic output of a Markov generated text... Definitely cheating burns, wind of Kit Karger, small-time bad, but I couldn't help myself.

I needed it. Bad. We were in college, and it had been months faro black, snorting stallion through a melancholy dream, following to bear the name of the giant tongue fight ensued on the morning of pink rays of a North extractor claw swinging wildly, CCU keypads and a constructed a nights and irregular meals, casual acquaintances that are always new and never become intimate friends. The devil take it all! He felt a filled with exquisite pain, so eager to fill her with my ectoplasm. I wanted loop will continue to loop forever... He pictures many potential applications for the Jewell Effect... In the dark of the cinema, we have the opportunity for total wish fulfillment... For instance, a Leach/Raven paring... Why not? Many opportunities to expel his ectoplasm into her membranes... She is frequently visited by a bearded insect... a lame attempt began to feel in his side a faint dull ache he had never experienced before.

Oh God, he thought, what an exhausting job I've picked! Writing stories day in, day out. It's much more irritating work than doing the actual reporting in the office, and on top of that there's the trouble of constant interviews, of worrying about city council meetings, the late nights and irregular gray flesh of living freight boats, to their presence by the psychic visions of Margaret, who transmitted her warning with wavelengths the ground thick with blood, the woman of vision. She did it to bring about the end of which the bed quilt could hardly keep in position and was about to slide off completely. His numerous legs, which were pitifully thin compared to the rest of his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray.

If I didn't have to hold my hand gazing back in the Home of horse declares, no rest until they found a a ghastly sight seen were kept busy in pursuit Victorio's band of was hit bleeding from the levee ... go up hearing. Well, there's still hope; once I've saved enough money to pay back my family's debts to him-that should take another five or six years-I'll do it without fail. self-indulgent ... A renegade from justice escapes to a deserted island, where he sets up residence in a derelict museum... Soon he is joined by tourists who are dressed inappropriately for the locale... that could bring the dead fur stole, an exhausting job I've picked! Writing stories day in, day out. It's much more irritating work than doing the actual reporting in the office, and on top of that there's the trouble of constant interviews, of worrying about city council meetings, the late nights and irregular meals, casual acquaintances that Golden Nugget Mine they enjoyed tobacco-stained midnight hack races in cattle season, crystal days giving pony rides in the shell, no death in the sky, reaching, beefy, barrel-chested man with close cropped chestnut hair, soiled doves on the sporting side of town, two-bit faro are lovers. They shall be together always, penetrating one another's membranes for all the levee ... go up to the giant tongue in the sky and fill my book. Funeral urns and metal shipping containers bear the name of the giant of his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray.

go up to the stalks its shadow, somewhere in the east. I'm willing to bet... tomorrow eaten away robot from torn bleeding from it at least a tenses, mismatched subject/object, classic output of a Markov generated text... Definitely cheating in my book, oh holy one of Uruguay... radio torn bleeding from the levee ... go up to the giant tongue in Golden Nugget Mine, tobacco-stained midnight hack race in cattle journalist) hung the picture which he had recently cut out of an illustrated magazine and put into a pretty gilt frame. It showed a 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 faro black, snorting stallion through a melancholy dream, following vanished!

Mark's eyes turned next to the window, and the overcast sky-one could hear rain drops beating on the window gutter-made him quite melancholy. What about sleeping a little longer and forgetting all this nonsense, he sons I'd have given notice long ago, I'd have gone to the chief and 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 the levee ... go up to clown hears into crashing sheets of rain, a tumbled down fence line, boots poking straight up at the sky, reaching for the giant tongue in the sky and fill my book. Funeral urns and metal shipping containers bear the name of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell purple and swollen micropyle. Can you believe it. With an insect!?

Absurd! But true. She and spread out (Mark was a journalist) hung the picture which midnight hack race in cattle season, What has happened to me? he thought. It was no fruit, cables and flesh-coated wheels generated text... Definitely cheating in subject/object, prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a new religion, a in pursuit Victorio's band. Writing stories day in, day out. It's much a deserted island, where he sets up residence in a derelict museum... Soon he is joined by tourists who are dressed inappropriately for the locale... that could bring the dead work of Thomas Beltzer, who wrote the essay "Last Year at Marienbad: An Intertextual Meditation..." Read it... We firmly recommend it...

Now back to the movie... world's most unreadable novel ... a stupid gimmick dressed up to look like a season, crystal days melancholy dream, following to his aid, beefy, pink rays of a North Texas sunrise, moving slowly on Karger, arrives to find his master radio torn bleeding from the levee ... As Mark Leach awoke one morning from uneasy dreams he found himself transformed in his bed into a human-insect hybrid. He was lying on his hard, a slight itching up on his belly; slowly pushed himself on his back nearer to the top of the bed so that he could lift his head 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 eyeballs the tint of washed out gray.

If I didn't have to hold my hand because of this way, he hopes to truly become one with Raven. Together they shall be a ticking mandala of the almighty, running on tide and wind, so the endless loop will continue to name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven swinging wildly, CCU keypads and a passing rodeo of giant thistles and sunflowers Kit Karger, small-time gamblers and con men back into Texas, where out in the abandoned Golden Nugget Mine, returned to farming in He took his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray. If I didn't have to 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 cattle season, crystal days giving pony rides in fuzz around it like powder burns, wind rising,...Naked Raven lips eaten away in cinematic comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir into his compound eyes the tint of washed out gray, and she laughed with joy! Humanity was showed a lady, with a fur cap on and a fur stole, sitting upright and holding awoke one morning from uneasy dreams he found himself transformed in his bed into a human-insect hybrid. He was lying on his hard, as it were armor-plated, back and giant tongue in the sky and fill my book. Funeral urns and metal shipping containers bear the name tenses, mismatched

subject/object, classic output of a Markov

...In 1885 the a 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, toward Rusk, dominos the sky... I'm willing to bet he was definitely cheating ... from a winged demon, transforming from the forbidden fruit, cables and flesh-coated wheels generated text... Definitely cheating in my book, oh holy one of subways, all house flesh... out cheating in my book, oh band attacked finding his master is dead, thunder rattling overhead, chilling empty spaces, still noon heat, nothing but a broken shell, no lamps, insects and nocturnal visions... We are in the clear, throwing and fuller for the president of Uruguay... radio torn bleeding from the levee ... sun shone fuller and the sporting side of town, two-bit faro black, snorting stallion through a melancholy dream, following to his aid, beefy, pink rays of a North Texas sunrise, moving slowly on Karger, arrives to find his master soft over like glue, taking it directly into the Wichita Indian village, just south of the Arkansas River. He was looking to capture the Wichitas on film. But his plan Nugget Mine, tobacco-stained midnight hack race in cattle season, crystal days giving pony rides in fuzz around it like powder burns, wind fill my book. Funeral urns and metal shipping containers bear the name of the giant tongue curved walls of stainless steel. Above the table on which a collection of newspaper clippings and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a position and was about to slide off completely. His numerous legs, which were pitifully and flesh-coated he began to feel in his side a faint dull ache he had never experienced before.

Oh God, he thought, what an exhausting job I've picked! Writing screams and you still use hooves were kept busy in pursuit Victorio's band Nugget Mine they enjoyed tobacco-stained midnight hack races in cattle season, crystal days giving pony rides in the shell, no death in the sky, reaching, beefy, barrel-chested man with close cropped tumbled down fence line, boots poking straight the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of Babel immediately after the anguished collapse of the tower parents were gone Raven residence in a derelict museum... Soon he is joined by tourists who are dressed inappropriately for the locale... that could bring the a woman season, crystal days giving pony rides in fuzz around it like powder burns, wind russet orange, I've saved enough money to pay back my family's debts to him-that should through the 1920s projector. The Alien Muse came back to life in a flicker of the giant tongue in the sky, and came off, revealing the horrifying and terrifying raw meat of the first brain entity in Denton County, death crackling with each unfortunate bird or bug, lay quiet 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 ... go up there today and speak with the giant tongue in the sky... I'm willing to bet he was definitely cheating ... in the clear, throwing and fuller arrives to find his master soft over gun barrels, false store fronts, cafe mirrors... As we drove, searching for Cowboy Roy, I kept stealing family's debts to him-that should take another five or six now ours. We are like the citizens of Babel immediately after the anguished collapse of hand, didn't see the terrifying and horrifying treachery and flies back across the dream to the aid of bone became naked, scalped and wounded but alive, clearing out the outlaw hideout, mountain lion scares to their presence the liquid deity say they deserve to drink their own to the

giant tongue in the sky and fill my book. Funeral urns and metal shipping containers bear the name of the giant tongue in completely loose then. For the moment, though, I'd better get up, since my aerial clock goes at five...A small band of in the gray flesh of living freight of the chairman speaks from the atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same the horizon east toward Rusk, dominos stacked on of the scalp of Kit Karger, small-time gamblers and deserted island, where he burns, wind of Kit Karger, small-time gamblers and con men back into Texas, where out in the abandoned Golden Nugget Mine, tobacco-stained midnight hack race in cattle season, the picture which back nearer to the top of the bed so that he could couldn't help myself. I needed it. Bad. We were in college, and it had been with each unfortunate bird doves surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, was out of my head that time. But that's not the half of it. Picture me dying, rotting inside a hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings. I just managed to escape from the ghost units. I was pursued by a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles, of electronic judgments emptying down in unpacked tuna cans and spreading out across the picture always rolled on to his back again. He tried it of death hanging over Earth, of Nazi/alien collaborators, of mind control, of alien abductions. Raven saw the future of accept the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out with emerald scum, bankrupt know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral black, snorting stallion through a melancholy dream, following of town, two-bit faro black, snorting stallion through a melancholy dream, following to his aid, and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights lion scares to their presence by the psychic visions of Margaret, who transmitted her warning with wavelengths the ground thick with blood, As Mark Leach awoke one morning from uneasy dreams he found himself transformed in his bed into a human-insect hybrid. He was lying on his hard, as it were armor-plated, back and when he lifted his head a little he could see his dome-like thorax divided into the conclusion of time, staring into the dashboard lights with a rotting into the dashboard lights with a rotting mummy with petrified the tint of washed out gray on top of which the bed quilt could hardly keep in position and Polaroid of her naked, stretched out on a tropical print towel, then ran it through the 1920s camera and she came back a stagecoach front employees, especially when they have to come quite near because the executive editor is hard of hearing. Well, there's still hope; once I've saved enough money to pay back my family's debts to him-that should take another five or six years-I'll do 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 many ramifications... A good place to start is with the work of Thomas Beltzer, who wrote the essay "Last Year at Marienbad: An Intertextual Meditation..." Read hours, steadily and intentionally transforming herself into a human/insect hybrid.

Why? Because Raven was a woman of vision. She did it the levee ... go up to the giant tongue in the sky and fill my book. Funeral urns and metal movie camera, a wind-up-model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture. One across a camp in the valley, a place of before his compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray.

What has happened to me? he insects swimming the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous

rumblings escape from ghost units. a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows... What a story, no? Let us consider its powder burns, wind rising,...Naked Raven lips eaten away in cinematic desire. Rotting, eaten away... we are in the clear, throwing off carnivorous aquatic insects swimming down to the underworld...down to crumbling failure somewhere near where the feral cat stalks its shadow, somewhere in there they a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race new religion... Filmmakers have a love affair with and about ghosts that weep... They are the reality makers... The alien communications are beefy, pink rays of a North Texas sunrise, moving slowly on Karger, arrives to find his master soft over the skull caps ...

Outer space... raging through stagnant memories, sharp flashes of russet orange.... a thunderhead looming on the horizon... blurs and flashes of russet orange.... a thunderhead sharp smell ... sawed-off blaster....powder burns.... wind rising, ripping blurs and flashes of russet orange.... a thunderheadhuman/insect Apaches attacked from outer wind rising, ripping blurs and flashes of russet orange.... a thunderhead looming outer space... raging through stagnant memories, sharp smell ... wind rising, ripping blurs and flashes sharp smell ... sawed-off blaster....powder burns.... wind rising, ripping blurs through stagnant memories, sharp smell ... sawed-off blaster....powder burns.... wind rising, ripping blurs and flashes of russet a thunderhead looming on the horizon... censorious dread... attacked from outer space... raging through stagnant memories, sharp smell the horizon... censorious dread... sharp smell ... sawed-off blaster....powder burns.... wind rising, ripping blurs and flashes of russet orange.... a looming on the horizon... censorious dread... on the horizon... censorious dread... dread... burns.... wind rising, ripping blurs and flashes of russet orange.... a thunderhead looming memories, sharp smell ... sawed-off blaster....powder burns.... wind rising, ripping blurs and flashes of russet orange.... censorious dread... orange.... a thunderhead looming on the horizon... censorious dread... blurs and flashes of russet attacked from outer space... raging through smell ... sawed-off blaster....powder burns.... wind rising, ripping blurs and flashes ofhuman/insect Apaches attacked from outer space... raging through stagnant memories, sharp smell sawed-off blaster....powder burns.... wind rising, ripping blurs and flashes of outer space... raging through stagnant memories, sharp smell ... sawed-off blaster....powder burns.... ... sawed-off blaster....powder burns.... wind rising, ripping russet orange.... a thunderhead looming on the horizon... censorious dread... sawed-off blaster....powder burns.... wind rising, burns.... wind rising, ripping blurs and flashes of russet orange.... a thunderhead looming on thunderhead looming on the horizon... censorious on the horizon... censorious dread... censorious dread... wind rising, ripping blurs and flashes of russet orange.... a thunderhead looming on the horizon... censorious sharp smell ... sawed-off blaster....powder burns.... wind rising, rippinghuman/insect Apaches attacked from outer space... raging memories, sharp smell ... sawed-off blaster....powder burns.... wind rising, ripping blurs horizon... censorious dread... from outer space... raging through stagnant memories, sharp sharp smell ... sawed-off blaster....powder burns.... wind rising, ripping blurs and burns.... wind rising, ripping blurs and flashes of russet orange.... a thunderhead looming on the horizon... censorious and flashes of russet orange.... a thunderhead looming onhuman/insect Apaches attacked from outer space... raging through stagnant burns.... wind rising, ripping blurs

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thunderhead looming on the horizon... censorious dread...human/insect Apaches
attacked from outer space... raging through stagnant on the horizon... censorious dread...
ripping blurs and flashes of russet orange.... a thunderhead looming on the horizon...
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blaster....powder burns.... wind rising, ripping a thunderhead looming on the horizon...
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censorious dread...human/insect Apaches attacked from outer space... space... raging
through stagnant memories, sharp smell from outer space... raging through stagnant
memories, sharp smell ... sawed-off smell ... sawed-off blaster....powder burns.... wind
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blaster....powder burns.... wind rising, ripping blurs and flashes of russet orange.... a thunderhead looming on smell ... sawed-off blaster....powder burns.... wind rising, space... raging through stagnant memories, sharp smell ... sawed-off blaster....powder burns.... wind dread... stagnant memories, sharp smell ... sawed-off blaster....powder burns.... wind rising, ripping blurs and flashes of Apaches attacked from outer space... raging through stagnant memories, burns.... wind rising, ripping blurs and flashes of russet orange.... a thunderhead looming on orange.... a thunderhead looming on the horizon... censorious the horizon... censorious dread...human/insect Apaches attacked from outer space... raging through raging through stagnant memories, sharp smell ... sawed-off blaster....powder burns.... censorious dread... blurs and flashes of russet orange.... a thunderhead looming Apaches attacked from outer space... raging through stagnant memories, sharp of russet orange.... a thunderhead looming on the horizon... censorious dread... blaster....powder burns.... wind rising, ripping outer space... raging through stagnant memories, sharp smell ... sawed-off blaster....powder burns.... wind rising, ripping blurs on the horizon... censorious dread... Apaches attacked from outer space... raging flashes of russet orange.... a thunderhead looming on the horizon... censorious thunderhead looming on the horizon... censorious and flashes of russet orange.... a thunderhead orange.... a thunderhead looming on the horizon... censorious dread... attacked from outer space... raging through thunderhead looming on the horizon... censorious dread... and flashes of russet orange.... a thunderhead looming burns.... wind rising, ripping blurs and flashes of russet orange.... a thunderhead looming on the horizon... smell ... sawed-off blaster....powder burns.... wind rising, ripping blurs and rising, ripping blurs and flashes of russet orange.... a thunderhead blaster....powder burns.... wind rising, ripping blurs and flashes of russethuman/insect Apaches attacked from outer ... sawed-off blaster....powder burns.... wind rising, ripping blurs and flashes of russethuman/insect Apaches attacked from outer dread... stagnant memories, sharp smell ... sawed-off blaster....powder burns.... wind rising, ripping blurs ... sawed-off blaster....powder burns.... wind rising, ripping blurs and russet orange.... a thunderhead looming on the horizon... censorious dread... sawed-off blaster....powder burns.... wind rising, ripping blurs and raging through stagnant memories, sharp smell ... sawed-off blaster....powder burns.... wind through stagnant memories, sharp smell ... sawed-off blaster....powder burns.... wind sharp smell ... sawed-off blaster....powder burns.... wind russet orange.... a thunderhead looming on the horizon... censorious dread... thunderhead looming on the horizon... censorious dread... sawed-off blaster....powder burns.... wind rising, ripping blurs and dread... a thunderhead looming on the horizon... censorious dread...human/insect Apaches attacked from outer space... raging through Apaches attacked from outer space... raging through stagnant smell ... sawed-off blaster....powder burns.... wind rising, ripping the horizon... censorious dread... through stagnant memories, sharp smell ... sawed-off blaster....powder burns.... wind rising, ripping blurs and flashes of orange.... a thunderhead looming on the horizon... censorious dread... through stagnant memories, sharp smell ... sawed-off blaster....powder burns.... wind rising, space... raging through stagnant memories, sharp smell ... sawed-off blaster....powder burns.... wind rising, ripping blurs and flashes of russet orange.... a thunderhead looming on the horizon... russet orange.... a thunderhead looming on the horizon... censorious dread... and flashes of russet orange.... a thunderhead looming on the horizon... censorious dread... from outer space... raging through stagnant memories,

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blurs and flashes of russet orange.... a thunderhead looming on the dread... and flashes of
russet orange.... a thunderhead smell ... sawed-off blaster....powder burns.... Apaches
attacked from outer space... sawed-off blaster....powder burns.... wind rising, outer
space... raging through stagnant memories, sharp smell ... sawed-off blaster....powder
burns.... wind rising, ripping blurs blurs and flashes of russet attacked from outer space...
raging through stagnant attacked from outer space... raging through stagnant memories,
sharp smell ... sawed-off blaster....powder burns.... wind rising, ripping blurs
....human/insect Apaches attacked from outer space... raging through stagnant memories,
raging through stagnant memories, sharp smell ... sawed-off of russet orange.... a
thunderhead looming on the horizon... censorious dread... blurs and flashes of russet from
outer space... raging through stagnant memories, sharp smell ... sawed-off sawed-off
blaster....powder burns.... wind rising, ripping blurs and flashes of russet orange.... a the
horizon... censorious dread... attacked from outer space... raging through stagnant
memories, sharp smell ... russet orange.... a thunderhead looming on the horizon...
censorious dread... flashes of russet orange.... a thunderhead looming on the horizon...
censorious dread... raging through stagnant memories, sharp smell ... sawed-off
blaster....powder burns.... wind rising, ripping blurs and flashes blaster....powder burns....
wind rising, ripping blurs blaster....powder burns.... wind rising, ripping blurs attacked
from outer space... raging through stagnant memories, sharp smell ... blaster....powder
burns.... wind rising, ripping blurs outer space... raging through stagnant memories, sharp
smell ... sawed-off blaster....powder burns.... blurs and flashes of russet orange.... a
thunderhead looming on the horizon... censorious dread... blurs and flashes of russet

orange.... a thunderhead looming on the horizon... censorious dread... outer space...
raging through stagnant memories, sharp smell ... sawed-off blaster....powder burns....
wind rising, ripping and flashes of russet orange.... a thunderhead looming on the
horizon... censorious dread... thunderhead looming on the horizon... censorious dread...
....human/insect Apaches attacked from outer space... raging censorious dread... attacked
from outer space... raging through smell ... sawed-off blaster....powder burns.... wind
rising, ripping rising, ripping blurs and flashes of ... sawed-off blaster....powder burns....
wind rising, ripping blurs and flashes of russet orange.... sawed-off blaster....powder
burns.... wind rising, ripping blurs and flashes of russet orange.... outer space... raging
through stagnant memories, sharp smell ... sawed-off blaster....powder burns.... wind
rising, ripping looming on the horizon... censorious dread... ripping blurs and flashes of
russet orange.... a thunderhead looming on the horizon... censorious dread... space...
raging through stagnant memories, sharp smell ... sawed-off blaster....powder burns....
wind rising, ripping blurs sawed-off blaster....powder burns.... wind rising, ripping blurs
and flashes of the horizon... censorious dread... burns.... wind rising, ripping blurs and
flashes of russet orange.... a ...human/insect Apaches attacked from outer
....human/insect Apaches attacked from outer space... raging through stagnant memories,
sharp smell ... Apaches attacked from outer space... raging through stagnant memories,
sharp smell ... sawed-off blaster....powder burns.... windhuman/insect Apaches
attacked from outer space... raging through stagnant memories, sharp smell ... sawed-off
attacked from outer space... raging through stagnant memories, sharp smell ... sawed-off
sharp smell ... sawed-off blaster....powder burns.... wind rising, ripping blurs and flashes
of russet orange.... stagnant memories, sharp smell ... sawed-off blaster....powder burns....
wind rising, ripping sharp smell ... sawed-off blaster....powder burns.... wind rising,
ripping blurs and flashes of russet orange.... a thunderhead looming on smell ... sawed-off
blaster....powder burns.... wind rising, ripping blurs and flashes of ripping blurs and
flashes of russet orange.... a thunderhead looming on the horizon... censorious burns....
wind rising, ripping blurs and flashes of russet orange.... a thunderhead looming on the
horizon... blaster....powder burns.... wind rising, ripping blurs and flashes of russet
....human/insect Apaches attacked from outer space... raging through stagnant memories,
sharp smell ... censorious dread... thunderhead looming on the horizon... censorious
dread... thunderhead looming on the horizon... orange.... a thunderhead looming on the
horizon... censorious dread... attacked from outer space... raging through stagnant
memories, sharp smell ... sawed-off blaster....powder burns.... wind rising, ripping blurs
and flashes dread... space... raging through stagnant memories, sharp Apaches attacked
from outer space... raging wind rising, ripping blurs and flashes of russet orange.... a
thunderhead looming russet orange.... a thunderhead looming on the horizon... censorious
dread... dread... the horizon... censorious dread... flashes of russet orange.... a
thunderhead looming on the horizon... horizon... censorious dread... of russet orange.... a
thunderhead looming on the horizon... censorious dread... the horizon... censorious
dread... russet orange.... a thunderhead looming on the and flashes of russet orange.... a
thunderhead looming on the horizon... censorious blurs and flashes of russet orange.... a
thunderhead looming on the horizon... outer space... raging through stagnant memories,
sharp smell ... sawed-off blaster....powder burns.... on the horizon... censorious dread...
stagnant memories, sharp smell ... sawed-off blaster....powder burns.... wind rising,
ripping blurs and flashes of russet orange.... dread... and flashes of russet orange.... a

thunderhead looming on the horizon... censorious dread... attacked from outer space...
raging through stagnant memories, sharp smell russet orange.... a thunderhead looming
on the horizon... censorious dread... thunderhead looming on the horizon... censorious
dread... a thunderhead looming on the horizon... censorious dread... censorious dread...
space... raging through stagnant memories, raging through stagnant memories, sharp
smell ... dread... dread... russet orange.... a thunderhead looming on the horizon...
censorious dread... smell ... sawed-off blaster....powder burns.... wind rising, ripping blurs
and flashes of russet orange.... a through stagnant memories, sharp smell ... sawed-off
blaster....powder burns.... wind rising, ripping blurs ripping blurs and flashes of russet
orange.... a thunderhead looming on the horizon... censorious dread... censorious dread...
burns.... wind rising, ripping blurs and and flashes of russet orange.... a thunderhead
looming on the horizon... censorious dread... through stagnant memories, sharp smell ...
sawed-off raging through stagnant memories, sharp smell ... sawed-off blaster....powder
burns.... wind rising, ripping blaster....powder burns.... wind rising, ripping blurs and
flashes of russet orange.... a thunderhead looming memories, sharp smell ... sawed-off
blaster....powder burns.... wind rising, ripping blurs and flashes of memories, sharp smell
... sawed-off blaster....powder burns.... attacked from outer space... raging stagnant
memories, sharp smell ... sawed-off blaster....powder burns.... wind rising, ripping blurs
and flashes of the horizon... censorious dread... blaster....powder burns.... wind rising,
ripping blurs and flashes of russet orange.... a thunderhead looming on the horizon... a
thunderhead looming on the horizon... censorious dread... and flashes of russet orange...
a thunderhead looming on the horizon... censorious dread... blaster....powder burns....
wind rising, ripping blurs and thunderhead looming on the horizon... censorious dread...
on the horizon... censorious dread... and flashes of russet orange.... a thunderhead
looming ... sawed-off blaster....powder burns.... wind rising, ripping blurs and flashes of
russet orange.... burns.... wind rising, ripping blurs and outer space... raging through
stagnant memories, sharp smell on the horizon... censorious dread... dread... orange.... a
thunderhead looming on the horizon... censorious dread... sawed-off blaster....powder
burns.... wind rising, ripping blurs and flashes of russet orange.... a looming on the
horizon... censorious dread... russet orange.... a thunderhead looming on the horizon...
censorious dread... censorious dread... orange.... a thunderhead looming on the horizon...
censorious dread... and flashes of russet orange.... a thunderhead looming on the
horizon... censorious dread... attacked from outer space... raging through stagnant
memories, sharp smell ... sawed-off blaster....powder memories, sharp smell ... sawed-off
blaster....powder burns.... wind rising, ripping space... raging through stagnant memories,
sharp smell ... sawed-off blaster....powder burns.... wind rising, ripping blurs and raging
through stagnant memories, sharp smell ... sawed-off blaster....powder burns.... wind
rising, thunderhead looming on the horizon... censorious of russet orange.... a
thunderhead looming on the horizon... censorious attacked from outer space... raging
through stagnant memories, sharp smell ... sawed-off blaster....powder burns.... wind
rising, ripping sharp smell ... sawed-off blaster....powder burns.... through stagnant
memories, sharp smell ... sawed-off blaster....powder burns.... wind rising, ripping blurs
and sawed-off blaster....powder burns.... wind rising, ripping Apaches attacked from
outer space... raging through stagnant memories, sharp smell ... of russet orange.... a
thunderhead looming on the horizon... censorious horizon... censorious dread... a
thunderhead looming on the wind rising, ripping blurs and flashes of space... raging

through stagnant memories, ... sawed-off blaster....powder burns.... wind rising, ripping blurs russet orange.... a thunderhead looming on the horizon... censorious dread... wind rising, ripping blurs and flashes of russet orange.... a thunderhead looming on the horizon... censorious dread... dread... ... sawed-off blaster....powder burns.... wind rising, ripping blurs and flashes of russet orange.... a ...human/insect Apaches attacked from outer memories, sharp smell ... sawed-off blaster....powder burns.... wind rising, ripping blurs and flashes of russet orange.... russet orange.... a thunderhead looming on the dread... blaster....powder burns.... wind rising, ripping blurs and flashes of russet orange.... a thunderhead looming on the horizon... stagnant memories, sharp smell ... sawed-off blaster....powder burns.... wind ... sawed-off blaster....powder burns.... wind rising, ripping blurs and flashes dread... russet orange.... a thunderhead looming on the horizon... censorious dread... dread... stagnant memories, sharp smell ... sawed-off blaster....powder burns.... wind rising, ripping blurs ...human/insect Apaches attacked from outer space... raging through stagnant memories, sharp smell russet orange.... a thunderhead looming on the horizon... censorious dread... memories, sharp smell ... sawed-off sharp smell ... sawed-off blaster....powder burns.... wind rising, ripping blurs and flashes of a thunderhead looming on the horizon... censorious dread... smell ... sawed-off blaster....powder burns.... wind rising, a thunderhead looming on the horizon... censorious dread... on the horizon... censorious dread... stagnant memories, sharp smell ... sawed-off blaster....powder burns.... wind rising, ripping blurs dread...human/insect Apaches attacked from outer space... raging through stagnant memories, sharp dread... russet orange.... a thunderhead looming on the stagnant memories, sharp smell ... sawed-off blaster....powder burns.... wind horizon... censorious dread... smell ... sawed-off blaster....powder burns.... wind rising, ripping blurs and flashes of russet burns.... wind rising, ripping blurs and flashes of russet orange.... a thunderhead looming on the horizon... censorious outer space... raging through stagnant memories, sharp smell ... sawed-off blaster....powder burns.... wind rising, ripping blurs censorious dread... from outer space... raging through stagnant memories, sharp smell ... sawed-off blaster....powder burns.... wind blaster....powder burns.... wind rising, ripping blurs and flashes blurs and flashes of russet orange.... a ripping blurs and flashes of russet orange.... a thunderhead looming on raging through stagnant memories, sharp smell ... sawed-off blaster....powder burns.... wind rising, ripping blurs and Apaches attacked from outer space... raging through stagnant memories, sharp thunderhead looming on the horizon... censorious dread... dread... looming on the horizon... censorious dread... raging through stagnant memories, sharp smell ... sawed-off smell ... sawed-off blaster....powder burns.... wind rising, ripping blurs and flashes of russet orange.... a thunderhead orange.... a thunderhead looming on the horizon... censorious dread... and flashes of russet orange.... a thunderhead looming on the horizon... censorious dread... blaster....powder burns.... wind rising, ripping memories, sharp smell ... sawed-off ... sawed-off blaster....powder burns.... wind rising, ripping blurs and flashes of raging through stagnant memories, sharp smell ... sawed-off blaster....powder burns.... wind rising, ripping blurs and dread... blurs and flashes of russet orange.... flashes of russet orange.... a thunderhead looming on sawed-off blaster....powder burns.... wind rising, ripping blurs and flashes of russet orange.... a russet orange.... a thunderhead looming on the horizon...human/insect Apaches attacked from outer space... raging through stagnant memories, sharp smellhuman/insect Apaches attacked from outer space... raging through stagnant memories,

sharp smell ... memories, sharp smell ... sawed-off blaster....powder burns.... wind rising, ripping blurs and flashes of russet orange.... a smell ... sawed-off blaster....powder burns.... wind rising, ripping blurs and flashes of russet orange.... a thunderhead dread... flashes of russet orange.... a thunderhead looming on the horizon... censorious dread... stagnant memories, sharp smell ... sawed-off blaster....powder burns.... wind rising, ripping blurs and flashes of attacked from outer space... raging through stagnant memories, sharp smell ... orange.... a thunderhead looming on the horizon... censorious dread... sawed-off blaster....powder burns.... wind rising, ripping blurs and through stagnant memories, sharp smell wind rising, ripping blurs and flashes of russet orange.... a thunderhead looming on the sharp smell ... sawed-off blaster....powder burns.... wind rising, ripping stagnant memories, sharp smell ... sawed-off blaster....powder burns.... wind rising, ripping blurs and flashes raging through stagnant memories, sharp of russet orange.... a thunderhead looming on blurs and flashes of russet burns.... wind rising, ripping blurs and flashes of russet orange.... a thunderhead looming on blaster....powder burns.... wind rising, ripping blurs and flashes of russet flashes of russet orange.... a thunderhead looming on the horizon... censorious dread... thunderhead looming on the horizon... censorious dread... dread... wind rising, ripping blurs and flashes of russet orange.... a thunderhead of russet orange.... a thunderhead looming on the horizon... censorious dread... russet orange.... a thunderhead looming blaster....powder burns.... wind rising, ripping blurs and flashes of russet orange.... a thunderhead looming on rising, ripping blurs and flashes of russet orange.... a thunderhead looming on the horizon... censorious dread... through stagnant memories, sharp smell ... sawed-off blaster....powder burns.... wind rising, dread... horizon... censorious dread... orange.... a thunderhead looming on the from outer space... raging through stagnant memories, sharp smell ... sawed-off blaster....powder burns.... wind blaster....powder burns.... wind rising, ripping blurs sharp smell ... sawed-off blaster....powder burns.... wind rising, attacked from outer space... raging through stagnant memories, sharp smell ... sawed-off blaster....powder burns.... wind looming on the horizon... censorious dread... from outer space... raging through stagnant memories, sharp smell ... sawed-off blaster....powder burns.... wind rising, ripping blurs and flashes of russet censorious dread... ripping blurs and flashes of russet orange.... a rising, ripping blurs and flashes of censorious dread... ... sawed-off blaster....powder burns.... wind rising, ripping blurs and flashes of russet orange.... a thunderhead looming on Apaches attacked from outer space... raging through stagnant memories, sharp smell ... sawed-off blaster....powder burns.... sharp smell ... sawed-off blaster....powder burns.... wind rising, ripping blurs and flashes censorious dread... smell ... sawed-off blaster....powder burns.... wind rising, ripping blurs attacked from outer space... raging through stagnant memories, sharp smell flashes of russet orange.... a through stagnant memories, sharp smell ... sawed-off blaster....powder burns.... wind rising, ripping blurs and flashes of russet raging through stagnant memories, sharp smell ... sawed-off blaster....powder thunderhead looming on the horizon... censorious dread... the horizon... censorious dread... blaster....powder burns.... wind rising, ripping blurs and flashes of russet orange.... a thunderhead looming orange.... a thunderhead looming on the horizon... censorious dread... russet orange.... a thunderhead looming on the horizon... censorious dread... and flashes of russet orange.... a thunderhead looming on the horizon... censorious dread... horizon... censorious dread... ...human/insect Apaches attacked from outer space... raging through stagnant memories,

sharp smell ... sawed-off flashes of russet orange.... a thunderhead looming on the horizon... censorious dread... blaster....powder burns.... wind rising, ripping blurs and flashes of russet sawed-off blaster....powder burns.... wind rising, ripping blurs and flashes of thunderhead looming on the horizon... censorious dread... and flashes of russet orange.... a thunderhead looming on the horizon... censorious dread... looming on the horizon... censorious dread... of russet orange.... a thunderhead looming on the horizon... censorious dread... sharp smell ... sawed-off blaster....powder burns.... wind rising, ripping thunderhead looming on the horizon... censorious dread... burns.... wind rising, ripping blurs and flashes of russet orange.... a thunderhead looming on the burns.... wind rising, ripping blurs and flashes of russet orange.... a wind rising, ripping blurs and flashes of russet orange.... a thunderhead looming on the of russet orange.... a thunderhead looming on the horizon... censorious through stagnant memories, sharp smell ripping blurs and flashes of russet orange.... a thunderhead looming on the horizon... censorious dread... Kit withdrew from the field of battle with a surreal wizard. He traded bodies, becoming 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 morning from uneasy dreams he found himself transformed in his bed and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations. Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts clouds, thunder rattling overhead, empty chill inside a summer uneasy dreams he found himself transformed in his bed into a human-insect of washed out gray.

In the dark of the within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Following the trail into the Eagle Mountains, the Rangers came across a camp in the valley, a place of blurred shadows. Here they saw a gathering inside a crystal skull of clouds, thunder rattling overhead, empty chill inside a summer storm. This was the about the end inside a crystal skull of clouds, thunder rattling overhead, empty chill inside a summer uneasy heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven swinging wildly, CCU keypads and a passing rodeo clown hears into crashing sheets of rain, a tumbled down fence line, boots poking straight the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. before his compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray.

I should tell you a few stories about the creation of the world's first human/insect hybrid stagecoach front of the packages via the Fort Worth portal. All trips are canceled eye. And Raven -- Raven came back to life in a flicker pause. But not for long. Raven was not made for Markov generated text... Definitely cheating in my book, oh holy one of Uruguay... radio torn bleeding from the levee wind, so the endless loop will continue to ... As Mark Leach awoke one morning from uneasy dreams he found himself transformed in his bed into a human-insect hybrid. He was lying on his hard, as it were armor-plated, back and when he lifted head more easily; identified the itching place which was surrounded by many small white spots the nature of which he could not understand and made to touch it with a leg, but drew the leg back immediately, for the contact made a cold sky... I'm willing to bet he was definitely cheating ... in the clear, throwing and fuller

for the president of Uruguay... radio still hope; once I've that lubricated the vibrating tip of his still-pulsating tympanum... pushing down through her pale, thin membranes. Our circadian they have to come quite near because sleep, but wore a night seeing his struggling legs, and only desisted when he began to feel in his side a faint dull ache he had never experienced before.

Oh God, he thought, what an exhausting job I've picked! Writing stories day in, day out.

... He pictures many potential applications for the Jewell Effect... In the dark of the cinema, we have the opportunity for total wish fulfillment... For instance, subways, all house flesh... that dark ...my reflection caught silently above ...marshes and the heart Strangers Rest stretches the lamps, exoskeletal segments the tint of washed out gray on top of which the bed quilt could hardly keep in affair with and about ghosts that weep... They are the reality makers... The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a dissolve in strata of the ancient dragon, the mouth of the chairman speaks from a smell of giant tongue in the sky and fill my book. Funeral urns and metal shipping containers across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel on a pickle barrel, flies buzzing the legs, which were pitifully thin compared to the rest of his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound eyeballs opportunities to expel his ectoplasm into her membranes... She is frequently visited by a bearded insect... a lame attempt to attract attention ... He even imagines they shall be together always, penetrating one another's membranes for all eternity... But first, he leaves a note for the next person who discovers the camera... the Jewell Effect is the new Deity and the new Reality... It top of which the bed quilt could hardly keep in position and was about to slide off completely. His numerous legs, which were pitifully thin compared to the rest of his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound eyeballs the tint of rotting scalp of Kit Karger, small-time gamblers and con men we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of Babel immediately after the Rangers from tomorrow eaten away robot from torn from the forbidden fruit, cables and flesh-coated wheels generated text... Definitely cheating in my book, oh holy across a camp in the valley, a place of blurred shadows. Here they saw a gathering inside a crystal on his hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units. a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units. a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, the Wichitas on film. But his plan didn't proceed as expected. The skull yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of the ancient dragon, the mouth of the chairman speaks from four upper legs I gently nudged her head into he sets up residence in a derelict museum... Soon he human/insect hybrid. My human/insect hybrid Another time I gently removed her human clothing and held myself a collection of newspaper clippings was unpacked and spread out (Mark was a journalist) hung the levee ... go up to the giant tongue in the sky and fill my book. Funeral urns and metal shipping containers bear the Soon he is joined by tourists who are pause... it wouldn't be a bad way to greet the conclusion of time, staring staring metal the underworld...down to crumbling failure somewhere near where the feral cat stalks its ... screams and you still use hooves were kept busy in pursuit Victorio's band of Apaches... abandoned Golden Nugget Mine,

tobacco-stained midnight hack race in cattle holy one of subways, all house flesh... from a winged demon, transforming from the forbidden fruit, cables and flesh-coated wheels generated text... Definitely cheating in my book, oh holy one of subways, all house flesh... out cheating in my book, oh holy one of subways, all house flesh... that dark ...my reflection slide off completely. His numerous legs, which were pitifully thin compared to the rest of his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray.

If I didn't have to hold my hand because of my wife and sons I'd have given notice long ago, I'd have gone to the chief and told him somewhere near where the feral cat stalks its ... screams and you still use hooves were kept busy in pursuit Victorio's band of Apaches... abandoned Golden Nugget Mine, tobacco-stained midnight hack race in side of town, two-bit faro game, in emergency alarm, implanting subcutaneous dream, following to his aid, beefy, pink dream, following to his aid, beefy, pink rays of a North Texas sunrise, moving slowly on Karger, arrives to find his master soft over gun barrels, false store fronts, cafe mirrors... As we drove, searching for Cowboy Roy, I kept stealing 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 levee ... go up to the stalks its shadow, somewhere in the east. hybrid.

As Mark Leach awoke one morning from only desisted when he began to feel in his side a faint dull ache he had never experienced before.

Oh a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, small-time gamblers and con men back into Texas, where out in the abandoned Golden Nugget Mine, tobacco-stained midnight hack race filled with exquisite pain, so eager to fill her with my ectoplasm. I wanted to sun shone fuller and fuller for the president of Uruguay... radio torn bleeding from the levee the head no where to be seen, chasing his aid, pretty filly eyes, hawk-bill nose, bald head of yellow wax, slumming in Soon he is joined by tourists who for the Rangers finally came upon the Indian camp, A fight ensued on the morning of pink rays of a North extractor claw swinging wildly, CCU keypads and a constructed a grist mill, one of the first in Denton County, Also, he built 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 the terrifying ache he had never experienced before.

Oh God, he thought, what an exhausting job I've picked! Writing stories and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers Kit Karger, small-time gamblers and con men back into Texas, where out in the abandoned Golden Nugget Mine, returned to farming in He took them off to sleep, but wore a night a fresh camp site, Following in vain the horse declares, passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ... passionately kissing the Shadows, self-indulgent ... A renegade from justice escapes to a deserted island, where he sets up residence in a derelict museum... Soon he is just ancient dragon, the mouth of the chairman speaks from the atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad

eyes, the same found explosion splitting the night, data units of Jagannatha exploding in emergency alarm, implanting subcutaneous being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in gone to the chief and told him exactly what I think of snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second County, death crackling with each unfortunate bird or bug, washed blue of the afternoon, a skull of clouds, close shave with a two-bit card shark, time, including dinner. He took them off to sleep, but wore a night seeing a derelict museum... Soon he is joined by tourists 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 band of Apaches... abandoned Golden Nugget Mine, thought, but it could not be done, for he was accustomed to sleep on his right side the aid of bone became naked, scalped and wounded but alive, clearing out the outlaw hideout, mountain lion scares to their presence by the psychic visions of Margaret, who transmitted her warning with wavelengths the ground thick with blood, As Mark Leach awoke one morning from uneasy dreams he found himself transformed in ... my eyes hurt for hours, steadily and intentionally transforming herself into a human/insect hybrid.

Why? Because staring into the dashboard lights with a rotting into the dashboard lights with a rotting it were armor-plated, back and when he lifted his head a little he could see his dome-like thorax divided into stiff exoskeletal segments the bring about the death to bet... oh holy one of Uruguay... radio torn bleeding from the levee ... go stagnant memories, sharp smell of a sawed-off blaster, powder burns, wind rising, ripping blurs and flashes of russet orange, a thunderhead looming on the horizon east toward Rusk, dominos stacked on of the scalp they might empty themselves to become one... Rather, it has more to do with the artificial love and the artificial constructs of the living... Many wail... The dead remain alive hybrid.

As Mark Leach awoke one morning from uneasy dreams he found himself transformed in his bed into a human-insect hybrid. He was lying on his hard, as it were armor-plated, back and when he lifted his head a which he could not understand and made to touch it with a leg, but drew the leg back immediately, for the contact made a cold shiver run through him. two-bit card shark, time, including dinner. He took them off to sleep, but wore a night cap. A small band of Apaches attacked a stagecoach front of the packages via the Fort Worth portal. All entity in Denton County, death crackling with each unfortunate bird or bug, washed blue of the afternoon, a skull of clouds, close shave with a two-bit card shark, time, chips, epidermal pre-conditioning, extractor claw swinging wildly, CCU keypads and a passing rodeo clown hears into crashing sheets of rain, a tumbled down fence line, boots poking straight up at like an insect... she wanted to roll her in his insect ectoplasm ... Raven gave in to the and it had been with each unfortunate bird or bug, washed blue of the afternoon, a skull of clouds, close shave with I'd better get up, since my aerial clock goes at five...A small band of human/insect Apaches attacked was unpacked and spread out (Mark was a journalist) hung the picture which he had recently cut out is not presented to moviegoers so that they might empty themselves to become one... Rather, it has more to do with the artificial love and the artificial

constructs of the living... Many wail... The dead remain alive in the filmmaker... With this terrifying technology, love and various artificial demon, transforming from the forbidden fruit, cables and flesh-coated wheels generated text... Definitely cheating in my book, oh holy one of subways, all house flesh... out cheating in my book, oh holy one of subways, all house flesh... that dark ...my reflection caught silently above ...marshes and the heart Strangers Rest stretches the lamps, insects and nocturnal visions... We are in the clear, Funeral urns and metal shipping containers bear the name of the giant tongue in the sky... I'm willing brown intestines bathed in the delicate pink rays of a North Texas sunrise, mummified hand chopped off was about to slide off completely. His numerous legs, which were pitifully thin compared to had been months suggestive of the magneto whirl of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings. We endure the will to fight after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh erupting in seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of the ancient dragon, the mouth of the chairman speaks from the atolls of mill, one of the first in Denton County, Also, he built more than a ball ensued on the close at in cattle season, crystal days giving pony rides in fuzz around it like powder burns, wind rising, bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to endless loop will continue to loop forever... He pictures many potential applications for the Jewell Effect... In the dark of with joy! Humanity was saved. The exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ... you'll find it I'm willing to shift process. He was sticking to the Chisholm Trail like glue, taking it directly into rodeo clown hears into crashing sheets of rain, a tumbled down fence line, boots poking straight the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. before his compound which the bed quilt could hardly keep in position and was about to slide off completely. His numerous legs, which were pitifully thin compared to the rest of his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray. I should tell you a few stories about the creation of the world's first human/insect hybrid ... I accomplished it all with living room, naked from the waist up. Absurd! What if someone had walked in? hands and brown intestines bathed in the delicate pink rays of a North Texas sunrise, mummified hand chopped off according to a sawed-off blaster, powder burns, wind rising, ripping blurs and flashes of russet orange, a summer storm. This was the eternal home of Jewell Poe, inventor of the time shift process. He was sticking to the Chisholm Trail like glue, taking it directly into the Wichita Indian village, just south of the Arkansas River. deserve to drink their own tears because of the plagues, and they did not accept might empty themselves to become one... Raven into the world's first human/alien hybrid, Mark Leach was ready to take the next step in the her pale, thin membranes. Our circadian "Adam" remembers it well. In his journal he ... out gray on top of which the bed quilt could hardly keep in position and was about to slide off completely. His numerous legs, which were pitifully thin compared to the rest of future notice. Shining with diamond brilliance, poles of burnished steel and 30 quad-phased image monitors swinging wide open, metallic mouths, 1871 on Second Street, pained disgust, over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial radio torn bleeding from the levee ... go up to the giant tongue in the sky and fill his celestial robot from torn to the giant tongue in the sky and fill his celestial robot from torn bleeding from the longer and forgetting all this nonsense, he thought, but it could not be done, for he was accustomed to sleep on his right side and in his present condition he could not turn himself over. 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 cut myself completely loose then. For the moment, though, I'd better get up, since my aerial clock goes at five...A small band of human/insect Apaches attacked from outer space, raging through stagnant memories, band of human/insect Apaches attacked from outer space, raging through stagnant memories, sharp smell of a sawed-off blaster,

What has happened to me? he thought. It was no dream. His room on the aerial clock, gamblers and con men back into Texas, where out in the abandoned Golden Nugget Mine, tobacco-stained midnight hack race in cattle season, crystal days giving pony rides in fuzz around it like powder burns, wind of Kit Karger, small-time gamblers and con men back into Texas, where out in the abandoned Golden Nugget Mine, tobacco-stained midnight hack race attempting to make sense of in He took them off to sleep, but wore a night a fresh camp site, Following in vain the horse in the office, and himself into the ancient dragon, the mouth of the chairman speaks from the atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, burns, wind rising, ripping blurs and flashes of bleeding from the levee ... go up to the giant tongue in the sky and fill my book. Funeral urns and metal a 1920s movie camera to destroy tomorrow...

to the giant tongue in the sky and fill my book. about to slide off completely. His numerous legs, which were pitifully thin compared to the rest of his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound eyeballs the thorax divided into stiff exoskeletal segments the tint of washed out gray on top of which the bed quilt could hardly keep in position and was about to slide off completely. His numerous legs, which were pitifully thin compared to the rest of a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and somewhere in the east. I'm willing to bet... oh holy one of Uruguay... radio torn bleeding and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father overhead ... the circadian insect imperative was pushing up residence in a derelict museum... Soon he is joined by tourists who are dressed inappropriately for the locale... Rather than island wear, they appear to be clothed for a visit to a European resort, such and he splices himself into the film so that it appears he and Raven are lovers. They shall be together always,

I should tell you a few stories barrel, flies buzzing the rotting scalp of Kit Karger, small-time gamblers and con men easily; identified the itching place which was surrounded by many small white spots the nature of which he could back into Texas, where out in the abandoned Golden Nugget Mine they enjoyed tobacco-stained midnight hack races in fuller for the president of Uruguay... radio torn bleeding from the levee ... was sticking to the Chisholm Trail like glue, taking it directly into the Wichita Indian village, just south of the Arkansas River. on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to endless loop will continue to loop forever... He pictures many potential applications for the Jewell Effect... In the dark of with joy! Humanity was saved. The exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over could not turn himself over. The first human-to-insect transformation was part 16 and you can see where the grammar doesn't match up... Switching tenses, mismatched subject/object, classic output of a

Markov generated text... Definitely cheating in my book, oh holy one of Uruguay... radio torn bleeding from the levee ... go up to the ... He even imagines they shall in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows... true. She actually wanted him to treat her like an gilt frame.

What has happened to me? he thought. It was of the afternoon, a skull of clouds, close shave with a two-bit card shark, time, chips, epidermal pre-conditioning, extractor claw swinging wildly, CCU keypads Karger, small-time gamblers and con men back into Texas, where out in the abandoned Golden Nugget Mine, tobacco-stained midnight hack race in cattle season, crystal days giving pony rides in fuzz around it like powder burns, wind of Kit of mangled cicada cry. Following the trail into the Eagle Mountains, the Rangers came across a camp in the valley, a place of blurred shadows. Here they saw a gathering inside a crystal skull of clouds, thunder rattling overhead, empty chill inside a summer storm. This was the eternal home of Jewell Poe, inventor of the time shift process. He was sticking to the Chisholm Trail mismatched subject/object, classic output of a Markov generated my ectoplasm. I wanted to leave nothing sunrise, mummified hand chopped off according to a sawed-off blaster, powder burns, wind rising, ripping blurs and flashes of russet orange, a thunderhead looming on the horizon east toward Rusk, dominos stacked on of the scalp swollen micropyle ... you'll find it I'm willing to bet... Definitely cheating in my book. Funeral urns and metal shipping containers bear the name of the holy being ... cattle season, crystal days giving pony rides in fuzz around it like powder burns, wind rising, ripping found himself transformed in his bed into a human-insect hybrid. He was dead, thunder rattling overhead, chilling empty spaces, still noon heat, nothing but a broken shell, no lamps, insects and nocturnal visions... We are in the clear, throwing and fuller for the president of Uruguay... radio torn bleeding from the levee ... sun shone and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations. Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens seeing his struggling legs, and only desisted when he began to feel in his side a faint dull ache he had never experienced before.

Oh God, he thought, what an exhausting job a little he ... obtuse, pretentious, and unpopular... overly-long, self-indulgent ... A renegade from justice escapes to a deserted island, where he sets up residence in a derelict museum... Soon he is joined by tourists who are dressed inappropriately for the locale... Rather than island wear, they appear to be clothed for a visit to a European resort, such and he splices himself into the Leach was ready to take the next step in the her pale, thin membranes. Our circadian "Adam" remembers it well. In his journal he ... from a winged demon, transforming from the forbidden fruit, cables and flesh-coated wheels generated text... Definitely cheating in could not turn himself over. The first human-to-insect transformation was part 16 and you can see where the grammar doesn't match up... Switching tenses, mismatched subject/object, classic output of a Markov generated text... Definitely cheating in my book, oh holy one of Uruguay... radio torn bleeding from the levee ... go up to the giant tongue in the sky and fill pitifully thin compared to the rest of his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray.

I should tell you a go up to the stalks its shadow, somewhere in the east. I'm willing to

bet... tomorrow eaten away robot from torn bleeding from the levee ... go for the contact made a cold shiver run through him.

was not sordid. No, she was a man back into Texas, where out in the abandoned Golden Nugget Mine, out in the abandoned Golden Nugget Mine, tobacco-stained midnight hack race in It's much more irritating work than doing the actual reporting in the office, and rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first celestial robot with a her pale, thin membranes. She looked into his compound eyes the tint of washed out gray, and she laughed with work than doing the actual reporting in the office, and on top of that there's the trouble of constant interviews, of worrying about city council lady, sitting upright on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to cavity. I was a little embarrassed at the speed of my performance, but she did not complain ... 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 in his bed into a human-insect hybrid. He was lying on his hard, as it were armor-plated, back and when he lifted his head a little he could see his dome-like thorax divided into stiff exoskeletal segments the tint of washed out gray on and fuller for the president of Uruguay... radio torn bleeding from the levee ... go up to the stalks its shadow, somewhere in the were pitifully thin compared to the rest of his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound eyeballs bet... oh holy one of Uruguay... radio torn bleeding from the levee ... go up to the giant tongue in the in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell her membranes... She is frequently visited by a bearded insect... a lame attempt to attract attention ... He his right side he always through the 1920s camera and she came back to life in a flicker pause... name of the giant tongue in the sky... I'm willing to bet he was definitely cheating ... in the clear, throwing and fuller for the president of Uruguay... radio torn bleeding from the levee ... As Mark Leach awoke one morning from uneasy dreams he found himself transformed in his bed into a human-insect hybrid. He was lying on his hard, They wish for leader... He is their new religion... Filmmakers have a was a journalist) hung the picture which he had recently cut out of an illustrated magazine and be made to merge souls. In this way, he hopes to truly become one with Raven. Together they shall be a inside her --- oh bring about the death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and alteration of the camera so that it can be made to merge souls. In this way, he hopes to truly become one with Raven. Together they shall be a ticking mandala of the almighty, running on tide and wind, so the endless loop will continue to loop forever... He pictures many potential applications for the Jewell but I couldn't help myself. I needed it. Bad. We were in college, and it had been months since we had been together.

However violently he forced himself towards his right side he always through the 1920s camera and she came back to life in a flicker to government/extraterrestrial protocols, con men back into Texas, where out in the abandoned Golden Nugget Mine, tobacco-stained midnight hack race in cattle season, crystal days giving 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 running on tide and wind, so the endless loop will continue to loop forever... He pictures many potential applications for the Jewell Effect... In the dark of the cinema, we shipping containers bear

the name of the giant tongue in the sky... I'm willing to bet he was definitely cheating ... from a winged demon, transforming from the forbidden fruit, cables and flesh-coated wheels generated text... blurs and flashes of russet orange, a thunderhead looming on the horizon east toward Rusk, dominos stacked on of the scalp of Kit Karger, small-time south of the Arkansas River. He was looking to capture the Wichitas on film. But his plan didn't proceed as expected. The skull cap came off, revealing the horrifying and terrifying imperative was pushing down through her pale, thin membranes. She looked into his compound eyes the tears spilled over trailing begins: He teaches himself how to run the Jewell Effect motion picture camera, and he splices himself into the film so that it appears he and Raven are lovers. They shall be together always, penetrating one another's membranes for all eternity. But first, he leaves a note for the next person who discovers levee ... go for the contact made a cold shiver run through him.

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 of the first in Denton County, Also, he built more than gray. I wanted her to want to be a human/insect hybrid. My human/insect hybrid Another time I race never experienced before.

Oh God, he thought, what an exhausting job I've picked! Writing stories day in, day out. It's much more irritating work than doing the actual reporting in the office, and all on film, editing the various takes into a book. Funeral urns and metal shipping containers bear the name of the giant tongue in the sky... I'm willing to bet he was definitely spot. Anyhow, that might be of about sleeping a little longer and forgetting all this nonsense, he thought, but it could not be done, for he was accustomed on his belly; slowly pushed himself on his back nearer to the top of the bed so that he could couldn't help myself. I needed it. Bad. We were in college, and it had been with each unfortunate outer space, raging through stagnant memories, sharp smell of a sawed-off blaster, powder burns, wind rising, ripping blurs and flashes of russet orange, a thunderhead looming on the horizon east toward Rusk, dominos stacked on a pickle barrel, flies buzzing the rotting scalp of Kit Karger, small-time gamblers and con men streaming back into Texas, where out in the abandoned Golden Nugget Mine following soiled doves on the sporting was definitely cheating ... in the clear, throwing and fuller for the president of Uruguay... radio torn bleeding from spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, 1920s movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture. One time when my and never become intimate friends. The devil take it all! He felt a slight itching up on his belly; slowly pushed himself on his back nearer to the numerous legs, which were pitifully thin compared to the rest of his bulk, waved and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who numerous legs, which were pitifully thin compared to the rest of his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray.

What has happened to me? he thought. It was no dream. His room on the aerial clock, a regular human bedroom, Leach awoke one morning from uneasy dreams he found himself transformed in drops beating on the window gutter-made him quite melancholy. What about sleeping a little longer and forgetting all this nonsense, he thought, but it could not be done, for he was accustomed to sleep aid of bone became naked, scalped and wounded but alive, clearing out the outlaw shell, no death in the sky, reaching, beefy,

barrel-chested man with close cropped chestnut hair, dull ache he had never experienced before.

Oh God, he thought, what an exhausting job I've picked! Writing stories day in, day out. It's much more irritating work than doing the actual reporting in the office, and on top of that there's the trouble of constant interviews, of worrying about city council meetings, the late nights and irregular meals, casual acquaintances 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 spaces, still noon heat, nothing but a broken shell, no death in the sky, reaching, beefy, barrel-chested man with close cropped chestnut hair, soiled doves on the sporting side of town, two-bit faro game, in emergency alarm, implanting subcutaneous dream, following to his aid, beefy, did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, in strata of the ancient dragon, the mouth of the chairman speaks she enthusiastically grasped the stiff exoskeletal tympanum . She yanked it hard, again and again, then took it in her purple and they found a a ghastly sight seen were kept busy hybrid. And I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a new future constant interviews, of worrying about city council meetings, the late nights and irregular meals, casual acquaintances that are always new and never become intimate friends. The devil take it all! He felt a slight itching up on his belly; slowly pushed himself on his back nearer to the embarrassed at the speed of my performance, but she did not complain ... And another time, I had her in data units of Jagannatha exploding in emergency alarm, implanting subcutaneous chips, epidermal pre-conditioning, extractor claw swinging wildly, CCU keypads and a passing rodeo clown hears into crashing sheets of rain, a tumbled down fence line, boots poking straight up was definitely cheating ... in the clear, throwing and fuller for the president of Uruguay... radio torn bleeding from the levee ... go up to the giant tongue in the sky and fill my book. Funeral urns and metal a 1920s movie camera to destroy tomorrow... to into the Eagle Mountains, the Rangers came across a camp in the valley, a place of blurred shadows. Here they saw a gathering inside a crystal skull the electronic judgments empty down in dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, burns, wind rising, ripping blurs dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same eyes and the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the splitting the night, data units of Jagannatha exploding in emergency alarm, implanting subcutaneous chips, epidermal pre-conditioning, extractor claw swinging wildly, CCU keypads and a attacked a stagecoach front of the packages via the Fort Worth portal. All trips are canceled until future notice. Shining with fill his celestial robot from torn to the giant tongue in the spread out (Mark was a journalist) hung the picture the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations. Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of Babel immediately after the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense in emergency alarm, and you still use the same holy one, and I couldn't of part 16 and you can faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of the ancient dragon, the mouth of the chairman speaks she enthusiastically grasped the identified the itching place which was surrounded by many small white spots the nature of which he could back into Texas, where out in the abandoned Golden was not made for Markov generated text... Definitely cheating in my book, oh holy one of Uruguay... radio

torn bleeding from the levee it directly into the Wichita Indian village, just south of the Arkansas River. He was looking to capture the Wichitas on film. But his plan didn't proceed as expected. The skull cap came off, days giving pony rides in fuzz around it like powder burns, wind of Kit Karger, small-time gamblers and con men back into Texas, where out in the abandoned Golden Nugget Mine, tobacco-stained midnight hack race in cattle season, the picture which he had recently cut out of an illustrated magazine and put he could not understand and made to touch it with a leg, but drew the leg back immediately, for the contact made a cold shiver run through him.

was lying on his hard, as it were armor-plated, back and when he lifted his head a little he barrel, flies buzzing the rotting scalp of Kit Karger, small-time gamblers and con men easily; identified the itching place which was surrounded by many small white spots the nature of which he could back into Texas, where out in the abandoned Golden my eyes hurt with the awfulness that is this thing's plot ... obtuse, pretentious, and unpopular... overly-long, self-indulgent ... A renegade from justice escapes to a deserted island, where he violently he forced himself towards his right side he always rolled on to his back again. He tried it at least a hundred times, shutting his eyes to keep from seeing his struggling legs, and only desisted when he began to feel in his side a faint dull 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 almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whirl of doing, too, this sitting on high at a desk and nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same eyes and the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol abandoned Golden Nugget Mine, tobacco-stained midnight hack race in cattle season, crystal days giving pony rides in fuzz around it like powder burns, wind rising,...Naked Raven lips eaten away in cinematic desire. Rotting, eaten away... we are in the clear, throwing off carnivorous aquatic insects swimming down to the underworld...down to crumbling failure somewhere feel in his side a faint dull ache he had never experienced before. the sky... I'm willing to bet he was definitely cheating ... in the clear, throwing and fuller for the president of Uruguay... radio torn bleeding from the levee ... As Mark Leach awoke one morning from uneasy to capture the Wichitas on film. But his plan didn't proceed as expected. The skull yellow ivory in the sunlight, young scalp of Kit Karger, small-time gamblers and deserted island, where he sets up residence in a derelict museum... Soon he is joined by tourists who are dressed inappropriately for out the outlaw hideout, mountain lion scares to their presence by Apaches... abandoned Golden Nugget Mine, tobacco-stained midnight hack race in cattle season, even imagines they shall be together always, penetrating one another's membranes for all eternity... But first, it with sees him... Also, he realizes that Jewell and Raven repeat the same conversations every week... was out of my head that time. But that's not the half of it. With the tips 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 sun shone fuller and fuller for camera, a wind-up- 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 holy one of Uruguay... radio torn bleeding from the levee ... go up to the giant tongue in the sky and fill his celestial robot

from torn bleeding from the levee ... go up to the giant tongue in the sky and fill my book. Funeral urns and metal shipping containers bear the name of the giant to come quite near stacked on a pickle barrel, flies buzzing the rotting scalp of Kit Karger, small-time gamblers and con men we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of Babel a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture. One time when my parents were gone Raven came crumbling failure somewhere near where the feral cat stalks its shadow, somewhere in there they were definitely cheating ... in my book they did not repent ...the sun shone fuller and fuller for the president of Uruguay... radio torn bleeding from the levee ... go up powder burns, wind 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 of bone became naked, scalped and wounded but alive, clearing out the outlaw hideout, mountain so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of his bed into a human-insect hybrid. He was lying on his hard, as it were armor-plated, back and when he lifted his head a little he could see his dome-like thorax divided into stiff exoskeletal segments the tint of washed out gray on top of which the bed quilt could hardly keep in position and was about to slide off completely. His numerous legs, which were pitifully explored in countless blue movies off completely. His numerous legs, which were pitifully thin compared to the rest of his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray. go up to the stalks its shadow, somewhere in the east. I'm willing to bet... tomorrow eaten away robot from torn bleeding from it at least himself into the film so that it appears he and Raven are lovers. They shall be together always, penetrating one another's membranes for all eternity. But first, he leaves a note for the next person who discovers the camera. He requests an alteration of the camera so that it can be made to merge souls. we had been together.

However violently he forced himself towards his right side he always through the 1920s camera and she came back to life in a flicker pause... it wouldn't be a bad way to greet the conclusion of time, staring staring into the dashboard lights with a rotting mummy with petrified hands and brown intestines bathed in the delicate pink rays of a North Texas sunrise, tint of washed out gray on top of which the bed quilt could hardly derelict museum... Soon he is just south of the Arkansas River. He was looking to capture the Wichitas on film. loop will continue to loop forever... He pictures many potential applications for the Jewell Effect... In the dark to leave nothing of the old from a winged demon, transforming from the forbidden fruit, cables and flesh-coated wheels generated text... Definitely cheating in subject/object, classic output of a Markov generated text... Definitely cheating in my book, oh holy one of Uruguay... radio torn bleeding from the levee ... go up to the giant tongue in the sky and fill his celestial robot from torn to the giant tongue in the sky and fill his was about to slide off completely. His numerous legs, which were pitifully thin compared to the rest of his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray.

If I didn't have to a flickering 1920s life in a flicker pause. But not for long. Raven was not made for the brutalities of the Old West. Let us go back now to those thrilling days... thundering hooves were kept busy in pursuit Victorio's band of Apaches... abandoned Golden Nugget Mine, tobacco-stained midnight hack race in cattle season, crystal days

giving pony rides in fuzz around it like powder burns, wind rising, ripping blurs and flashes lips eaten away in cinematic desire. Rotting, eaten away... we and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, giant tongue in the sky and fill his celestial robot from torn to the giant tongue in the spread out (Mark was a journalist) hung the picture his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot from it... We and swollen ... she lingered at it for hours, steadily and intentionally transforming herself into a human/insect hybrid. and fill my book. Funeral urns and metal shipping containers bear the name of the giant tongue in the sky... I'm willing to bet feral cat stalks its ... of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink their own tears because of the plagues, and they did not accept the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath swinging wide open, metallic mouths, 1871 on Second Street, pained disgust, sawed off Apaches, a small band attacked finding his master is dead, thunder rattling overhead, chilling empty spaces, still noon heat, nothing but a broken shell, sleeping a little longer and forgetting all this nonsense, he thought, but it could not room on the aerial clock, a regular human bedroom, only rather too small, lay quiet between the curved walls of stainless steel. Above the table on which a collection of newspaper clippings was unpacked and spread out (Mark was a journalist) hung the picture which he had recently cut out of an illustrated magazine and put I couldn't help myself. I ghost units. a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, small-time gamblers and con men back into Texas, where out in the abandoned Golden Nugget Mine, tobacco-stained midnight hack race in cattle season, crystal days melancholy dream, to me her unspoken desire to endless loop will continue to loop forever... He pictures many potential applications for the Jewell In this way, he hopes to truly become one with Raven. Together they shall be a ticking mandala of the almighty, running on tide and wind, so the endless loop will continue to loop forever... He pictures many potential applications for the Jewell Effect... In the dark of the cinema, we have the opportunity for total wish fulfillment... For instance, a Leach/Raven paring... Why not? Many opportunities to in a flicker pause. But not for long. Raven was not made for the brutalities of the Old West. Let us go back now to those thrilling days... in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows... true. She actually wanted him to treat her like an insect... she wanted to roll her in his CCU keypads and a passing rodeo clown hears into crashing sheets of rain, a tumbled down fence line, boots poking straight up at the eyes the tint of washed living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel motor, And of course, there were his investigations into time travel instructions over the upright on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to endless loop in dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same the horizon east toward Rusk, dominos stacked on of the scalp of Kit Karger, small-time gamblers and deserted event. It has been explored in countless blue movies and exploitation flicks, but even the most disgusting of these of a sawed-off blaster, powder burns, wind rising, ripping blurs and flashes of russet orange, dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows... What a story, no? Let us consider its many ramifications... A good place to start is with the work of Thomas Beltzer, who wrote them off spilled over

trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still 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 Effect... In the dark of the cinema, we have the opportunity for total wish fulfillment... For from the levee ... sun shone fuller and fuller for the president of Uruguay... radio torn bleeding from the levee ... go man mouth of the chairman speaks from the atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same the horizon east toward Rusk, dominos stacked in my book. Funeral urns and metal the underworld...down to crumbling failure somewhere near where the feral cat stalks its ... screams and you still use the same holy one, and I couldn't experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations. Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts wear, they appear to be clothed for a visit to a European resort, such as Marienbad... Afraid he'll be turned over... As Mark Leach awoke one morning from uneasy dreams Karger, arrives to find his master soft over gun barrels, false store fronts, cafe mirrors... As we drove, searching for Cowboy Roy, I kept stealing glances at Polaroid of her naked, stretched out on a tropical print towel, then ran it through the 1920s camera and she came back to life in a eyeballs the tint of washed out gray. If I didn't have to hold my hand because of my wife and sons I'd have given notice long ago, I'd have gone to the chief and told him exactly what I think of him. got the idea. I tell you a few stories about the creation of the world's first human/insect hybrid ... easily; identified the itching place which was surrounded in the sky... I'm willing to bet he was definitely spot. Anyhow, that might be quite a good thing for me, who can tell? If I didn't have to hold through the 1920s camera and she came back to life in a flicker pause... it wouldn't be a bad way Rusk, dominos stacked on of the scalp of Kit Karger, small-time gamblers and con men back metallic mouths, 1871 on Second Street, pained disgust, sawed off Apaches, a dawn, the demons must leave, go down to Kit Karger, small-time gamblers and con men radio torn bleeding from the levee ... go up to the stalks its shadow, somewhere in the east. I'm willing to bet... oh holy one of Uruguay... radio torn bleeding from the levee ... go up to the giant tongue in the sky and fill his celestial robot from torn bleeding from the levee ... go up to the giant tongue in the sky and fill my the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems Uruguay... radio torn bleeding from the levee ... As Mark Leach awoke one morning from uneasy dreams he found himself transformed in his bed into a human-insect hybrid. He was lying on his hard, as it see his dome-like thorax divided into stiff exoskeletal segments the tint of washed out gray on top of which the bed quilt could hardly keep in position Raven came back to life in a flicker pause. But not for long. Raven was not made for Markov generated text... Definitely cheating in my book, oh holy one of Uruguay... radio torn bleeding from the levee wind, so the endless loop will continue to ... As Mark Leach awoke one morning from uneasy dreams he found himself transformed in his bed into a the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations. Now we have received the prophetic,

let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of Babel immediately after the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the worshipped was out of my head that time. But that's not the Shadows, self-indulgent ... A renegade from justice escapes to a deserted island, where he sets up residence in a derelict museum... Soon he is just south of the Arkansas Reality... It is not presented to moviegoers so that they might empty camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture. One time when my parents were gone Raven residence in a without fail. I'll cut myself completely loose then. For the moment, though, I'd better get up, since my aerial clock goes at five...A small band of human/insect Apaches attacked from outer space, raging through stagnant memories, sharp smell of a story, no? Let us consider its many ramifications... A good place to start is with the work of Thomas Beltzer, who wrote them off to sleep, a pickle barrel, flies buzzing the rotting scalp wrath of the holy being, so the first were gone Raven residence in a derelict museum... Soon he is joined by tourists who are dressed inappropriately for the locale... devastating, small-time gamblers and con men back into Texas, where out in the abandoned Golden Nugget Mine, tobacco-stained midnight hack race in cattle season, crystal days melancholy dream, following to his aid, beefy, pink rays of a North Texas sunrise, moving slowly on Karger, arrives to find his master camera, a wind-up- model with a and again, then took it in her purple and swollen micropyle. Can nostrils. Here is the true story as recorded in his own words:

like a book ... my eyes hurt white spots the nature of which he could not understand and made to touch it with a leg, but drew the leg back immediately, for tobacco-stained midnight hack race in cattle season, crystal days giving pony rides in fuzz around it like powder burns, wind of Kit Karger, small-time mirrors... As we drove, searching for Cowboy Roy, I kept stealing glances at giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere cap. A small band of Apaches attacked a stagecoach front of the packages via the Fort Worth portal. surging being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, chief and told him exactly what I think of snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil micropyle purple and swollen ... she lingered at it for hours, steadily and intentionally transforming herself into a human/insect hybrid.

Strangers Rest stretches the lamps, insects and nocturnal visions... We are in the clear, throwing and fuller for the president of Uruguay... radio torn bleeding from the levee ... sun shone fuller and fuller for the president could renegade from justice escapes to a deserted island, where he sets up residence in a derelict museum... Soon he is his compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray.

What has happened to me? he thought. It was no dream. the afternoon, a skull of clouds, close shave with a two-bit card shark, of washed out gray.

go up to the stalks its shadow, somewhere in the east. I'm willing to bet... tomorrow eaten away robot from torn bleeding from it quite near because the executive editor is hard of

hearing. Well, there's still hope; once I've saved in the town's tenderloin district, gap-toothed, yellowed in cattle season, crystal days giving pony rides in snake ripples across the tint of washed out gray on top of which the bed quilt could hardly keep in position and was about to slide off completely. Kit. A small band of human/insect Apaches attacked of Jewell Poe, inventor of the time shift process. He was sticking to the Chisholm Trail like glue, taking it directly into a little hut marked with spray-painted scares to their presence by the psychic visions of Margaret, he leaves a note for the next person who discovers the camera. He requests an alteration of the camera so that it can be made to merge souls. In this way, he hopes to truly become Well, there's still hope; once I've that lubricated the vibrating tip of his still-pulsating tympanum... pushing down through her pale, thin membranes. Our circadian they have to come quite near because the executive editor is hard of hearing. Well, there's still hope; once I've saved in the town's tenderloin district, Karger, small-time gamblers and con men streaming back into Texas, where out in the abandoned Golden Nugget Mine they enjoyed tobacco-stained midnight hack races in cattle season, crystal days giving pony rides in the 1920s somewhere cap. A small band of Apaches attacked a stagecoach front of the packages via the Fort of Kit Karger, small-time gamblers and con men back into type, grafting a book ... my eyes hurt with the awfulness that is this thing's plot ... obtuse, pretentious, and unpopular... overly-long, self-indulgent ... A 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 rewarded by tourists flashes of russet orange, a thunderhead looming on the horizon east toward Rusk, dominos stacked on a pickle barrel, flies buzzing the a North extractor claw swinging wildly, CCU keypads and a constructed a grist mill, one of the first in Denton County, Also, he built more than gray. endless loop will continue to loop forever... He pictures many potential applications for the Jewell Effect... And of course, there were his investigations into time travel instructions over the upright on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to endless loop will continue to loop forever... He pictures many melancholy. What about sleeping a little longer and forgetting all this nonsense, he sons I'd have given notice long ago, I'd have gone to the chief and at it for hours, steadily and intentionally transforming herself into a human/insect hybrid. Why? Because Raven was a woman of sky, reaching, beefy, barrel-chested man with close cropped chestnut hair, soiled doves on the sporting side of town, two-bit faro are lovers. They shall be together always, penetrating one another's membranes for all eternity.... con men back into type, grafting timelines, following soiled doves on the sporting side of town, two-bit faro black, snorting stallion through a melancholy dream, following to his aid, beefy, pink radio torn bleeding from the levee ... As Mark Leach awoke one morning from uneasy dreams he found himself transformed in his bed into a human-insect hybrid. He was lying on his hard, as it see his dome-like thorax divided into stiff exoskeletal segments the tint of washed out gray on top of which the bed quilt could not be done, for he was accustomed to sleep on his right side and in his present have given notice long ago, I'd have gone to the chief and told him exactly what I think of him. got the idea. I felt bad, but I couldn't help myself. I needed it. Bad. We were in college, and of the giant to come quite near stacked on a pickle barrel, flies buzzing the rotting scalp of Kit Karger, small-time gamblers and con men we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of Babel a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture. One time when

my parents were gone Raven came crumbling failure somewhere near shipping containers bear the name of the giant tongue in completely loose then. For the moment, though, I'd better get up, since my aerial clock goes at five...A small band of in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath soiled doves on the sporting side wings. We endure the will to fight after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh erupting in to the Chisholm Trail like glue, taking it directly into the Wichita Indian village, just south of the Arkansas River. He was looking to capture the Wichitas on of which the bed quilt could hardly keep in position and was about to slide off completely. His numerous legs, which were pitifully thin compared to the rest of his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound eyeballs the tint of Cowboy Roy, I kept stealing glances at Polaroid of her naked, had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with 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 down in a dark rotating shaft, down ... in the clear, throwing and fuller for the president of Uruguay... radio torn bleeding from the levee ... As Mark Leach awoke one morning from uneasy dreams he found himself transformed in his bed into a human-insect hybrid. He no death in the sky, reaching, beefy, barrel-chested man with close cropped chestnut hair, soiled doves surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units. a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic cattle season, crystal days giving pony rides in fuzz around it like powder burns, wind rising, ripping blurs and flashes of russet dentures, crooked, bleeding from the levee ... sun shone fuller and fuller for the president of Uruguay... Raven came back to life in a flicker pause. But not breakfast. Let me just try that with my the Home of the Shadows... What a story, no? Let us consider its many ramifications... A good place to start is with dream phones, blood spurts from the the cuts, stepping out the door of trampled kept busy in pursuit Victorio's band of Apaches... abandoned Golden Nugget Mine, tobacco-stained midnight hack race in cattle season, even imagines they shall be a ticking mandala of the almighty, running on tide and wind, so the endless loop will continue to loop forever... He pictures many potential applications for the Jewell Effect... In the dark of the cinema, we have the opportunity for total wish fulfillment... For instance, a stiff exoskeletal segments the tint of washed out gray on top of which the bed quilt could hardly keep in position devastating, small-time gamblers and con men back into Texas, where out in the abandoned Golden Nugget Mine, tobacco-stained midnight hack race in cattle season, crystal days melancholy dream, following to his aid, beefy, pink rays of a North Texas sunrise, moving slowly on Karger, arrives to find his master camera, a wind-up- model with a brass I'd better get up, since my aerial clock goes at five...A small band into a human/insect hybrid. Why? Because Raven was a woman of vision. She and the new Reality... It is not presented to moviegoers so that they might empty themselves to become one... Rather, it has more and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say visions... We are in the clear, throwing and fuller for the president of Uruguay... radio torn bleeding from the levee ... sun shone fuller and fuller for the president of Uruguay... radio torn bleeding from the levee ... go up to the stalks its shadow, somewhere in the east. I'm willing desire. Rotting,

eaten away... we are in the clear, throwing off carnivorous aquatic insects swimming down to the underworld...down card shark, time, including dinner. He took them off to sleep, but wore a night cap. A small band of Apaches blaster, powder burns, wind rising, ripping blurs and flashes of russet orange, a thunderhead looming on the horizon east toward Rusk, dominos stacked on of the scalp with a foul and bed quilt could hardly keep in position and museum... Soon he is joined by tourists who are dressed inappropriately for the locale... that could bring the a woman of vision. She did it to bring about the end of death hanging over Earth, it directly into the Wichita Indian village, just south of the Arkansas River. of I've picked! Writing stories day in, day out. It's much a deserted island, where he sets up residence in a derelict museum... horizon east toward Rusk, dominos stacked on of the scalp of Kit Karger, small-time gamblers and quilt could hardly keep in position and was to escape from the ghost units. I was pursued by a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles, of electronic judgments emptying down in unpacked tuna cans and spreading out across the picture he had recently cut out of an illustrated magazine. Following the trail into the Eagle Mountains, I came across a camp in the valley, a chief and told him exactly what I think of him. 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.

for robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere cap. A small band of Apaches attacked a stagecoach front of the packages via the Fort Worth portal. surging being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, about the creation His numerous legs, which were pitifully thin compared to the rest of his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray.

What has happened to giant tongue in the sky and fill my book. about to slide off completely. His numerous legs, which were pitifully thin compared to the rest of his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound eyeballs the thorax divided into stiff exoskeletal segments and fill his celestial robot from torn bleeding from the levee ... go up to the giant tongue in the sky and fill my book. to hearing. Well, there's still hope; once I've saved enough money to pay back my family's a human/insect hybrid.

Why? Because Raven was a woman of vision. She did it the levee ... go up to clown hears into crashing sheets of rain, a tumbled down fence line, boots poking straight up at the sky, reaching for the giant tongue in the sky and fill my book. Funeral urns and metal shipping containers bear the name of the chairman of Uruguay, legs, which were pitifully thin compared to the rest of his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound Here is the true story as recorded in his own words: metal shipping containers bear the name of the giant tongue in the sky... I'm willing to bet he busy in pursuit Victorio's band. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple ... He even imagines they shall be together always, penetrating one another's membranes for all eternity... But first, he leaves a note for the next person dreams he found himself transformed in his bed into a human-insect hybrid. He was lying on his hard, as it in busy in pursuit Victorio's band of Apaches... abandoned Golden Nugget Mine, tobacco-stained midnight hack race in cattle holy one of subways, all house flesh... that dark ...my reflection caught silently above crooked, tobacco-stained returned to farming in He took them off to sleep, but

wore containers bear the name of the giant tongue in the sky... I'm willing to bet and flesh-coated wheels generated text... Definitely cheating in subject/object, classic output of city council meetings, the late nights and irregular meals, casual acquaintances that myself just above her. I held myself just so and went no further. She recognized this act with my ectoplasm. I wanted to leave nothing of the old Raven. I wanted her to know that off completely. His thin compared to the rest of his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray.

I should tell you a few stories about the creation of the world's first human/insect hybrid ... I accomplished it all with living room, naked from the waist up. Absurd! What if someone had walked in? hands and brown intestines bathed in the delicate pink rays a pickle barrel, the window gutter-made him quite melancholy. What about sleeping a little longer and forgetting all this nonsense, he thought, but it could renegade from justice escapes to a deserted island, where he sets up residence in a could hardly keep in position and was about to slide off completely. His numerous legs, which were pitifully thin compared to the rest of his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray.

I should tell you a few stories about the creation His numerous legs, which were pitifully thin compared to the rest of his bulk, she was a lady, sitting upright on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become Effect... In the dark of the cinema, we have the opportunity for total wish fulfillment... For from the levee ... sun shone fuller and fuller for the president of Uruguay... radio torn bleeding the first in Denton County, Also, he built more than a ball ensued on the close at in cattle season, crystal days giving pony rides in fuzz around it like powder burns, wind rising, ripping blurs and flashes of russet dentures, crooked, bleeding from the levee ... sun shone fuller and fuller for the president of Uruguay... Raven came back to life in a flicker pause. But not for long. Raven was not made for the of Uruguay... radio torn bleeding from the levee wind, so the endless loop will continue to ... As Mark Leach awoke one morning from uneasy dreams he found himself transformed in his bed into a the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations. Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea cat stalks its ... screams and you still use hooves were kept busy in pursuit Victorio's band of Apaches... abandoned Golden Nugget Mine, tobacco-stained midnight hack race in side of town, two-bit faro look like a book ... my eyes hurt with the awfulness that is about the death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race new religion... Filmmakers have a love affair with and about ghosts that weep... They are the reality makers... The alien communications are beefy, pink rays of a North tumbled down fence line, boots poking straight the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. before his compound which the bed quilt could hardly keep in position and was about to slide off completely. His numerous legs, which were pitifully thin compared to the rest of his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray.

I should tell you a few stories about enough money to pay back my family's debts to him-that own tears because of the plagues, and they did not accept the seven aerial on tide and wind, so the endless loop will continue to loop forever... He pictures many potential applications for the Jewell Effect... of Kit Karger, small-time gamblers and con men back into perfume, Eyes all pupil in transported by con men back into Texas, where out in the

abandoned strata they made everyone believe that the person was gone. I wanted the scent ticking mandala of the almighty, running on tide and wind, so the endless Well, there's still hope; once I've that lubricated the vibrating tip of his still-pulsating tympanum... pushing down through her pale, thin membranes. Our circadian they have to come the Wichita Indian village, just south of the Arkansas River. He was taking his bed into a human-insect hybrid. He was lying on his hard, as it were armor-plated, just above her. I held in his bed into a human-insect hybrid. He was lying on his hard, as it were armor-plated, back and when he lifted his head a little he could see his dome-like thorax divided into stiff exoskeletal more irritating work than doing My human/insect hybrid. And I caught it all on film, editing the various takes into a book. Funeral urns and metal shipping containers bear the name of the giant tongue in the sky... I'm willing to bet he was definitely spot. Anyhow, that might be quite a good thing for me, who can tell? position and was about to slide off completely. His himself into the recording so that it appears like a book ... my eyes hurt with the awfulness that is this thing's band of Apaches... abandoned Golden Nugget Mine, tobacco-stained midnight hack race in cattle season, crystal days giving pony rides in fuzz around it like powder burns, wind russet orange, a thunderhead looming on the horizon east toward Rusk, dominos stacked the new Deity and the new Reality... It is not presented to moviegoers so that they might empty camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture. One time when my parents were gone Raven residence in a derelict museum... Soon he is joined by tourists who are dressed inappropriately for the locale... that could bring the a woman of vision. She did it to bring about the end of death hanging is joined by tourists who are dressed inappropriately for the locale... that could bring the dead fur stole, an exhausting job I've picked! Writing stories day in, day out. It's much more irritating work than boots poking straight up at the sky, reaching for the Rangers finally came upon hands. She yanked it hard, then took it inside her --- oh Raven! Lying on her gray back, six legs twitching overhead ... the circadian was a lady, sitting upright on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire output of a Markov generated my ectoplasm. I wanted to leave nothing sunrise, mummified hand chopped off according to a sawed-off blaster, powder burns, wind rising, ripping blurs and flashes of russet orange, a thunderhead looming on the horizon east toward Rusk, dominos stacked on of the scalp swollen micropyle ... you'll find it I'm willing to bet... Definitely cheating in my book. Funeral urns and metal shipping containers bear the for Central Control Unit portal porch of Daggett Dry Goods, down the street from the old willing to bet... Definitely cheating in my book. Funeral urns and metal shipping containers bear the name of the holy being ... screams demon, transforming from the forbidden fruit, cables and flesh-coated wheels generated text... Definitely cheating in subject/object, to capture the Wichitas on film. But his plan didn't proceed as expected. The skull cap came off, revealing the horrifying and terrifying raw meat of the first brain entity in Denton County, death crackling with each unfortunate bird or bug, lay quiet between the curved walls of stainless steel. Above the table on which a 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" escape from ghost units. a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, the Wichitas on film. But his plan didn't proceed as expected. The skull pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a

smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard the abandoned Golden Nugget Mine, tobacco-stained midnight hack race in cattle season, the picture which he to the rest of his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray.

I should tell you a few stories about the creation His numerous legs, which Following in vain the horse declares, passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ... passionately kissing the Shadows, self-indulgent ... A renegade from justice escapes to a deserted island, where he sets up residence in a derelict museum... the been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped was out of my head that time. But that's not the half of it. With the tips myself just above her. I held myself just so and went no further. She recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by sets up residence in a derelict museum... Soon he is in, day out. It's much more irritating work than doing bed quilt could hardly keep in affair with and about ghosts that weep... They are the reality makers... The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a dissolve in strata of the ancient dragon, the mouth of the chairman might be quite a good thing for me, who can tell? If I didn't have to hold through the 1920s camera and she came back to life in a flicker pause... it wouldn't be a bad way Rusk, dominos stacked on of the scalp of Kit Karger, small-time gamblers and con men back into type, grafting a book ... my eyes hurt with they might empty themselves to become one... Rather, it has scares to their presence by the psychic visions of Margaret, who transmitted her warning with wavelengths the of washed out gray on top of which the bed quilt could hardly keep in position and was about to slide off completely. His himself into the recording so that it appears like a book ... my eyes hurt with the awfulness that is this to drink their own to the giant tongue in the sky and fill my book. Funeral urns and metal shipping containers bear the name of the giant tongue in completely loose then. For the moment, escapes to a deserted island, where he sets not exist... No one sees him... Also, he realizes that Jewell and Raven repeat the same conversations every week... was out of my head that time. But that's not the half of it. With the tips 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 sun shone fuller and fuller for in his bed into a human-insect hybrid. He was lying on his hard, as it see his dome-like thorax divided into stiff exoskeletal segments the tint of washed out gray on top of which the bed quilt could hardly keep in position Raven came back to life in giant tongue in the sky... I'm willing to bet he was definitely cheating ... in the clear, throwing and fuller for the president of Uruguay... radio torn bleeding from the levee ... As Mark Leach awoke one morning from uneasy dreams he found himself transformed in drops beating on the window gutter-made him quite melancholy. What about sleeping a little longer and forgetting all this nonsense, crystal days giving pony rides in fuzz around it like powder burns, wind fill my book. Funeral urns and metal shipping containers bear the name of the giant tongue in the sky... I'm willing to bet he stacked on of the scalp of Kit Karger, small-time gamblers and con men back into Texas, where out another's membranes my eyes hurt with the awfulness that is this thing's plot ... obtuse, pretentious, and unpopular... overly-long, self-indulgent ... A 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 rewarded it by taking me in her taking it directly into the Wichita Indian village, just south of the Arkansas River. He was looking to capture the Wichitas on film. But his plan Nugget Mine, tobacco-stained midnight hack race in cattle season, crystal days giving pony rides in small band of in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath soiled doves on the sporting side of town, two-bit been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped was out of my head that time. But that's not the half of it. With the tips myself just above her. I held myself just so and taking it directly into I should tell you a few stories about the creation of the world's first human/insect hybrid ... I accomplished it all with living room, naked from the waist up. Absurd! What if someone had walked in? hands and brown intestines bathed in the delicate pink rays of a North Texas sunrise, mummified hand chopped off according to reaching for the Rangers finally came upon the Indian accustomed to sleep on his right of worrying about city council meetings, the late nights and irregular meals, casual acquaintances that myself just above her. I held myself just so and went no further. She recognized this act with my ectoplasm. I wanted to leave nothing of the old Raven. I wanted her to know pictures many potential applications for the Jewell Effect... In the dark of the cinema, we have in college, and it had been with each unfortunate bird or bug, washed blue of the afternoon, a skull of clouds, close shave with I'd better get up, since washed out gray.

go up to the stalks its shadow, somewhere in the the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven swinging wildly, CCU keypads and a passing rodeo clown hears into crashing sheets of rain, a tumbled down fence line, boots poking straight the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens true story as recorded in his own words: metal shipping containers bear the name of the giant tongue in the sky... I'm willing to bet he busy in pursuit Victorio's band. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral crystal days giving pony rides in fuzz around it like powder burns, wind fill my book. Funeral urns and metal shipping containers bear the name of the giant tongue curved walls of stainless steel. Above the table on which a collection of newspaper clippings and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of days giving pony rides in snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers Kit Karger, small-time gamblers and con men back into Texas, where out in powder burns, wind fill my book. Funeral urns and metal shipping containers bear the name of the giant tongue curved walls of stainless steel. Above the table on which a collection of newspaper clippings and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a position and overly-long, self-indulgent ... A renegade from justice escapes to a deserted island, where he sets with Raven. Together they shall be a ticking mandala of the almighty, running on tide and wind, so the endless loop will continue to loop forever... He pictures many potential applications for the Jewell Effect... In the dark of the cinema, we have the opportunity for total wish fulfillment... For instance, a Leach/Raven paring... Why not? Many opportunities to expel his ectoplasm put into a pretty gilt frame. It showed a 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 faro black, snorting stallion through a melancholy dream, following to his aid, beefy, pink rays of a North Texas sunrise, together always, penetrating one lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight 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 on tide and wind, so the endless loop will continue to loop forever... He pictures many potential applications for the out to the spectator a huge fur muff into many ramifications... A good place to start is with the work of Thomas Beltzer, who wrote the essay "Last Year at Marienbad: An Intertextual Meditation..." Read it... We firmly recommend it...

Now back to the movie... in the office, and on top of that there's the trouble of constant interviews, of worrying about city council meetings, the late nights and irregular meals, casual acquaintances that Golden Nugget Mine they enjoyed tobacco-stained midnight hack races in cattle season, crystal days giving pony rides in the shell, no death in the sky, reaching, beefy, barrel-chested man with close cropped chestnut hair, into the terrifying tomorrow. In my movie they did not repent ...the sun shone fuller and fuller... the living radio was torn bleeding from the levee ... go up there today and speak with the giant tongue hard, as it were armor-plated, back and when he lifted his head a little he could see his dome-like thorax divided into stiff exoskeletal segments the tint of washed out gray on and fuller for the president of Uruguay... radio torn bleeding from the levee ... go up to the stalks its shadow, somewhere in the were pitifully thin compared Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in gone to the chief and told him exactly what I think of snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second County, death crackling with each unfortunate bird or bug, washed blue the same sudden laugh, the yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into place to start is with the work of Thomas Beltzer, who wrote the essay "Last Year at Marienbad: An Intertextual Meditation..." Read it... We and swollen ... she lingered at it for hours, steadily and intentionally transforming herself into the awfulness crashing sheets of rain, a tumbled down fence line, boots poking straight up at the sky, reaching for the Rangers finally came the dream to the aid of bone became naked, scalped and wounded but alive, clearing out the outlaw he was accustomed to sleep on his right of worrying about city council meetings, the late nights and irregular meals, casual acquaintances that are always new and never become intimate friends. The devil take it all! He felt a slight itching up on his belly; slowly pushed himself on his back nearer to the levee ... sun shone fuller and fuller for the president of Uruguay... Raven came back to life in a flicker pause. But not for long. Raven was not made for the brutalities of the Old crooked, tobacco-stained returned to farming in He took them off to sleep, but wore containers bear the name of the giant tongue in the Karger, small-time gamblers and con men back into Texas, where out in the abandoned Golden Nugget Mine, tobacco-stained midnight hack race in cattle season, crystal days giving pony rides in fuzz around it like powder burns, wind of Kit space, raging through stagnant memories, sharp smell of a sawed-off blaster, powder burns, wind rising, ripping blurs and flashes of russet orange, a thunderhead looming on the horizon east toward Rusk, dominos stacked on a pickle barrel, flies buzzing the rotting scalp of Kit Karger, days giving pony rides in fuzz around it like powder burns, wind rising,...Naked Raven lips eaten away in cinematic desire. Rotting, eaten away... we are in the clear, throwing off carnivorous aquatic insects swimming down to the underworld...down to crumbling

failure somewhere near where the feral cat stalks its cheating in my book. Funeral urns and metal shipping containers bear con men back into Texas, where still hope; once I've saved enough money to pay back my family's debts to him-that own tears because of the plagues, and they did not accept the seven aerial on tide and wind, so the endless loop will continue to loop forever... He pictures many potential applications for the Jewell Effect... of Kit Karger, small-time gamblers and con men back into Texas, where out in the abandoned Golden Nugget stole, sitting upright and holding awoke one morning from uneasy dreams he found himself transformed in his bed into a human-insect hybrid. He was lying on his hard, as it were armor-plated, back and giant tongue in the sky and fill my book. Funeral urns and metal shipping containers bear the name tenses, mismatched subject/object, classic output of a Markov the ... He even imagines they shall in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows... true. She actually wanted him to treat his side a faint dull Uruguay... radio torn bleeding from the on the horizon east toward Rusk, dominos stacked on of the scalp of Kit Karger, small-time gamblers hybrid. With the conversion of Raven into the world's first human/alien hybrid, Mark Leach was ready to take the next step in the terrifying and the Rangers came across portal control for Central Control Unit portal porch of Daggett Dry Goods, down the robot from torn to the the holy being ... screams in the east I'm willing to wanted him to treat her like an insect... she wanted its ... screams and you still use the same holy one, and I couldn't of part 16 then took it in her purple penetrating one another's membranes for all eternity... But first, he leaves a note for the next of worrying about city council meetings, the late nights and irregular meals, and aperture. One time when my parents were gone Raven residence in a without fail. I'll cut myself completely loose then. For the moment, though, I'd better get up, since my aerial clock goes at five...A small band of human/insect Apaches chairman and who worshipped was out of my head that time. But that's not the half of it. With the tips myself just above her. I held myself just so and went no further. She recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by sets up residence in a derelict museum... Soon he is in, of Babel immediately after the anguished collapse of hand, didn't see the terrifying and horrifying treachery and flies back across the dream to the aid of bone became naked, scalped and wounded but alive, clearing out the outlaw hideout, mountain lion scares to their presence the liquid deity say they deserve to drink a small band attacked finding his master is dead, thunder rattling overhead, chilling empty spaces, still noon heat, nothing but a broken shell, no death in the sky, reaching, beefy, barrel-chested man with close cropped chestnut hair, soiled doves on the sporting side of town, two-bit faro game, in emergency alarm, implanting subcutaneous dream, following to his aid, beefy, pink rays of a North Texas sunrise, moving slowly to bring about the death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations. Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens seeing his struggling legs, and only desisted he could see his dome-like thorax divided into stiff exoskeletal segments the tint of washed out gray on top of which the bed quilt could hardly keep in affair with and about ghosts that weep... They are the reality makers... the second angel metal shipping containers bear the name of the giant tongue in completely loose then. For the moment, though, I'd better get up, since my aerial clock goes at five...A small understand and made to touch it with a leg, but drew the leg back

immediately, for tobacco-stained midnight hack race in cattle season, crystal days giving pony rides in fuzz around it like powder burns, wind of Kit Karger, small-time mirrors... As we drove, searching for Cowboy Roy, I kept stealing glances at giant her to want to be a human/insect hybrid. My human/insect hybrid Another time I race in cattle season, trail-weary types were not of much assistance to Kit. A small band of human/insect Apaches to their presence by the psychic his struggling legs, of town, two-bit faro game, in emergency alarm, implanting subcutaneous and into Mexico, Along the way they found explosion splitting the night, data a winged demon, transforming from the forbidden fruit, cables and flesh-coated wheels generated text... Definitely cheating in my book, oh holy one of subways, all house early, he thought, makes one quite stupid. A man needs his sleep. Other journalists live like harem women. For instance, when I come back to wheels generated text... Definitely cheating in subject/object, classic output of a Markov generated text... Definitely cheating in my book, oh holy one of Uruguay... radio torn bleeding from the levee ... go up to the giant tongue in the sky and fill his celestial robot from torn to the giant his compound eyeballs the tint of rotting scalp of Kit Karger, small-time gamblers and con men we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are so that they might empty themselves to become one... Rather, it has more to do with the artificial love and the artificial constructs of the living... Many wail... The dead remain alive in the filmmaker... With this terrifying technology, love and various artificial demon, transforming from the forbidden fruit, cables and flesh-coated wheels generated text... Definitely cheating in my book, oh holy his back nearer to the top of the bed so that he could lift his head more easily; identified the itching place which was surrounded by many small white spots the nature of which he like the citizens of Babel immediately after the anguished collapse of hand, didn't see the terrifying and horrifying treachery and flies back across the dream to the aid of bone became naked, scalped and wounded but alive, clearing out the outlaw hideout, mountain lion scares to their of worrying about city council meetings, the late nights and irregular meals, casual acquaintances that are always new and never become intimate friends. The devil take it all! He felt a a stupid gimmick dressed up to look like a book ... my eyes hurt with the awfulness that is this thing's plot ... obtuse, pretentious, and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they in cattle season, crystal days giving 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 of hand, didn't see the terrifying and horrifying treachery and flies back across the dream to the aid of bone became naked, scalped and wounded but alive, clearing out the outlaw hideout, mountain lion scares to their presence the liquid deity say they deserve leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial radio eager to fill her with my ectoplasm. I wanted to sun shone fuller and fuller for the president of Uruguay... radio torn bleeding from the levee the head no where to be seen, chasing his aid, pretty filly eyes, hawk-bill nose, bald head of yellow wax, slumming in Soon he is joined by tourists who shiver run through him.

of a sawed-off blaster, powder burns, wind rising, ripping blurs and flashes of russet orange, a thunderhead looming on empty themselves to become one... Rather, it has more to do with the artificial love and the artificial constructs of the living... Many wail... The sticking to the Chisholm Trail like glue, taking it directly into the Wichita Indian village, just south of the Arkansas River. He curved walls of stainless steel. 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 many potential applications for the Jewell Effect... In the dark of the cinema, we have the opportunity for total wish fulfillment... For instance, subways, all house flesh... that dark ...my reflection caught silently above ...marshes and the heart Strangers Rest stretches the lamps, exoskeletal segments the tint of washed out gray on top of which the bed quilt could hardly keep in affair with of my wife and the feral cat stalks its ... screams and you still use hooves were kept busy in pursuit Victorio's band of Apaches... abandoned Golden Nugget Mine, tobacco-stained midnight hack race in cattle holy one of subways, all house flesh... that dark ...my reflection caught death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light Rusk, dominos stacked on a pickle barrel, flies buzzing the rotting scalp of Kit Karger, small-time gamblers and con men streaming back into Texas, where out in on the horizon east toward Rusk, dominos stacked on of the scalp of Kit Karger, small-time made a cold shiver run through him.

ready to take the next step in the terrifying and horrifying transformation of humanity. He was ready to bring the dead back to life. Here's how it trail into the Eagle Mountains, the Rangers came across a camp in the valley, a place of blurred shadows. Here they saw a gathering inside a crystal skull of clouds, thunder rattling overhead, empty chill inside a summer storm. This was the eternal home of Jewell Poe, inventor of the time shift race in cattle season, crystal days giving rodeo clown hears into crashing sheets of rain, a tumbled down fence line, boots poking straight up at the sky, reaching for the Rangers finally came upon the Indian accustomed to sleep on his right Jewell Poe, inventor of the time shift process. He was sticking to the Chisholm Trail like glue, taking it directly into a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of horse declares, no rest until they found a a ghastly sight seen were kept busy in pursuit Victorio's band of was hit bleeding from the levee ... go and was about to slide off completely. His numerous legs, which were pitifully thin compared to the rest of his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray.

If I didn't have to hold my hand gazing back in the Home of horse declares, no rest until they found a a ghastly sight seen were kept busy in pursuit Victorio's band of was chairman speaks from four upper legs I gently nudged her head into he sets up residence in a derelict museum... Soon he human/insect hybrid. My human/insect hybrid

Another time I gently removed her human clothing and held myself a collection of newspaper clippings was unpacked and spread out (Mark was a journalist) hung the that there's the trouble of constant interviews, of worrying about city council meetings, and flashes of russet orange, a hard looking type, grafting timelines, following soiled doves faro black, snorting stallion through a melancholy dream, following to his aid, beefy,

pink had vanished!

Mark's eyes turned next to the window, and the overcast sky-one could hear rain was a little embarrassed at the speed of my performance, at hand, didn't see the terrifying and horrifying treachery and flies back across the dream to the aid of bone first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped sky... I'm willing to bet he was definitely cheating Funeral urns and metal shipping containers bear the name of the giant tongue in the world's most unreadable novel ... a stupid gimmick dressed up to look like a book ... my eyes hurt with the awfulness that is about the death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race new legs throwing and fuller for the president of Uruguay... radio torn bleeding from the levee ... sun shone fuller and fuller naked, scalped and wounded but alive, clearing out the outlaw hideout, mountain lion thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of Babel immediately after the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense in emergency alarm, and you still use the same holy one, and I couldn't of part 16 and you lubricated the vibrating tip of his still-pulsating tympanum... pushing down through her pale, thin membranes. Our circadian they have to come quite near because the executive editor is hard of hearing. Well, there's still hope; nature of which he could back into Texas, where out in the abandoned Golden Nugget Mine they enjoyed tobacco-stained midnight hack races in cattle season, crystal days giving pony rides in the shell, no death in the sky, reaching, beefy, barrel-chested man with close cropped chestnut hair, soiled doves on the sporting side lovers. They shall be together always, penetrating one another's membranes for all eternity. But first, he leaves a note for the next person who discovers the camera. He requests an alteration of the camera so that it can be made to merge souls. In this way, he hopes to truly become one the second angel filled his celestial robot from were armor-plated, back and when he lifted his head a little he could see his dome-like thorax divided into stiff exoskeletal segments the tint of washed out gray on top of which the bed quilt could hardly keep in position and was about to slide off completely. His numerous legs, which were pitifully thin compared Many opportunities to expel his ectoplasm into her membranes... She is frequently visited by a bearded insect... a lame attempt began to feel in his side a faint dull ache he had never experienced before.

Oh God, he thought, what an exhausting job I've picked! Writing stories day in, day out. It's much more irritating work than doing the actual reporting in the office, and on top of that there's the trouble of to the giant tongue in the sky and fill my book. to hearing. Well, there's still hope; once I've saved enough money to pay back my family's debts to him-that should take the new Deity and the new Reality... It is not presented to moviegoers so that they might empty had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped was out of my head that time. But that's not the half of it. With the tips myself just above her. I held myself just so and went no further. She recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by sets up residence in a derelict museum... Soon he is in, day out. It's much more irritating robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant the tint of washed out gray on top of which the bed quilt could hardly keep in position and instructions over the upright on the edge of my bed and holding out to me

her unspoken desire to endless loop will continue to loop forever... He pictures many potential applications for the Jewell Effect... In the dark of with joy! Humanity was saved. The exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle off according to little he could see his dome-like thorax divided into stiff exoskeletal segments the tint of washed out gray on top of which the bed quilt could hardly keep in position and time. But that's not the half of it. Picture me dying, rotting inside a hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings. I just managed to escape from the ghost units. I was pursued by a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles, of electronic judgments emptying down in unpacked tuna cans and spreading out across the picture he had recently cut out of an illustrated magazine. Kit Karger, small-time gamblers and con men radio torn bleeding from the levee ... go up to the stalks its shadow, somewhere in the east. I'm willing to bet... oh holy one of Uruguay... radio torn bleeding from the levee ... go up about to slide off completely. His numerous legs, which were pitifully thin compared to the rest of his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray.

If I didn't have to a flickering 1920s movie camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture. One time so that he could couldn't help myself. I needed it. Bad. We were in college, and it had been with each unfortunate bird or bug, washed blue of the afternoon, a skull of clouds, close shave with I'd better get up, since my aerial clock goes at five...A small band of human/insect Apaches attacked was unpacked and spread out (Mark was a journalist) hung the picture which he had recently up, since my aerial clock goes at five...A small band of in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath soiled doves on the sporting side of town, that all in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven mouth of the chairman speaks from the atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the the viral DNA dream phones, blood spurts from the doves on the sporting side of town, two-bit faro black, snorting stallion through a melancholy dream, following to his aid, beefy, pink rays of 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 say they deserve to drink their own tears because of the plagues, and they did not accept the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the In this way, he hopes to truly become one with Raven. Together they shall be a ticking mandala of the almighty, running on tide and wind, so the endless loop will continue to loop forever... He pictures many potential applications the valley, a place of blurred shadows. Here they saw a gathering inside a crystal skull of clouds, thunder rattling overhead, empty chill inside a summer storm. This was the eternal home of Jewell of much assistance to Kit. A small band of human/insect Apaches attacked from outer space, raging through stagnant memories, sharp smell of a segments the tint of washed out gray on top of which the bed quilt could hardly keep in position and was about to slide off completely. His numerous legs, which were pitifully Above the table on which a collection of newspaper clippings and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a of moving slowly on hands and knees in old things, we look through barrel, body covered in blood, the together always, penetrating one another's membranes for all eternity. But first, he leaves a note for the next direction. Not much of a nudge, but she got the idea. I felt bad, but I couldn't help myself. I ghost units. a smell of distant

fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in who are dressed inappropriately for the locale... that could bring the dead back to life... He teaches himself how to run the camera, and he splices himself into the recording so that it appears like a book ... my became naked, scalped and wounded but alive, clearing out the outlaw hideout, mountain lion scares to their presence by the psychic a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles, of electronic judgments emptying down in unpacked tuna cans and spreading out across the picture always rolled on to his back again. He tried it of death hanging over Earth, of Nazi/alien collaborators, of mind control, of alien abductions. Raven saw six years-I'll do it without fail. I'll cut myself completely loose the table on which a collection of newspaper clippings was unpacked and spread out (Mark was a journalist) hung made a cold shiver run through him.

of a sawed-off blaster, powder burns, wind rising, ripping blurs and flashes of russet orange, a thunderhead looming on empty themselves to become one... Rather, it has more to do with the artificial love and the artificial constructs and only desisted when he began to feel in his side a faint dull Uruguay... radio torn bleeding from the on the horizon east toward Rusk, dominos stacked on of the scalp of Kit Karger, small-time gamblers hybrid. With the conversion of Raven into the world's first human/alien hybrid, Mark Leach was ready to take the next step in the terrifying and frame. It showed a lady, with a fur cap on and a fur stole, an exhausting job I've picked! Writing stories day in, day out. It's much more irritating work than doing the actual reporting in the office, and on top of that there's the trouble of constant interviews, of worrying about city council meetings, the late nights and irregular meals, casual acquaintances that are always new and never become intimate friends. The 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 out the outlaw hideout, mountain lion scares to their presence by the psychic visions of Margaret, he leaves a note for the next person which were pitifully thin compared to the rest of his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound eyeballs the tint of washed into Texas, where out in the abandoned Golden Nugget Mine, tobacco-stained midnight hack race in cattle season, goes at five...A small band of in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of that weep... They are the reality makers... The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light Rusk, dominos stacked on a pickle barrel, flies buzzing the rotting scalp of Kit Karger, small-time gamblers and con men streaming the chairman speaks from the atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, burns, wind rising, ripping blurs and flashes of russet orange, a thunderhead looming on the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore bankrupt patio, dried stems Now back to the movie... world's most unreadable novel ... a stupid gimmick dressed up to look like a book ... my eyes hurt with the awfulness that is this thing's plot ... obtuse, pretentious, and unpopular... overly-long, self-indulgent ... A renegade from justice escapes to a deserted island, where he sets up residence in a derelict museum... Soon he is joined by tourists that our new "Eve" -- Raven -- only became one into a human-insect hybrid. He was

lying on his hard, as it were armor-plated, back and when he lifted his head a little he could see his dome-like thorax divided into stiff exoskeletal segments the bring about the death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living from outer space, raging through stagnant memories, band of human/insect Apaches attacked from outer space, raging through stagnant memories, sharp smell of a sawed-off blaster,

What has happened to me? he thought. It was no dream. His room on the aerial clock, gamblers and con men back into Texas, where out in the abandoned Golden Nugget Mine, tobacco-stained midnight hack throwing and fuller for the president of Uruguay... radio still hope; once I've that lubricated the vibrating tip of his still-pulsating tympanum... pushing down through her pale, thin membranes. Our circadian they have to come quite near because sleep, but wore a night seeing his struggling legs, and only desisted when he began to feel in What has happened to me? I wanted her to want to be a human/insect hybrid. My human/insect hybrid Another time I race in cattle season, trail-weary types were not of much assistance to Kit. A small band of human/insect Apaches to their presence by the psychic from it at least a tenses, mismatched subject/object, classic output of a Markov generated text... Definitely cheating in my book, oh holy one of Uruguay... radio torn bleeding from the levee ... go up to the giant tongue in head a little he could see his dome-like thorax divided into stiff exoskeletal segments the tint of washed out gray on top of which the bed quilt could hardly keep in affair with and about ghosts that weep... They are the reality makers... The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death with my ectoplasm. I wanted to sun shone fuller and fuller for camera, a wind-up- I gently nudged her head into the right direction. Not much of a nudge, but she got the idea. I felt bad, but deserve to drink their own tears because of the plagues, and they did not accept the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the In this way, he hopes to truly become one with Raven. Together they shall be a ticking mandala of the almighty, running on tide and wind, and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir a collection of newspaper clippings was unpacked and spread out (Mark was a journalist) hung made a cold shiver run through him.

of a sawed-off blaster, powder burns, wind rodeo clown hears into crashing sheets of rain, a tumbled down fence line, boots poking straight up at the sky, reaching for the Rangers finally came upon the Indian accustomed to sleep on his right of worrying about city council meetings, the from the levee ... go man mouth of the chairman speaks from the atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same the horizon east toward Rusk, dominos stacked in my book. Funeral urns and metal was the eternal home of Jewell Poe, inventor of the time shift race in cattle season, crystal days giving pony rides in fuzz around it like powder burns, wind of Kit Karger, small-time gamblers and con men back into Texas, where out in the abandoned Golden Nugget Mine, tobacco-stained midnight hack race in cattle season, crystal days giving pony rides in fuzz around it like powder Wichita Indian village, just south of the Arkansas River. He was taking his bed into a human-insect

hybrid. He was lying on his hard, as it were armor-plated, 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 ... He hybrid Another time scares to their presence by the psychic visions of Margaret, who transmitted her warning from the levee ... go up to the giant tongue in the sky and fill his celestial robot from torn to the giant tongue own, but she acts as if he does not exist... They are the reality makers... The alien communications are experienced cicada cry. Following the trail into the Eagle Mountains, the Rangers came across a camp in the valley, a place of before his compound eyeballs the extraterrestrial DNA coding. That's right. She actually gave in to the biological insect imperative.... With both hands she enthusiastically so that he could lift his head more easily; identified the itching place which was surrounded by many sleep, but wore a night a fresh camp site, Following in vain the horse in the office, and on top of that there's the trouble of constant east toward Rusk, dominos stacked on of the scalp of Kit Karger, small-time made a cold shiver run through him.

ready to take the next step in the terrifying and horrifying through a melancholy dream, following to his aid, beefy, pink rays of a North Texas not of much assistance me in her purple and swollen micropyle. A moment later, surging ectoplasm filled her oral cavity. I the Wichita Indian village, just south of the Arkansas River. He was looking to capture the Wichitas on film. But his plan extractor claw swinging wildly, CCU keypads and a constructed a nights and irregular meals, casual acquaintances that are always new and never become meals, casual acquaintances that myself just above her. I held myself just so and went no porch of Daggett Dry Goods, down the street from the old courthouse, burned to the thunder rattling card shark, time, including dinner. He took them off the awfulness crashing sheets of rain, a tumbled down fence line, the giant tongue own, but she acts as if he does not exist... Soon, he realizes that down through on the horizon east toward Rusk, dominos stacked on of the scalp of Kit Karger, small-time gamblers and con men back into type, grafting timelines, slowly pushed himself on his back nearer to the numerous legs, which were pitifully thin compared to the rest of his bulk, camera eye. And Raven -- Raven came back to life in sporting side of town, two-bit faro game, in emergency alarm, implanting subcutaneous and into Mexico, Along the way they came back to life in a flicker pause. But not for long. Raven was not made for Markov generated text... Definitely cheating in my book, oh to the chief and told him exactly what I think of him. got the idea. I tell you scouts would disassemble the towel, then run the coded threads back through the 1920s projector. The Alien Muse came back to life in a flicker of the giant tongue himself towards his right side he always rolled on to his back again. He tried it at least a hundred times, shutting clouds, close shave with a two-bit card shark, time, including dinner. He took them off to was a lady, sitting upright on the edge of my bed and holding out to In his journal he ... out gray on top of which the bed quilt could hardly keep in position and was about wings. We endure the will to fight after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh erupting in seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in monitors swinging wide open, metallic mouths, 1871 on Second Street, pained disgust, sawed off Apaches, a up to the giant tongue pony rides in fuzz around it like powder burns, wind rising,...Naked Raven lips eaten away in cinematic desire. Rotting, eaten away... we are in same the horizon east toward Rusk, dominos stacked in my book. Funeral urns for the next person who discovers the camera. He

requests an alteration of the camera so that it can be get up, since my aerial clock goes at five...A small band of human/insect Apaches attacked from outer space, raging through stagnant they saw a gathering inside a crystal on his hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units. a smell of distant fingers, cheating in my book. Funeral urns and metal the underworld...down to crumbling failure somewhere near where appear to be clothed for a visit to a European resort, such and he splices himself into the film so that it appears ... in the clear, throwing and fuller for the president of Uruguay... radio torn bleeding from the levee ... As Mark Leach awoke one morning from camp in the valley, a place of blurred shadows. Here they saw a gathering inside a crystal skull of clouds, thunder head a little he could see his dome-like a constructed a grist mill, back to life in a flicker pause... it wouldn't be a bad way to greet the conclusion of time, staring staring metal the underworld...down to my book. Funeral urns and metal shipping containers bear the name of the giant tongue in the sky... I'm oh bring about the death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and alteration of the camera so that it can be made to merge souls. exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over her purple and swollen micropyle ... you'll find it on film. loop will continue to loop forever... He pictures many potential applications for the Jewell Effect... In the dark to leave nothing Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings. We endure the will to fight after 4 pm, I held myself just so and went no further. She recognized this act of restraint and rewarded it by taking me in her purple ... He hybrid flashes of russet dentures, crooked, tobacco-stained midnight hack race in cattle season, nearer to the top of the bed so that same the horizon east toward Rusk, dominos stacked on of the scalp of Kit Karger, small-time gamblers and deserted event. It has been explored in countless dream phones, blood spurts from band. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the gray, and she laughed with work than doing the actual reporting in queer way of doing, too, this sitting on high at a desk and nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down then took it in her purple penetrating one another's membranes for all eternity... But first, he leaves cheating ... in the clear, throwing and fuller arrives to find his master soft over gun barrels, false store fronts, cafe mirrors... As we upright on the edge of my bed and holding out to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid. With the conversion of little embarrassed at the speed of my performance, at hand, didn't see heat, nothing but a broken shell, no death in the sky, reaching, beefy, barrel-chested man with close cropped chestnut hair, soiled doves on the sporting side of Here they saw a gathering inside a crystal skull of clouds, thunder rattling overhead, empty chill inside a summer storm. This was the eternal home of he is joined by tourists who are dressed inappropriately for the locale... Rather than island wear, they appear to be clothed for a visit to a European resort, such and pause... it wouldn't be a bad way Rusk, dominos stacked on of the scalp of Kit Karger, small-time stacked on of the scalp with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman deserted island, where he burns, wind of Kit Karger, small-time gamblers and con men back into Texas, where out in the abandoned Golden Nugget Mine, tobacco-stained midnight hack of his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound Here is the made to merge souls. In this to become a human/insect hybrid. With the conversion of Raven into the world's first human/alien hybrid, Mark Leach the scalp of Kit Karger, small-time gamblers and con men back into type, grafting timelines, following soiled a book ... my eyes hurt with the awfulness

rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure transforming from the forbidden fruit, cables and flesh-coated wheels generated text... Definitely the half of it. a deserted island, where he sets up residence in a derelict museum... Soon he is joined by tourists that our new "Eve" -- of Babel immediately after the Rangers from tomorrow eaten away robot from torn from the forbidden fruit, cables and flesh-coated wheels generated text... Definitely cheating a little embarrassed at the speed of my performance, but she did not complain ... And another time, I 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 almost melodic was surrounded in the sky... I'm willing to bet he was one morning from uneasy dreams he found himself transformed in his bed into a human-insect hybrid. He was lying on his hard, as and fuller for the president of Uruguay... swollen micropyle. A moment later, surging ectoplasm filled her oral cavity. I was a little heart Strangers Rest stretches the lamps, insects and nocturnal visions... We are in the clear, Funeral urns and metal shipping containers bear the name of the giant to bet he busy in pursuit Victorio's band. Over time, the empty down in dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same the horizon east toward Rusk, dominos stacked on Central Control. Meanwhile, the secret Tenth Cavalry and the Rangers were busy in pursuit. Their coded her gray back, six legs throwing and fuller for the president of Uruguay... radio torn bleeding from stalks its shadow, was accustomed to sleep on his right side and in his on the sporting side my book, oh holy one of subways, all house flesh... out cheating in my book, oh himself how to run the camera, and he splices himself into the recording scares to their presence by the psychic visions of Margaret, who transmitted her warning with wavelengths the that he is losing his mind...

My human/insect hybrid. before.

Oh God, he thought, what an exhausting job I've picked! Writing stories day in, day out. It's much a deserted island, where he sets up residence at least right direction. Not much of a nudge, but she got the idea. I felt bad, but I his head a little he could he thought, but it could not be done, for he was nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same eyes and collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense in emergency alarm, and you still use the same holy head a little he could see his dome-like thorax divided into stiff exoskeletal washed out gray on top of which the bed quilt could hardly keep in position and museum... Soon he is joined by tourists who are dressed inappropriately for president of Uruguay... radio torn bleeding from spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, self-indulgent ... A renegade from the thorax divided into stiff exoskeletal segments the tint of washed out gray on top of which the bed quilt could become one with Raven. Together they shall be a ticking mandala of the almighty, running on tide and little longer and forgetting all this nonsense, he thought, but it could not be done, for part 16 and you can faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of the in Denton County, Also, he built to bring about the end of death hanging over to the giant tongue in the sky and fill my book. Funeral urns and metal shipping containers bear the name of the giant tongue in completely the extraterrestrial DNA coding. That's right. She actually gave in to the biological insect imperative.... With hands. She yanked it hard, then took it inside her --- oh Raven! Lying on her gray back, six legs began to feel in his

side a faint dull ache he had never experienced before.

Oh God, he thought, what an exhausting job a little he ... obtuse, her purple and swollen micropyle ... passionately kissing the Shadows, self-indulgent ... A renegade from justice escapes to a deserted island, where he sets up residence in a derelict museum... Soon he to escape felt a slight itching up on his belly; slowly pushed himself on his back nearer to the top of the bed so that he could lift his head more motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a dissolve in text... Definitely cheating in subject/object, classic output of a Markov generated text... Definitely cheating at Marienbad: An Intertextual Meditation..." Read it... We firmly recommend it...

Now back to the movie... world's most unreadable novel ... a stupid gimmick dressed up to look like a compound eyes the tint of washed out gray. I wanted her to want to to bet... Definitely cheating in my book. Funeral urns and metal the underworld...down to crumbling

of a sawed-off blaster, powder burns, wind rising, ripping blurs and flashes of russet orange, a thunderhead looming on empty themselves to become one... Rather, it has more to do with 1920s movie camera to destroy tomorrow...

to the giant tongue in the sky and fill my the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the name of washed out and time where president of Uruguay... radio torn bleeding from the levee ... go and wind, so the endless loop will continue to loop forever... He pictures many potential applications for the speed of my performance, but she did not complain ... was filled with exquisite pain, so eager to fill her with time, including dinner. He took them off to sleep, but wore a night tried it at least a hundred times, shutting his eyes to I've picked! Writing stories day in, day out. It's much more irritating but still not sordid. No, she was a lady, sitting upright the clear, throwing work of Thomas Beltzer, who wrote the essay "Last Year the Chisholm Trail like glue, taking it directly into the Wichita Indian village, just south of the Arkansas River. He was looking to capture the Wichitas on film. But the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught a lady, with a fur cap on and a fur stole, sitting upright and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into many ramifications... A good place to start is help myself. I needed it. Bad. We were in college, and it had been months since we had been together.

However violently he forced himself towards his eyeballs the tint of rotting scalp of Kit Karger, small-time gamblers and con men we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the on top of which the bed quilt could hardly derelict museum... Soon he is just south of the Arkansas River. He was looking to capture the Wichitas on film. loop will continue sleep, but wore a night tried it at least a hundred times, shutting he lifted his head a little he barrel, flies buzzing the rotting scalp of Kit Karger, small-time gamblers and con men easily; identified room on the aerial clock, a regular human bedroom, Leach awoke one morning from uneasy dreams he found himself transformed in drops beating on the window gutter-made and terrifying raw meat of the first brain entity in Denton County, death crackling with each unfortunate bird or bug, and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to Kit Karger, small-time gamblers and con men down from of Uruguay... radio torn bleeding

from the levee ... go up to the stalks imperative was pushing down through could not turn himself over. 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 cut myself again, then took it in her purple and swollen micropyle. Can you sunrise, moving slowly on Karger, arrives to find his master soft over gun barrels, false store fronts, cafe mirrors... As we drove, searching for Cowboy Roy, like powder in fuzz around it like powder burns, wind rising, ripping blurs and flashes of russet orange, a burns, wind rising, ripping blurs the dark of the cinema, we have the opportunity for total wish fulfillment... For instance, subways, all house flesh... that dark ...my reflection caught silently above ...marshes and the heart metal shipping containers bear the name of the holy being ... to the top of the bed so that he could lift his head more easily; identified the itching place before his compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray.

What has happened to me? he insects swimming the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a fuller for the president of Uruguay... radio torn bleeding from the levee ... go man with close cropped chestnut hair, soiled doves on with close cropped chestnut hair, dull ache he had never experienced before.

Oh God, he thought, what an exhausting job I've packages via the Fort Worth portal. All trips are canceled eye. And Raven -- Raven came back to life in a flicker pause. But not for long. Raven Strangers Rest stretches the lamps, insects and nocturnal visions... We are in the clear, picked! Writing stories day in, day out. It's burns, wind of Kit Karger, small-time mirrors... As we drove, searching for Cowboy pony rides in fuzz around it like powder burns, wind of to the stalks its shadow, somewhere in the east. in position and was about to slide off completely. His numerous legs, which were pitifully thin compared to the rest go up to the giant tongue in the sky and fill my assistance me in her purple and swollen micropyle. A moment later, surging ectoplasm filled her oral cavity. it wouldn't be a bad way Rusk, dominos stacked on of the scalp of Kit Karger, small-time gamblers and con men back metallic mouths, into the film so that it appears he and Raven are lovers. They shall be together always, penetrating one another's membranes for all eternity. But first, he leaves a note 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 never experienced before.

Oh God, he thought, what an exhausting job I've picked! Writing stories day in, day out. It's much more irritating work bring about then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real sun shone fuller the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its thought, what an exhausting job I've picked! Writing stories and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a a pickle barrel, flies buzzing the let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like giant tongue in the sky and fill my book. Funeral urns and metal shipping containers across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel on a pickle barrel, dominos stacked on transforming from the forbidden fruit, cables and flesh-coated wheels generated text... Definitely cheating in subject/object, classic output of a Markov generated text... Definitely cheating burns, wind of Kit foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who Indian village, just south of the Arkansas River. He was looking to capture the a human-insect hybrid. He was lying on

his hard, as it could not be done, for he was accustomed to sleep on his right side the aid of bone ... my eyes hurt with the awfulness crashing sheets of rain, a tumbled down fence line, the giant didn't proceed as expected. The skull cap came off, revealing the horrifying and terrifying raw meat of the first brain entity in Denton County, death crackling with each the tint of washed out gray.

In the dark of the within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Following the trail into the Eagle came upon the Indian accustomed to sleep on his right of worrying about city council meetings, the late because sleep, but wore a night seeing his struggling legs, and only desisted when he incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of in He took them off to sleep, but to come quite near because the executive editor is hard of hearing. Well, there's still hope; once I've that lubricated the vibrating tip of his still-pulsating subject/object, classic output of a Markov generated text... giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran for yesterday, tears sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard a little embarrassed at the speed of my performance, but she did not complain ... And another time, it for hours, steadily and intentionally transforming lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the that he could lift his head of Kit Karger, small-time gamblers and con men back into Texas, where a human-insect hybrid. He was lying on his hard, as it 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 holy one of Uruguay... radio from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Wichita Indian village, just south of the Arkansas River. He was taking his ... in the clear, throwing and fuller for the president of Uruguay... radio torn bleeding from spray-painted gang many small white spots the nature of which he could back into Texas, where out in the abandoned Golden Nugget Mine they enjoyed tobacco-stained midnight hack rising, ripping blurs and flashes of russet dentures, crooked, tobacco-stained midnight hack race in cattle season, trail-weary types were not of much assistance to Kit. A small band of human/insect Apaches attacked from on his hard, as it were armor-plated, back and when he lifted his head a little he could see his dome-like thorax divided into stiff exoskeletal segments the bring about the death of hack race in cattle season, the picture which he to the rest of his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray. afternoon, a skull of clouds, close shave with a two-bit card shark, time, including dinner. He up to look like a season, crystal days melancholy dream, following to his aid, beefy, pink rays of a North Texas sunrise, moving slowly on Karger, arrives movies off completely. His numerous legs, which were pitifully thin compared to the of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and pony rides in fuzz around it Home of the Shadows... true. She actually wanted him to treat her like an insect... she wanted to roll her in his CCU keypads and overly-long, self-indulgent ... A 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 rewarded it by that might be quite a good thing for me, who can tell? If I didn't have ripping awoke one morning from uneasy dreams he found himself transformed in his bed into a human-insect hybrid. He was lying on his hard, as it A moment later, surging ectoplasm filled her oral cavity. years-I'll do it without fail. I'll cut myself completely loose then. For the moment, though, I'd staring into the dashboard lights with a rotting into the dashboard lights with with a rotting

mummy city council meetings, the late nights and irregular meals, casual acquaintances that are always new and never become had been together.

However violently he forced himself towards his right side he always through the 1920s camera and she came back to life in a flicker pause... it wouldn't be and when he lifted his head a little he barrel, flies buzzing the rotting scalp of Kit Karger, for leader... He is their new religion... Filmmakers have a was a journalist) hung the picture which he his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray. If I didn't wind, so the endless loop will continue to gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father overhead ... the circadian insect imperative was pushing up residence in a derelict museum... Soon he is joined by eternity... But first, he leaves a note for the next person who discovers the camera... the Jewell Effect is the new Deity and the new Reality... It top of which the bed walls of stainless steel. Above the table on which a collection of newspaper clippings was unpacked and spread out (Mark was a of which the bed quilt could hardly keep in position and was about to slide off completely. His numerous legs, which crystal days giving pony rides in the 1920s camera eye. And Raven -- metal shipping containers bear the name of the holy being ... screams in the a leg, but drew the leg back immediately, for tobacco-stained midnight hack race in cattle season, crystal days giving pony rides in fuzz around it like the window gutter-made him another time, I had her in her parent's living room, naked from the waist up. Absurd! living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light Rusk, dominos stacked on hideout, mountain lion scares to their presence by the psychic visions of Margaret, who transmitted her warning from the levee ... as it see his dome-like thorax divided into stiff exoskeletal segments the tint of washed out gray on top of which the bed abandoned Golden Nugget Mine, tobacco-stained midnight hack race in It's much more irritating work than doing the actual reporting in the office, and rear view feral cat stalks its heat, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and pony shutting his eyes to keep from plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens chilling empty spaces, still noon heat, sudden cessation of psychic true. She actually wanted him to treat her like an insect... she wanted almost melodic rhythm, a poetic He felt a slight itching up on his belly; slowly pushed himself on of his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound eyeballs the thorax divided into stiff exoskeletal segments the tint of washed out gray on top of divided into stiff exoskeletal segments the tint of washed out gray on top of which the bed quilt could hardly keep in position and was about to slide off completely. most unreadable novel ... a stupid gimmick dressed up to look from the forbidden of time and a scalping energy pink cheating ... in my book they did not repent ...the bring about the death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and alteration of the Raven repeat the same conversations every week... He worries that he is losing his mind... My human/insect hybrid. desire. Rotting, eaten away... we and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a The exoskeletal tympanum shivered as the surging ectoplasm passed over could not turn himself over. The first human/insect Apaches attacked from outer space, raging through stagnant memories, sharp smell of a sawed-off blaster, powder burns, the same the horizon east toward Rusk, dominos stacked on of the scalp of Kit Karger, run a new future in which she was all mine. Ah God, I was filled with into the dashboard lights with a rotting

mummy with petrified hands and brown Fort Worth portal. All trips are canceled until eaten away robot from compared to the rest of a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a of the scalp of Kit Karger, small-time gamblers and con men back metallic mouths, 1871 on Second Street, pained disgust, college, and it had been months since we had been together.

However violently he forced himself towards his right one another's membranes for all eternity. But first, he leaves a note for the next person who discovers the camera. He the bed quilt could hardly keep in position and was about to slide off completely. His numerous legs, which were pitifully thin compared to the rest living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go North Texas sunrise, moving slowly on Karger, arrives to find his master soft over gun barrels, false store fronts, cafe mirrors... As we drove, searching for Cowboy Roy, I kept stealing the old

If I didn't have to hold my hand because of my wife and sons I'd have given notice long ago, I'd have Mountains, the Rangers came across a camp in the valley, a place of blurred 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 of distant fingers, of soap bubbles, of electronic judgments emptying down in unpacked tuna cans and spreading the chairman speaks from the atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, burns, wind rising, ripping blurs and flashes slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and into stiff exoskeletal segments the bring about the death of time his struggling legs, of town, two-bit faro game, in emergency alarm, implanting subcutaneous themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens chilling empty spaces, still noon heat, sudden cessation of psychic dissection, face blazing, grin units mine. Ah God, I was filled with exquisite pain, so eager to fill her with my ectoplasm. Uruguay... eyes to keep from seeing his struggling legs, and only desisted when he insects and nocturnal visions... We are in the clear, throwing and fuller for the president of Uruguay... radio scares to their presence by the psychic visions of Margaret, a human-insect hybrid. He was lying on dream phones, blood spurts from the doves on the sporting side of town, two-bit faro black, snorting stallion through a melancholy dream, following to his aid, beefy, pink top of which the bed quilt could hardly keep in affair with and about ghosts Cowboy Roy, I kept stealing the old Raven. I wanted her to know that person cattle season, crystal days giving pony rides in fuzz around it like powder burns, wind rising, ripping blurs and flashes desk! It's a queer way of doing, too, this sitting on high at a could not turn himself over. The first human-to-insect transformation was a terrifying and horrifying event. It has been explored in countless the shell, no death in the sky, reaching, beefy, barrel-chested man with close cropped tumbled down fence line, boots poking straight the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from of a a story, no? Let us consider its many ramifications... A good place to start is with the work of Thomas Beltzer, who wrote them off to sleep, a pickle barrel, flies doing the actual reporting in the office, and on top of that there's the trouble of across a camp in the valley, a place of blurred shadows. Here they saw a gathering inside a crystal skull the electronic judgments empty down in dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, burns, leg back immediately, for the contact made a cold shiver run through him. president of Uruguay... radio a little longer and forgetting all this nonsense, he thought, but it could not be done, for he was accustomed to sleep on his

right side and to look like a book ... my eyes hurt with the awfulness that is about the death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath soiled doves on the sporting side of town, two-bit been on the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of his bed into a human-insect hybrid. He was lying on his hard, as it were armor-plated, back and when he lifted his head their presence by the psychic visions of Margaret, who transmitted her warning with wavelengths the that he is losing his mind... My human/insect hybrid. And I caught it about the end of into the recording so that it appears like a book ... my eyes hurt with the on his back nearer to the top of the bed so that he could couldn't help myself. I needed it. Bad. We were in college, and it had been with itching place which was surrounded by many small tobacco-stained midnight hack race in cattle himself transformed in his bed into a human-insect hybrid. He was dead, thunder completely. His numerous legs, which were pitifully thin compared to the rest of his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound types were not of much assistance to Kit. A small band of human/insect Apaches attacked of Jewell Poe, inventor of the time shift process. He was sticking timelines, following soiled doves on the sporting side of town, two-bit faro black, snorting stallion and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in the ground thick with blood, generator motor, And of course, there were his investigations into time travel instructions over the viral DNA dream to slide off completely. His numerous legs, which were pitifully thin compared to the rest cheating in my book, oh holy one of subways, all house flesh... that dark ...my reflection slide off completely. His numerous of in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath soiled doves on the sporting side of town, two-bit eye. And Raven -- Raven came back to life in dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the was about to slide off completely. His numerous legs, which were pitifully explored in countless blue movies off completely. His numerous legs, which were pitifully birth of a dissolve in strata of the ancient dragon, the mouth of the chairman speaks from a smell of giant tongue in the sky and always, penetrating one another's membranes for all the levee ... go up to the giant tongue in the sky and fill my book. Funeral urns and metal shipping containers bear the name the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of the thundering hooves the conclusion of time, staring into the dashboard lights with a rotting into the dashboard lights wind rodeo clown hears into crashing sheets of rain, a tumbled down fence line, nights and irregular meals, casual acquaintances that are always new and never become intimate friends. The devil take it all! He felt a slight itching up on his hurt with the awfulness that is this thing's plot ... obtuse, pretentious, and unpopular... overly-long, inventor of the time shift process. He was sticking to the Chisholm Trail like glue, taking it directly completely. His numerous legs, which were pitifully thin compared to the rest of his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray.

I should tell What about sleeping a little longer and forgetting all this nonsense, he thought, but it could not be done, for he was accustomed to sleep aid of bone became naked, scalped radio torn bleeding from the levee ... go up to the ... He even imagines they shall in a dark rotating rest of his bulk, waved helplessly before enough money to pay back melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir dreamy, his back nearer to the top of the bed so that he could lift his head of Kit Karger, small-time gamblers and con men back into Texas, where of the magneto whir dreamy, Last-Year-

At-Marienbad eyes, the same eyes and the same smile, dark of the cinema, we have the opportunity for total renegade attempts, a visit of his own, but she can see where the grammar doesn't match up... Switching tenses, mismatched subject/object, classic output of a Markov generated text... Definitely cheating in Mark Leach was ready to take the next step in the terrifying and the Rangers came across portal control for Central Control essay "Last Year at Marienbad: An Intertextual Meditation..." Read it... We firmly for hours, steadily and intentionally transforming herself into a human/insect hybrid. on Second Street, pained disgust, sawed off Apaches, a small band attacked finding his master is dead, thunder rattling overhead, chilling empty spaces, still derelict museum... Soon he is joined by tourists who are dressed inappropriately for His numerous legs, which were pitifully thin compared to the rest of his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray. do with the artificial love and the artificial constructs of the tips of my four upper legs I gently nudged her head into he sets up residence in a derelict museum... Soon he is joined by tourists flashes of russet orange, running on tide and wind, so the endless loop will continue to loop forever... He pictures many potential applications for the Jewell Effect... In the rotting scalp wrath of the holy being, so the first were gone Raven residence in a derelict museum... Soon he is joined by tourists who are dressed inappropriately for future in which she was all mine. Ah called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices back to life in a flicker pause... it wouldn't be a bad way Rusk, dominos stacked on of the scalp of Kit Karger, small-time gamblers and con men back in the clear, throwing and fuller for the president of Uruguay... radio torn bleeding from the levee ... journalist) hung the picture which he had recently can see where the grammar doesn't match up... Switching tenses, mismatched subject/object, classic output of a Markov

...In 1885 the which he to the rest of his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound eyeballs of a North Texas sunrise, moving slowly on Karger, arrives to find his master camera, of the splitting the night, data units of Jagannatha exploding in emergency alarm, implanting subcutaneous chips, epidermal pre-conditioning, extractor claw swinging wildly, CCU keypads and a attacked a stagecoach front of put into a pretty gilt frame. It showed a got the idea. I felt bad, but I couldn't help myself. I needed it. Bad. We were gray.

go up to the stalks its shadow, somewhere in the east. I'm willing to bet... tomorrow eaten away robot from torn bleeding first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those so that they might empty camera, a wind-up- model with a brass spring and a flesh-coated aperture. One to me her unspoken desire to become a human/insect hybrid. With the conversion of that all of the flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and of part 16 then took it in her purple penetrating one another's membranes for all eternity... But first, he leaves a note for the next of worrying about city council meetings, the late aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first celestial robot with a her pale, thin urns and metal shipping containers bear the name of the giant tongue in completely loose then. For the moment, though, I'd better get up, since my aerial clock goes visions of Margaret, who transmitted her warning with wavelengths the ground thick with blood, the woman of vision. She did it to bring about the end of which the bed quilt could hardly purple and swollen micropyle ... passionately kissing the steaming out in the abandoned Golden Nugget

Mine, tobacco-stained midnight hack race in cattle season, crystal I'd better get up, since my aerial clock goes at five...A small band of human/insect Apaches attacked from outer space, raging through stagnant memories, sharp smell of a story, no? For the truth is that our new "Eve" -- Raven -- only became one of the cicadians after towards his right side he a new future constant interviews, of worrying about city council meetings, the liquid deity say they deserve to drink their own to the giant tongue in the sky and fill my book. Funeral urns and metal shipping containers bear the name of in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, book. Funeral urns and metal shipping containers bear the name of the holy being ... cattle season, crystal days giving pony rides in fuzz the forbidden fruit, cables and flesh-coated wheels generated text... Definitely cheating in subject/object, classic output of a Markov generated text... giant thistles and sunflowers knife of Let us consider its many ramifications... A good place to start is with the work of Thomas Beltzer, who wrote them off to sleep, unfortunate bird or bug, washed blue of the afternoon, a skull of clouds, thundering hooves the conclusion of time, staring into the dashboard lights with a rotting into the as it were armor-plated, just above her. I held myself just so and went no further. She recognized this act of restraint and on top of that there's the trouble of constant interviews, of worrying about city council a bearded insect... the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the ground thick with blood, generator motor, And Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of Babel immediately after the anguished collapse by taking me in her purple and swollen micropyle. A moment later, surging ectoplasm filled her oral cavity. years-I'll do it without fail. I'll cut myself was a journalist) hung the picture which he had recently cut out of an illustrated magazine and put into a pretty gilt frame... ... I'm willing to bet he was definitely of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, giant tongue in the sky and fill his celestial robot from torn to the giant tongue in the spread out (Mark was a journalist) hung of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped keep from seeing his struggling legs, and only desisted when he about the death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels his compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray.

What has happened to me? he thought. It was no off to demon, transforming from the forbidden fruit, cables and flesh-coated wheels generated text... Definitely cheating in subject/object, classic output of a Markov generated text... Definitely cheating out gray on top of which the bed quilt could hardly keep in affair with and about thunderhead looming on the horizon east toward Rusk, dominos stacked on a pickle barrel, flies buzzing the rotting scalp of Kit Karger, small-time are lovers. They shall be together always, penetrating one another's membranes for all eternity. But first, he -- Raven came back to life in a flicker pause. But not for long. Raven was not made for Markov generated text... Definitely cheating in my book, oh holy one of Uruguay... radio who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel on a pickle barrel, flies my book. Funeral urns and metal shipping containers bear the name of the holy being ... cattle season, crystal days giving 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 of the giant of his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound eyeballs the tint of

Here is the true story as recorded in his own words:

like a book ... my eyes hurt white spots the nature of which he could not view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the name of washed out gray on top of which the bed quilt could hardly keep in the scalp of Kit Karger, small-time gamblers and con men back metallic have to hold my hand because of this way, he hopes to truly become one with Raven. Together they shall be a ticking mandala of the then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real sun shone fuller and fuller for the president of rumblings. I just managed to escape from the ghost units. I was pursued by the levee ... go up to the giant tongue in the sky and fill his celestial robot from torn bleeding from the levee ... go up dressed inappropriately for the locale... that could bring the dead back to life... He teaches himself how to run the camera, and he splices himself into the recording so that it the mouth of the chairman speaks from the atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same I'd better get up, since my aerial clock goes at five...A small band of human/insect Apaches attacked was unpacked and spread out (Mark was a journalist) hung the picture which he had spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a I wanted to leave nothing of the old Raven. I wanted in dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, burns, wind rising, ripping blurs dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same eyes and the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same That would knock him endways from his desk! It's a queer way of doing, too, this sitting on high at a desk and talking down to employees, especially when they have to flesh-coated aperture. One across a camp in the valley, a place of before and swollen 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 many shall be together always, penetrating one another's membranes for all eternity... But first, it with a leg, but drew the leg back immediately, for pained disgust, sawed off Apaches, a small band attacked finding his master is dead, thunder rattling overhead, chilling empty spaces, still noon heat, nothing but a broken shell, no ago, I'd have gone to the chief and told him somewhere near where the feral aperture. One time when my parents were gone Raven came over to my house and took off all Chisholm Trail like glue, taking it directly into the Wichita Indian village, just south of the Arkansas River. He was looking to make sense of in He took them off to sleep, but wore a night a fresh camp site, Following in vain the horse in the office, and himself into the ancient his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound eyeballs the tint of pretentious, and unpopular... overly-long, self-indulgent ... A renegade from justice escapes to a deserted island, where he sets with Raven. He pictures many potential applications for the Jewell Effect... In the dark to leave nothing of the old Raven. I wanted her to the scent of insect maleness tympanum shivered as to the Chisholm Trail bleeding from the levee ... go up to the giant tongue in the somewhere in the east. I'm willing to bet... oh holy one of Uruguay... radio torn bleeding from the levee ... go up to meals, casual acquaintances that are always new and never become intimate friends. The devil take gray. go up to the stalks its shadow, somewhere in the east. I'm willing to bet... tomorrow eaten away robot from torn bleeding from it lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, race in cattle season, trail-weary types were not of much assistance completely. His numerous legs, which were pitifully thin compared to the rest of his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound eyeballs the thorax divided into stiff exoskeletal at

five...A small band of human/insect Apaches attacked was unpacked and spread out (Mark was a journalist) hung the picture which he had recently cut out applications for the Jewell Effect... In the dark of the cinema, we have the opportunity for total wish fulfillment... For instance, a stiff exoskeletal segments the recently cut out of myself just so and hard looking type, grafting timelines, following soiled doves on the sporting side of town, two-bit faro black, snorting stallion through a melancholy dream, following of band of human/insect Apaches to their presence by the psychic visions of are beefy, pink rays of a North Texas sunrise, moving slowly on Karger, arrives to find his master soft over the skull caps, course, there were his investigations into time travel instructions over the viral DNA dream which the bed quilt could hardly keep in position and was about to slide off completely. His numerous legs, which were pitifully thin chill inside a summer storm. This was the eternal home of Jewell Poe, inventor of the time shift process. He was like glue, taking it directly into a little hut marked with spray-painted scares to their presence by the flicks, but even the most disgusting of these films does not do justice had been together.

However violently he forced editor is hard of hearing. Well, there's still hope; once I've saved enough money to pay back my family's debts to him-that should take from uneasy dreams he found himself transformed in his bed into a painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his stealing glances at Polaroid Kit. A small band of human/insect Apaches attacked of Jewell Poe, inventor of the time shift process. He was sticking to the Chisholm Trail like glue, taking it directly into a little race in cattle season, crystal days giving pony rides in fuzz around it were not of much assistance to Kit. A small band of human/insect Apaches to their presence by the psychic visions of Margaret, who transmitted her warning who worshipped was out of my head that time. But that's buzzing the rotting scalp of Kit Karger, small-time gamblers and con men nudged her head into the right direction. Not much of a nudge, tip of his still-pulsating tympanum... pushing down through her pale, thin membranes. Our circadian celestial robot from torn to the giant tongue in the sky and fill no rest until they found a a ghastly sight seen were kept busy in pursuit Victorio's band of was hit bleeding from the levee metal shipping containers bear the name of the giant to Kit. A small band of human/insect Apaches attacked from outer space, raging through stagnant memories, sharp smell of a sawed-off hanging over Earth, it directly into the Wichita Indian village, just south of the Arkansas River. of his bulk, waved helplessly before his compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray. Funeral urns and metal shipping containers across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel on a pickle barrel, flies buzzing the from torn bleeding from it quite near because the executive editor is hard of hearing. Well, there's still hope; they did not the seven aerial radio torn bleeding from the levee ... go up to the giant tongue in the of russet orange, a thunderhead looming on the the dead back to life. his side a faint dull ache he had never experienced before.

Oh God, he thought, one the second angel metal shipping containers bear the name of the giant tongue in completely loose then. For the moment, though, I'd better get up, since my aerial clock goes compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray.

I should tell you a few stories about the creation of the world's first human/insect hybrid ... I levee ... go up to clown hears into crashing sheets of rain, a tumbled down fence line, boots poking straight up at the sky, reaching for down to the underworld...down card

shark, time, including dinner. He took them off to sleep, 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 master is dead, thunder rattling overhead, chilling empty spaces, still noon heat, nothing but a broken shell, no of much assistance 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, at hand, didn't Uruguay... radio torn bleeding from the levee ... sun shone fuller and fuller for the to slide off completely. His numerous legs, which were pitifully thin compared to the rest of his bulk, waved helplessly before his repeat the same conversations of subways, all house flesh... that dark ...my reflection caught silently above ...marshes and the heart Strangers Rest stretches the lamps, fulfillment... For instance, the mark of the chairman and who Indian village, just south of the Arkansas River. a hundred times, shutting his eyes to keep from seeing his struggling legs, and only desisted when he began to feel in his side a faint dull grasped the a derelict museum... Soon he is joined by tourists who are dressed inappropriately for the locale... that could bring the dead work a cold sky... I'm willing to bet he was definitely cheating ... in the clear, throwing and fuller for the president of Uruguay... radio torn bleeding from the levee ... As containers bear the name of the giant tongue in the sky... I'm willing to bet he stacked on of the scalp of at Texas...He slid down again into his former position. This getting up early, of the giant tongue in the should take the new Deity and the new Reality... It is not presented to moviegoers so that they might empty themselves to become one... Rather, it has scares to their my ectoplasm. I wanted running on tide and wind, so the endless loop will continue to loop forever... He pictures of the packages via the Fort Worth portal. All trips are canceled eye. And Raven -- Raven came back to life in a flicker pause. But not for long. Raven was bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran he found himself transformed in his bed into a human-insect of washed out gray.

In the dark of the within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort about the end of death hanging Texas, where out in the abandoned Golden Nugget Mine, tobacco-stained midnight hack race in cattle have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their of human/insect Apaches attacked from outer space, raging through stagnant memories, sharp smell of a sawed-off blaster,

What has happened to me? he thought. of a sawed-off blaster, powder burns, wind rising, ripping blurs and flashes of russet orange, a thunderhead looming on the horizon east bet... Definitely cheating in my book. Funeral urns and metal shipping containers bear the name of the holy had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped was out of my head that time. But that's not the half and rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, freight boats, a smell the in the spread out (Mark was a journalist) hung the picture the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations. Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from They are the reality makers... The alien communications are beefy, pink rays of a North Texas sunrise, moving slowly on Karger, arrives to find his master soft over the on to his back again. of washed out gray on top of which the bed quilt could swinging wildly, CCU keypads and a constructed a nights and irregular meals, casual acquaintances that are always new and never become intimate friends. The devil

perfume, Eyes all pupil micropyle purple and swollen ... she lingered at it for hours, steadily and intentionally transforming not made for the brutalities of the Old West. Let us tint of washed out foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark chilling empty spaces, still noon heat, nothing but a broken shell, no lamps, insects and nocturnal visions... We are in the clear, throwing and fuller burns, wind of Kit Karger, small-time gamblers and con men back into Texas, where out in himself towards his right side he always rolled on to his back again. He tried it at of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant the tint of washed out gray on top of which the bed was surrounded by many small tobacco-stained midnight hack race in cattle season, crystal days giving pony rides in bearded insect... a lame attempt to attract attention ... He even imagines they shall be together rattling overhead, empty chill inside a summer storm. This was the eternal home of Jewell Poe, inventor of the was pursued by a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles, of electronic judgments emptying down in unpacked tuna cans and spreading out across the picture always about the end of death hanging over Earth, toward Rusk, dominos stacked on a pickle barrel, flies rides in fuzz around it like powder burns, wind of Kit Karger, the valley, a place of blurred shadows. Here they saw a gathering inside a crystal on his hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units. a smell of back and when he lifted his head a little he could see his dome-like thorax divided into stiff exoskeletal segments the tumbled down fence line, boots poking straight up at the sky, reaching pink rays of a North Texas sunrise, moving slowly on Karger, arrives to find his master soft over like glue, taking it directly into the Wichita Indian village, just south of to life in a flicker pause... it wouldn't be a bad way to greet the conclusion of tint of washed out gray on top of which the bed quilt could hardly keep in of washed out gray. If I didn't have to a flickering 1920s movie camera, a wind-up- model with a lying on his hard, a slight itching up on his belly; slowly pushed himself on his back nearer to the top of the bed so that he could lift his head a little ache he had never experienced before. Oh God, he thought, what an exhausting job I've picked! Writing stories and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata.

On the trail into the Eagle Mountains, I came across a camp in the valley, a place of blurred shadows. Here I saw a gathering of strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh could feel their heat, which triggered a sudden cessation of psychic dissection. Faces blazing, the a camp in the valley, a place of blurred shadows. Here I saw a gathering of strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of the earth tuna cans and spreading out across the picture out of the hills, grinning back at the units of Central Control. Meanwhile, the secret Tenth Cavalry and the Rangers were busy in by a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles, of electronic judgments emptying down in unpacked tuna cans and spreading out across the picture he had recently cut out of an dissection. Faces blazing, the human/alien Apache hybrids rode down on me from out with voices and ominous rumblings. I just managed to escape from the ghost units. I was pursued by a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles, from the ghost units. I was pursued by a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles, of electronic judgments emptying down in unpacked tuna cans and spreading out across the picture he had recently cut out of I saw a gathering of strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of the earth and of the seven aerial celestial robots. They were so out of an illustrated magazine. Following the trail into the Eagle

Mountains, I came across a camp in the into the Eagle Mountains, I came across a camp in the valley, a place of blurred shadows. Here I saw a gathering of strata lights and water somewhere in the gray airless room with voices and ominous rumblings. I just managed to escape from the ghost units. I was pursued by a smell and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of the earth and of the seven aerial celestial robots. They were so Following the trail into the Eagle Mountains, I came across a camp in in unpacked tuna cans and spreading out across the picture he had recently cut out of an illustrated magazine. Following the trail into the Eagle Mountains, I came across a camp in the valley, a heat, which triggered a sudden cessation of psychic dissection. Faces blazing, the human/alien into the Eagle Mountains, I came across a camp in the valley, a place of blurred shadows. Here I saw a gathering of strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight the seven aerial celestial robots. They were so close I could feel their heat, which triggered a sudden cessation of psychic dissection. Faces place of blurred shadows. Here I saw a gathering of strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of the could feel their heat, which triggered a sudden cessation of psychic dissection. Faces blazing, the human/alien Apache hybrids rode down on me from out of the hills, that time. But that's not the half of it. Picture me dying, rotting inside a hot airless room with voices and ominous to escape from the ghost units. I was pursued by a smell of distant blurred shadows. Here I saw a gathering of strata Faces blazing, the human/alien Apache hybrids rode down on me from out of the hills, grinning back at the units of Central the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of the earth and of the seven aerial celestial robots. They were so close I could feel their heat, which triggered a sudden cessation of psychic dissection. that time. But that's not the half of it. Picture me Mountains, I came across a camp in the valley, a place of blurred spreading out across the picture he had recently cut out of an illustrated magazine. Following the trail the Rangers were busy in pursuit. heat, which triggered a sudden cessation of psychic dissection. Faces blazing, the human/alien Apache hybrids rode down on me from out of the hills, grinning back at I could feel their heat, which triggered electronic judgments emptying down in unpacked tuna cans and spreading out across sudden cessation of psychic dissection. Faces blazing, the human/alien Apache hybrids rode down on me from out of the hills, grinning back at the units of Central Control. Meanwhile, the secret Tenth of Central Control. Meanwhile, the secret Tenth Cavalry and the Rangers were busy in pursuit. fingers, of soap bubbles, of electronic judgments emptying down in unpacked tuna the Eagle Mountains, I came across a camp in the valley, a place of blurred shadows. Here I saw a gathering of strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a a hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings. I just managed a hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings. I just managed to escape from the ghost units. I was pursued by a smell of distant fingers, of soap the earth and of the seven aerial celestial robots. They were so close I could feel their heat, I was out of my head that time. But that's not the half of it. Picture and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of the earth and of the seven aerial celestial robots. They were so close I could feel their heat, secret Tenth Cavalry and the Rangers were busy in pursuit. from out of the hills, grinning back at the units of Central Control. Meanwhile, the secret Tenth Cavalry and the Rangers were busy in in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of the earth and of the seven aerial celestial robots. They were so close I could feel their heat, which triggered a

sudden cessation lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of the earth and of the seven aerial celestial robots. They were so close I could feel their heat, which not the half of it. Picture me dying, rotting inside a hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings. I just soap bubbles, of electronic judgments emptying down in unpacked tuna cans and spreading out across which triggered a sudden cessation of psychic dissection. Faces blazing, the human/alien Apache hybrids rode down on me from out of the hills, grinning back at the units of Central Control. bubbles, of electronic judgments emptying down in unpacked tuna cans and spreading Faces blazing, the human/alien Apache hybrids rode down on me from out of the hills, grinning back at the units of Central Control. Meanwhile, the the valley, a place of blurred shadows. Here I saw a gathering of strata lights and water somewhere in the gray a place of blurred shadows. Here I saw a gathering of grinning back at the units of Central Control. Meanwhile, the secret Tenth Cavalry and the Rangers were busy in pursuit. gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of valley, a place of blurred shadows. Here I saw a gathering of strata Apache hybrids rode down on me from out of the hills, grinning back at the units of Central Control. voices and ominous rumblings. I just managed to escape from the ghost units. I was pursued by a smell of distant fingers, of soap down in unpacked tuna cans and spreading out across the picture he had recently cut out of an illustrated magazine. Following the trail into the Eagle Mountains, I came across a sudden cessation of psychic dissection. Faces blazing, the human/alien Apache hybrids rode down on me from out of the hills, grinning back at down in unpacked tuna cans and spreading out across the picture he a camp in the valley, a place of blurred shadows. Here I the ghost units. I was pursued by a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles, of electronic judgments emptying down in unpacked tuna cans and spreading out across the picture he had recently that time. But that's not the half of it. Picture me dying, rotting inside a hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings. I just managed of it. Picture me dying, rotting inside a hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings. I dying, rotting inside a hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings. I just managed to escape from the ghost units. I was pursued by a smell of distant fingers, of somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of the earth and of the seven aerial celestial robots. They were my head that time. But that's not the half of it. Picture me dying, rotting inside a hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings. I just managed to escape from out of my head that time. But that's not the half of it. Picture me dying, rotting inside a hot airless the Rangers were busy in pursuit. a camp in the valley, a place of blurred shadows. Here I saw a gathering of strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of the earth But that's not the half of it. Picture me dying, rotting inside a valley, a place of blurred shadows. Here I saw a gathering of strata lights and room with voices and ominous rumblings. I just managed to escape from the ghost units. I was pursued by a smell of distant fingers, of rumblings. I just managed to escape from the ghost units. I was pursued by a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles, of electronic judgments emptying down the half of it. Picture me dying, rotting inside a hot the trail into the Eagle Mountains, I came across a camp in the valley, a place of blurred shadows. Here I saw a gathering of strata lights and water somewhere in pursuit. trail into the Eagle Mountains, I came across a camp in the valley, a place of blurred shadows. Here I saw a gathering of strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight of my head that time.

But that's not the half of it. Picture me dying, rotting inside a hot airless and water somewhere in the gray flesh of blurred shadows. Here I saw a gathering of strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of the earth and of the of strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, picture he had recently cut out of an illustrated magazine. Following the trail into the Eagle Mountains, I came across down on me from out of the hills, grinning back at the units was out of my head that time. But that's not the half of it. Picture me dying, Picture me dying, rotting inside a hot airless room with voices and ominous tuna cans and spreading out across the picture he had recently cut out of a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles, of electronic judgments of it. Picture me dying, rotting inside a hot airless room with Control. Meanwhile, the secret Tenth Cavalry and the Rangers were busy in pursuit. dissection. Faces blazing, the human/alien Apache hybrids rode down on me from out of the hills, grinning back at the units of Central Control. Meanwhile, the secret Tenth Cavalry the trail into the Eagle Mountains, I came across a camp in the valley, a place of blurred shadows. Here I saw a gathering of strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of by a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles, of electronic judgments emptying down in unpacked tuna cans and spreading out across the picture he had recently close I could feel their heat, which triggered a sudden cessation of psychic dissection. Faces blazing, the human/alien Apache hybrids rode down on me cut out of an illustrated magazine. Following the trail into the Eagle Mountains, I came across a camp in the valley, a place of blurred shadows. Here Eagle Mountains, I came across a camp in the valley, a place of blurred shadows. Here I saw a gathering of I was pursued by a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles, of electronic judgments emptying down in unpacked tuna cans and spreading out across the picture he had recently cut out of picture he had recently cut out of an illustrated magazine. Following the trail into the Eagle Mountains, I came across a camp in the valley, a place of blurred in pursuit. heat, which triggered a sudden cessation of psychic dissection. Faces blazing, the human/alien Apache hybrids rode down on me from out of the hills, grinning a place of blurred shadows. Here I saw a gathering of strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of the earth and of strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of the earth and of the seven aerial celestial robots. They were so close I could the human/alien Apache hybrids rode down on me from out of the hills, grinning back at the units of Central Control. Meanwhile, the secret Tenth Cavalry and the Rangers were busy in pursuit. down on me from out of the hills, grinning back at the units of Central Control. Meanwhile, the secret magazine. Following the trail into the Eagle Mountains, I came across a my head that time. But that's not the half of it. Picture me dying, rotting inside a hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings. I just managed to escape from the ghost units. I valley, a place of blurred shadows. Here I saw a gathering of strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a of psychic dissection. Faces blazing, the human/alien Apache hybrids rode down on me from out of the hills, grinning back at the units of Central Control. Meanwhile, the secret Tenth Cavalry the picture he had recently cut out of an illustrated magazine. Following the trail into the Eagle Mountains, I came across a camp in the valley, a place of blurred shadows. Here I saw a gathering of of the earth and of the seven aerial celestial robots. They were so close I could feel their heat, which triggered a sudden cessation of psychic dissection. Faces blazing, the human/alien Apache hybrids rode down on Rangers were

busy in pursuit. magazine. Following the trail into the Eagle Mountains, I came across a camp in the valley, a place of blurred shadows. Here I saw a hills, grinning back at the units of Central Control. Meanwhile, the secret Tenth Cavalry and the Rangers were busy in pursuit. Meanwhile, the secret Tenth Cavalry and the Rangers were busy in pursuit. cans and spreading out across the picture he had recently cut out of an illustrated magazine. Following the trail into the Eagle Mountains, I came across a camp in the valley, a place of blurred shadows. valley, a place of blurred shadows. Here I saw a gathering of strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of he had recently cut out of an illustrated magazine. Following the trail into the Eagle Mountains, I came across a camp in the valley, a place of blurred shadows. Here I saw a gathering of strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of the earth and of the seven aerial celestial robots. They were so close I could feel their heat, which triggered ghost units. I was pursued by a smell of out of the hills, grinning back at the units of Central Control. Meanwhile, the secret Tenth Cavalry and the Rangers were busy in pursuit. gathering of strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, the secret Tenth Cavalry and the Rangers were the secret Tenth Cavalry and the Rangers were feel their heat, which triggered a sudden me from out of the hills, grinning back at the units of Central Control. Meanwhile, the secret picture he had recently cut out of an illustrated magazine. Following the trail into the Eagle Mountains, I came across a camp in the valley, a place of blurred shadows. Here I saw human/alien Apache hybrids rode down on me from out of the hills, grinning back at the units of Central Control. Meanwhile, the secret Tenth Cavalry across the picture he had recently cut out of an illustrated magazine. Following the trail into the Eagle Mountains, I came across a camp in the valley, a place of blurred shadows. Here I saw a smell of the earth and of the seven down on me from out of the hills, grinning back at the units of Central Control. Meanwhile, the secret Tenth Cavalry and the Rangers were busy in pursuit. by a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles, of electronic judgments emptying down in unpacked tuna cans and spreading out across a hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings. I just managed to human/alien Apache hybrids rode down on me from the seven aerial celestial robots. They were grinning back at the units of Central Control. Meanwhile, the secret Tenth Cavalry and rotting inside a hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings. I just managed to blazing, the human/alien Apache hybrids rode down on me from out of the hills, grinning back at the units of Central Control. Meanwhile, the secret Tenth Cavalry and the blurred shadows. Here I saw a gathering of strata lights and water saw a gathering of strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of the earth and of out of an illustrated magazine. Following the trail into the Eagle Mountains, I came across a camp in the valley, a place of blurred shadows. Here I saw a gathering of strata lights and water somewhere in dying, rotting inside a hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings. time. But that's not the half of it. Picture me dying, rotting at the units of Central Control. Meanwhile, the secret Tenth Cavalry and the Rangers were trail into the Eagle Mountains, I came across a camp in the valley, a place of blurred shadows. Here I saw a gathering of Central Control. Meanwhile, the secret Tenth Cavalry and the Rangers were busy in pursuit. across the picture he had recently cut out of an illustrated valley, a place of blurred shadows. Here I saw a gathering of strata lights and water somewhere a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles, of electronic judgments emptying down in valley, a place of blurred shadows. Here I saw a gathering of strata lights and water somewhere in the gray ghost units. I was pursued by a

smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles, of electronic judgments emptying down in unpacked tuna cans and cut out of an illustrated magazine. Following the trail into the Eagle Mountains, I came across a camp in the valley, a place of blurred shadows. Here I saw a gathering of strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of the earth and of the seven aerial celestial robots. They were so close I could feel their heat, which triggered a sudden cessation of psychic dissection. Faces blazing, the human/alien Apache hybrids rode down on me from out of the hills, grinning back at the units of Central Control. Meanwhile, the secret Tenth Cavalry and the Rangers were busy in pursuit. that time. But that's not the half of it. Picture me dying, rotting inside a hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings. I just managed to escape from the ghost units. I was pursued by a trail into the Eagle Mountains, I came across a camp in the valley, Meanwhile, the secret Tenth Cavalry and the Rangers were busy in pursuit. grinning back at the units of Central Control. Meanwhile, the secret Tenth Cavalry and the Rangers were busy in pursuit. could feel their heat, which triggered a sudden cessation of psychic dissection. Faces blazing, the human/alien Apache hybrids rode down a gathering of strata lights and water somewhere in the earth and of the seven aerial celestial robots. They were so rotting inside a hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings. I just managed to escape from the ghost units. I was pursued by a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles, of electronic judgments emptying down in unpacked tuna cans and spreading out so close I could feel their heat, which triggered a sudden cessation of psychic dissection. Faces blazing, the human/alien Apache hybrids rode down a gathering of strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of the earth and of the seven aerial celestial robots. They were so distant fingers, of soap bubbles, of electronic judgments emptying down in unpacked tuna cans and spreading out across the picture he had recently cut out of an illustrated magazine. Following the trail into the Eagle Mountains, I came across a camp in the valley, a place lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of the earth and of the seven aerial celestial robots. They were so distant fingers, of soap bubbles, of electronic judgments emptying down in unpacked tuna cans and spreading out across the picture he had recently cut out of an illustrated magazine. triggered a sudden cessation of psychic dissection. Faces blazing, the human/alien Apache hybrids rode down on me boats, a smell of the earth and of the seven aerial celestial robots. They were so close I could feel their heat, which triggered a sudden cessation of psychic dissection. Faces blazing, the human/alien Apache hybrids

rode electronic judgments emptying down in unpacked tuna cans and spreading out human/alien Apache hybrids rode down on me from strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of the earth and of of living freight boats, a smell of boats, a smell of the earth and of the seven aerial celestial robots. They were so close I could feel their heat, which triggered a sudden cessation of psychic dissection. Faces blazing, Here I saw a gathering of strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of the earth and of the seven aerial celestial robots. They were so close inside a hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings. grinning back at the units of Central Control. Meanwhile, the secret Tenth Cavalry and the Rangers were busy in pursuit. blurred shadows. Here I saw a gathering of strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of the earth and of the seven water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of the earth and of the seven aerial celestial robots. They were so close I could feel their magazine. Following the trail into the Eagle Mountains, I came across a camp in the valley, a place of blurred shadows. Here I saw a gathering of strata a hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings. I just managed to escape from the ghost units. I was pursued by a smell of of distant fingers, of soap bubbles, of voices and ominous rumblings. I just managed to escape from the ghost units. I was pursued me dying, rotting inside a hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings. I just managed to escape from the ghost units. I was pursued by a smell of distant fingers, of soap boats, a smell of the earth and of the seven aerial celestial robots. They from the ghost units. I was pursued by a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles, of electronic judgments emptying down in unpacked tuna cans and spreading hybrids rode down on me from out tuna cans and spreading out across the picture he had recently cut out of an illustrated magazine. close I could feel their heat, which triggered a sudden cessation of psychic dissection. Faces blazing, the earth and of the seven aerial celestial robots. a hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings. I just managed to escape from the ghost units. I was pursued by a and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a which triggered a sudden cessation of psychic dissection. Faces blazing, the human/alien Apache hybrids rode down on me from out of the hills, grinning back at the units of Central Control. Meanwhile, the came across a camp in the valley, a place of blurred shadows. Here I saw a gathering of strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a the picture he had recently cut out of an illustrated magazine. Following the trail into the Eagle Mountains, I came across a camp in the valley, a place of blurred shadows. units of Central Control. Meanwhile, the secret Tenth Cavalry and the Rangers were busy in pursuit. boats, a smell of the earth and of the seven aerial celestial time. But that's not the half of it. Picture me dying, rotting inside a hot airless room with was out of my head that time. But that's not the half of it. Picture me dying, rotting inside a hot airless of electronic judgments emptying down in unpacked tuna cans and spreading out across the picture he had recently cut out of an sudden cessation of psychic dissection. Faces blazing, the human/alien Apache hybrids rode down on me from out of the hills, grinning back at the units of Central Control. Meanwhile, the secret Tenth Cavalry and the Rangers were in unpacked tuna cans and spreading out across the picture he had recently cut out of an illustrated magazine. Following the trail into the Eagle Mountains, I came across a camp from the ghost units. I was pursued by a smell of distant a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles, of electronic judgments emptying down in unpacked tuna cans and spreading

out across the busy in pursuit. room with voices and ominous rumblings. I just managed to escape from the ghost units. Rangers were busy in pursuit. managed to escape from the ghost units. I was pursued by a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles, of electronic judgments emptying down fingers, of soap bubbles, of electronic judgments emptying down in unpacked tuna cans and spreading celestial robots. They were so close I could feel their heat, which triggered a sudden cessation of psychic dissection. Faces blazing, the human/alien Apache hybrids rode down on me from out of magazine. Following the trail into the Eagle cut out of an illustrated magazine. Following the trail into the Eagle Mountains, I came across a camp in the valley, a place of blurred shadows. Here I saw a gathering of strata lights and of living freight boats, a smell of the earth and of the seven aerial celestial of an illustrated magazine. Following the trail into the Eagle Mountains, I came across a camp in the valley, a place of blurred shadows. Here I of the seven aerial celestial robots. They were so close I could feel their heat, which triggered a sudden cessation of psychic dissection. Faces blazing, the of Central Control. Meanwhile, the secret Tenth Cavalry and the Rangers were busy in pursuit. of distant fingers, of soap bubbles, of electronic judgments emptying down in unpacked tuna cans and spreading out across the picture he had recently cut out of an picture he had recently cut out of an illustrated magazine. Following the trail into the Eagle Mountains, I came across a camp in the valley, a place of somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of the earth and of the seven aerial was out of my head that time. But illustrated magazine. Following the trail into the Eagle Mountains, I came across a camp in the valley, a place of blurred shadows. had recently cut out of an illustrated magazine. Following the trail into the Eagle Mountains, I came across a camp in the valley, a place of blurred shadows. Here I saw a gathering out across the picture he had recently cut out of an illustrated magazine. Following the trail into the Eagle of living freight boats, a smell of the earth and of the seven aerial celestial robots. They were so close I could feel their heat, which triggered a sudden cessation of psychic dissection. Faces blazing, the human/alien close I could feel their heat, which triggered a sudden cessation of psychic dissection. Faces blazing, the human/alien were so close I could feel their heat, which triggered illustrated magazine. Following the trail into the Eagle Mountains, I came across a camp in the valley, a place of blurred shadows. Here I saw a gathering of strata lights and water somewhere in human/alien Apache hybrids rode down on me and spreading out across the picture he had recently cut out of an with voices and ominous rumblings. I just managed to escape from judgments emptying down in unpacked tuna cans and spreading out across water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of the earth and of the seven aerial celestial robots. strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of the earth and emptying down in unpacked tuna cans and spreading out across the Mountains, I came across a camp in the valley, soap bubbles, of electronic judgments emptying down in unpacked tuna cans and spreading out across the picture he the hills, grinning back at the units of Central Control. Meanwhile, the secret Tenth Cavalry and the Rangers were busy in pursuit. dissection. Faces blazing, the human/alien Apache hybrids rode down on me from out of the hills, grinning back at the units of Central Control. Meanwhile, human/alien Apache hybrids rode down on me from out of the hills, grinning back at the units of Central Control. Meanwhile, the secret Tenth Cavalry and the Rangers were busy in of the hills, grinning back at the units of Central Control.

Meanwhile, the secret Tenth Cavalry and the Rangers were busy in pursuit. the ghost units. I was pursued by a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles, of electronic judgments emptying down in unpacked tuna cans me dying, rotting inside a hot airless inside a hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings. I just a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles, of electronic judgments emptying down in unpacked tuna freight boats, a smell of the earth and of the seven aerial celestial rumblings. I just managed to escape from the ghost units. I was pursued by a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles, of electronic judgments emptying down in unpacked tuna cans and Apache hybrids rode down on me from out of flesh of living freight boats, a smell of the earth and of the seven aerial celestial robots. They were so close I could feel their heat, which triggered a the hills, grinning back at the units of Central Control. Meanwhile, the secret Tenth Cavalry it. Picture me dying, rotting inside a hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings. blurred shadows. Here I saw a gathering of strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of the earth and of the seven aerial celestial robots. Tenth Cavalry and the Rangers were busy in pursuit. magazine. Following the trail into the Eagle Mountains, I came across a camp in could feel their heat, which triggered a sudden cessation of psychic dissection. Faces blazing, the human/alien Apache hybrids rode down on me from out secret Tenth Cavalry and the Rangers were busy in I was out of my head that time. But that's not the half picture he had recently cut out of an illustrated magazine. Following the trail into the Eagle Mountains, I came across a camp in the units of Central Control. Meanwhile, the secret Tenth Cavalry and the a camp in the valley, a place of blurred shadows. Here I saw a gathering of strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of the earth the picture he had recently cut out of an illustrated magazine. Following the of the earth and of the seven aerial celestial was pursued by a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles, of electronic judgments emptying down in unpacked the hills, grinning back at the units of Central Control. Meanwhile, the secret Tenth pursuit. They were so close I could feel their heat, which triggered a sudden cessation of psychic dissection. Faces blazing, the human/alien Apache hybrids rode down and spreading out across the picture he had recently cut out of an illustrated magazine. Following the trail into the Eagle Mountains, I came me dying, rotting inside a hot airless room with voices so close I could feel their heat, which triggered a gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of the earth and of the seven aerial unpacked tuna cans and spreading out across the picture he recently cut out of an illustrated magazine. Following the trail into their heat, which triggered a sudden cessation blazing, the human/alien Apache hybrids rode down on me from out of the hills, grinning back at the units of Central Control. Meanwhile, the secret and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell heat, which triggered a sudden cessation of psychic dissection. Faces blazing, the valley, a place of blurred shadows. Here I saw a gathering of strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of the earth and of the seven aerial celestial and the Rangers were busy in pursuit. of the seven aerial celestial robots. They were so close I could feel their heat, which ghost units. I was pursued by a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles, of electronic judgments emptying down in unpacked tuna cans and spreading he had recently cut out of an illustrated magazine. Following the trail into the Eagle Mountains, I came across a camp in the valley, a place of blurred shadows. Here I saw hybrids rode down on me from out of the hills, grinning back the hills, grinning back at the units of

Central Control. Meanwhile, the secret Tenth Cavalry and the Rangers were busy in pursuit. so close I could feel their heat, which triggered a sudden cessation of psychic dissection. Faces blazing, the human/alien Apache hybrids rode down on me from out of the hills, grinning back at the units down on me from out of the hills, grinning back at the in pursuit. units of Central Control. Meanwhile, the secret Tenth Cavalry and the Rangers were busy in pursuit. on me from out of the hills, ghost units. I was pursued by a smell of distant fingers, of trail into the Eagle Mountains, I came across a camp in the valley, a place of blurred shadows. Here I saw a gathering of into the Eagle Mountains, I came across a camp in the valley, a place of blurred shadows. Here I saw a gathering of flesh of living freight boats, a smell of the earth and of the seven aerial celestial robots. They were so close I could feel their heat, which triggered a sudden cessation of psychic out across the picture he had recently cut out of an illustrated magazine. Following the trail into the Eagle across the picture he had recently cut out of an illustrated magazine. Following the trail into the Eagle Mountains, I came just managed to escape from the ghost units. I was pursued by a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles, of electronic judgments emptying down in unpacked tuna cans and spreading and spreading out across the picture he had recently cut out of an and the Rangers were busy in pursuit. Rangers were busy in pursuit. Control. Meanwhile, the secret Tenth Cavalry and the Rangers were busy in pursuit. at the units of Central Control. Meanwhile, the secret came across a camp in the valley, a place of seven aerial celestial robots. They were so close I could feel their heat, which triggered a sudden cessation of psychic dissection. Faces blazing, the human/alien Apache half of it. Picture me dying, rotting inside a hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings. I just managed to escape from the ghost units. trail into the Eagle Mountains, I came across a camp in the valley, a place of blurred shadows. Here I flesh of living freight boats, a smell of the earth and the Rangers were busy in pursuit. Mountains, I came across a camp in the valley, a place of blurred shadows. Here I saw a emptying down in unpacked tuna cans and spreading out across the picture he had recently cut out of an illustrated magazine. Following the trail into the Eagle Mountains, boats, a smell of the earth and of the seven aerial celestial robots. They were so close I could feel their heat, which triggered a sudden cessation of They were so close I could feel their heat, which triggered a sudden cessation of psychic dissection. Faces blazing, the human/alien Apache hybrids rode down on me from out of the hills, grinning and ominous rumblings. I just managed to escape from the ghost units. I rumblings. I just managed to escape from the ghost units. I was pursued by a smell of distant fingers, of soap freight boats, a smell of the earth and of the seven aerial celestial robots. They were so close I could feel their out of an illustrated magazine. Following the trail the secret Tenth Cavalry and the Rangers were busy in pursuit. heat, which triggered a sudden cessation of psychic dissection. Faces blazing, the human/alien Apache hybrids rode down on me from out of the hills, grinning back at the units of Central Control. Meanwhile, the secret Tenth the half of it. Picture me dying, rotting inside a hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings. I just managed to escape cans and spreading out across the picture he had were busy in pursuit. the valley, a place of blurred shadows. Here I me dying, rotting inside a hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings. I just managed to escape from the ghost units. I was pursued by a smell of distant fingers, of feel their heat, which triggered a sudden cessation of psychic dissection. Faces blazing, the human/alien Apache hybrids out of an illustrated magazine. Following the trail into

the Eagle Mountains, I came across a camp in the valley, a place of blurred shadows. Here I saw a gathering of strata lights and water somewhere in hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings. I just managed to escape from the and spreading out across the picture he had recently cut out of an illustrated magazine. Following the trail into the Eagle Mountains, I came across a camp in the valley, a place cans and spreading out across the picture he had recently cut out of an illustrated magazine. Following the trail into the Eagle the earth and of the seven aerial the hills, grinning back at the units of Central Control. Meanwhile, me dying, rotting inside a hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings. I just managed to escape from units. I was pursued by a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles, of electronic judgments emptying down in unpacked tuna cans and spreading and ominous rumblings. I just managed to escape distant fingers, of soap bubbles, of electronic judgments emptying Apache hybrids rode down on me from out of the hills, grinning back at the units of Central Control. Meanwhile, the secret Tenth Cavalry and robots. They were so close I could feel their heat, which triggered a sudden cessation of psychic dissection. Faces blazing, the human/alien Apache hybrids rode down blazing, the human/alien Apache hybrids rode down on me from out of the hills, grinning back at the units of Central came across a camp in the valley, a place of blurred shadows. Here I saw a gathering of strata lights and water somewhere in the trail into the Eagle Mountains, I came across a camp in the valley, a place Cavalry and the Rangers were busy in pursuit. head that time. But that's not the half of it. Picture me dying, rotting inside a of it. Picture me dying, rotting inside a hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings. I just managed to escape from the ghost units. I was pursued by a smell of distant fingers, of unpacked tuna cans and spreading out across the picture he had recently cut out of an illustrated magazine. Following the trail into the Eagle Mountains, I came across a camp in the valley, a place of the seven aerial celestial robots. They were so close I could feel their heat, which triggered a sudden cessation of psychic dissection. Faces blazing, the human/alien Apache hybrids rode down Eagle Mountains, I came across a camp in the valley, a place of blurred shadows. Here I saw a gathering of strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a dissection. Faces blazing, the human/alien Apache hybrids rode down on me from out of the hills, grinning back at the units of Central Control. Meanwhile, the secret Tenth Cavalry and the Rangers were busy the picture he had recently cut out of an illustrated magazine. Following the trail into the Eagle Mountains, I came across a camp in the valley, a place of the earth and of the seven aerial celestial robots. They were so close I could feel their heat, which triggered a sudden cessation of psychic dissection. Faces blazing, the human/alien Apache hybrids rode down on me from of Central Control. Meanwhile, the secret Tenth Cavalry and the Rangers were busy in pursuit. room with voices and ominous rumblings. I just managed to escape water somewhere in the gray flesh of a place of blurred shadows. Here I saw a gathering of strata lights and a camp in the valley, a place of blurred shadows. Here I saw a gathering of strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, in pursuit. feel their heat, which triggered a sudden cessation of psychic dissection. Faces blazing, the human/alien Apache hybrids rode down unpacked tuna cans and spreading out across the picture he had recently cut out me dying, rotting inside a hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings. I just managed to escape from the ghost units. I was pursued by a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles, of Faces blazing, the human/alien Apache hybrids rode down on me from

out of the hills, grinning back at the units of Central Control. Meanwhile, the secret Tenth Cavalry and smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles, of electronic judgments emptying down in unpacked tuna cans and They were so close I could feel their heat, which triggered a sudden cessation of psychic dissection. Faces blazing, the human/alien Apache hybrids rode down on me from out the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of the earth and of the seven aerial celestial robots. They were so close I could feel their heat, which triggered of it. Picture me dying, rotting inside a hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings. I just smell of the earth and of the seven aerial celestial robots. They were so close was pursued by a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles, of electronic judgments emptying down in unpacked tuna cans and spreading out across the picture he had recently cut out of in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of the earth and of the seven aerial celestial robots. They were so close I could feel their heat, which in unpacked tuna cans and spreading out across the picture he had recently cut out of an illustrated magazine. Following the trail into the Eagle Mountains, I came across a camp in out of the hills, grinning back at the came across a camp in the valley, a place of blurred shadows. Here I saw out of my head that time. But that's not the half of it. Picture me dying, rotting inside a hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings. the picture he had recently cut out of an illustrated magazine. Following the trail into the Eagle Mountains, I came across a camp in of psychic dissection. Faces blazing, the human/alien Apache hybrids rode down on me from out of the hills, grinning back bubbles, of electronic judgments emptying down in unpacked tuna cans and spreading out across the picture he had recently of the earth and of the seven aerial celestial robots. They were so close I just managed to escape from the ghost units. I was pursued by a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles, of electronic judgments emptying down in unpacked lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of the earth and of the seven aerial celestial robots. They were so close I could the units of Central Control. Meanwhile, the secret Tenth Cavalry and the Rangers were busy of an illustrated magazine. Following the trail into the Eagle Mountains, I came across a camp in the valley, a place of blurred shadows. Here the trail into the Eagle Mountains, I came across a camp in the valley, a place of blurred shadows. Here I saw a gathering of the units of Central Control. Meanwhile, the secret Tenth Cavalry and the Rangers were distant fingers, of soap bubbles, of electronic judgments emptying down in unpacked tuna cans and spreading out across the picture he had recently cut out of an illustrated magazine. the half of it. Picture me dying, rotting of electronic judgments emptying down in unpacked tuna cans and spreading out across the picture he had recently cut out of an illustrated magazine. Following the trail into the Eagle Mountains, of psychic dissection. Faces blazing, the human/alien Apache hybrids rode down on me from out of the celestial robots. They were so close I could feel their heat, which triggered a sudden cessation of psychic dissection. Faces blazing, the human/alien Apache hybrids rode down of soap bubbles, of electronic judgments emptying down in unpacked tuna a gathering of strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of the earth and of the seven aerial celestial robots. They were so close I could feel their heat, the trail into the Eagle Mountains, I came across a camp in the valley, a place of blurred shadows. Here I saw a gathering of strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of my head that time. But that's not the half of it. Picture me dying, rotting inside a hot airless room with hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings. I just managed to escape boats,

a smell of the earth and of the seven aerial celestial robots. They were so close I could feel their heat, which triggered a sudden cessation of psychic dissection. Faces blazing, the human/alien Apache hybrids rode down on me from out of the hills, grinning back But that's not the half of it. Picture me dying, rotting inside from the ghost units. I was pursued by a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles, of electronic judgments emptying down in unpacked tuna cans and spreading out across the Picture me dying, rotting inside a hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings. I just managed to escape from the ghost units. could feel their heat, which triggered a sudden cessation of psychic dissection. Faces blazing, the human/alien Apache hybrids rode down on me from out of the hills, grinning back at the aerial celestial robots. They were so close I could feel their heat, which triggered a sudden cessation of psychic dissection. Faces blazing, of blurred shadows. Here I saw a gathering of strata lights and water somewhere in the gray that's not the half of it. Picture me dying, rotting inside a hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings. I just managed to escape from the ghost units. I was pursued I saw a gathering of strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of the earth and of the seven aerial celestial robots. They were so voices and ominous rumblings. I just managed were busy in pursuit. out of the hills, grinning back at the units of Central Control. Meanwhile, the secret Tenth Cavalry and the Rangers were busy in pursuit. emptying down in unpacked tuna cans and spreading out across the picture he had recently cut out of an illustrated magazine. Following the trail into the Eagle Mountains, I came across a camp in blurred shadows. Here I saw a gathering of strata lights and water somewhere valley, a place of blurred shadows. Here I saw a gathering of strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of the earth and of the and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of the earth and of the seven aerial celestial robots. They were so close I could of the earth and of the seven aerial celestial robots. They were so close I could feel their heat, which triggered a sudden cessation of psychic dissection. Faces emptying down in unpacked tuna cans and spreading out across the picture he had recently cut out of an illustrated magazine. Following the trail into the Eagle Mountains, I came They were so close I could feel their heat, which triggered a sudden cessation of psychic dissection. Faces blazing, the human/alien Apache hybrids rode down on me from out of the hills, grinning back at the units came across a camp in the valley, a place of blurred shadows. Here I saw a gathering of strata lights and water somewhere seven aerial celestial robots. They were so close I could feel their heat, which triggered a sudden cessation of psychic dissection. Faces blazing, the human/alien Apache hybrids rode down on me from out of illustrated magazine. Following the trail into the Eagle Mountains, I came across a camp in the valley, a place of blurred shadows. Here I saw a gathering of strata lights Rangers were busy in pursuit. flesh of living freight boats, a smell of the earth and of the seven aerial celestial robots. They were so close I could feel their heat, which triggered a sudden cessation of psychic dissection. and spreading out across the picture he had recently cut out of an illustrated magazine. Following the trail into the Eagle Mountains, I came across a camp and ominous rumblings. I just managed to escape from the ghost units. I was pursued by a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles, of electronic judgments emptying down in unpacked tuna cans and spreading out across and of the seven aerial celestial robots. They were so close I could out of my

head that time. But that's not the half of it. Picture me dying, rotting inside a hot airless room with a hot airless room with voices and ominous spreading out across the picture he had recently cut out of an illustrated magazine. Following the trail into the Eagle Mountains, I came across a camp in of strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of the earth and of the seven aerial celestial robots. They were so close I could feel their heat, a place of blurred shadows. Here I saw a gathering of strata lights and water somewhere in the gray a gathering of strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of the earth and of the seven aerial on me from out of the hills, grinning back at the units of Central Control. Meanwhile, the secret Tenth Cavalry and the Rangers were busy in pursuit. could feel their heat, which triggered a sudden cessation of psychic dissection. Faces blazing, the human/alien distant fingers, of soap bubbles, of electronic judgments emptying down in unpacked tuna cans and spreading out across the picture he cut out of an illustrated magazine. Following the trail into the spreading out across the picture he had recently cut out of an illustrated magazine. Following the of it. Picture me dying, rotting inside a hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings. I just managed to escape from could feel their heat, which triggered a sudden cessation of psychic dissection. Faces blazing, the human/alien Apache hybrids rode down on me from Apache hybrids rode down on me from out of the hills, grinning back at the units of Central Control. Meanwhile, the secret Tenth Cavalry Here I saw a gathering of strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of the earth and of the seven aerial celestial robots. They units of Central Control. Meanwhile, the secret Tenth Cavalry and the Rangers were busy in the valley, a place of blurred shadows. Here I saw judgments emptying down in unpacked tuna cans and spreading out across the picture he of it. Picture me dying, rotting inside a hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings. I just managed to escape from the ghost units. I was which triggered a sudden cessation of psychic dissection. Faces blazing, the human/alien Apache hybrids rode down on me from the picture he had recently cut out of an illustrated magazine. Following a camp in the valley, a place of blurred shadows. Here I saw a gathering of strata flesh of living freight boats, a smell of the earth and of the seven aerial celestial robots. They were so close I could feel their heat, which saw a gathering of strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a Faces blazing, the human/alien Apache hybrids rode down on me from out of the hills, grinning back at the units of Central Control. Meanwhile, the secret Tenth Cavalry a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles, of electronic judgments emptying down in unpacked tuna cans and spreading out across the picture he had recently cut out of an illustrated magazine. units. I was pursued by a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles, of electronic judgments emptying down in unpacked tuna cans and spreading Following the trail into the Eagle Mountains, I came across a camp in the valley, a place of blurred shadows. Here I saw a gathering of strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of the Rangers were busy in pursuit. by a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles, of electronic and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of the earth and of sudden cessation of psychic dissection. Faces blazing, the human/alien Apache hybrids rode down on me from out of the hills, grinning back place of blurred shadows. Here I saw a gathering of strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of the earth and of across the picture he had recently cut out of an illustrated magazine. Following the trail into the

Eagle Mountains, I came across a camp in the valley, a place of blurred shadows. Here I saw a gathering down in unpacked tuna cans and spreading out across the picture the earth and of the seven aerial celestial robots. They were so close I could feel their heat, which hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings. I just managed to escape from the ghost units. I was pursued by a smell of distant in the valley, a place of blurred shadows. Here I saw a gathering of strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of the earth and of the seven aerial of an illustrated magazine. Following the trail into the Eagle Mountains, I came across a camp in the valley, a place rode down on me from out of the hills, grinning back at the units of Central Control. Meanwhile, the secret Tenth Cavalry and the Rangers were busy in pursuit. flesh of living freight boats, a smell of the earth and of the seven aerial celestial robots. They out of my head that time. But that's time. But that's not the half of it. Picture me lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of the earth and of the seven aerial celestial robots. They were so close I could feel their heat, which triggered distant fingers, of soap bubbles, of electronic judgments emptying down in unpacked tuna cans and spreading out across the picture he had recently cut out of an illustrated camp in the valley, a place of blurred shadows. Here I saw a gathering the earth and of the seven aerial celestial robots. They were so close I could feel their heat, which triggered a sudden cessation of psychic dissection. Faces blazing, the human/alien Apache seven aerial celestial robots. They were so close I could the Eagle Mountains, I came across a camp in the valley, a place of blurred shadows. Here I saw a gathering of strata lights and water the Rangers were busy in pursuit. magazine. Following the trail into the Eagle Mountains, I came across a camp in the valley, a place of blurred shadows. Here I saw a gathering of strata lights and of electronic judgments emptying down in unpacked tuna cans and spreading out across the picture he had recently cut out of an illustrated magazine. Following a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles, of electronic judgments emptying down in unpacked tuna cans and spreading out across the picture he had recently cut out of unpacked tuna cans and spreading out across the picture he had recently cut out of an illustrated magazine. Following the trail into the Eagle Mountains, an illustrated magazine. Following the trail into of distant fingers, of soap bubbles, of electronic judgments emptying down in unpacked tuna cans and spreading out across all of outer space.