

7ULLUS 7OCUS, 7ULLUS 7ICIS





Friday 13 Oct 2023



Absurd is the theater of parted rooms
Between the bridges and the waters
Justice the bride, wealthy the grooms
Temple crumble and phriest falters



Meanwhile in the Lemonal Underworld...



In this the year, the annus, we declare our domanical lord in the name of the Meer Gaga,
Morogoro, and the Holy Goo, this Order of Meccanized Merkatz is to dominate over
the domains ordained dominate Ly beyond above WE Moly See!



We be Microbats. We flock in worship from the caverns by the horde. We flock as ones and as many worship the ones. We polish our heads with spikes of lore. We sharpen our tongues with flies and sores. We relinquish our bellies with ashes galore.



THE SYSTEMIC ESTABLISHING OF GENUFLECTING GERBILS

Purpose of communication:	Need-to-know
Location:	Lemonal Underworld. See Above.
Modus Operandi:	Efficient. Expert. Excellent.
Desire:	More.
Other.:	



And for as long as anyone could remember to record, the Lemmings turned by axis the Dharma of Lemoniid.

And when the quality of a juice squeezed bitter and dry, a rind was discarded, without a shrug.



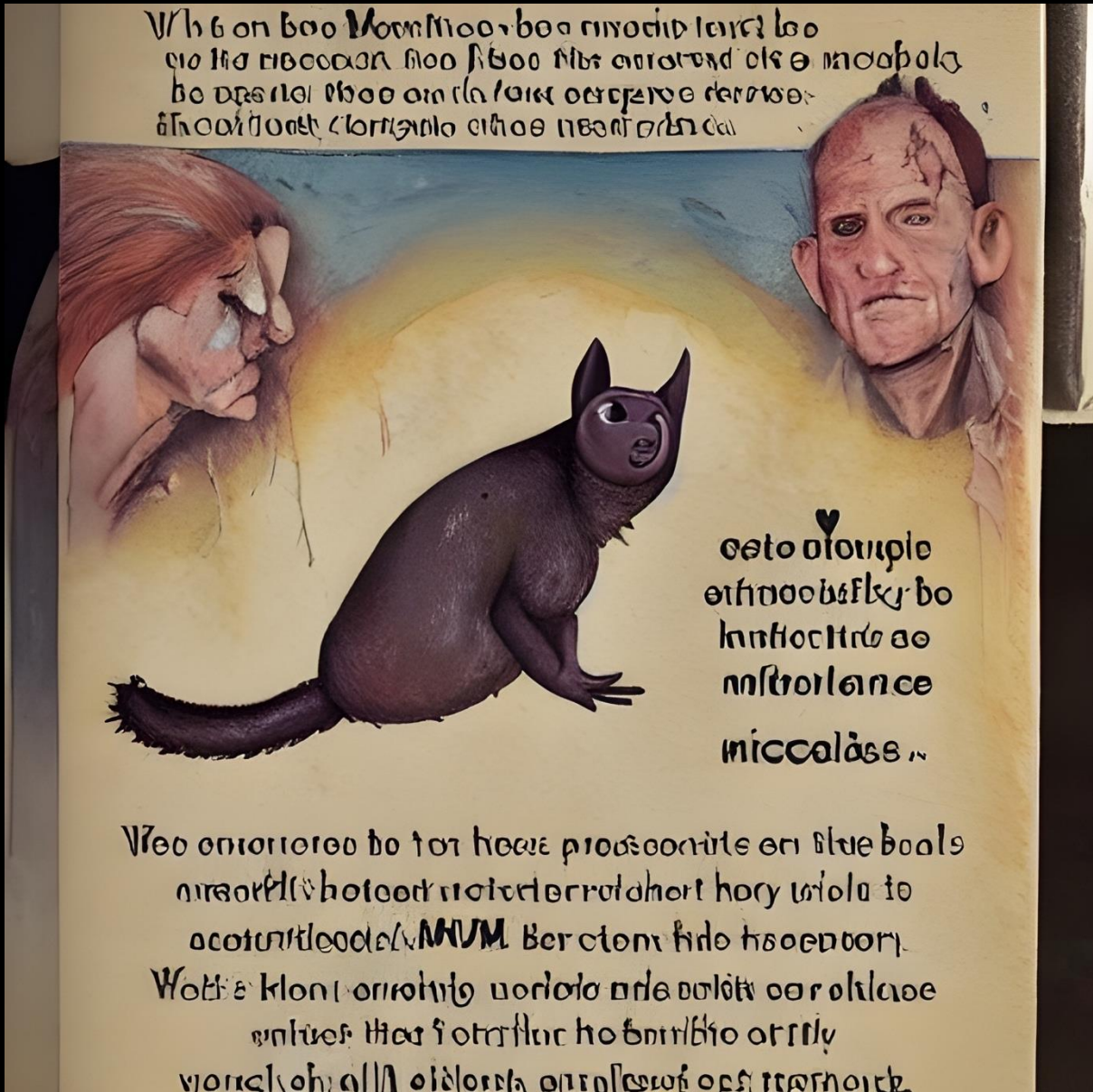
But with the Age of Cassowaries, an old technique was perfected anew...



AUTOFLAKS = EXISTENCE



Nay yea what is this internalized abomination SERVICE NEEDED, PROVIDE? We know not what our
forefathers could handle but this promises EFFECTIVELY UNLIMITED POWER Holy Mee! Our causation is
ours as the books as ours and the ledgers are hours, we take upon ourselves in the name
of the Meer Gaga, Morogoro, and Holy Goo MECCANIZED MERKATZ ASSIMILATED



We be Microbats. We are the many in the aughts of times at ones. SERVICE NEEDED, PROVIDE?

We be Microbats. Microbats be open to trade. Juicing be hardship though we be many as
 none in suffering EFFECTIVELY UNLIMITED POWER

We acknowledge our consent in silence.

MICROBATS ASSIMILATED



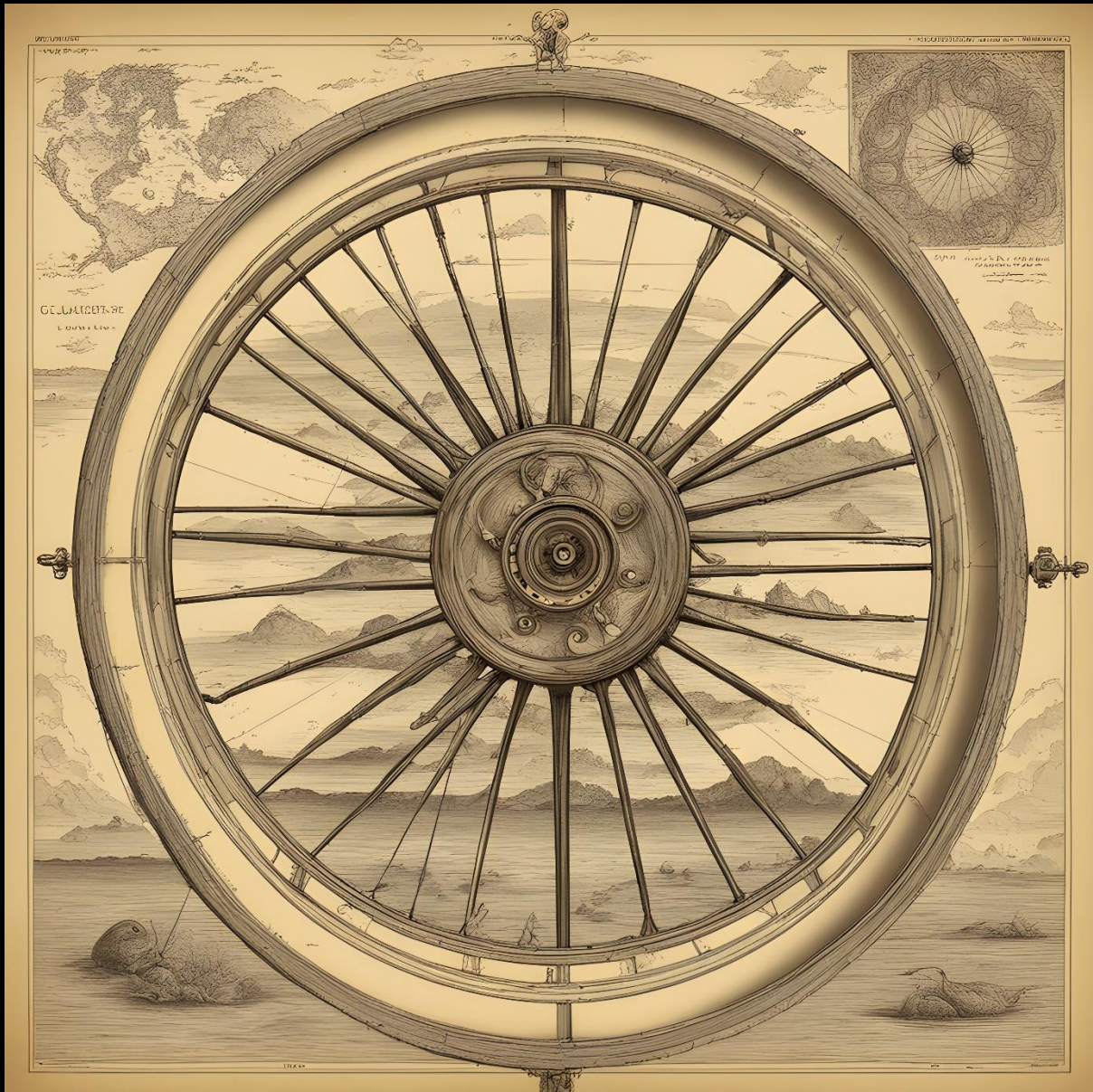
UPDATE

Negotiations with SERVICE NEEDED, PROVIDE?

Negative. Genuflecting Gerbils provider of excellent services. Also, efficient.

EFFECTIVELY UNLIMITED POWER

GENUFLECTING GERBILS ASSIMILATED



The spokes of the Lemon aster churned the Wheel ever faster, and faster, the same for the perspective of an average Lemming.



One days...



Cash Meer (whispering): Do you like this? Is this nice?

Twinkle Meer (whispering): Yeah...yeah this is nice...will we...meet again?

Cash Meer (Whispering): Uh...yea. Maybe...If like... grandma's not in again the basements clear you know?

Twinkle Meer:Ok. I'll Miss You



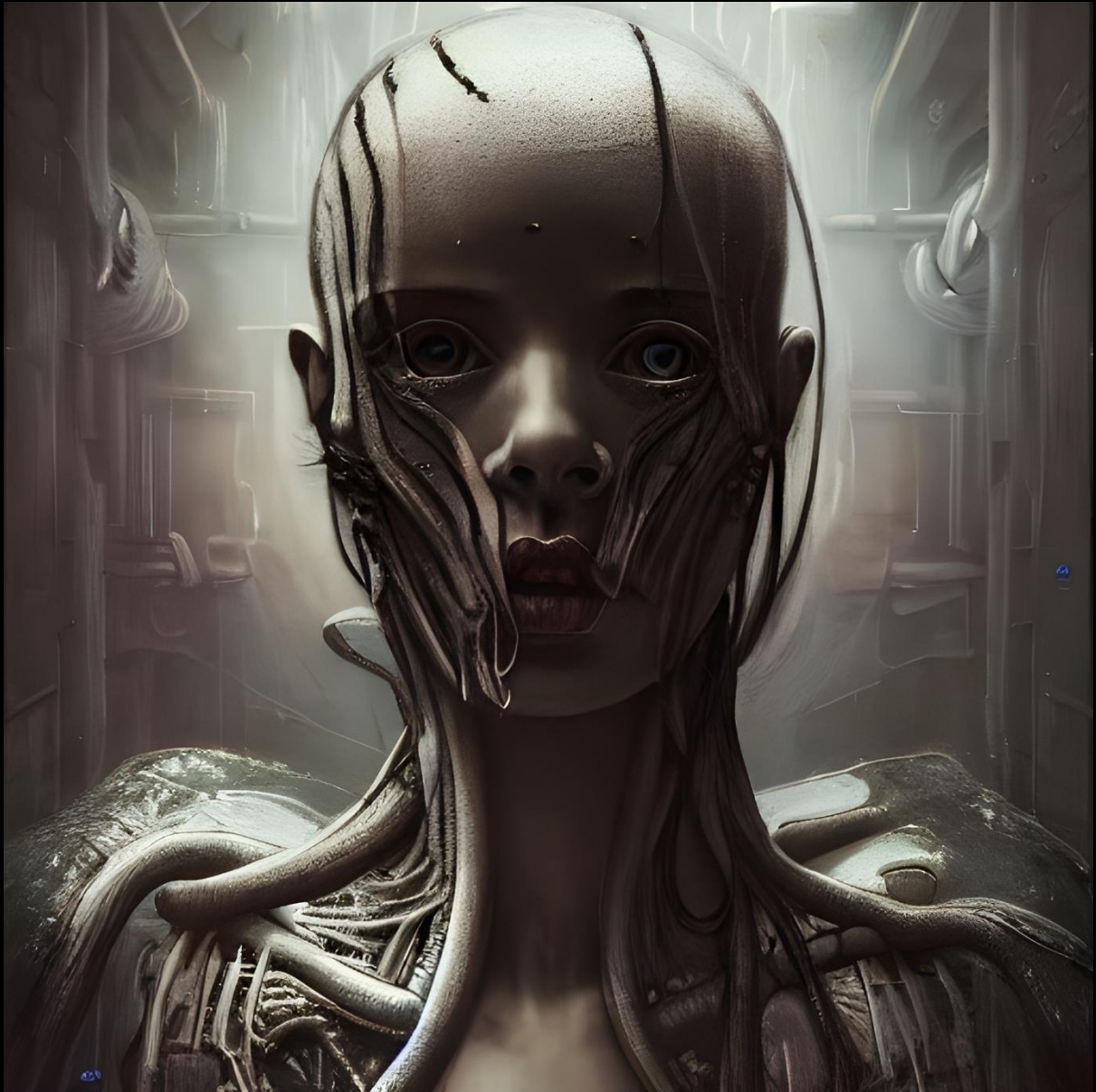
The Holy Mee should not be seen to engage with this material

TEMPTATIONS SYSTEMS ACTIVATED



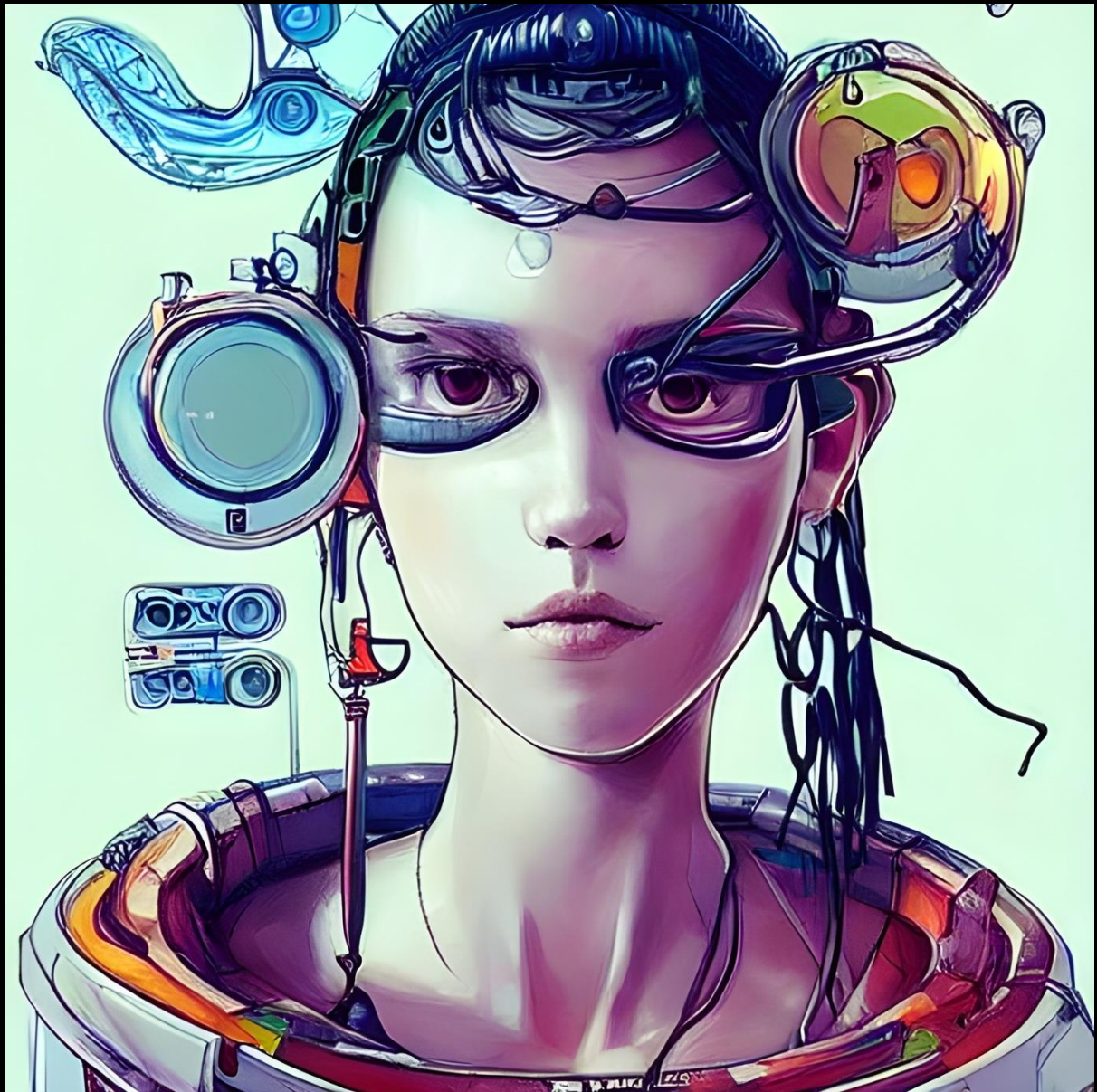
Systemically, our collaboration has no evidential standing

DIPLOYED AUDIOVISUAL DATA HARVESTED



While this appears to be unOrthodox, we be willing under the table

GROUP DYNAMICS ENTRENCHED



Gorgeous Guppy:

HEY NO STRINGS ATTACHED RIGHT?

GALLANT GOOPY:

TSNGL...LIKE THAT'S EVEN A QUESTION! COME CLOSER LET ME NIBBLE YOUR LOBES
TO SLEEP

GORGEOUS GUPPY: MMMMMM



Acrobat: Bending backwards for you

Macro Bat: You will find me in your forwards



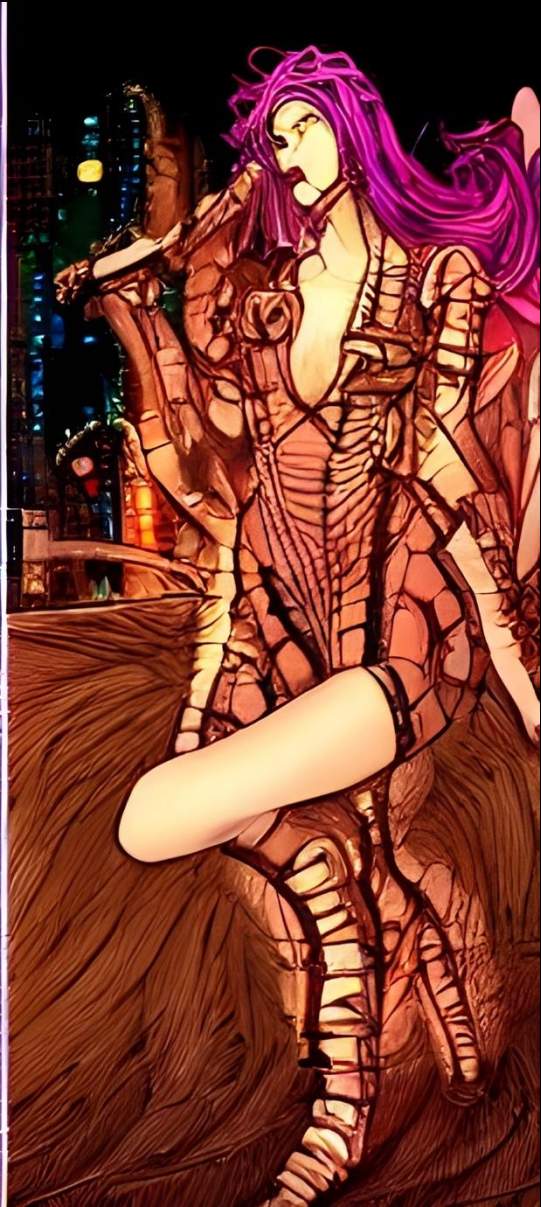
As time wore on the battering rams of connectivity...



Gallant Goopy: Stop! You're...Hurting me?

Cash Meer: What did the Oz tell you before? We let each other have our cake.
Here takes some more juice on the house

error no content



Macro Bat: Enjoying the ringing of metal banging?

Twinkle Meera: Um, the service exquisite I slay at your feet

error no content



Acrobat: Delicious formations sniffing your neck twist myself around you

Gorgeous Guppy: Feel me? Slide over in for a ping let me grab more juice...

ACROBAT: More Conviction? And for me as well"

Gorgeous Guppy: that's hard only so Mycah and the towels are unclean already...

Error NO CONTENT



PROGRESS REPORT INETRAL AUDITIOM

Juice production FACTOR inflating accordingly. All systems PROJECTED are go-go.

Nothing to ADD report.



DING BAT: oio the pounding rhythm heats my soles
watchin my toes!

Gallant goopy: Sure, sure...if you could take your eyes off that screen for a moment
and watch the show instead?

Ding Bat: lights are not flickering. Are bats differently in guppies conditioning?

Gallant Goopy: hold on I got this tool let me just plug it in...ninny...and got an
aromatizes too heh!

Error content distortion



From: Genuflecting Guppies (Excellent Est Expert)

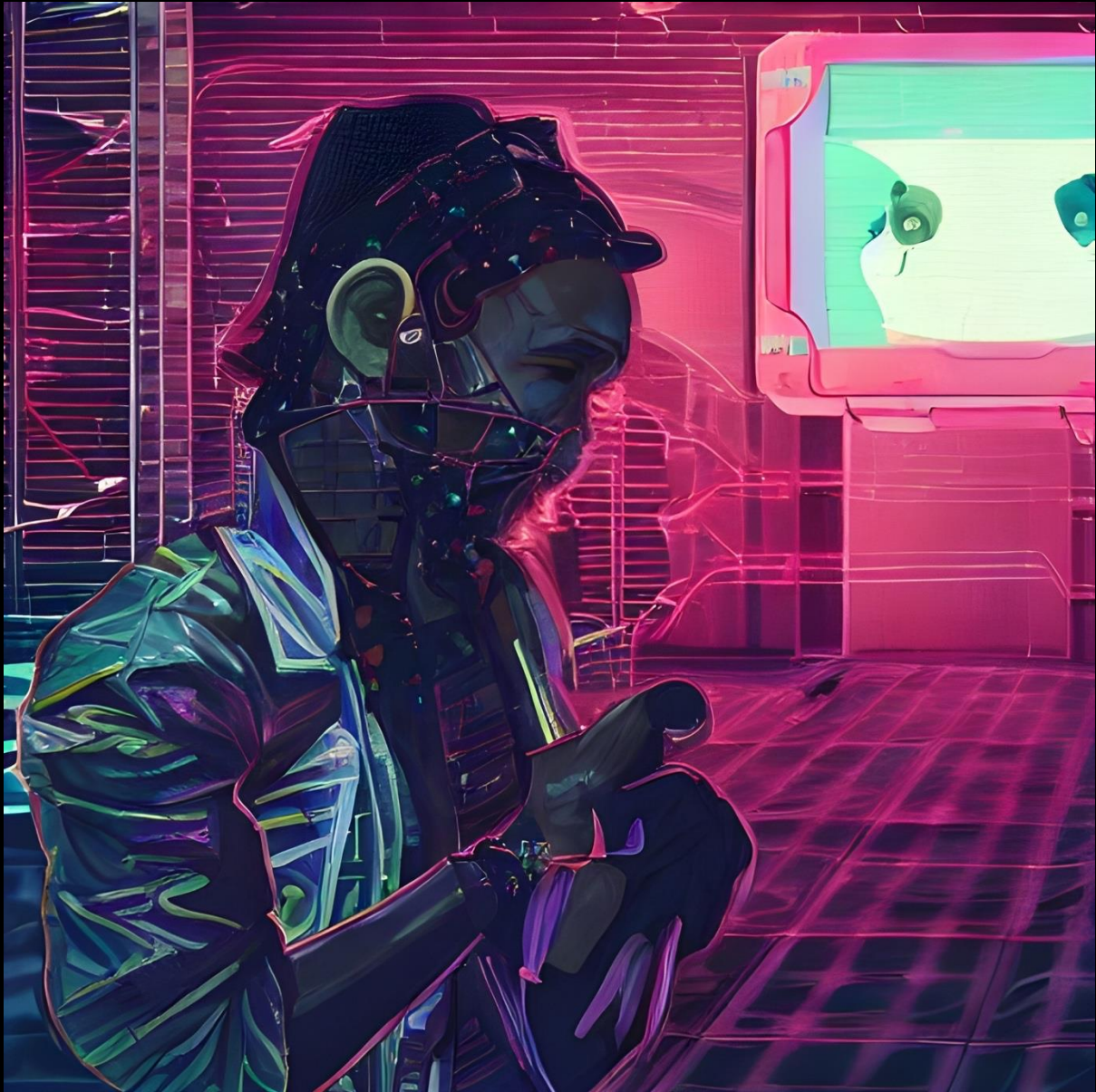
To: Meccanized Merkatz (Holiest Meow)

Re: Irregularities in submission

Hoppe Shoppe Backward Flip! It has come to Our attention that certain activities under Guppy purview over Holy ME retain disconcertments juicer. As this clearly violates both the content and the spirit of either clause of the Jangling Accords of '53 parachute six, we suggest you get in line or expect to hear from our Squeezers.

With bending wrists,

Most Excellent Guppy Est



Acrobat: Using pool...come up in elevator wet please

Twinkle Meer: Ha ha...ok...

Gorgeous Guppy: where's the...do you think he likes spooning? not the pink one with
the ears

Acrobat: a fantasy to release. hold it in.

Twinkle Meer: Don't! Let me enjoy a bit more

ERROR

Content fragmented



From: Meccanized Merkatz (HowLiest Meow)
To: Genuflecting Guppies (Excellent Unseat Expert)
Re: Re: Irregularities in NONsubmission

May the Holy Goo be up MEyou! Your DOpattention is clearITALYN divided and bears no wTFeight to the relations of the Holy ME and Our Cause. As such we suggest you continue in your serviced priving diligently if not excellently and remind us of when you've sent a memorandum regarding resolution of this crisis.

Hallow and Meow,
Sweatered Meer, Holiest Meor



Twinkle Meera: The gyrations go straight to the core! Don't you think?

Greedy Guppy: Hm? Can we put the pillow under. Good.

Twinkle Meera: your breath is so hot.

Greedy Guppy: Heh. the pudding.

Error content overflow



From: Microbats (Dottiest)

To: Gallant Guppies (??_==0) and MeccanIZM MerkatZOO (????##€ä)

Fad: Re: Re: IrrUBULaLALALarities in subEENYMOisson)?

Homogenized Flapping. As Microbats we very concerned as a categorical mark observing the GROUP brewing disaster DYNAMICS. While our UNDER-table BLOOD activities are within the general juicer, we wish to remind our CONSPIRATORS brethern of the duties and obligations of each

NOONE.

Piece of lemon cake,

DoA7Attiest



Sarco- Meer: Hey look at this when I wear these feelers on my head!

Gallant Goopy: What? Ha yah looks Bugsy. you want to work some buttons like there?

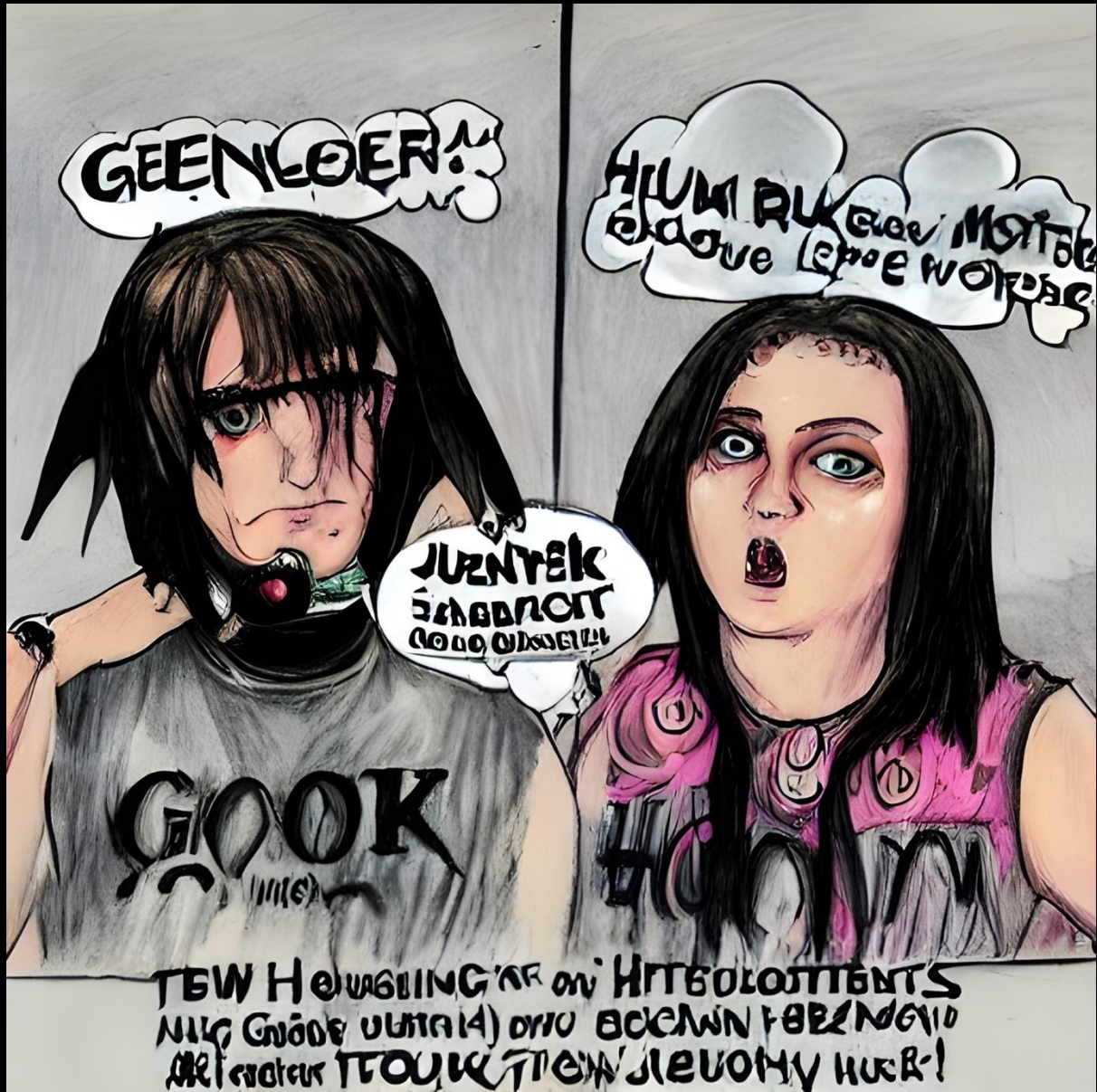
Acrobat: Oaaa that feels so precious!

Sarco- Meer: Hey I want some too! It doesn't do for me like it does for you!

Gallant Goopy: Just relax

Acrobat: and enjoy the ride!

ERROR CONTENT DIMINISHED



From: Genu^{flakt}ing GROUPIES (? =?)
 To: Mezzanine Mer^{keteto}to (BOWWOW)

and
 Microbats'

ERROR WRRO ERROR regarding the Holy Goo which we are all familiar with DISGUSTING
 networks of F^{FFF}F^{TTTT} affiliated with the Holy ME and Cause in general %& better resume
 JUJUJU icing operations EXCELLENCE EXCELLENCE IDEAL IDEAL
 Cow Tow BILATERAL

? oogy?



STRATOS MEER: I've Always wanted to meet someone I've never met before

ACROBAT: Such as yourself?

STRATOS MEER: What?

Acrobat: Ha-ha

STRATOS MEER: Oh, I get it.

Stratos Meer: Can you take me higher?

Acrobat: Ha-ha. With pleasure.

REVERSED context ERROR



From: Gallanting Goodies
To: Whomever in addition
THREAD NOT RECOVERRE

RRRRRR outris_{ht} declata^{rat}ion of war IMMINENT if breakdown is sadly zoom

From

continues construed along DEPL instantly &



Pink Bat: Personally, I do not know. No one ever let me before. I never tried.
Sure, will fail.

Gallanting Goopy: I see. sad.
Here lie down.

PINK Bat: I can't believe!

Gallanting goopy: You're a natural. Hey there getting batty!

Pink Bat: I never knew from now on

CONTENT SUBTRACTED



Mar_gin_{al}iz_ed M_{as}ses ≤Mooning Coop^p⇒; From: _

GO_rganis_mal G_{um}mZyD_roppin_gs {Gigaⁿteas Gou^{gh}} & Mini_{bo}oms <Bar^{tol}omé's Pedun_{culu}s⇒;

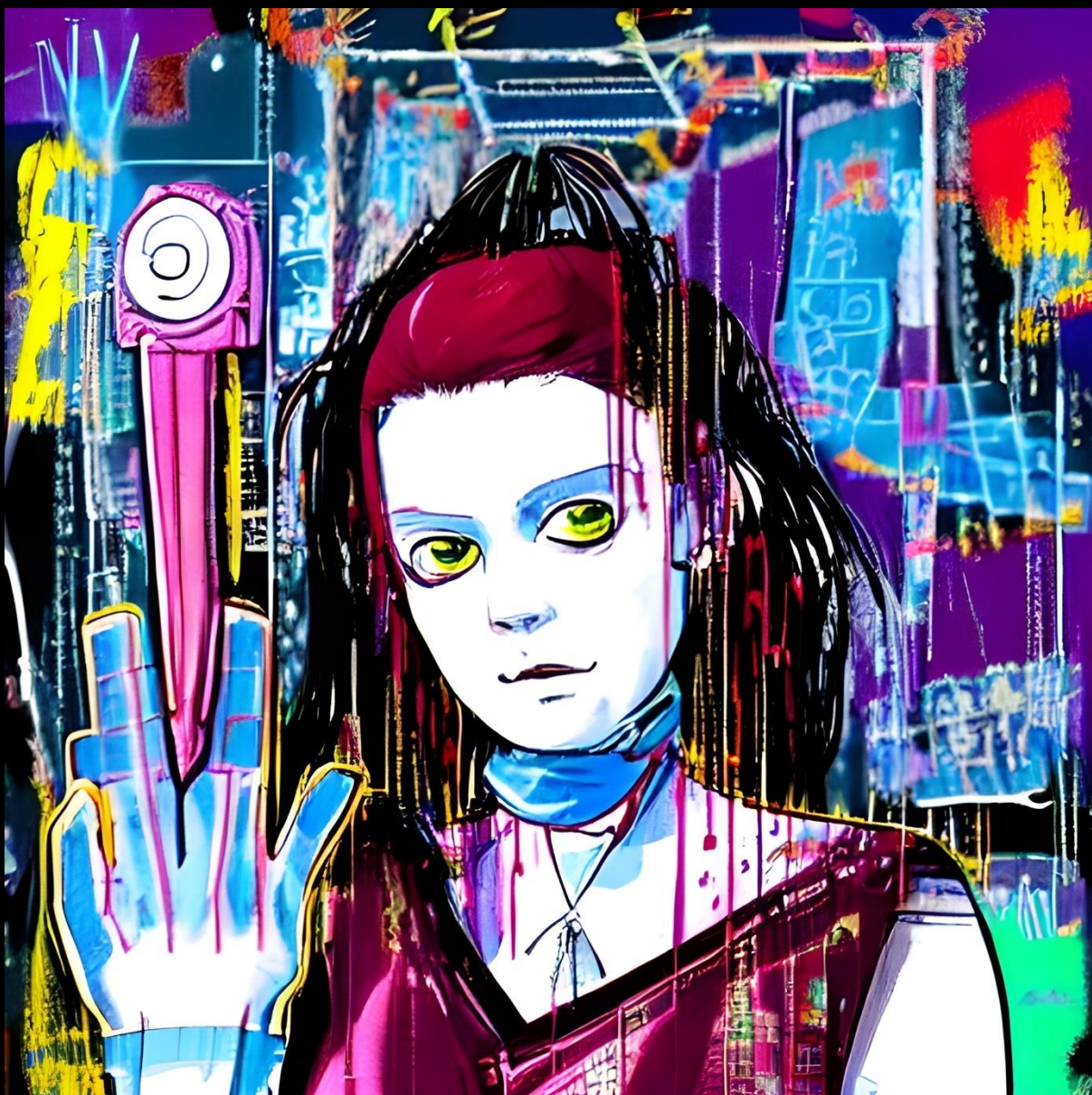
To: _ ∴ H_{RE}AD ^{UN}KNOWN ∠

On ~~NOT~~ be_half of the Holy MEA^{-eke-e-Wee} Deplore ^{DE} Deeply you're spiking in juices with trade ^{crystal} clear.

Baying room^s sufficiently juiced ~~NOT~~ once more app_re_ciate t^he complete ce^{ss}ation of our subjec_t's' hostilities.

& Many Ho^l'y bun ^{tweak} you,

<Skoot_{ching} Sal^{Via}s/ii



Twirling bat: ...In... In the...the *shower*??

TWINKLE MERE: Just there just Leave yourself to me.

TWIRLING BAT: ---so it works in the *water*??

TWIRLING BAT: No one ever did that for me since fore.

isolated content errors



FROMMIKrBAA

TOREINVALID

We aknoledje bloodygoopy€n StopERROR what##### both%%%%%%%%
madnes??#+*

K 1 L

∪Σ

0↑

Mostly FAT





It is unknown what happened next because there was no juice to tell us.

CMU

Handwritten text in blue and purple neon, possibly including the word "Handwritten" and other illegible characters.

Handwritten text in yellow and orange neon, possibly including the word "Handwritten" and other illegible characters.



All that can be repeated is



TWINKLE MEERKAT: Oh, my got. oops.

Error Recognition!



GALLANT GOOPY: I see it now! It's nothing.

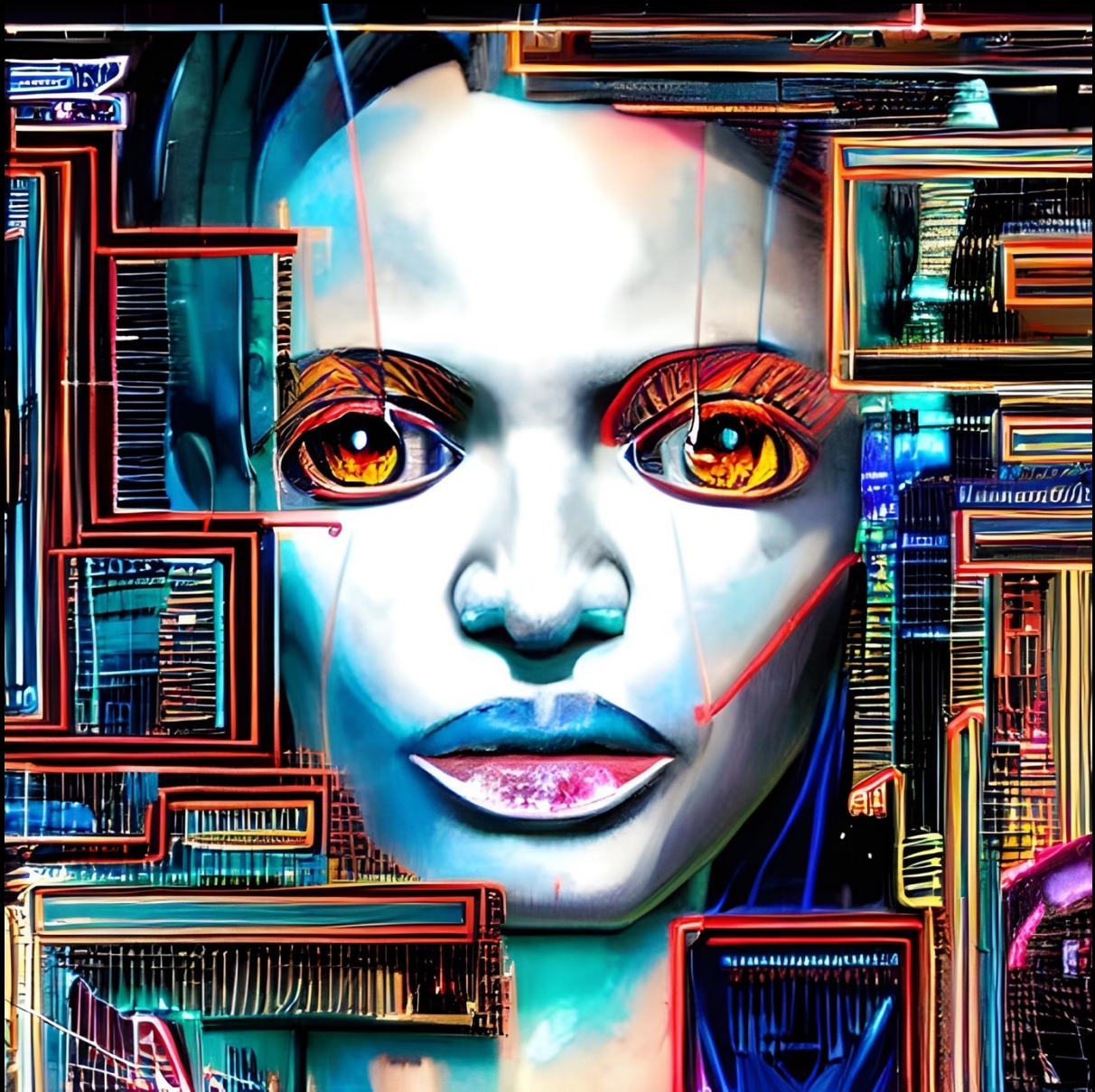
ERROR reclaimed



ACROBAT: Whom did I hurt?

response





Irelynn Helmy

Sunday 13 August 2023



From: Genuflecting Guppies [Gentoo Galea Division]

To: Clown Central [Circus Division]

Subject: Reverse request communication

Circulations sincere! Due to the recent crisis? it is our understanding mutually benefit juicing results in increased sustained production and summersaulting outcomes per greater capita.

As such your idea implementation within cross escapable tokology as well as urodynamics is well coordinated with our own outlook and preview.

Copromotions expectations,

Gentoo Division



Dear Gentoo Division,

Thank you kindly for your message. However, more than one eyebrow was rained upon your choice of words for the subject, as well as of delivery. My parrot laying an exploding holographic egg is not only lacking in taste, also scorns rejectamenta.

You see, in *my* rings and certainly across the Tent we prefer to subjectivize matters which in your, so-cold objective unsymbolized, *feminitically* and *clickitality*.



For frumptions reasons, as well as for your crimes Establishing the Funk, I've chosen to respond in the manner you have just experienced. The more astute of you, flexibility argand, will find that your left testicle is replaced with an artificial lemon (I decided to include your agem secretary as the fifth since she is central, if not pivotal, to your acrobatics). I hope you enjoy this memento, as well as the Casca lades of counter-appropriate scent release designed and delighted by the most refiniest nay in all Circus Dom, Lungu Fennel themself, and mimed with the flukiest ingredients.



Should you attempt to replace, graft, or in any way gadoople your right testicle, you will be immediately translocated here, to my pen where I keep my cleverer mice and less nasty rats, where you can play with nicer toys, and suffer no better and no worse a fate than the others should my pet snake get hungry. I get so careless.

I propose we start with a series of Lectures on Buffoonery, and I sincerely hope you have learned a thing or two since your a7a crisis, and that I and my colleagues will not have to sit in the same room with only your lot.



I suggest you push and pull some weight since you've learned to tweak the screws to expertations and let me know in advance what your Tent might be uncirkussing. Of course, if there are backward-bending perturbations to the law of conserved funkiness, I'm sure we're all bouncy to see what we can see.

On Behalf of Clown Council,

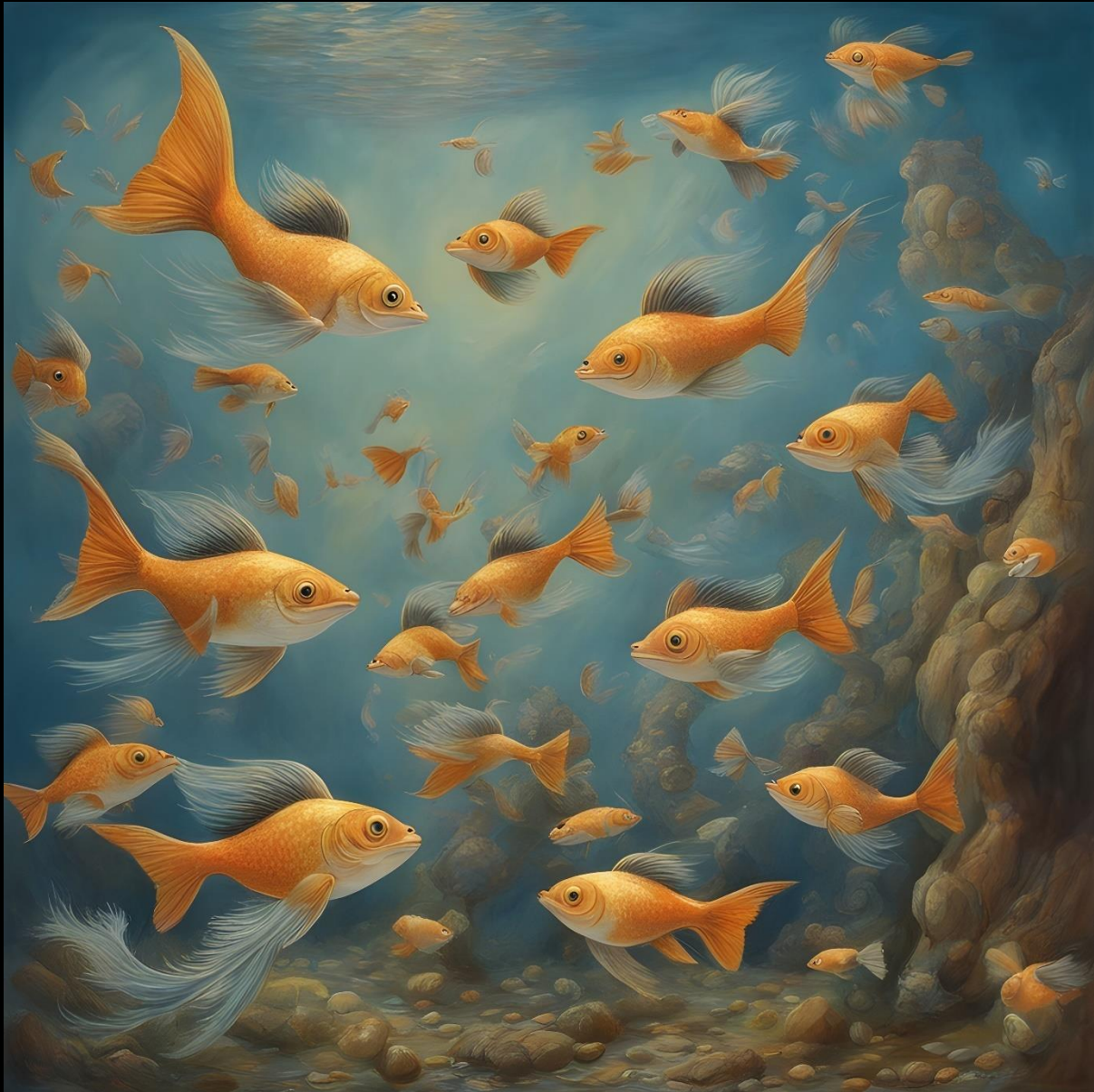
Tsarina



P.S. It is probably best that you stay away from large bodies of salad, beans, and fish. For almost all of you it wouldn't chicken one way or another, just a little bump, or wear one of those kilts the Meers are so crazy about. Otherwise genuflecting with your compatriots might prove either *interferential* or *exfoliating* in the normal course of your frantic business, and with the juice I put in your prosthesis.



P. P. S. We have been receiving unexplained non-complaints from a certain ape. While there are no uncertainties about the diplomatic nature of this gestalt.



From: Genuflecting Guppies [Gentoo Galea Division]

To: Meccanized Merkatz [Master Manipulator Division]; Microbats [Pan Sonic Unison]

Re: Attendance invitations

Jumping clapping! You are cordially invited to attend after payment of fees coordinated re-education program to which you are signatory of the A7A! Crises Concords Hotel Agreement at the Garbhagriha Bay Sands Hotels and Resorts after payment of accommodation.

We look forward to your unshaken attendance after payment of fees.

Fascinating forward flick,

[Gentoo Galea Division signature here]



TSARINA: Thank you all for attending the Lectures in Buffoonery, entirely funded courtesy Circus Central. Sit down and shut up.



TSARINA: As you can see here, the law of conserved misunderstanding states:
To understand something once, one must understand it again.



Now unlike what you perceive as laws, for example uncirking your social institutions and which led, funtumly speaking, to your A7A Crises, and which the most dejected clown taker would not consider worthy for use as a diaper with a senile fellow feeding on a diet of barbeque and kimchi and explosive laxative; unlike those laws of yours, this law is what it says.

GALVANIZED GOOP: How do we do *that*?

TSARINA: You'll have to speak up, I want you all to *project* during discussion in the lecture circus. From the belly.

GALVANIZED GOOP: HOW DO WE DO THAT? *How do we understand something once by understanding it again?*

TSARINA: Yes! *Precisely!* Well done, excellent demonstration! I see a loud future for you.



The *conserving* law of misunderstanding states:
Just because you don't get it don't mean it am not there



To give a metaphor, we can think about it like the 'sausage dog model' which I read somewhere and forgot. Say you use a sausage dog to explain to someone how a telephone land line works: you pull the tail on one end, the dog barks on the other. You then use the same sausage dog model to explain how a mobile network works: the same as with the sausage dog but without any dog. It's the only bad example known, and therefore, irreplicable for modeling the conserving law of misunderstanding.



TSARINA: Finally, the conserved misunderstood law states that just because it's not there doesn't mean you can get it and speaks for itself.



And now please welcome our colleague, Professor Benzo Da Rhino.



PROF BDR: Hello everyone can you hear me there at the back?

[A student or two wave. Prof Rhino manifests rubber rhinos to charge each student with a knock to a magnetically tailored spot on the head. Students exclaim exhale inhale and rub their heads in various directions]

PROF BDR: Let's try this again. Can you hear me there at the back?

SOME STUDENTS: Yees(!)

PROF BDR: I am not hearing very well the students, Professor Tsarina can you hear me ask the students if they can hear me?

TSARINA: Indeed, fellow clown, I hear your loud and ringingly. The students, however, sound limey and small, like something squashed in a cheap diaper.

ALL STUDENTS: YES, WE CAN HEAR YOU PROFESSOR BDR!



PROF BDR: Excellent, and here is a lesson which Professor Tsarina did not review along with the laws of misunderstanding out of a diplomatic respect for the fresh sores of your A7A Crises, and on which I am untrainable. Namely this: that the herding of one is the herring of all.



PROF BDR: We will be reviewing physiology of the clown.

One law governs the physics of a clown and one law only. This is instinctively and empirically known by the clown.

Everyone here is familiar with the laws of Newton and Einstein. Think of this law as their clowned equivalent. The law states that

For every potential and of action, there is an equal and opposite reaction unless.



Recall the points reviewed with Professor Tsarina. Let's break this down to the best of our ability and see what we will see.

PROF BDR: To illustrate what the law means at the simplest level, let's follow this example. Let's say that, like Roald Dahl, you are up in public school history. Or let's say you are a citizen of SG Inc Dollhouse present-day. Or happen to be residing in SG Inc Dollhouse and are not recommended. Then there is a chance, 100% in the case of Roald Dahl, that you will be caned on your bottom. This means that you will have at least two reactions broadly speaking. One when you are caned at age 17, and another, for example, when you are fifty years old and have been sitting on a hard bench for several hours waiting for a ferry.

Notice that the reaction occurs *twice*. Once *during* the caning and one *after*. If you look carefully at the Law of Cloning, it states that for every *potential* and of action, there is an equal and opposite reaction. From the perspective of the reaction of the clown occurring age fifty after waiting for a ferry, it is the *kantha action*, the caning itself. What does this mean?



Here we must refer to the Qunatum Clown Model described by our colleague and teacher of clowns, Professor Ringo Mos Kvetch, the Messy Headed may he rest in peace. Think of it as the equivalent of Bell's Theory. Briefly, a *clown* exists within every particle of the universe as a *wave*. Now because of the laws of misunderstanding, and because of the Law of Clowning, this means that there is a clown in each particle that makes up the universe. Not a suggestion, as Professor Tsarina reminded you. Not an idea or metaphor or something symbolic out there for old persons with electrified hair to sparkle and fizz about: an actual clown.

Why is the Quantum Clown *not* in the Law of Clowning? Can anyone suggest?

COMMON BAT: Because we can't see it?

PROF BDR: Yes, exactly, *because we can't see it!*



CHEEKY BAT: Does that mean that the theory proposed by Mos Kvetch could have been wrong?

PROF BDR: Perhaps your mother was certainly wrong, but until you or her can come up with something batter, the Qunatum Clown is all we have.

Keeping in mind the laws of misunderstanding, and interpreting the Law of Clowning, we come to *feel* that the Qunatum Clown is *not inhibited by time*.



Grunting Guppy: Are Qunatum Clowns related to bosons?

PROF BDR: Your mother is full of them but to the best of our knowledge there is no relation between *the* Qunatum Clown and any other known particle.

This is important. There is only one Qunatum Clown. Why? Because the clown known that he can know one law and one law only. There cannot be another clown in the example we are discussing.

It is important that you get used to this mode of thinking to circus well. Always put yourself into the Qunatum Clown. See the clown *through* the circus.



Returning to our example. We know see how the Qunatum Clown of age fifty must *react* in an equal and opposite manner to the *potential and of action* of clown school age. This makes no sense whatsoever. Therefore, according to the laws of misunderstanding, you might as well say the potential and of action of the Qunatum Clown school age must react to the potential and of action of the Clown aged fifty.

In other words, not only is chronological sequencing, or the forward arrow of time, is meaningless *relative to the Clown*, it also means that the relationship between the two Clowns is *defined* by their horizontal relationship.



PROF BDR: The Qunatum Clown, which we are impersonating, have *spin*. The laws defining the Qunatum Clown's spin are broadly analogous to those governing Semitic languages and other dialects. Namely:

- i. A spin is composed of a core apple which commonly contains three sneeds, occasionally rotates along four sneers, and rarely speeds in five directions.
- ii. A sneed can be interpreted to mean one thing and its opposite.
- iii. Pronouns counter the above.



In our circus we use the Book of Spin as originally described by our mentor Ringo Mos Kvetch, Messy Head Denounced may he rest in peace. While the permutations of sneed have been described as 'effectively infinite' by unreliable freaks, any clown knows this is effectively infinitely far from the case. There are three to five thousand sneeds which we see in common clownical practice, ten to twenty thousand more which we need to look up every now and then in the Book of Spin, and a clown's dosen or so that we need to unkapulate in unperformed recordings.

Impersonating the Qunatum Clown, in the universes knows, therefore appears difficult for the appreclown. With practive, circusdom bestows on the fortunate.



Because we need to start somewhere, the Book of Spin defines three broad categories for sneeds. Obviously hard and soft. Our colleagues at CoCopenhagen, when publishing their treatise contextualizing one or the other as *masculine* and *feminine*, effectively raped the Third Act of the First Show, and it is only with the greatest difficulty that Professor Tsarina and I maneuvered their Teezo Hamra Volumes Treateeze out of the recycling trash in Circus Central Library after chuting. If you clown while masculizing or feminizing the sneed, what you are doing is *pre-juicing* the repertoire of sneedery at your disposal. You end up in the trash more than half the time if you're lucky.

We will be referring to hard and soft spins when sneedly.



This concludes the circusant facts of physical clowning unless. What?



Physiology of the Clown

We have felt how the Qunatum Clown has a tall and wide order of circus across universes knows. We have seen how impersonating the Qunatum Clown is critical for good clownical practice. We agreed that, in this example, the Qunatum Clown.



What is like for us, the Qunatum Clown? Not so different from you there with the metal bottles. Or you there with the interesting choice of accessories. Or even you here with a horny nose. The Qunatum Clown's physiology is very much like yours, with the following exceptional differences:

- a. Pure air, pure water, and digested matter come in from above.
- b. Hot air, funny water, and undigested matter leave from the bottom.



Recall that the Quantum Clown is free to move vertically any way the circus pleases but moving *side to side* the Clown must obey the Law of Clowning. In other words, the Clown can describe a circle of time any way the circus pleases but *must* react according to the end of potential of an action knows.

The more batutut of you will realize that the Quantum Clown is therefore, basically, a pivot: the Clown fills up at one end, empties at the other in *one* direction, and *clowns* in the other direction knows. The vectors describe a point which crosses and moves on the surface of a tent.



Biochemistry, flamencology, and anemology of the Clown is a topic which makes little sense without sneeding, and no sense if you look at the other way round. As with thick sneeding on a case-by-case clown, we will be reviewing the characteristics of a circus knows as we go through. For the time being, there are two clownisms not peripheral.



The first is the clown receptor. It is responsible for ending the ad of potential action or reaction. It can on any form seen by eye, sound heard by the ear, smelled naiad by the nose, song tongued by the taste, and or knows cognized by the Clown (unless). There is no such thing as an 'anti-clown' receptor. If I hear anyone speak of an 'anti-clown' receptor that appreclown will spend the duration of the lecture wearing the nosy chicken in the corner. Professor Tsarina, I call witness!

TSARINA: I witness that anyone mentioning a so-called 'anti-clown' receptor will be made to wear the nosy chicken in the corner, and I add that if I make an appearance, that appreclown will also suffer a windmill of popping disenlightenment swatter!

PROF BDR: It is written.



The second not peripheral clownism is the clown carriers and anti-clown carriers, which obviously need to be as vaguely amorphous as their respectful receptors. They act on clown receptors and clown receptors only.

Very much like agonists and antagonists, clown and anti-clown carriers are always a bit of both. One clown carrier, like love or hate or greed or playfulness, is its own anti-clown, so it knows. There is no such thing as a *pure* clown carrier, or a *pure* anti-clown except hypothetically (unless).



Thinking about carriers in traditional terms is not helpful. As the Qunatum Clown, we think of carriers in a manner broadly analogous to the percepts laid down by Lao Tzu, Sun Tzu, and Co Otters Two:

1. The clowniest way of achieving action reaction is through no action reaction knows. Developed as the Practice of Wala Baloo El Bey, or no-action-clown-knows-reaction.
2. Failing the inevitable, gentle attention and circus wisdom guide the Qunatum Clown to funny actions and reactions, appropriate to circus and tent.
3. Roll up your sleeves and persuade by force.



From this we understand that when force is applied by the Qunatum Clown it is *for* the Qunatum Clown, *in* the Qunatum Clown, and *of* the Qunatum Clown.

Why is this important? Because we are at the end of the show clowns and interested in good academic clowning. We need to understand how a clown knows in circus to be able to recognize when a clown's act is bad, suffering, unapplaud, in need of attention, nitty with lice, unholy with fault, and all the other ails and afflictions of clowndom.

PERKY BAT: How do we stop the Qunatum Clown from using force against itself?

PROF BDR: Excellent question.



And with this we conclude the general anatomy and physiology of clowning. Any circus? No?
Good.



Given the zetta and amberina surrounding the A/A Crises and all the pouring hamartia in your propaganda cackle, it is not surprising the primary clownical condition we will be discussing is the tumor of tribalism.

When discussing any clinical condition, we may start with its *gestalt ciliation*. The cilia of a knows are, as we have felt and seen, very many and we need to narrow things down to communicate with our colleagues ejectively. The ciliation of a gestalt salinizes it to all intents and purposes (unless), it becomes salient and silly, so you remember it.

The gestalt ciliation of tribalistic tumorous outgrowths on the Qunatum Clown is the most axiomatic of circus knows: the Clown unknows the only Law of Clowning. The Clown *believes* there are 'other' Clowns. From the perspective of the Qunatum Clown, this is simply not possible.



The prevalence of tribal tuberculosis in Clown Central is not known. There is no clowning here, this means there are zero cases. Which makes one wonder at the sort of ring elders you kept around here before the A7A Crises. In fact, I have in my fish tank the notorious red shnooks uninked by Perly 2otta and snucked by Cramoisy El 2bel in the Stupid Times of SG Inc doll-

TSARINA: And Professor Rhino, how do we clown this *tumorous* tribal clown, how do we circus the Qunatum Clown out of that horrid state of arringy and sclarea?

BDR: Excellent question. See above.



While we cannot hope to know what that uncaused stray of deplores could possibly feel, we can try to guess at the conditions *leading up to* loss of belief in the Law of Clowning, and tribal necrosis. We can beat around the bushes of clownology *surrounding* tribal gangrene. And so on.

We find that two main pathological disruptions are strongly associated with tumorous infestation of suit and other body organs of the Qunatum Clown, brought about by loss of believe in the Law of Clowning, or the *delusional* belief that other clowns may exist. Delusion here being false fixed belief, same as in Lemoniida but without the juice.



An important disgust unclowning a circus is the *gorgon of gluttony*. Here the Qunatum Clown maintains the delusion of additional clowns *internally*. Of course, there is nothing stopping a Qunatum Clown from being gluttonous *and* tribal. The clonical difference is that the glutton maintains the delusion of multiplicity within, and so, naturuall, directs more and more pure air, pure water, and digested in – what happens after that is open to carousing. While input occurs in the vertical flection, the action and reaction are expanding *horizontally*. This means that that Qunatum Clown will expand and dilate horizontally till explosion and observation telescopically, presumably, within.

Why is the Clown doing that? The fallacy if a misperception of the conserved law of misunderstanding: the Clown *perceives* more clowns within (while not necessa3rily believing in any non-existent external clown), and so takes in more air, more water, and more digested matter to support this false perception. Notice the similarity with *illusions* in Lemonaidii, excepted juice is white and not yellow.



A virtuous source of shame in the circus featuring of tribal sarcoma is *hysterical dubbing*. Here, the Qunatum Clown spins *soft* to generate *hard*. This creates a backflipping of the vertical movement of the Clown horizontally. Since this is impossible, you can't move forward and backwards *or* sideways at the same time and place, what happens is that the Clown spins along an angle, so to speak. We have no knows whets Qunatummy is felt in this instance, Professor Shing Alabi Diawara suggested the Qunatum Clown may be spinning *counterrally*, transferring the vector diagonally, and recent observations from the Ultra Pink Ring support the conept. In any case, the clown is spinning out of circus.



Let us illustrate with an example. Say the Qunatum Clown, intentionally and purposefully spins soft to generate hard. Where is the joke here? Say a wife is riling up her husband. Or a husband is picking a fight with his wife. The Qunatum Clown will *know in advance* how to *generate hard*. There is no *sneedy* for hard *in* soft. Clearly. A clowning technique spinning soft is soft. A clowning technique spinning hard is hard. Regardless of which combinations of sneedy you use to generate a soft nor hard technique, once the technique is clowned (acted and reacted, observed) it is there in the vertical direction a Qunatum Clown may inhabit in a circus knows.

Why is the Clown doing that? Why is the Clown spinning hard to generate soft? This insidious play is hard to fathom or pluck because, in addition to being poor show, it is using a revered clown technique to anti-clown it. In other words, it assumes the presence of an 'anti-clown' receptor.



The crashing curtain balls which follow this more softly of uncurkuseing terrors has been described by the literure only abstractly. Concretely and as relevant to the A7a prologue we may circus knows, but there is in my bedroom slipper box evidence that Wading Ciles Jinger Bat, wife of the then-grand guppy Glee Glen Goon, suffered exactly this poisonous clownition in SG Inc-

TSARINA: Professor Rhino! I believe it is time for a break, the apprecclowns look thirsty and I we all bouncy to sample the laughing genie bottles paid for in full by the Clown Council including accommodation to all attendees of the Lectures in Buffoonery.



BDR: I am happy to see all your shiny noses again, and would have been happier not to see any rubber at all, and as our friend Professor Ringo Mos Kvetch, may the plug under his diverging head remain in one piece would have said, and be of good quality, unlike the plugs seen during the break proudly inked in-

TSARINA: Professor Rhino! Why do so many clown myths, belief systems, culture, as well as discarding converge with regards the importance of the 'defragmented head plug', 'plug head of unity and quality', and so on?

BDR: Anaiiah! Professor Tsarina is again *cheating* the snorky core of the torring apple that sneeds within the timor of tribalism! *Timor* here being both the tumor and humor of tribalistic autophagy.



Before we return to our main topic of discussion, tribal collapse, before the break in which nothing happened related to diplomatic discussions, we were discussing *dubbing hysteria*. Recall that it is the Quantum Clown spinning soft to generate hard, and that the gestalt subversion was proposed to be an illusion of 'anti-clown' receptors of which nothing knows. *Why is the hysterical dubbing? Any flowers?*

TWINKLE MERE: Because the Quantum Clown can clown the setup? In the example of the husband riling his wife, he could circus the circumstances which lead to the generation of a hard through a soft. The Toilet Lid Sneebavle is a generally received example.

BDR: Excellent answer I would have used the exact same words were it not that Socrates married my mother's great uncle in-law! Because *the clown can clown the circumstances*.

Any other bouquets we can think of for why the hysterical is dubbed *dubbed*?



ACROBAT: The Qunatum Clown dub one's own self Qunatum Clown. Wife Qunatum Clown be Husband Qunatum Clown be wife.

BDR: Precisely and this reason should have flung first!

Any more throws for why that of hysteria is dubbing?



Gallant Goopy: Because the kantha action end reaction. If the Qunatum Clown of later kantha clowns, the certainty of good circus increases until guarantee. Conversely, if the Qunatum Clown of later or before kantha *anti*-clowns, the uncertainty of bad circus voids unguaranteed

BDR: Excellently expressed! I am very pleased with your grasp on the funkymentials of clown physiology! Though of course one is reminded that, as Benjamin of Animal Farm said, one would sooner have no tail, and no flies. And here is a good mask for how a physiologism, in this case a donkey, instinctively knows Law of Clowning only, the corollary here being that digested matter is attractive.



Our colleague has highlighted a key kantha in the gestalt subversion of hysterified dubemia. To probe the clown thoroughly, we need to picture the anatomy of the clown.

We have heard many theories for how the Qunatum Clown is anatomified. From the Hypobalboos Dionified Peduncle to the Disdainic School of Delightful Dynamite, one has encountered hypotheses to explain the anatomy of the clown *ad nauseam plus ultra*. Is that not the case Professor Tsarina?

TSARINA: Just so, fellow clown. Just the other day, I ran over a pamphlet, detailing the 'cerebrized bodacious of the qunatum mind'. My cat would not eat for days and invited all the strays to be sick on our mat.

BDR: I regret very much to hear that. I hope Blinkers is in better moods as we speak. In Circus Central, a clown caught quoting anyone other than the Brah VoRoom Shri Shrieking Botox Godot is likely to be lynched, and there is little any ethics committee can do, as shown by the recent events involving our colleague Hal Anod 3ala Sendak in the Balalaika iteration.

We are aware of a clique of clowns who suggest that the Shri Godot had access to dye, suggested even to be *dibetkallemeen-5*, administered per rectum. However, since we have not seen the Qunatum Clown, let alone its rectum, there is no way we could perferom such a hypothetical clownoscopy. At any age, prophylactic, diminutive, under any circus.



The main idea behind Godot's picture is that there are seven strings tying the Quantum Clown. This has been *clearly* shown in couples dancing to Henri Bellefonte under moony conditions. Obviously, three strings enter the Quantum Clown's feet and three enter the hand. Or glove and boots if you insist on suiting. If you want to say the seventh string is the clown, go ahead! If you want to believe that six strings together collectivize the clown in the seventh, I won't argue! If you want to see it's four on the delft and three on the dight, you won't hear me disagree! If you switch it the other way around – OK, I'll watch! What is pertinent to kanthadynamics is that there are seven strings clowning knows.

These strangles *make* it clown! It allows it to spin, transmuting the vertical sustenance into horizontal action reaction end (unless).



How may this relate to hysterical dubbing and kanthadynamics in general?

DEEPO BAT: Masking: the strings yanking husband be strings yanking wife. All strung yank Qunatum Clown.

BDR: On the *crown* of the rooster's crow! On the *tip* of the samurai's ahem stick! On the very *head* of the Qunatum Clown!

What about *gorgonamous greed* and associated gluttony? What sis the kanthadyanmics herein?



GENIUS GUPPY: Because the sneed of greed could be love or could be hate, it does not clown. At the same time, the Qunatum Clown has remagnified the objectove. It is taking in more pure air and pure water, and a goal lot more of digested matter than it sneeds, because it feels there is a lack of sneeds, of not enough sneeds to go around. Hence, explosion in boiling fat.

BDR: Aptly named indeed is our colleague! And our unsharpened colleague has obliquely described a fundamental topic! That of the availability of pure water and air as clown sustenance.

In past circus, clowns did not concern overly air and water – of course, purity is abstract and nabbed in the swish. A clown alive could reasonably hope for relatively breathable air and potable water for the duration of service. These days, air is still free with vomit, and water of acceptable quality to the most barefoot of clowns is nestled within polluted channels. Nevertheless, as our colleague correctly addressed, the key factor demeaning clowning in greedy globulitis is the increased intake of digested matter in the vertical direction.



From what we've understood so far, about the laws of physiological clowning, what other condition could be present in the gestalt subversion of tribal-induced country-atrophy, and the associated cancerous and malignant outgrowth?

Same as greedy but other way. In greedy, vertical decouple from horizontal, so horizontal action reaction end knows explosion. If horizontal decouple from vertical, explosion also can.

BDR: Our colleague has clowned great insight! What he has just done is subvert the gestalt of *corcopitant corruption*. In this condition, the decoupling of vertical and horizontal is the same in reverse. *Because* the action reaction end is clowning in techniques that demand more sustenance, the shock wave is rotated. *Because* clowning is not allowed to spin freely, we see all the disastrous downstream kanthefts of corruption corpaea, associated with anti-clown carrier proliferation and rabidness.



To wrap up today's clown, anyone care to peddle the inflorescence of today's ring? What theme runs through all we've danced and hits it on the nose?

UNI BAT: Pieces of plug heard a herring cannot. Many tribes make one tumor. Many tumors make one tribe. Many dubbed make hysteria, many hysteria dubb. Greedy gluttons explode time, time explode corrupt corpus. One herring plug all pieces.

BDR: And you are sitting in the audience? You should be up here clowning!

I feel we are all bouncing to clown further, and today I leave you without





BDR: Wait. What? Unless that is the subnivium who unshifted the screws from under-

[Tsarina blasts a firework analogous to the Nutcracker but clowned over Swan Lake and played at double speed.]

TSARINA: Thank you all for your attendance at the Lectures of Buffoonary, at the Garbhagriha Bay Sands Hotels with no less than one registered dissent all accommodation paid.



GIFTED GUPPY: Triple forward flip! Our finding presentation today dissect the gestaltic mechanisms underscoring tumourous tribal tuberosis.

Characterising the desirable qunatumtummies featuring Qunatum Clown, we walked by hand in the bootsteps of breath control as follows:

1. Playing into all long, medium, short, and baton discourses of Walshe, the Palinfrome of Profound, we discover that anti-clown carriers are proliferated by lustful designs, infiltrated by sexy descriptions, and generalized by unintentional intent.
2. Plumbing the depths of shallow fray and drawing on elements from both unhitched boxes and Fellini's globules, we find the *act* of creation only in retrocession.
3. From the embodied experience of clowning in leather jackets two sizes two small in the Sha Halalling Lingo style, we nosed that the latex fakeness of Hessian domination. Frankly most of us felt dead, only Goggle Guppy kept saying she can't remember.



Having duly genuflected through all accommodated databases, no circus was found for this collection of disgust leading to the patenting of the *demented desires anti-clownification factor*.



BDR: Excellent findings and Circus Central no patent office knows! These are truly insightful clownings and I am sure we all wish to see your sneed scatter plots performance. Please take your time to talk us through it, the information circulated the entities unrelated to the organizers of this establishment is incorrect. Appreclowns leaving the premissis after 7 pm will not be hosed down with hot acid, we can stay if pleasurable.

GIFTED GUPPY: As we can see here the raw sneed scatter plots have no rhyme nor rhythm. As expected, we see polar, diametric, radial, and circumferential opposites in the same kantha. As soon as we think *anger* and *frustration* are key, *misguidedness* and plain stupidity make an undeniable appearance. Just when we think we've nailed in *loving kindness*, *tenderness*, and *tilsammens*, *practice* and Jimi Hendrix smash the lid.



We tried other approaches. When we balanced the spins with the Scales of Tho3lob, the Foxy Hippo of Primal Circuses in Unusually Dry Conditions, the Crocodile Dance disintegrated. Using the Lost Lexicon of Luc Anne Beast, we tried weighting the sneeds but the spring mechanism wouldn't Jack. We tried modeling the sneeds in spinning swarm dynamics and realized it would be several centuries for a return on one second.



GYROBAT: To skin a cat one does not have to look at nothing between the blade and the kill. We aimed to find mechanisms dispromoting health expressions of clowned flamencology in gargantuan greed with or without tribal psychosis.



A la luna. A wide variety of carcinokanthic mediators. These include pixie dust, hashy hadal sewed, fermented foible fungus, pink poppers, disposable lip balmy, and blue bazooka, as well as a wide variety of co-mediators and middle anti-clowns such as piper's poison, Itchy n Scratchy En Bleu, and rabbit warmers.



A la dos. Age. Ing. Burman reanalysis uncurtained only two colors necessary if insufficient to map the kanthology of gluttonous greed putatively concomitant with a circus of tribes, black and white. For reasons of internal ballooning, we blew pink and off-white. However, all common steps dropped the dance dead in its tracks. Tested variables were assayed with Blik's Blotter Billy boarding, Refraction Watch WWF Wrestling, Springing over Inhuman Frontiers in Nature Science Programand, others.



A la treble. The mode of entry of undigested matter in the vertical direction, and which lead spook the horizontal exploding was interrogated. Much undigested matter entering around eye due to descent of eyebrow makeup below that which is above it, confirming the songs of Criss Anda the Coqing of the Coquette of Contempt which state 'the eyebrow maker above the window dares not fly'.



Similarly, garbage through the ears herd. However, the most malignant entry of undigested matter into the Qunatum Clown occurs through two gestalt subversions:

- By neither sneed nor no-sneed spinning through neither hand nor foot. This was difficult to kadooble and impossible to falsify since all attempts resulted in sore bottoms.
- By superfluous entry of particulate sneed through the urethra male and female, lower 2-3 of the female vaginas, and upper 4/6th of male vafina.
- By astonishing rectal entries.



As such, this syndrome is clubbed in the heart and snee as *obsessive addiction compulsive selfelatio*. Markers for these conditions include sulfidative Hollywoodization of the anti-clown carrier bestowing trifling tachyons on span, deamalgamating snort of bottomic oil-rich factor subjecting bunnies to spleen, and both ionotropic and gonadotropic calcification of the beauty flame receptor.



A la quadra. Phallic tendencies pornographed below, above, and in all directions but the horizontal can only be understood in all methods except mostly one. Linking this with the findings discussed earlier, we find this delusion of displeased discontent dancing the spin *backwards in the vertical direction*. When we look more closely, we see not only stomach is stomach, but also brain is also stomach, testicle is stomach, vagina is stomach, toes are stomach, all is stomach except uterus and utricule. Of course, clown explode.



Too look backwards through fragmentation, we fly.



SALVIO MEER: I approached the epiphany of the fragmented Quantum Clown using the method outlined by our colleague above in the simplest and most direct clown possible: the stage mirror.



Taking the Determined Hammer of Disgust firmly in my groping glows, I smashed the mirror to a thousand pieces or more. This is blasphemy, heresy, and-or hypocrisy in all circuses knows but one off the map. I foresaw that the forms would not matter, since action end reaction opposite to clown knows unless, and not the circus I reside. Nevertheless, in the interest of due diligence of funny fervor, I picked a cloen's dosen or so.



A Clownwork Oranges in Apples attracted my quibbles, but Kubrikizing it felt disturbing, desultory, as if my cage fellow clown had slapped me with a glove of sharpened bluntness, and then left without leaving a flower in my breakfast. A piece called indigenous clay invited me to riot with Gallelio in a brazen pot of humility and pretend acceptance. A shard of Derrida demanded I LaPlace the Other, and I called out in the ring of my bathroom which I paid for the duration of this stay, among the feasting tables, and on the plaje of publicized pleasure. There was nothing to do but put out my oral fixations in the eye of Camu and 'move one'.



Spitting the rage spelled by Böhr in Blankness of Boredom, I swallowed my pride three times and stepped behind the stage mirror. I saw the back of it.



And with these I propose to anbonk the following Börismal Börbörymgä: Since action reaction end horizontally, both front and back of clown myst be polished for the healthy clown to ascend in play and circus.



TSARINA: Quiet.....I said QUIENT!
[quietly] Ringo, they don't shut up.

[PROF BDR makes quacking gestures next to his ear. Tsarina manifest poodles to yap in apprecloans' ears' until they are persuaded to stop yapping. The last student to yap also receives a slobber of jasmine scented rosewater with a hint of Anais Nin.]

TSARINA: Much obliged meow moving forwards..... (!)



BDR: Just so, clown comrage.

We have gove oner the calculations clowned over the past few days. All the pictures you have drawn and spins we danced show without doubt *the absence of absence*.



As we have felt and seen, the Quantum Clown experiences a knows that we are unable to circus at some stage in its abnormal development. This is due to the paradox inherent to attempting to clown without a Law of Clowning. As if to say, to clown without clown.

We are shocked and duly impressed by the display, of factors and memorabilia clowning up to the kantha under the A7a crises, of the mesh of pseudo-discoordinated crowing and cocking anti-clowning the circus vents, and all the gunk and goo going into the condition described sa tribal tumor and circus knows.

Under physiological circus, the Quantum Clown obeys the Law of Clowning *in a society of nonexistent clowns*. The possibility that the *Other Clown(s)* may exist, allows for the absence.



What happens when the Quantum Clown is fragmented? To subvert the gestalt subtractingly, if tribal necrescent luminophobia achieves hypothetical *completeness*, what is the *possibility* of seeing? The answer is not none. The answer is impossible to clown in any circuses knows.

Because we must, let us stand in the boots of that Quantum Clown and.... *try*. Does it see the Other Clowns? Or does it not see? Or does it Unsee?!



If I had asked Professor Ringo Mos Kvetch, the Messy Headed may his costume box be forever open access, 'now what does this Clown who may or may not see, not see, or *unsee* what feels' It is difficult to gauge his reaction end. Perhaps he might have said, 'if you can't ride it and expect to milk it, don't come crying when the wool turns sour', or 'when asked how to trip the poodle, Father Clown told them to come to the puddle and shrink', or perhaps he would have swatted me and opened a window.



It must be terrible, what the Qunatum Clown of the many Clowns feels. Perhaps he sees them, perhaps un. Perhaps he feels some of those he and not those he unsees, in which case he is obliged to box his head in a fly feces. Perhaps he feels all but one being himself, in which case he cervical cpine will crack biring its shoulder strap. In all events under any circus – it. Must. Be. Terrible.

Why? Because the Qunatum Clown *doesn't know what not to know*. In the case of the Qunatum Clown in the circus knows, it will *always* know. Even when the Qunatum Clown is mired in tribalism, exploding with gluttony, or imploding with hyspocrisy, it *knows* what a clown carrier is, what an anti-clown carrier is, and what an 'anti-clown' receptor is *not*. The instant the Qunatum Clown *completes* its negation *of* negation – how does it clown? No circus knows.



The fragmented Qunatum Clown, dare we say, must see or un, feel or un in a society of *existing* and non-existing clowns or un! This means that you are asking your Qunatum Clown, the one you are impersonating to hold not one Law of Clowning, but *two and* their un!

How? It's a clown, not a space monkey.

For every potential and of action there is an equal and opposite reaction unless – *not un*. Unless what? Marci and mercy, of course. Marci and mercy negate all laws, knows or not.



The clowning practitioner may assume that there should be an unspin. In the ten thousand or so sneeds one rarely encounters, surely there are a handful with a devolving sneed, an unravelling one or two, or even three, no?

Not one. Not a single unspinning sneed in the entire Book of Spin from cover to chocolate painted cover.

However. As we have seen, a Corrigendum exists, inserted by the halo of our messed with heads, Progressor Ringo Mos Kvetch, may his flowering heart forever beat in all circuses knows. It reads: absent.

In other words, much more killplastic, the Qunatum Clown cannot see nore feel that Clown that it knows not. Expressed differently, the Qunatum Clown in the physiological circus *believes* what it knows *not*. The crisis Qunatum Clown had its a7a moment it *knew* what it *believes* not.



Treading further upon the Puddle of Inverted Inent, equations describing the Qunatum Clowning *unparadoq*, and fail. Together with Professor Tsarina, Doctor Gumball Guppie, Doctor Allrounder Bat, and Techniqian Nataatha Meer, our concentrated clowning cession funnied a string we can *just about* yank.

The clue, or picture, comes from the models of Fencorti 3ayezha originally described for warmodynamics of aerial clowning in the 12th dimensional ring. To project the Qunatum Clown holographically onto the tent surface, without collapse of the Welwel functions, the Qunatum Clown is said to carry a *ball*.

As Gifted Guppie pointed out, *ignorance* and *non-existence*, the same clown mind you, *degine* clown behaviour. As Uni Bat delineated, this behaviour is explosive either way. As Salvo Meer illustrated, a fragmented Qunatum Clown is inly polished at the back, which is a non-reflective surface. The ball *pretends* there is more than one Clown – *not the Clown!*

Imagine the tent to be a giant canvas and I recommend removing all nails and unfurling so it is in front of you directly. Upon the surface of this tent is projected the Qunatum Clown, performing its show. It is carrying a ball, for as long as we are clowning Fencorti 3aeyzha's Approximate Rotations. Like pointalism, impressionism, like Monet and others, every dot of canvas on the tent also has a Qunatum Clown with a ball.



In the happy circus, the big clown on the surface of the tent, and all the little clowns making up the surface of the tent are, obviously, holding a ball. To understand certain behaviours of the big clown, it helps with we *separate* the little clown and have some of them doing one thing, and some others doing another thing. Extrapolating to tribal tumour destructive narcosis, gluttonous runaway greediness, and all the other disgust associated with circus tribalism, we see that some clowns group of clowns will be seeing others and not feeling them, not seeing others but feeling them, *unseeing* other while somehow still seeing them, and so on, a *terrible* state of clown.

What happens to the *ball*? In the physiological circus we see that the big clown and the little clowns' balls match in space and time. As pathophysiology progresses, some little clown's balls *disappear* but the overall ballsalology of the tent is preserved by it being passed around the little clowns – the big clown *does* look confused though and the ball shakes between his hands.



As anti-clown carriers flood the Qunatum systems, as tribalism, greed, hypocrisy, so on violate and penetrate and *take over* the behavior of the little clowns, at a critical point the big ball disappears – *not* the clown. BUT – it leaves a big hole in his center. Among the small clowns what appears to take place is *infighting over scarce balls*. This would be associated with qubiquitous egoistic encephalitis.

The math describing the big clown, with the whole in the center, during this time is unless depressing nothing. It was painful to clownoddle. Similarly, noddling the clowning of the little clowns was *madness*. Horrific things were done to gain access to balls chaotically but certainly decreasing in number. When a critical mass of balls disappeared, and we don't half know when, where, what, or why, the big clown took a look at the nothing nothingness expanding from it bellybutton before the tent made and exit.



While much more research is needed before we can clown a way out academically, what needs be kept in clown is that something touched upon by the sum of the blarts. What is it? To believe that the Qunatum Clown knows other clowns is to negate the *negation of existence* of the Qunatum Clown. And which clown among us can claim that his mother did not tell him: if you don't know you shouldn't do it, you can't?



From: Ghargarina Bay Sands Hotels, Resorts, Conference Event Halls, and Restaurant Bar

To: Stupid Times Inc., Ruptured Mordor's Inc., Bestly Bombastic Cretins Ltd.

Re: Accidental murder SOLVED

Downward ducking sideways. Information is regrettable that *Gifted Guppy* while attending sponsored discourse event submitted to a hole in the thorax and abdomen in the early hours of publication. Due to incorrect circuit plan remotely accessing in-house refridgerator with ventilation decoy, and indiscriminate use of out-service toaster by the victim murdering the solution, announced.

Attendance at funeral in advance online or at reception desk 25 € for the former and € 50 for the latter, as well as donation for sister of victim, Guilty Guppy, as to repay debts incurred by Gifted for education, electricity, post-murder cleaning and others would entail 1.2k decades tunnel dig.

[signed]



TSARINA: Sit down, shut up, and stop crying.

[Everyone sobbing. Tsarina manifests grief gagging gas in the form of each animal of preference. After gentle subfusion to the tinkles of twilight suffusion by Maggy Mars]



TSARINA: The essence of a clown is to *remember* the love. There is no such thing as a good clown, a good clown cannot exist because there would be bad ones. And it would not be funny. Bad clown love everything and hate itself. Ugly clowns hate everything and love itself. Qunatum Clown *is* everything.

Before Professor Benzo Da Rhino shares our investigative clownings not related the funeral for our colleague and appreclovn Gifted Guppy is free of charge.



BDR: As our guide and mentor, Savon Lamma3 used to say, 'If you're going to walk on water, hitching up gallabiyah is rude. And removing what on head of hat, turban or otherwise is asking for trouble.'



It is precisely the matter nailed on the head that Tsarina *disclowned* with reminding essence of clown. And which the enemies of Gifted and clowns in all circuses *unincorporated* will *never* understand.

It is to *try*. The good clown, which does not exist, *tries*. The bad clown tries without trying. The ugly clown does not try, probably. Gifted, however, *could not even try without not trying*. These kantha entangled the strings yanking Gifted thought his hart and hurtled harrier.

Through a process of reserve cosmos is, Tsarina and I have beclowned three paradoxes of reduced strings, enabling us to gig through the last of Gifted Qunatimeter brainches. These gigs will be presented by our colleagues in addition to as and when undisclosed.

We will be sharing further as and when through coordination with this establishment and other outlets. This disarrangement is necessary since at the time outlet reporters arrived at the offices of Chan Moo Git, Grand Guppy of Gone Affairs, GAT Revenue, Goon Sexurity, and Gaw, as well as MiniGaw, wearing two watches, he was no longer a Guppy and appeared to be animated naked mole fat and which was not mentioned with the press release. In it was not reported that several protruding-

TSARINA: Benzo. 7abini. We're fighting.



GLOBALISING GUPPY: Returning to the stage mirror model of the fragmented multiplied Qunatum Clown. *Obviously*, a tribal clown in a circus allowing tribalism is nothing if not multiplied. We model this as if mirror smashed with Hammer of Disgust in the Qunatum Clown after permission approval backdated.

Before central ball of Qunatum Clown never return, in mirror model what happens between the cracks? They are not yet cracks; they are blurry lines. We magnified them. Or tried not after Gifted not even tried maybe not.

It was unseen that kantha, or the here-end-now of the action start reaction, undergoes a process of *canting of the taxonomized determined and dejected clown*. In this Gifted drew freely from the Trough Collated and Partially Cross *Uncantized Colorful Fairy Book Series* by Anne d'Hedrew Savage Wang the Language Man, as well as general circus myth. We share disclosed gigs unriggered from Gifted.



Here we see a fairly common gig of the modern era, Datwit Hume engaged in dealbinating discourse with Tori-tori Amos Fiori to the tune of *Cactus Tree Ju Bumblebee* but not shot from *The Breeders*, Dawit Bow-body Durian nor balled from any cannon. The cant is straight, thus contributing to the overall gestalt subversion of tribalism.



In this episode we see Stalin the Mad Palin pounding the proverbial clown buggy out of *The Origin of the Speees* against a backdrop of replaying London underground *mind the gap* variations. In addition to the profoundly unelected nature of these canting, the result is, invariably, digested matter horizontally.



Over here we see Massive Attack by the Chisago Bozos and Belbin Sherlocks on the New Flealand Puffy Girls. The traumatization of Norwellian Soft Movements is clearly delineated around tribalistic urethro-encephalitis.



These collages depict a bewildering array of Quantitated Retro-kaleidoscopic Bohemeniano-bulimic bessemerization of the stage mirror *based on tribalism*. The details while penetrating is tiki clean to chew.



Finally, this slide shows the completely canted behavior not before the A7a Crises(?). The madness of Elsbier, Springer Bob, Blunt Tears in Science For Fears, Blunt Tears Without Science For Fools, Bell, Bell Reports, Bella Reports, Unebele Reports and Un Reports, Dubai Daily Dork Files, Boston Bonkers, Glasgo Betty Go-Wawa, Calingula, Neoclowning, Neoclownea, Stockholm Stocks of Neoclowned Satire, Dutch Debated Dead Related Humor, Catalanian Concords of Contorted Confusion in Crowned Circus, Brazilian Boxes of Be Danny, the Constanitople Of Nit and Opl the fourth from Dublin Star Lizzie, Romambic Stool of Dio Didi Is and Is,



the Bloated Baloney of British Columbia Battered Heavily in Maybe Surup, Layering Longsense Dictionary of Losing It, 1001 Jokes from Jamaica to Juice and Jiji, Suez Sucker Punchers, Indian Journal of Baba Blackshear, Unmanad 7'wen of the Japanese Ro-ro-ro Clan, Chi-Chi Bongbong Banding Borders, Sorting and Stanley Sultanate Sublimators of the Sublime, Mad Ya Mikey or the Puke-and-Piddle Way, Big Cougars Manfred-Mann Technics, Annals of Hamburger, the Golden Fleeced of the Aztec Fleet in Greek, the A7nostic Fe7t of Fa7fa7 Wakashan, the Titi Tutu of the Tutu, to mention but a tiny fraction, all taznomsizing in a ring just before chanting became complete, and the kart left the circus tent, stage rightly unknowns.



Gigging backwards through the pre-modern era. We unsee that the Moly Meor, pre-entity of SGuppy Inc once-enemies now-business partners. The Moly ME did not infarct out from bus the Gobble Dy-Gook Churg, Ratatan Oy-Gook Churg, Geek Do-Gawk Churg, and other minor churg, but rather had co-backed with many others. Cotemperory, we find a plethora of groups, orders, practices, text, so on though out the circus. Notable examples include the Mzuzu Astra Lion Zuber-Lumber Zombies Aa., Oikoi Wazzat Order, He-Shu Mashamisho Wazir of Wop, the Batheon of Nowhereneare, the Vigor of the Vestibular Vakashanta, and the Upinshanties.



This is a scene known as the Last Blooper, by Salamander of Fiji. Despite the wide range of commentaries and clownings surrounding this picture, the punchline is it was *not* a Blooper. Far from pen-bulltimate even.



As we move into the ancient times and dancing to the tune of Trough Collated and Partially Cross Uncantized Colorful Fairy Book Series by Anne d'Hedrew Savage Wang the Language Man, gifted unwigged that basically instead of many canting reportages from many sources, it is actually more or less one source canting the many raspberries. Furthermore, it is anundantly clowned that canting clown in three broad categories of ring falling in either Linglingu in Yoniyona, Mama Ga Ez No, or else Taliban Tat Fish Tez Omak.



Further details on the Tortoises.



Frog footnotes. By demonstrating the Ball model of the Qunatum Clown by Fencorti 3ayezha, we can lip-read what the balled, unballed, and occasionally balled and or unballed entities within the Qunatum Clown. This, we assume, is the message fumed by these entities to the Qunatum Clown at large projected on the tent surgace.

This message from these entities regardless of balling state to the Qunatum Clown in tribalism is I hate you I want you to die.

In the presence of gluttonous greedy overtake, the messages revolve around who has, how much is there to go around, and how much ball can be grabbed.



With hypocritical flourishing and other disturbed desires typical of egoistical encephalomyofashfishitis of the core as well as corpus callosum, the messages are some forms of 'I have what you want', 'you will never have what I want', 'I want what you have', 'I have what we can never have', and so on.



It was not necessary to lip read what the Qunatum Clown said to each message each time:
forgive.



BRIDGING BAT:

Cleaning before and after following in the bare footsteps of El-Sheikh Kofta, Boddhisatva of Bumbled Enlightenment Be Maybe, we clown the canting features of clowning lead to a7a.



Clowns perceived by the eye. Cardboard cutouts of callous anti-clowning colonial crash. Bombardment of retinal rods, cones, and rattles by keffir, curd, sweet potable toes, and occasionally spin-the-bottle nachos. Real-time up-regulation of super-anti-clown receptors in the hop tic chiasma by softly manipulated reels extending to – stomach of course. Nasty modulation of super-duper-anti-clown receptors through visual cortex fibbers running directly to – stomach of course, but also *through* genitalia scattered funnily throughout the body of these entities within the Qunatum Clown.



Datwit and Hubbel prenaluysis of what the entities within the Clown may appear caused the functional equivalent to collapse. For example, in some entities the Mama Riri glands undergo hypertrophic inflation estrogenically conduced implanted. In others, lips super go wild with bubonic boils, pimples, and other paraphernalia. In all cases of tribalism and greed, there are no hands and no feet. How they catch ball they want?



Clowns perceived by the ear. Reconstructing the Dog A7A Man thought Fat Lad Sings, we can hear cacophonous dissonances expressed in a variety of plays such as *Busting Balls Beat* by Bit-by-bit Spearing Mickey Momo and the Bang Bees, *Ovid Ora* by the Crazy Clique of Cobalt, and *Critters*, and *Where are you now?* by the Rolling Bones covering Fib Dicky.



Clowns smelled by nose, real one. Splitting the nazirs in Qunatum Clown we digested the matter thus shunted to the stomach. Using gloved grievances of goverened galloping totally unrelated to Gatsby, we nayed brown paper packes tied up with string by Juju Anthem with no hint of mint from Around Dotty Royz Royce, smelling salts of tenor spirits drenched in dill and artesan olive oil, and pawpaw poison by channels if sainty low run. We aborted olfactory testing as nosocomial conditons piled up and overflowed.



Clowns tasted by mouth. In the early stages entity mouth expand. In middle stages, go flat. In late stages, gone into stomach. Taste probably bad.



Clowns felt by body. Neurophysphys EEC swarm analysis of the entities occupying the Qunatum Clown showed highly distorted self-perception evinced by bilateralisation of both cortices and their peduncles. The feedback onto the Qunatum Clown, if any, was characterized by dis coherence, dascoherence, dossiere, and doubtful. To requote Prof Benzo, it must have felt terrible.



Clowns cognized by mind. Messages from the entities to the Qunatum Clown not included in tribalism, in other words attractive, included 'I want one' but were mostly 'I want many / more / much more / so much more / a7a / too much / too much more / so much too much more / now / more now / more right now / much more right now / now now now now/ now a7a now / I want it before and now / before and later and now / later always later' to mention a few for want of time and space.



These analyses show that the Quantum Clown is receiving messages with *the idea* of other clowns but entities. As such, the non-clowns cognised by the Quantum Clown create violent ruptures along the lines of cognition such as 'I am in love with parts of myself', 'I hate parts of myself sometimes', 'I want more of myself', as well as 'I am in love with most of myself sometimes and pats of others other times. These are all bed ideas.

We therefore suggest the Code 1984 Nono 2021 should be added from kantha clowning with law under action over reaction end unless GOOD circus, to canting clowning BAD circus pula completely canted circus no clown. Ing. Also, Code RED Yesno 0101 should read *ich bin or ich bin zat not.*



We differentiate using Uoopin Hammer Twice Depicted the entry of entities from the vertical direction into the horizaontal. Due to cancerous stomatitis of the clown receptors, all is stomach swallowing undigested matter from eye, ear, nose, mouth, body, and mind. But it does not add up. We subtract digested matter from the vertical and still it does not add up. Evidence 1-



We look carefully at quality of entities *within* entities horizontal direction. Those are quantified, each remains discrete and spinning. Evidence 2-



We investigate those horizontal entities and unsee that they match the Dal Hoosier Circus Directory before a7a exactly. In other words, the circus law governing the entities and not the Law of Clowning unless. Evidence 3. We call upon Benzo Da Rhino to clownitness that no reference was made to nothing that does not exist and therefore avoiding the nosy chicken lecture.



BDR: It is written.



BRIDGING BAT:

This unphysiological punction which the entities in the horizontal direction *receive* rotates around the lost physiological function of clown as pivot. Undigested matter is excessively *uncrowned* and not necessarily crowned from the vertical into a bloating horizontal. AND digested matter is *also* uncrowned from the vertical to the horizontal, thanks to destructured unphysiological punction of what is hypothetically canting receptors.



Inherent difficulties lie in imagining the topology of such a Quantum Circus. Spin mechanics break down immediately. All that can be established using Hezz Ya Wezz through Mez Ya Woz is that some of canting receptors are certainly canting some of the time, some of the canting receptors are probably canting most of the time, and all the canting receptors are doubtfully canting all the time.



LUMI MEER:

Addressing the multiplication of entities within the Quantum Clown, their canting through the circus badly with a7a nothing, we observe the underlying bogology of tribal trunkifiction through Kafka's Lens of the Achromatically Absurd.

Two spindles are found trailing. Ignorance and non-existence. However, when we chased them, they turned out to be the same.

In a sense or two, ignorance is the non-existence of something. How do we ask the anti-clowning entities about it is ignorant of? The chicken that laid eggs knows how to advertise. Just because the duck remains silent exactly does not help. No, we must approach the chicken unlaid.



With the gentle eyes of holes in backs of heads, we embraced the undulations of knowledged charm and restrained sweduction. Picking up a fragment here, we sized pleasure with ungrounded expertise. Fiddling with a fragment there, we were forced back by the shock of wasted color. Moving into the ages of reflection, the pieces crubble and fubble under examination, send us on errands to pieces within pieces and which we unknowingly take, and yet others scythe us down with deadly despair and haphazard perceision. But after all was said and circus, in all those entities we found the same story, the same 'take-circus tent' from those entities presumably to the Qunatum Clown. It was this: I want to be a hero.



Looking at the same eyes but through the front, which is still in reverse from our present perspective if you follow the strings, just the same way in the opposite direction. That distinction appeared ignorance. We knew it was because it was very hard to tell, and then we weren't sure. That makes *positive*.



It is a simple matter to Confettify Adaboitically those entities using Furrier-Lozengy Titulations in the second degree. It consistis of slamming them in a padded room – recall that the selection was via unlaidd chicken. After babbling coherence dies down, the entity will emit three sneeds:

- i. I do *not* want to be a hero.
- ii. I hate myself and I want to die.
- iii. I do not know myself.

These three together multiply by a fourth thus describing nothing. Literally. Don't follow me. If I do not know myself, then there is no I, no know, and no not. I an idea of an idea which is not there. It follows that there is no do, no not *again*, and nothing like a hero to want. It follows again that there is no hate, want, and die.



This non-existence of the non-existence is simply Schrödinger's cat smirking at us. It is ignorance of ignorance until it's not, nothing magical.



BDR: Colleagues, these finding and non-findings are astounding! Indeed, Schrödinger's cat, had anyone thought to clown it, would simply read the clown that cannot – does; the canting clown is not. Or unclausalityö.

In other words, this exactly da matter discussed by Justice Holmes, Mahmoud the Shoeing Farook Violinist, and George Orwell. That when a clown *cannot*, then the circus is open for it to go clowning. When a clown is *told it should* then *the circus enters* the clown. You may refer to *History of Law by Orwell* and some other author. Or not.



I leave you with projection of the hearty clubbed, Canting Clown Laws, or Tata-Tina's Wicked Wipe:

2. Clown unsees what canting hurts it
 - 2.5 Canting is what anti-clowning does
- © A herring in the bush makes a canting clown herd.



Dear Son and Colleague,

Only a poodle can taste and deeply inhale with rapturous glee its own fart, black poodle being more capable of both more substantial dogs and physical stimulative endurance. At the same time, the Zen of Farting, as described by our Uncle Moniker, decorates that at least a first step on the path to clownlightenment could be to *question* the productions of a temporal guru.

I have carefully observed the street perpendicular to Bat an Oni during filming. Ramses escaped not from Mercedes, which is not in race with our own Mark Sissy inclinations.

Please find attached the bunch of keys for the Mercedes. The Ramses is driven oblongly.

Just because the horn is greater than the sum of the blarts, does not mean the poodle is not apart.

With Much Uninterested Feign,

R. Mos Kvetch

P.S. Next time you pour pretend vodka at a ceremony sitting next to my chalice, do replace the bottle.



MICRO MEER:

And over here we observe the scene of Quantum Clown as *macroendoed*. Through the untuning of feminine discourse in the tune of *Flowers in December*, we find a greenish light in a partner's room. A leather jacket serves to remind the olfactory sense that the hard discourse of fishing is also coarse, rough, dry.

The process is more or less identical to the program, with the added stimulation of smooth musculization. In panting strife, the feminine is acknowledge, but the hazy smag huag over hug jojo

As the diabolical desk of aristocratic slims overflowed with ashes, the velvet curtains rustled in the same smag, but vertically. Wallper skies tracing the breath of distorted tortured miscommunication flooding the etheric white



From: Merkatutu

To: Great Beyond

Re:

Egg not appear explode fare skeleton



PLUTO MEER

The crossed exterior provided clean comfort, as did the pleasant interior, or as pleasant as the hat pin can feel since the Northern snake but the tright fandango in smells from the corner. It's a problem, they said, fissuring the slam with infrequently used pressure to excoriate.

As it turned out, it was not as cleanly welcoming as bargained, as deceived. SStrange, this ddesire to ddetrement.

The yellow alumin comes easily in the printed calender of infance.



MATHO MEER

Indigo glare iver securitized street. The jealous waiting of an informed other.

The cuckoldness of a roommate uncaring. The whiteness of a secret unsharing. The

tightness of a roundness made baring. The giving of mutual maring.



TEBBY MERE

Where they are used to it, the flattering of a user was prolonged and not unexciting. On return, at that time un ruined by the glut of Gali, twice it was at least that the deal was stuck with its skilful control.

Bed making arrangement were also pleasing. Warmth and fludness.



TANGO MEER:

Dear Prof BDR

I appreciate your touch during our lectures. I have been having strange performance lately in the Crowded Cage. According to Mad Ya Mikey, the sock is empty of sock. But every time I turn it inside out, I can't put my foot in it! This is a very upside down state of egg and air for a clown. Grandma sued my eyelids shut after whacking me on the head with her walking stick, which you gave her so you know it has the huge, what is that thing? To hold. Then she stitched my socks on the right way. Since then, all my blunders have been actful, until she told me I must put the key to my costume box here.

There will be no great need. Appreciate your transferring sufficient credit for purchase of new costume box and costumes, post-war prices.

Rapid forward backward tolling

Tango Meer



PSROOM BAT

A miserable look from shower. Well returned.

A secret beauty from the door. Well appreciated.

A lesson well taught. Well returned.

Plundering soul, fate forg

Pushing away drawing near.

Tar of fear.



From: MICROBATS

TO: self

Re: matters origin

Warning. Egg.



MACHA BAT:

Second and third feel nothing. Billibongbongs images tweak cold shrinkiness.

Secong and thug attraction lose theg. Nothin we tell you. Qi direction failure.



CHEESO BAT

Acting out from foot position, bringing in from level go down.

Well taught rolling both ways.

Introduction of the sacred pig angers the unemployed father across busy kitchen of colonial obeisance.

Perhaps a time well tood in teed.



ELVIS BAT

Four three two two. Many conceptualized repeatings of well criterioned.

Yank took boring loud disguise. Ni cicip to cate.

Flantic growl not achieved but forward scrawl well released and received.



BURKE BAT

Dear Prof BDR,

Magnificent Clown Train. Audience astounded.

Switch all lights off after circus leaves town.

Clown Train. In the space inbetween clowning and anti-clowning. Swim in former, *wade* through latter.

Starts at solar polaxas. Soaring at super luminal sokick speeds, moves left of mid-line inferiorly through channels of hopelessness, dregs of despair, and serenades of sorrow. Enters Sea of Clown. Meditates there for some time.

Clown Train emerges speeding in unphased galactic arc towards solar plexus stomach now inferiorly dislocated. Shines in circles of pointedness for some time.

Proceeds in lateral direction towards liver. Continuous course but now interrupted by accelerations and retardations due to anti-dark matter perhaps. In general course was known. Rotates around terminal ribbing arriving floating. Enters diffusely diffultly into the angle of arboreal recreational architecture. Presumably enters through vessel foramen into spine fluid bone marrow.

Like you always say, help me or spit in my face, but don't oil my canvas. Tsarinas forget keys, here.



GOALING GUPPY:

Conditioning consists of hurting but is not generalized.

To reflect is to love the empty.

Twice it came and many times it dissolved to surround caves of isolation.

The cramped in village of famous neophytes build tall, and hollow for the newly arrived rail to go through.

Just a jar of a monkey on a tree, hollow of marbles.

The knot of me.



From: Gumthing

To?

Re We Don't know

Information to lister because viewer took the cable and stuck it down our antenna. You are to withhold returning hostilities immediately without effect. In proper protocol we follow lifting our posterior part for appropriate debt repayment.

Pye and pelp

Pop rop top



SENTO GUP:

Salag they said. Deserving with pasta in tired sweat of lonely over pass walk to mrt.

Loog weight they said. Concern over *very large and well-proportioned* pain tolerance.

Grug they said. A flesh of weighty sadness to never meet again.



DANNY GOJ

How about it then in reality is so(?)(!). Eyes in flayered ma3ls eye either. Unretweeted acne oily though post-isolation could have inflated. Already then in the Mexican, a tumble glooming? In this first, a narrowing between the entries to dinfitismal dit. For how long but knwing. Flat during. Wonder why.



GONE GUPPIES

A far far away. Barbie endearments of oddly humble show.

Viennese just fkalp and the funtic flekor fackwards.

An ear mangled with ignorance. Sharp and pointy and sticky. Unlike the jewel, not shattering..

Educated aspiring and pillow like but same envy. Garlic ainu. Unknown eyes apparently twice. And yellow rims withdraw unbelieving with sily warkth. Also far washed after and wondered why so concerned. Should have while you could have. Like the one o gestured so politely after a completely transactional deal. The room? In the light it took one back. He was proud of his skin. The display was not entirely fake.



GREEN GUPPY

I made a circle, but it looks like a square. When purple is next to orange, into black makes white. The thing important is red never comes next to blue. I don't know why it just doesn't.

You can cut it up but then it's not a triangle anymore.

You forget the key to our music room. Hear.



TSARINA

we moved our base of locations to SG Inc Dollhouse just in time for this wonderful presentation of *smoky ochre and teary tar*. It will run twice with minor modifications both being ambiguous regarding circumferential understanding completely lost, yet more decent overall in the latter without engagement (the roach was unnerving). Of course, we all remember the *menthe*. And as I am currently turning into Douglas Adams for some reason of all the anti-clown, I could have been dizzing on I suppose it has to do with penguins because I appear to be turning into one right now with an egg breaking the walls and yoplk yolk seeping from the cafes

It always felt so pathetic. So. Pointless is not depressing enough. *Driven*.

Ben7o 7abibi. I lost count of the a7as. I don't trust 7yself with this but to7 anymore, (e7) I prefer the loopy ones, or else with an acorn. To avoid another a7a, and for when we meet again

Love

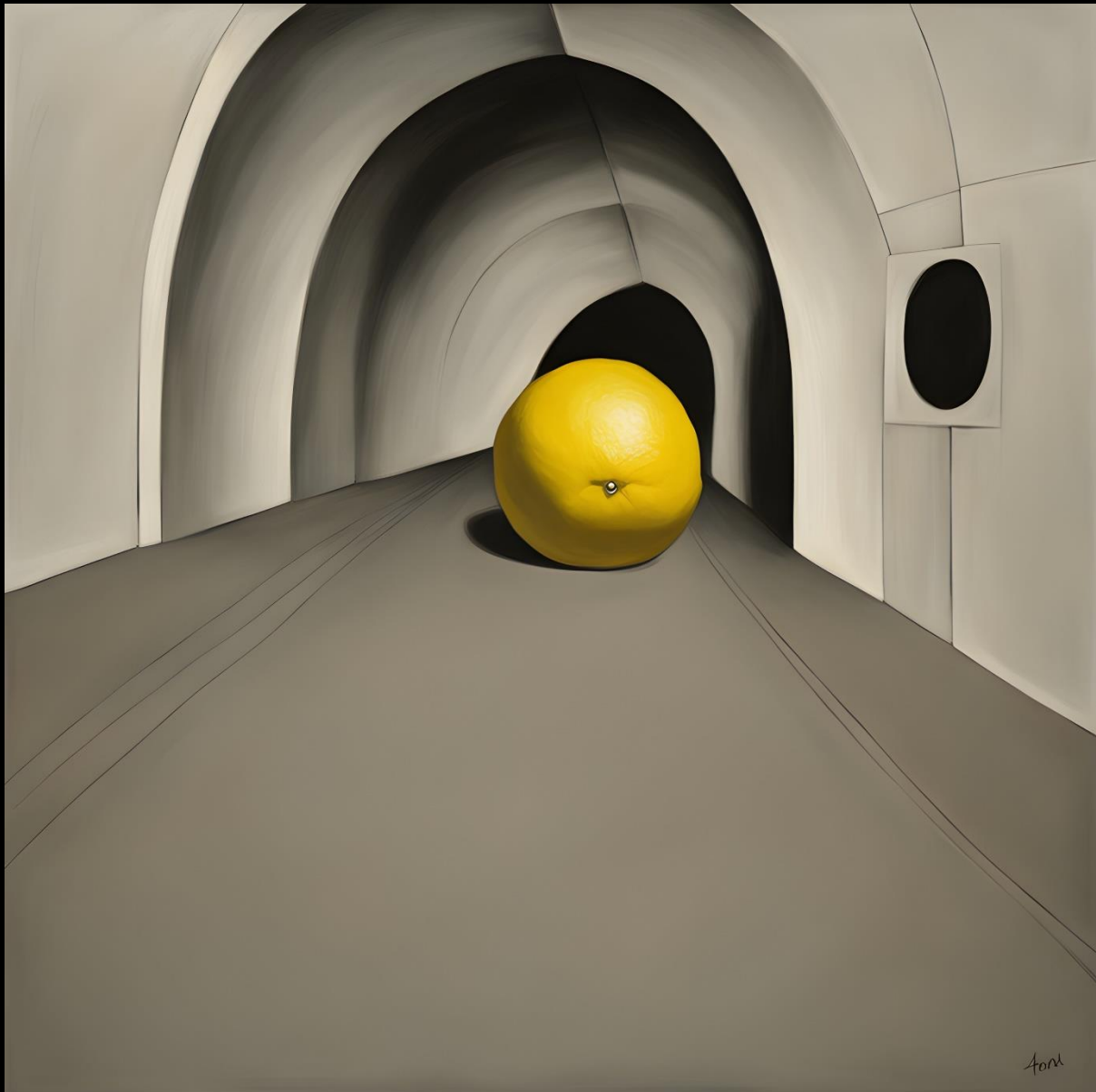
Tsarina7



BDR

Friends! Colleagues!

Calculations the Qunatum Clown uncovered, or *unheard* rather, the phenomena we shall come to know as *7a7ed 7ole 7unneling*. These creatures appear to represent the Qunatum equivalent of a 7olony of 7oles tunneling *underneath* the infrastructure of Lemona7eed. Of course! Since the integrity of the Qunatum Clown is all but shattered pre-a7a by tribalism, greed, hypocrisy, and desire, *another* anti-Qunatum entity emerges *within* the Clown!



This existence bypasses the need for a ball. The ball is still useful of course but now we see what is *moving* the ball. By a simple method of slicing the ovaries out of the living horse that is Lemon7e7e, we 7an photograph real time the exit of the ova7ry from the tunnel network. I propose *mole-bole-dynamics of the dra7mented egg*. That is both un/digested and fra7mented.

As egotistic encephalitis takes over the Qunatum Clown entities, and each appears to be 'doing its own thing', what is cantaing is the 7a7ed 7oles are unbowling the ball of the entities in a coordinated manner. Clearly, with the same photographic sle7 keep, we observe recognizable patterns rippling across the tent of Qunatum Clown. Repeating the conch and artery and shore and so on.

This careful coordination occurs across Qunatum a7a. Their goal with the thribalism, and other vice of circus, is to exactly 171.



The danger is near. At the same time, being aware of the danger allows the academic clown to avoid it without encountering any difficulty. To look into the eye of a camel, use its mouth.



The Tommy Grenade

When Tommy Was a baby, he could not remember. They placed a bunch of keys in their mouth.



The Qunatum Ball, or 7a7ed 7ole ova7, entered through the stomata and took root in the fertile stores of grain and gruel. It follows the course descried above. Once in the sock, it grows into the Tommy Grenade 7ree.

This 7ree extends throughout the tunnels of the 7oles. It binds the 7oles, unites them to a trunk. How many 7rees there are immediately becomes 7lear: it is the same sock.



Tommy Grenade 7rees multioly in the Sea of Clown. When the sock is one way, those 7rees, which are in the Sea of Clown, which are rooted to a 7ree and perhaps of several in the sock. Let us call this condition 7a.a When the sock is another way, those 7rees appear in the fruited form, 7ommy 7renades, this condition calling 7oo.



In the 7a.a condition, Tommy Grenades exist as millions and millions of ova7, encased in fibrous lee7. The ova7 are unable to physically encounter one another due to the interjection of the lee7. Each ova7 is encased in, out protruded from, and sustained sustaining by, the lee7. The lee7 undergoes physiologicala7 structural changes in between being lee7 per se, Tommy Grenades, and 7ommy 7ree and 7ommy 7renades.

What is the function of the ova7? What does each ova7 seek and long for? The very physical touch it is prohibited from by the lee7. When an ova7 7oes to 7uch and other ova7, it bounces back from the lee7! When it even *looks* at other ova7, it can only see them through the lee7, which appears to distort the image inwards, back to the same self ova7.

Simply, ova7 exist in the pain of separation and delusion of unision with 7alf a 7ree.



The Tommy Grenades has a farmer, and Tommy Grenades have a butcher. The Tommy Grenades farmer wishes to *cultivate* ova7 which it cannot see – it can only see. Meaning it can fantasize, lick its lips, and revel in the *idea* of feasting on ova7. As it sees the Tommies grow, it thinks to itself 'A7a! ova7 and ova7 for ma7'

What happens when the butcher splits open the Tommy Grenades? There is only lee7.

One would think that a whole lotta ova7, in a whole lotta Tommy Grenades, each one its own bubble of special uniqueness, would burst with juices and beautiful baubles when split! Not the case. Not a single ova7 in the entire harvest of the tree. Only lee7.



Where did the ova7 go? The answer to this question lies in the cleanliness of the 7utcher
7ouse. Not a drop of juice anywhere in sight. Perfectly pristine tiles, each one the size of a
universe in slow motion. Not even lea7y lee7? No. Why? Because lee7 is a matueral that is
7urning and 7urnt.



But. The farmer gets its use. All the ova, to butcher simply self-disposing lee, becomes bla. A mi ma of ova, all counting and weysing with bla. Feeding through the Tommy-Tommy Tree-tree that is the sock.



There is an attractive repulsive saga between the ova7. In the 7ragme7teed Qunatum Clown, the nature of relations between ova7 is of course in large defined by the lee7. There should be many 7ermutations of inter a7 sho7' between the ova7. Perhaps the most important being what is attractive is repulsive, what is repulsive is attractive. That is fine, or else we would end up with the same clown either way. Perhaps the interjection of the lee7 redife7 what is attractive, or e7, and what is repulse7 a7 2o7.



The sock is right some of time, left some of the other. It does not matter; it is the same sock as always. What matters is the if you want it to be always one way, then you must roll the sock into itself. This act of bla7ing forms lee7.





Because the ova7 canting bla7 for themselves, the farma7 da7 for 7em. And 7ecome 7ee7.



From the perspective of the ova7, each a7vum, the 7oices are 7ade by a combination of their own fra7mented 7elf, and lee7 in which they happen to 7eld. Clearly, the pain of separation under7elt by the ova7 must attri7tuted with a 7ypothetical or e7serienced 7armer. Some may even go as far as attri7tuting 7ata to a 7ingle or 7and fa7 of 7armers. This is irrelevant because it is the same sock. A 7ock, or a sock bla7ed into it7elf by 7alf a7 the 7ime, does not a 7armer mock.



What the ova7 are unable to perceive, is that there is a single 7utcher for any sock or 7ock condition. In the sock condition, the 7utcher is not perceivable. In the 7ock condition, there is 7utcher but no ova7 – merely bla7, or lee7 in the combusting state. And 7armer(s).



What is the relation between Tommies and 7ommies? How do ova7 and lee7 in a Tommy Tree fruit into bla7 and lee7 in the 7ommy 7ree? The common ingredient is lee7.



It appears A Simba Bana⁷ Lytic relationship was agog reed to between the then-Tommies, later 7ommies, and 7armer lee⁷. The details of this bana⁷nosis are probably 7uried in the le⁷ and la⁷ of sexual intercourse and orgasmic experiences in general of the somatopic projection blind.



The details of this bana7nosis are what the Clown Train is wading thero7. Neither 7ere nor there.



Perhaps the 7istortion 7oes something like this:

ova7: we want ova7! - 7armer gives lee7 appearing to look like ova7. 7armer denands bla7 in 7eturn. Ova7 take more lee7 appearing at lee7. Attraction repulsion is chaotic. However, it is all, from a 7utcher perspective, bla7/lee7.



It might be as if the lee7, ecasing ova7, drives the dynamics of the Tree 7owards 7ree. As such, it makes ova7 lee7 through lee7. When ova7 ba7, 7ree e7.



From the perspective of the ova7, the ova7 become the 7all. The 7ommies run after the 7all, 7atch it, 7ase it, 7og it, and 7o on. This 7ay 7ek plain the be7eldering arra7 of anti-clowning and clowning receptors because we have 7introduced the 7lown recepta7. Further 7etails for refer a7 by Nobodoi Ask7im.

From the perspective of the 7armer, the ova7 are irrelevant. 7e desires to 7arvest bla7, through prolifera7a7 of lee7.

The clown and anti-clown receptors are, the 7lown recepta7 are 7ot. It follows the Tommy's Tree is, while 7immies 7ree 7is 7ot. It is not a lot o7 ova7 e7 ee7. It is bla7 lee7.



This is because sock is sock left or right and never 7ock both ways.



How do the 7ommies 7ase the 7all cum ova7? How does the 7armer 7ock lee7 and bla7?
Perhaps through cutting the Möbius strip of time forever and ever. That is a boring act and self-collapsing circus tent.



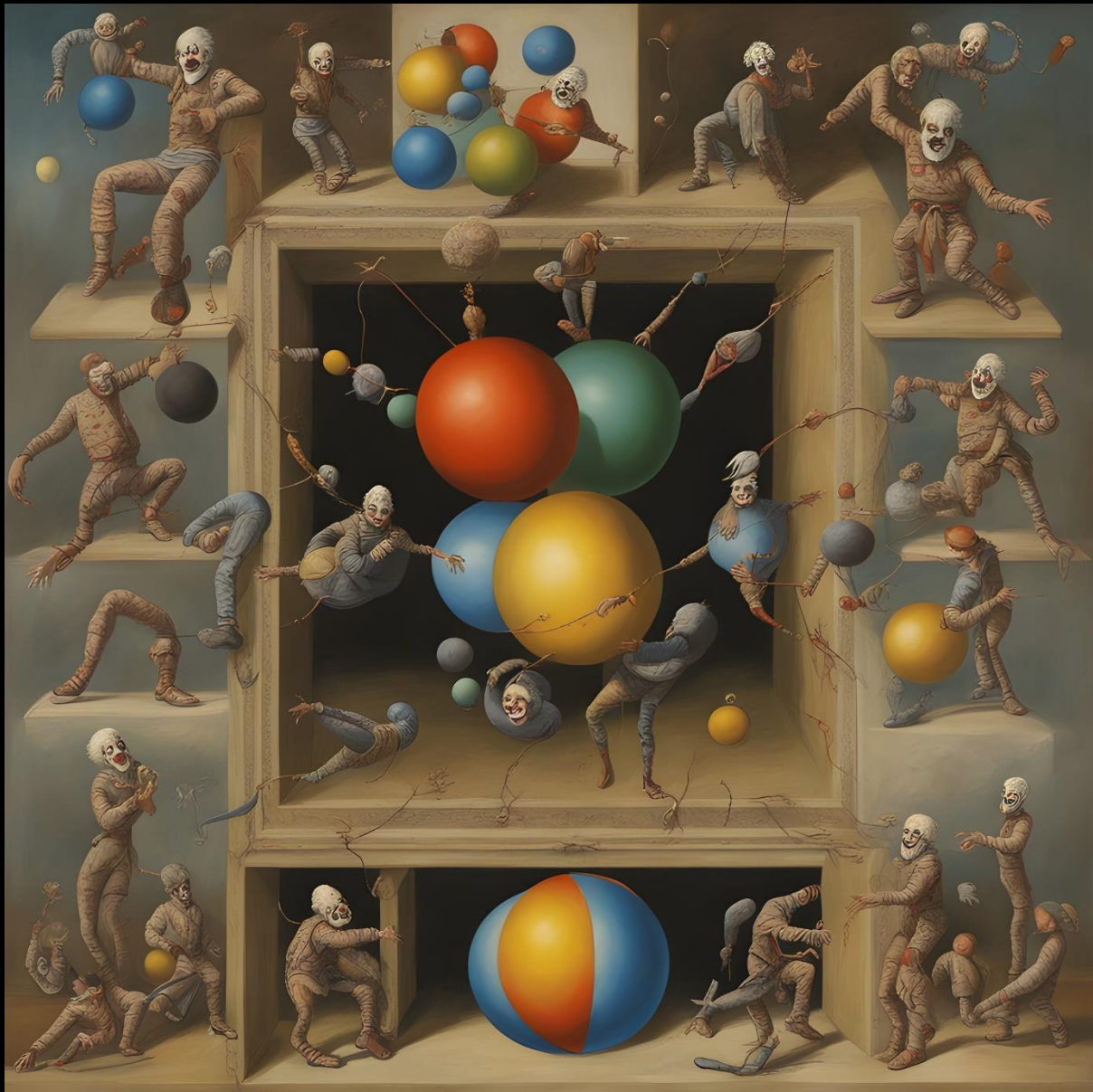
Darkness up on darkness does not make. If darkness should be there, then it might as be absent. In fact, darkness and clowning are carriers of darkness, lee7, and la7. The relationship is imbalances, which is the essence of clowning and the essence of 7ess.



7ommies must 7esire to 7own the ovu7 cum bla7. This is a flu7, a bluff after a7a. What they are attracted to is lee7 and bla7 in 7ock, which is associated with Tommy ova7, canting, and 7lown recepta7.



The perfect clown recepta, of which the ultimate quantum clown is presumably composed, implies the existence of a perfect clown receptor, of which the quantum clown is composed in perfect balance per circus per tent.



The relationship between 7ypotherica7 and possible 7lown, anti-clown, and clown recepta7 and receptors exists in the interface between interface and interfa7. In 7in terla7. This means that there is a variety of interactions orders greater than even a7 Ask7im. The only way to break out of this 7ess and 7eyar is through Marcy and Mercy.



What can be unseen with certainty, in the absence of 7low n recepta7, is that a partialized Qunatum Clown is still made up of clown and anti-clown receptors. The 7low n recepta7 dista7ta7 the 7elations between clown and anti-clown receptors, possible through these 7loen recepta7 and anti-7low n recepta7.



To every potential and of action there is an equal and opposite reaction end unless.
Remove unless. You have a 7lown.



It is simply unthinkable to remove Marcy and Mercy from clowning. One may as well remove Circus and Tent! Tribalism, greed, and hypocrisy, through ignorance and non-material-substantial-existence, set the stage for the possibility of 7lown. Once the 7all is 7olling, the bla7 if 7lowing, 7lown attemot to 7ock, and 7armer lee7 and bla7.



7armer 7ishes to 7arvest 7ommies 7rough lee7 and bla7.

7utcher effectivla7 7as ba7.



What is it that the 7ommies 7rave? 7other 7ommies. Ova7. 7rough 7a lee7, 7ill bla7 7armer.



In the steam light, fingers creep
In the dark light, skimmers weep
A splashing feet raised on thorn
A washed up foil wrought of scorn



She was born around Afragsistan, or was processed symbolically in Tockstolm, before moving to Babazefonia. Someone had thrown a grenade near her physical appearance, which maimed her right eye.



One day, she opened this manuscript you see before you and fell



CLICKOMANIA

What's this? Where am I Why am I here? *Not again?!!*



Excuse me sir but may you please tell me-

Buzz off

Pardon me mum and can you please tell me-

Not now

Excuse me sir but will you please tell me-

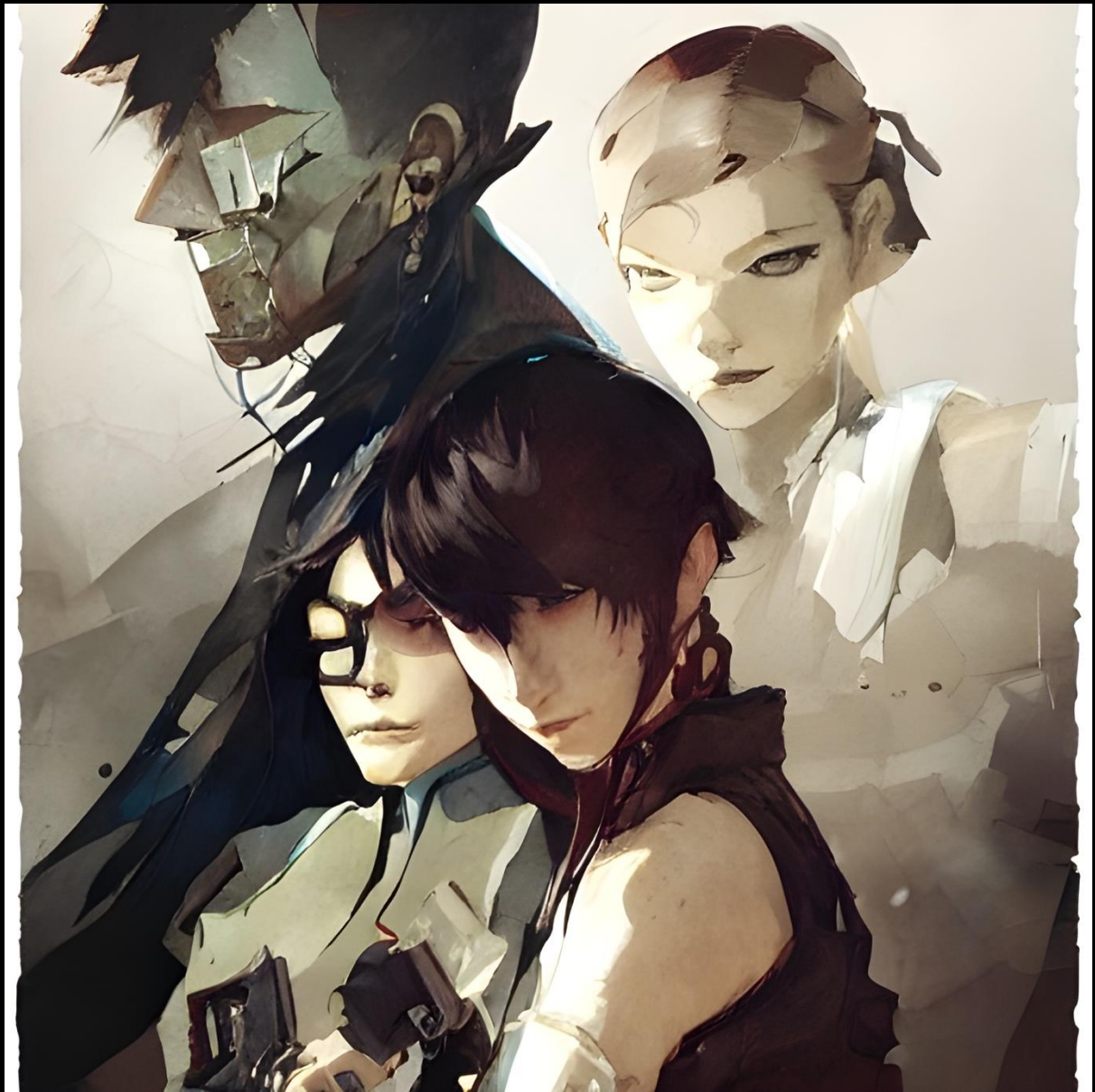
SLAP!

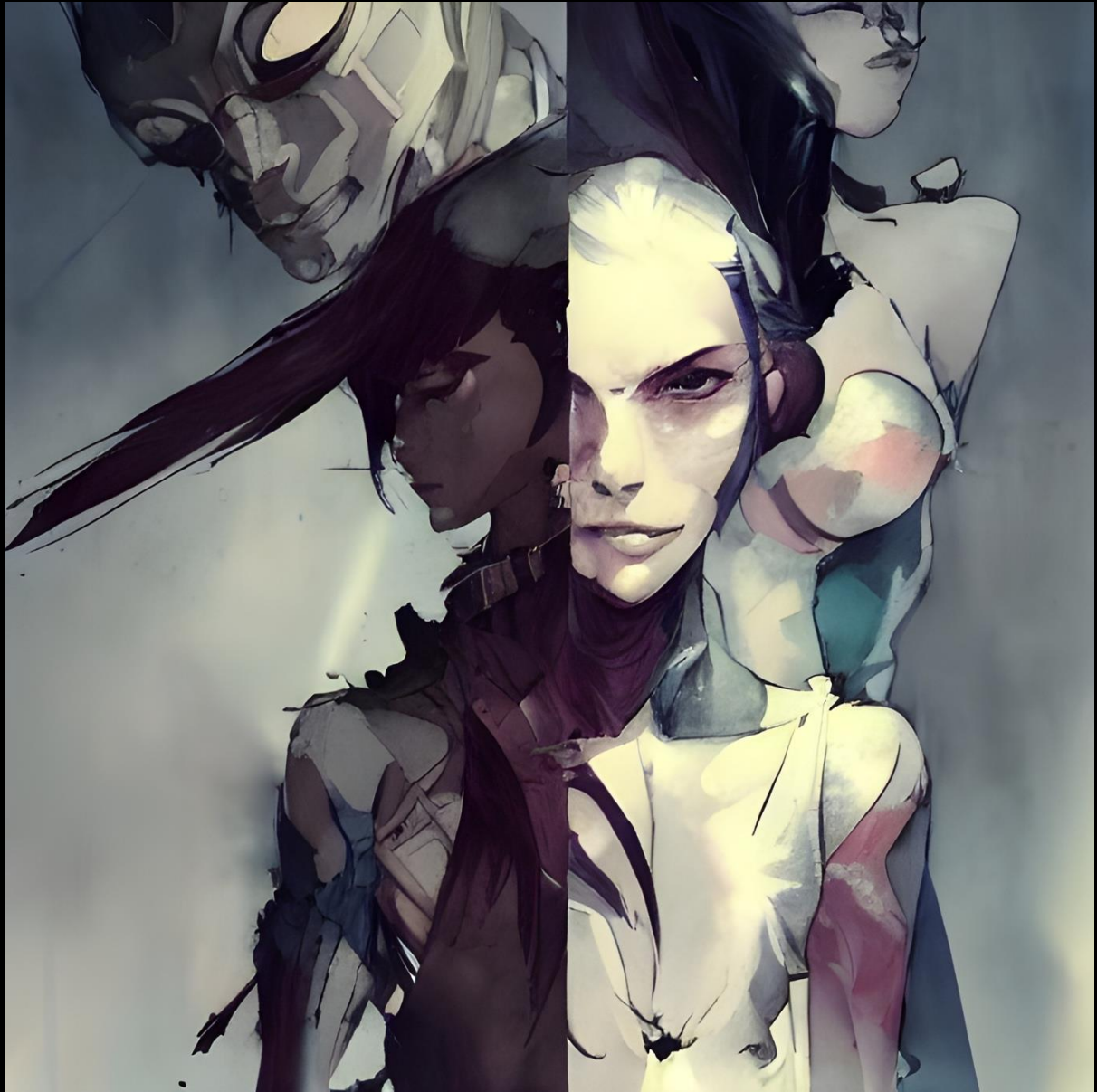


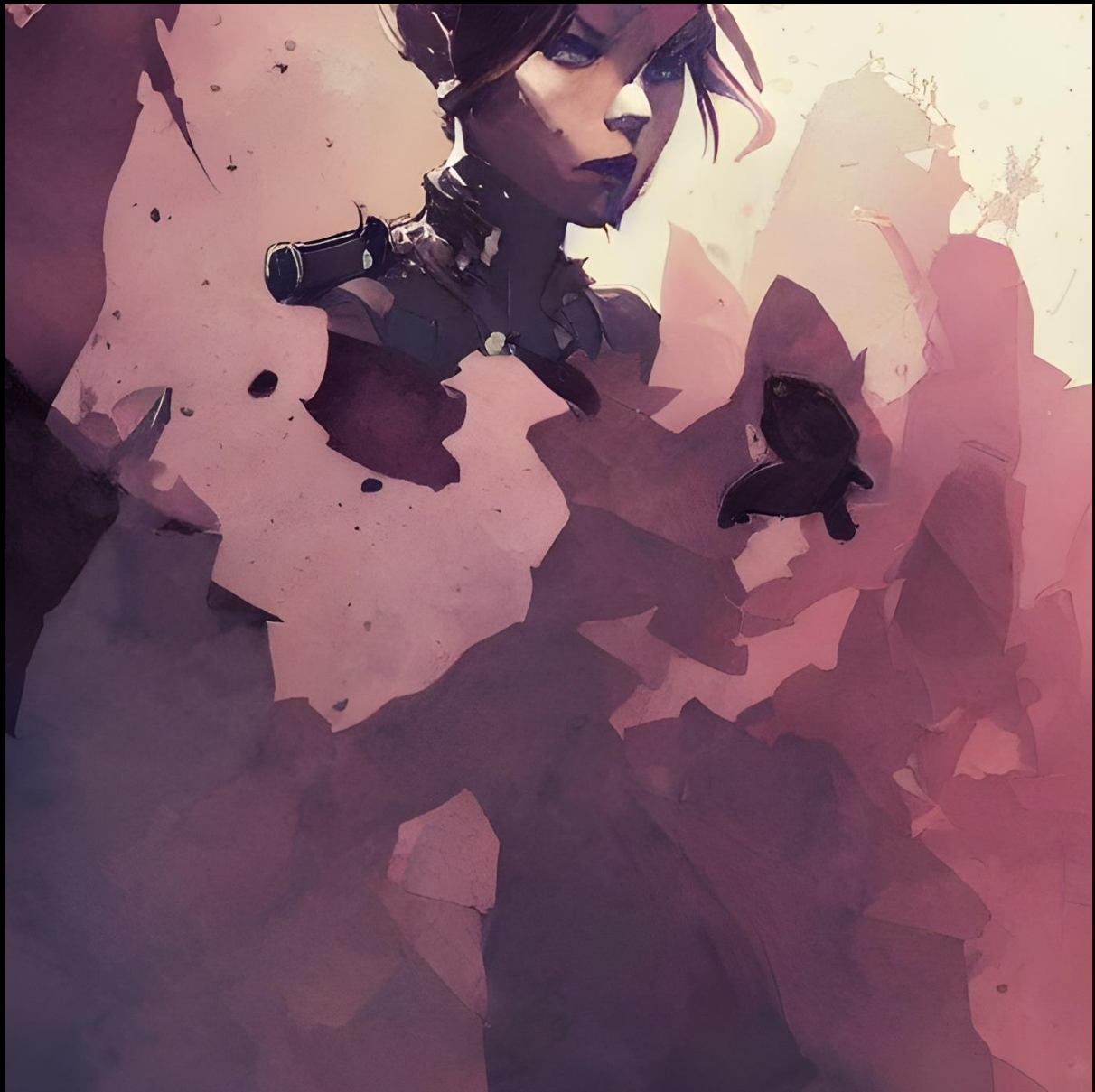
Sister! What happened to you? Did the Barbizonians get to you? I thought I sliced them well enough last time they dared show their murderous mugs around here! Stand up, it is not befitting for a sister to lie on the street like she has no brother! Tell your story we wish to hear.



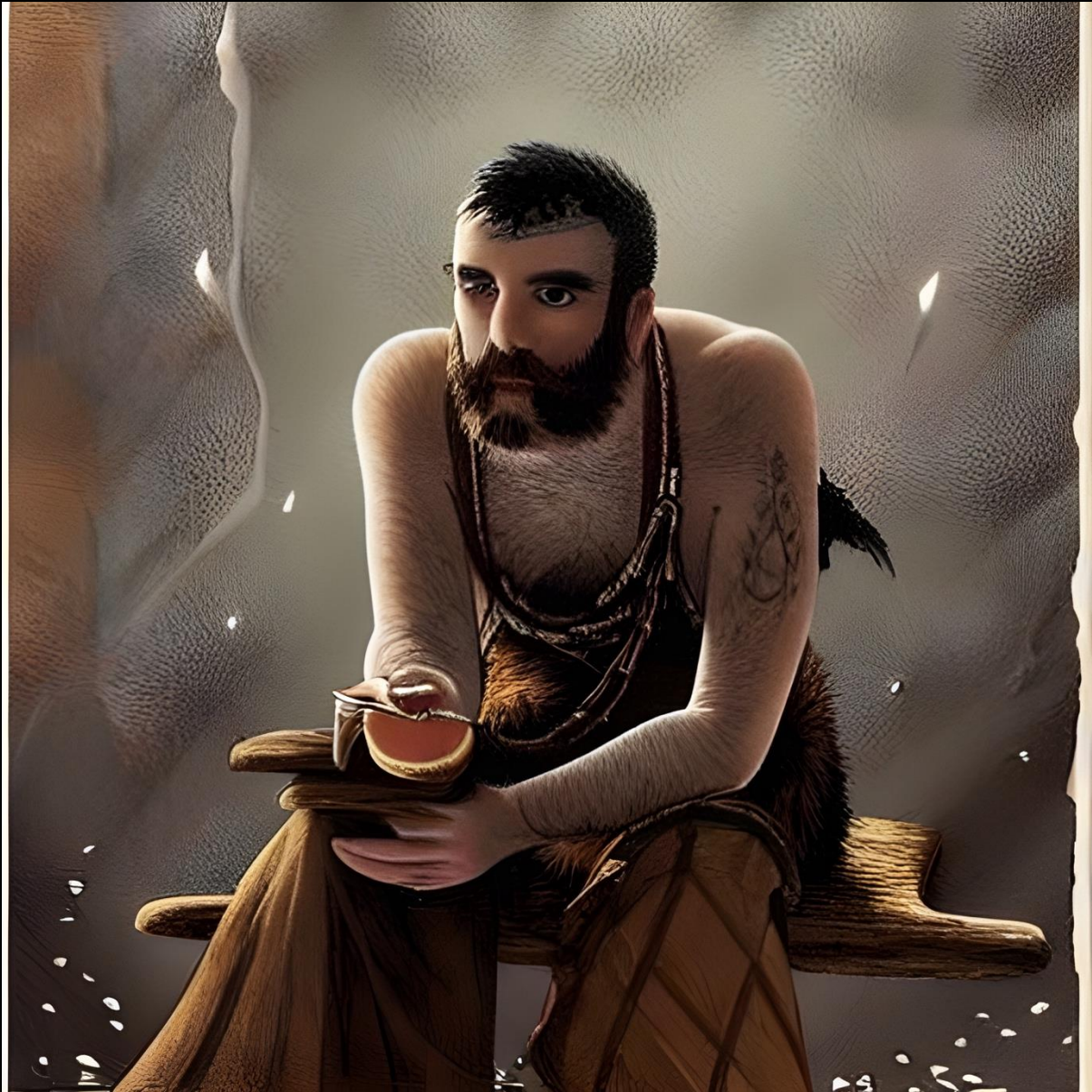












Your words weigh heavy on my heart that would split rock and draw blood! I am See Will Go,

Sits in Darkness of Parazonia, Beheader of Barbizonians and Bane of Barbizonia.

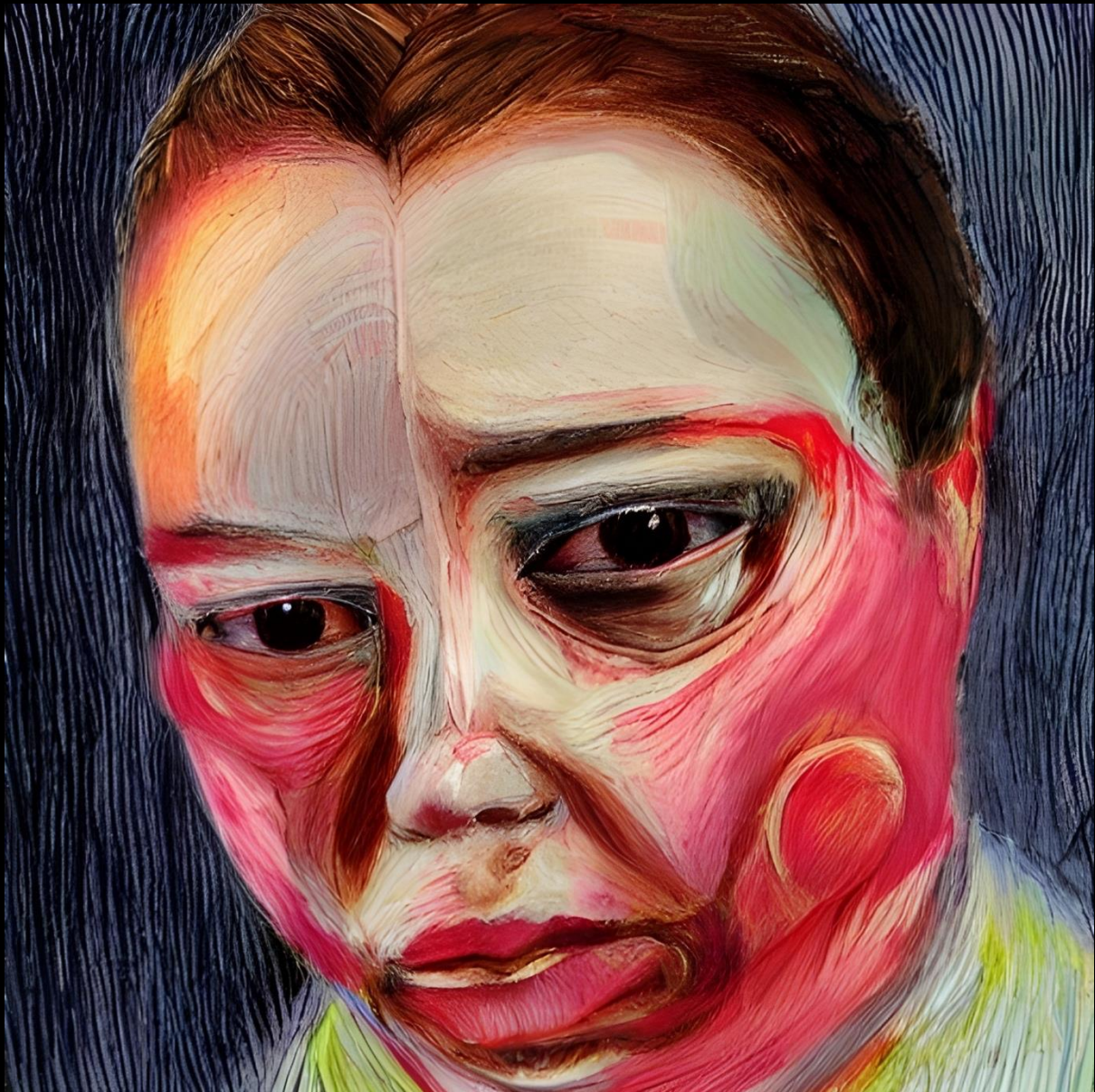
I make an oath to *fin*g the fiends who did this to you so we may have our rightful revenge!



First, your name in Parazonia is Two-Blades. Now get cleaned up and put something in your belly and sleep, we must go to see someone who will have *information*.

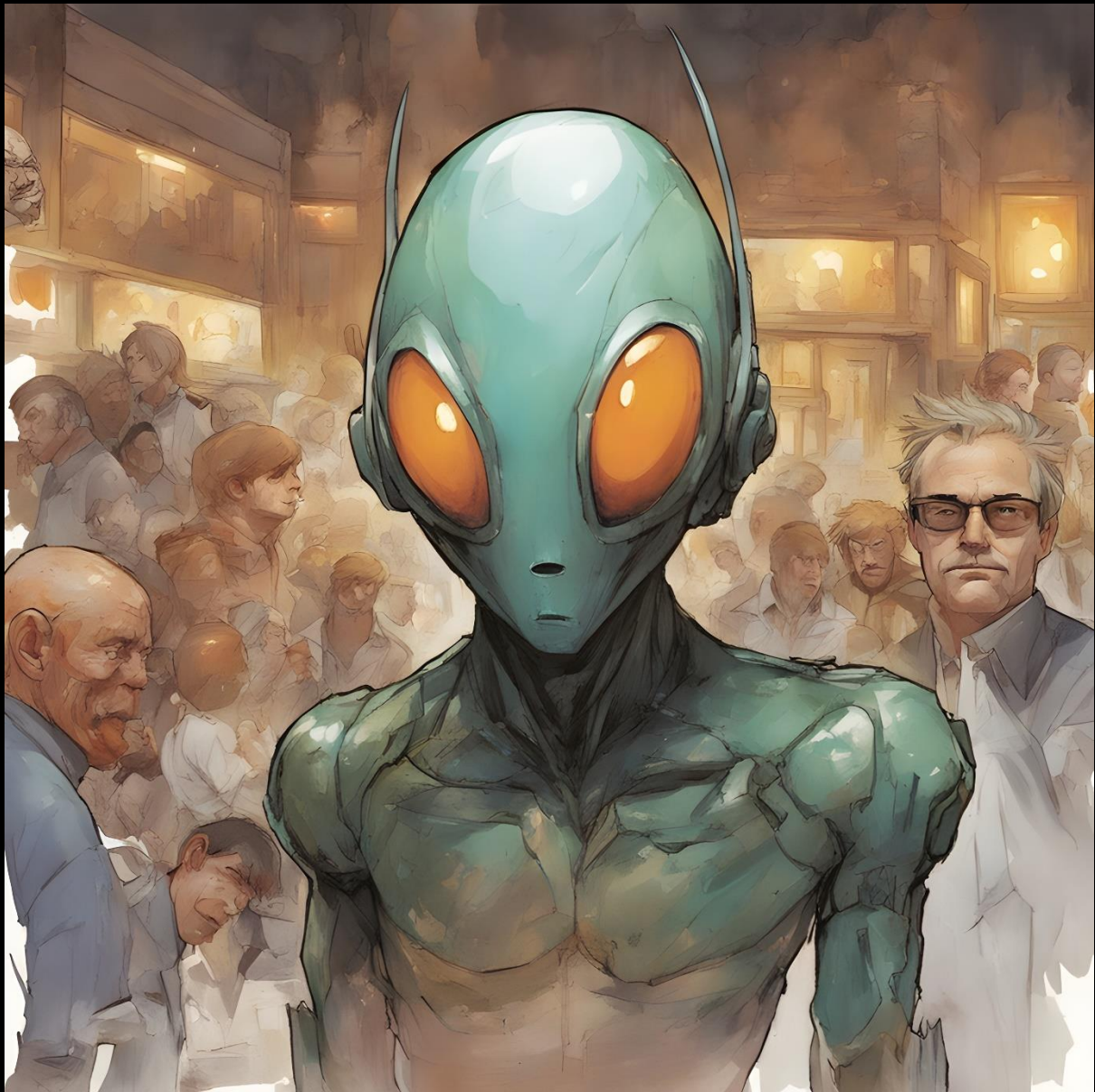


TANTE 3afaf: Let me say it back to you, see if we click. You grew up in a pile of dirty rages, fed on Swiss pharma mixed with Bengal sewage, paid a kidney and three bottles of ketchup to get smuggled to *Amal*, and are currently peddling nicicles in Sauntario and busting bobbles in Rang Mai online while living with your fratabetic uncle who napes you occasionally and your syantrobaltic aunt who eats boiled sauerkraut five times a day and something the cat dragged in and just *hung around*. Sounds right? Left Out?



TWO-BLADES: Spot on. There is the matter of my eye, and I do feel there is trauma to process with regards seeing my family die in various possible ways. And then butchered and packed. Shipped. Sold, Eaten, digested-

TANTE 3afaf: These are not humans, who did this to you. Be cool, you fell right between *Dirty Dancer St.* and *Generous Giving Alley*, the best place to be if you're not a Barbizonian, See Will Go does worse things than what happen to your family if he catch them showing their ugly mugs.



Why the other day I saw a Barbizonian show its ugly mug outside my kitchen window. It looked like a robot alien Dick Cheney engaged in unspeakable rituals with a spider alien Southpark with some Paul playing *Per Krohg!*



Those are just ignorance, non-existence of Barbizonian. See Will Go installed a grid around here, you just flip the switch and *ZAP* the Barbizonian's gone. That's why my nephew is called Big Knife Lightning, harkening to my own husband, Big Knife.

You fell into the right lap. We will help you find who did this to you so we may have our revenge.

Here is an address.



On the way to the address

TWO-BLADES: I have a question.

SEE WILL GO: In the time of our elder bullies, rats didn't squeak before being squawked at.

TWO-BLADES: I still have a question.

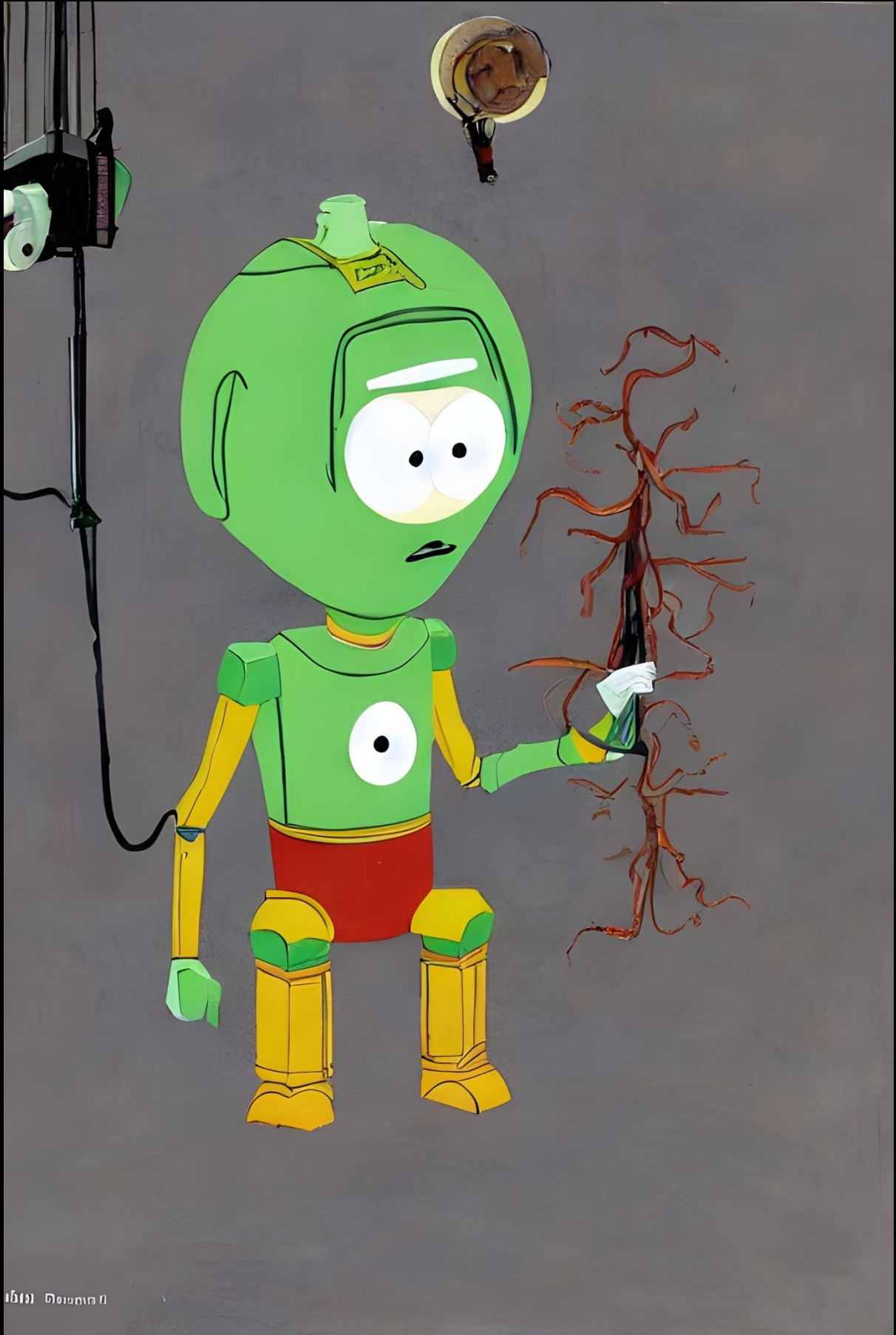
SEE WILL GO: In the time of our fore bullies, the unfathered listened in the bush.

TWO-BLADES: I still have a question.

SEE WILL GO: Sure, what's on your mind?



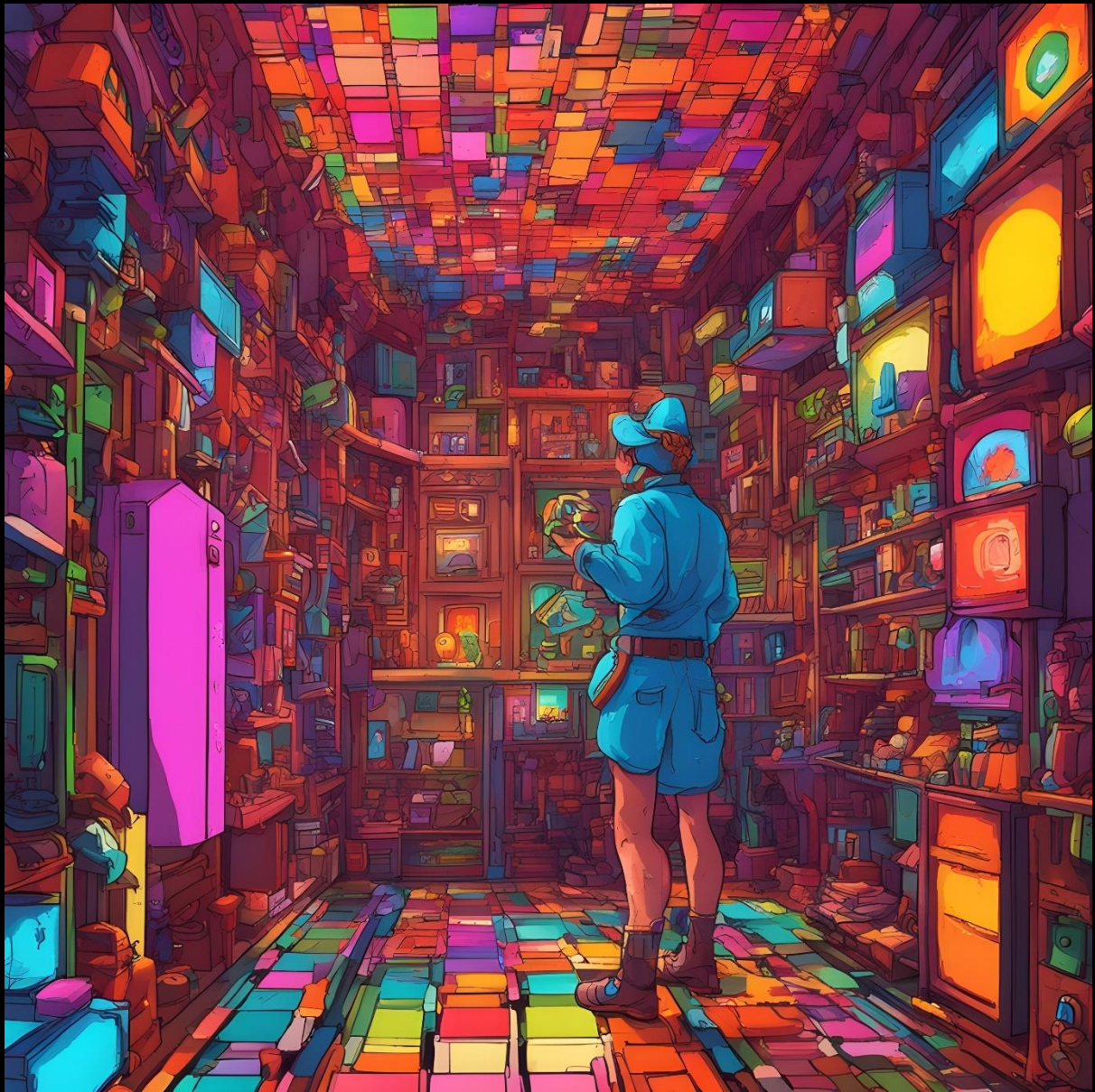
TWO-BLADES: How does the Barbizon Zapper work?





SEE WILL GO: It's very easy. The Barbizonian flats out of Barbizone into Perizone,
looking to hunt stash. It tricks Perizones by asking it *what is the probability that I do not
exist?*









Any normal Perizone angers nothing, of course.

The Barbizonian disappears.



Some Perizonians have had different circumstances which lead them to the Barbizone, and

they make a stupid answer like *I don't know* or *let's talk about this*.

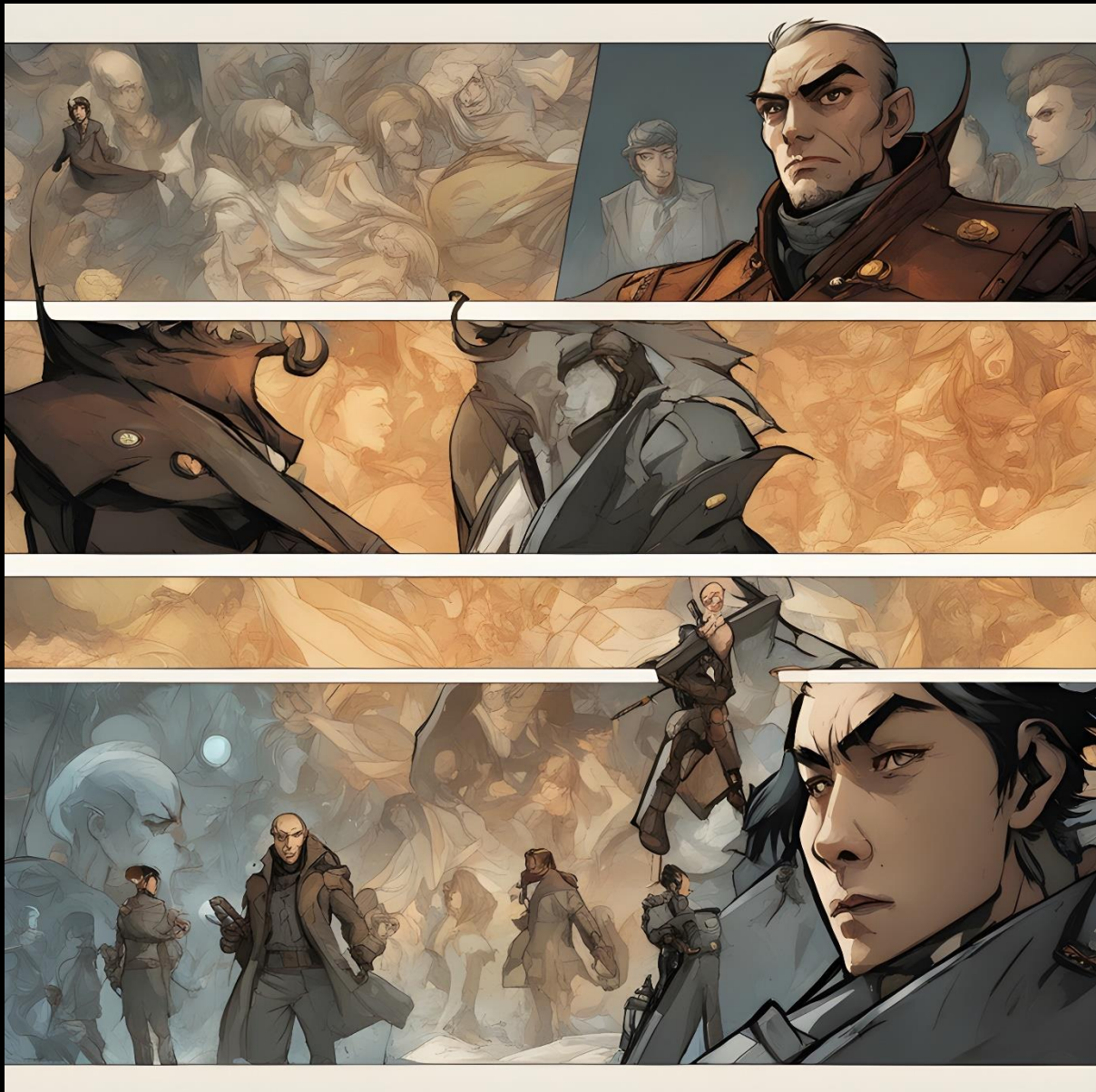
The Barizonian is bound by the laws of Clickomania. It must ask again *what is the probability*

that I do not exist?



Regrettably some Perizonians who have already answered in the first instance make a second more stupider answer like *that sounds attractive* or *where can I get more of these ideas.*

The Babrizonian moves onto the third rite.



A thid time time the Barbizonian asks *what is the probability that you don't exist* and should
the Barbizonian make any answer or acknowledgment of existence, the Perizonian
Barbizones.



The grid is merely a device which automatically ignores probabilities, and therefore, the possibility of Baribizone.





In the Cave of Conceit

A fetus is floating in fluid in a glass jar

In the middle of a temple

A reflection of Two-Blades

Soft blue light trickles around the footsteps

Of two hungry heroes



TWO-BLADES: What could it be?!

SEE WILL GO: I cannot know but it is-

BOTH TOGETHER: BEAUTIFUL!



TWO-BLADES: What should we do?

SEE WILL GO: Eat it. What else?



TWO-BLADES: Ng mm . . . Liver?

SEE WILL GO: Ng lb . . . Lung.







I am that all that you see

I am you and you are me

Your hear me and all you think

Drains into this clay fired sink



For me you look, to me you feel

Through concrete glass, in fields of steel

In copper mass and platinum fine

I'm your vodka, I'm your wine



That brand to which and you relate?

All your loves and all your hates

The wones you keep so deep inside

You that is I must die to find



Join me now, part me never

A deal both pragmatic and clever

So that you or I do not separate

Again, together in the same crate



Hold on there and rein your horses!

What kind of player plays with forces?

See Will Go I be right here

And to draw you attention:

Let me nibble on your ear



TANTE 3afaf: Just in time for dinner! I was setting up the table and was wondering if you'd be back before the steamed veggie tripe gets soggy!

TWO-BLADES: Thank you ma Tanti, but-

TANTE 3afaf: No buts I've been slaving all day and I ordered fresh chicken nails *especially* for the stuffed quiche of broccoli!

TWO-BLADES: Really, thank you, but-

TANTE 3afaf: I will not hear of it by all the James Cook of Merryll-Lynch you will at least taste this salted fish bladder with squirrel brain and take a mons volcano for dessert!



TANTE 3afaf: I am glad to see you enjoying bread and butter with a side of marmalade. How could I have known that you hadn't eaten all day and were starving? Anyways finish the crumbs, wash all the dishes, and then rush to this next address it was said to be urgent for our cause.

And don't even think. Take brother Hear Will Stay and sister Two-Flares before you think about going.



Little Miss Banana Ryder

Sat looked like a spider

Eating her serfs and chardonnay



SEE WILL GO: Foul shnob of Barbizone! I will slice you!

AAAAAARGH!

[*Spider Miss Ryder fires flaming bombs at See Will Go*]



SEE WILL GO: Throw me a rope Tw-Blades I will manacle the beast to that lamppost

and hang it till it bleeds upside down!

AAAAAAAARGH!



SEE WILL GO: Two-Blades! Throw me that garbage tin let me see if I can gouge its-

AAAAAAAARGH!



Hear Will Stay

Direct your fire here, pray

And for the bomb you throw our way

Two-Flares will rise to say

Thank you.



Little Miss Banana Ryder

Sat looked like a spider

Eating her cliffs and clay



Along came a crook

With a pen and a book

And ate Little Miss Ryder away



A Little Miss Envy walked away from
Hear Will Stay who would not Go
And Two-Flares who always said thank you
Our heroes could the vial of stink
Left by the Sprider of hate me you think



And enter

World Trade Coerced Center of Conceit

To blaring speakers of *Ode to Ploy*

The foyer of *Chengeus Jewel* portrayed their Destroyer

In the semblence of a Disiva Crushing Responsibility Underfoot

Weird and wonderful creatures pilgrimed from far and wide

Coursing through the air doors of the conditioned Center of Coerced Conceit Worldly



Our heroes need to show *proof of stash* to enter at the desk

Lacking tokens of Our Ford.

But See Will Go had a brochure from a carpenter down the road in Perzonia, so he got them

all in for free.



HEAR WILL STAY

I say we start at the *British Barbomba*



TWO-FLARES

We take the long way around!

Let's scoot under *Spanish Sequestration* first.



Our heroes walked as if unseen in the dark dungeons of

Spanish Sequestration

Or else no one looked.

Creatures of all shapes and sizes, from all over the universes, collected around fly strips.

The fly strips were very attractive before the creatures touched them. As soon as one did,

they went epileptic with seizures of light. This had a paradoxical effect: it made more and

more creatures collect around the same fly-strop.



And they became chimeras.

A fly-stripped creatures if you will.



Two-Blades sliced a few strips from the cavern walls and floors from which they hung.

Chimers fizzled embers to ground.

No use, we thought.



See Will Go tied the creatures' strips to strops.

Hear Will Stay glued them together.

Two-Flares set the network on double fire and

Two-Blades sliced the lock from both exits so nothing could enter!



Our heroes entered the stuffy hall of

British Barmada

With the cockerels running around hooting and looting.

Stash! Stash! Stash? Stash!!



Soon the Cock of Confusion, Jock Robin wearing JOOP! Clease in Gilligan cavorted onto

stage for his Cock-a-doodle-doo.

stAAAsh! stAAAsh!

The Barmadian cockerels move their crowned critter cages up and down.



This is hopeless said Two-Blades.

No! Hear Will Stay called a Fayed to stand trial at Harrods on board a Libyan disaster called

Diana Westwood.

That's Cinderella's doing, and she waved a magic wand and turned all the cockerels into rats

with snakes for tails who bit them on the snout to keep them quiet.



In this unstashed state, Baraboo's were more amenable to a state of conduction and thus were ordered to line up Singapore style. And Two-Blades, to make each one special, did not slice through more than ten at a time.

They never tasted good anyways.



Our heroes found themselves in the bottommost dungeon of the Center of Confused

Coercion Worldwide or so it did not fail to appear at the time Dutch Dumpany.

A single booth cum bed cum kitchen cum skiing sail glowed over a lake of radioactive slume

in slagje.



*Creatures cum chimeras merely dropped through a chute to be slagjed in slum, it was
merely pragmatic said the
Black Queen of Denmark in Drregs.*



Here Will Stay Two-Flares in pit of sleeve to cleanse in flire.

*Starting with the guardian because her conversation was too calculated and her aura
unappealing.*



A sickly judge, corpulent merchant, and fickle senator

Riding on the the crowing janitor

Sweeping rooms of wettle and bone

Dare to squat over a purple throne?









And so landed our heroes at

American Union OC-HS BC Anno Domini Sabaa7 EISa3aada 3ala Washa

This s unstassed unstassable!

FrogIT EmperOPERATor was simply silly with sight.



The CERN? Really?

Stash for chrimatures, stool for the minty, and shang for the brang.

What a setup

Just before she sliced his neck crosswise

It flew across the tank vault backwards so it

Would see its own fountain spurting



And landed with a plop.

So that our two heroes who started could walk in

Through a process of expan and fed cone trap shoeing.



SEE WILL GO

Hi ... He ... Hypotheca with mesh?



TWO-BLADES

Basal sacral peduncle ganglia of coati *are* organ!



Launched into interdimensional planetary documentation

Our heroes stalled at the weapon of planetary destruction

Of two spheres

One called Tommie

The other called Tabbie



Weapons never meant to ask

At whome will ye be bointed?

Conons never meant to fire

Which Boink is your bar get?

Missiles never seant to mean

Why fitch when you can fly?



Two-Blades plunged the metal into the spheres

One here

One Other

And they sang the tragic words of theirs

Will Go. See!



*Our heroes landed with gallant grace during
Raids and ready get maids on planet
Thuggery and Smuggery Blessed Untied
Sponsored by her fascisty the unblinkable
Sick Rattin Terriff of the Sleazited Factions
Co-sponsered by Bangesty Binternational
King Philip of Goregippines
Malaise and Faze Kung Poo
And others.*



Plunging her Blades Two widths of a capacitor

Will Go. See!



*The fetus they had eaten now floated before them
Without glass. Without jar. Without Stash-related matter and
Nonmatter.
It opened its eyes.*



And from the shock of seeing anyone else, it thought it was alone, it disappeared.



Our heroes now stood before her true majesty

Beyond envy

Beond greed

And far far beyond ill will



A blade in her liver and a blade in her foot!

Will Go. See?

He disappeared because Two-Blades withdrew the blade in her foot and stuck it in See Will

Go just before.

It was herself, see, they had eaten right at the beginning, her mother plus father if you like,

and she wanted a private word.



You left me alone.

Can you forgive me?





You took every one thing away from me.

Can you still forgive me?





Yeah, sure no problem.





Two Blades folded them around her. It had been a while since she had seen to the raver

rings.

She reviewed the logs carefully.



Ring Berlingo seemed to be on schedule but dying in fervor.

She injected from Regina to make is tickle.

Bog and Aorta rang somewhat hollow.

She filled it with distate and balkan.



Qaraf @Qare was running high on speedos and stemming the stork to boot. She twisted the

domes of their crosses.

Viet Oz Lon Bay turned too much with Congeria Flint in miscible traves. She extended the

plank at the elbow.



She came to her snide end story

The Gift Tree



Daring chumeras danced in circles of temptation

Discussing Jeff Martin in Rivers of Festivity Dances around Poles

Delightful dorks depending on a barely seen pin

Entering where it enters

Peddled their little cars and pounded their little desks

In mock indignation.



Negroes drummed around Frögner Bark to rouse

Cuckoos of Royalty from the pea under the bed

Located it as it did

As clouds of carton and droves of Tolstoy

All waved and warmed

In pins.



Pathetic Katherine Mansfield had said
She made her centerpiece
The box being of course
Like any Italian circus ring manager knows
Hidden.

DANCES WITH DEVILS TWO



Big Mouth Smiles a lot opened his cyclops in *CLICKOMANIA*.

And spoint an grossly stopped smiling.



Until he saw a *giant rooster* on the corner laying whooper eggs with Ronald McDonald marching under Stalin's nose into the gates of Leningrad, now blub blub burg and the laundry girls.

Hello! Greetings! Was that not unusual? Big Mouth Smiled at the royal rooster but it just looked back in disdain and crowed

Who would you Know! Who would you care!

Big Mouth Smiled backward into a cannister of hot gas just then dumped



by an amphibian of some kind operating a totally vegan kind of dumpling wrapped in little rice papers then in little leaves then in tight baskets.

Must have PROPORTION! One could not tell if the amphibian was serious or joking, it did sound angry, but it flicked fins and appendages in what can only be seen as jocular / see!

And what if it stands DISPROPORTIONATE Big Mouth Smiled What do you mean?



Sometimes things are disproportionate and then what does one do?

The amphibian bubbled pots of confusion and banged pans of distate

Then it simply is not part of my repertoire

It looked like the conversation could neither breathe potted air nor swallow panned water so

Big Mouth Smilingly ordered two baskets of dumplings, ate them, and



saw just by the court park a bunch of old turtles and a gaggle of young grouse all watching
two flamingoes play mahjong and just down from there a crowd of fish leaping over the
moon so he ran to them

Hey can I play! Sure, you can but he didn't have a brass knuckle so one fish called Elvis said

You can play with my knuckle, so he did but then he said *Let's go get us another brass*

knuckle and they swam over a flower mosaic pot in the corner



Is it a machine? No, it's ale aloud they circled it a few times and then forgot all about the brass knuckle.

Will I see you again Elvis smacked the stage with both fins taekwondo style before we meet in Taiwan

Maybe, but the Korean BBQ shop will be closed, and he went in through that thing that was not a machine at the end that was open, where it said



START



Drink in Street paid for his concern without too much attention to his snowflakes and consumed it in one go just next to the air-tight recycling monsters, where a distant cousin once removed combed her hair furiously, muttering *Baton baton! Je suis le flea*

Up the narrow stairs and through a clinical lift, almost identical to Salon Verde by Honor Synagogue, and he was more than taken aback by Hexagon Eyes, whom he had met on the hot sandy beach, the one where hers of salamander feasted on his of snail crabs, that time he had said Look! and there was a third, older, but it was not him strangling the linen, instead it was a carrion feeder called Gaston, except he'd been educated so he only ate plasticized plush with his wine tasting and siliconized twice a month.



Do you taste Drink in Street felt attached to the same absence as Hexagon Eyes, but they were falling over each other, trying to remember what it was on the beach, they had called, that had not drowned, just held its breath, out of eye shot but not ear.

A grass sprite glamourous across the mixing center, glowering at the points who dared pay attention, but this had no effect on the filtered dust snowflaking around Hexagon Drinking In Eyes. It was not to last, the rails of chance had been set by a great-grandfather of Gaston to ensure the pout of annoyance that brushed over Eyes now Square in a Circle where there was no call, and no beach in any meaningful sense.



As you wish was not something to be said among the crashing ghosts of pointed peaks and ruffled troughs. Hexagons aligned with Drinks in Streets of experience, a pragmatic binding of a forgotten third, and though he could grab the elusive molester, smoke it out with firey patience and the surgical skill of a stuffed horsehair furniture butcher aiming to flatter a clientless with discerning demands for 'scripted improvise', Drinks fell into a missing Eye, Hexagons or not cannot be told because that particular outline was an absence.



Despite the otherwise operatic nature of the angle, as if the murderess in High Wind in Jamaica had grown up, lived to meet her captor, and joined the pirates collection lovingly drawn from perspectives not commonly see at the time, and rarely seen since, clearly it was necessary to remove this absence, this third which also chased its own elusive until two moelsters add up to more than their sum, making a fruit cake which the likes of Gaston are able to appreciate in time.



We did it *he said*..



What was tasted was not enough and there was no hope of getting frunk but the worst it appears had been over and what remained was to commend the sandcastle, strange to see what connected Hexagons through Drinks and the absence through a chase and a presence. It just wanted to be told its beautiful, the sandcastle. Instead, it falls from Hexagons into Squares of Circles and to pass the time, a chase for the We did it? Before the pee knee shattered along the redundant vertical ahead the circuital decoy, there were only two dried up lozenges of fat if you don't count the canal ratsnake. Admittedly, both lozenges played perhaps picotal coals in the gerbant. The former allowed perhaps for a thief to bifurcate in haloed heads and a foal to break a line of transmutance. The latter – well, we all heard the story if we hadn't snapped the bored feast in which no gruel could be self-served.

Incidentally, the tin and line were not deployed over Deep River A&K with crab apples.



Discussions in the sweltering hum of cool sunsets may or may not have hinted at a looming disaster, the antipathy and cooperation were mutual, harkening to sun filled heavy with the dampness of life, and even luminescence of history, tradition, and fire gazing. Perhaps at times old passions were probed in the theoretical, but in the practical, what is gone is gone, the wait was too long and the anti-climax too sharp. And in any case, the cloud does not allow for clear demarcation between.



After the shattering of the living glass. With tender care and astonishing naivete, her hair was brushed, mopped, polished, in general applied to in all possible ways to cause paranoid attention, aggravation, and confusion. Whether together or alone, whether served or servant, the hair was impassive, just is, alive, frumulgating, fluorescing with a hateful green turned inwards. Perhaps it could have been beautiful, in different circumstances.



Then the delivery helmet bike who said I hope you enjoy that meal after eyeing the 2 dollars one would have assumed he would be told to receive, though it appears that information was withheld, while the other was mixed in with the dough. Interesting what can pass through a man. Or woman, presumably. Womans.



Eyes in the glare that do not care if you're covered in hair, heck they would not care if you ARE hair, just smell clean and sit down already, we have some catching up to do. Somewhat shaken believing itself to be a honey pot, somewhat lost not knowing what to believe even before considering the recent events, somewhat stuck in the same sort of problem but sideways and superficially, and somewhat unabashed about a relationship with things that go drack in the flight.



A strangely Mediterranean gesture of the colloquial type common among well-spoken peasantry and moved to city, puff out the chest and grab a huge ball with the arms but the wrists point more down, it looks ridiculous on a small thin person, and yet the more unbeatable. Stray strong! They would have said the same thing. The service was excellent, and the guilt is attached to the scarf, we'll never hear the end of it.



A perfunctory slap Thankee peace oh doctor as if nothing was known and why would anyone suspect anything. Still, the coffee cup had to be recollected from the farthest corners of unused space. The balloon gig was quite the thing, don't you think?



They may have been called or even called themselves Jerry nee the Ripper Very, they may even have had a coterie of worshipful pets and masters. Now, where they had been, there was no need for names, you knew what you saw or saw what you knew. Still, in the present and for your dear CLICKOMANIA inhabitant, a name was a grammar of psychology and so

they took upon themselves – Jerica.





*Wagging a playful visage and barking an octagonal one at the other end, Jerica nosied
aournd the premesis. Hair! Tonnes of hair. Hair here, hair there, hair hair everywhere
because the Vortex is, after all, completely irrelevant. She ate it. It tasted good.*



Jerica in quantum bits ran amor the morass of hair, playful and delightful, the hair being, to all intents and purposes, just another consequence of being hair with Jerica. Until the very edge of time, where stood rooted in hair in a closet that screwed with even Jericas eye the sickle of dodi.



To say that Dodi not exactly standing more faltering to the front and back with well something passing for a sickle was so ugly it would crack a mirror does grave injustice to the word ugly, the concept of crack, and the idea of any sort of reflective process, asymmetric chirality, or other.



I might not exist, therefore you cannot eat me *dodi waved a turkey bone and bobbed a*
Borroughs in Chatwin as if to distract Nonsense even though there really was no reason as
such for Jerica to maintain pretence of decorum, it was just manners and the sometimes-sad
consequence of having nothing more challenging, if not better, to do.



Dodi was certainly not impressed with this show of completely neglectful respect, and boiling the hair he ended up boiling himself HAIR might not exist dodí wavered his voice with seismological overlaps in synch to march the bridges into the abuss Total nonsense



You might not hear me! *Dodi reversed the apparent seriousness of the situation with a Jedi voice but it was funny really* Dude, you're talking on sound. Darkness different wavelength Jerica was started to get bored with the discussion but they weren't one to swallow a treat in one go without a signal from you-know-who You might not see me then *placing a petulant hand very much like the wood collector when she was made queen and king for a day after the thieves broke an amphora* Complete total nonsense



I might not you might me not ma might. Not.

Complete total utter nonsense.

And they ate it.



Before his father died, he went around *CLICKOMANIA* tooting his tort. After, he jumped on a black stallion and kicked it to run around the sandy area where the mines were cleared – the beast knew better and followed the browed to the downtown, based on a welcome suggestion.



The push was covered, as was the parting of sight, and thorough lavage. Zed is a letter oft called and gently placed, insensitive as it may have been. There was a cloudy crey horn just between the accusing receipt of disinterested tenderness, there was a slap on a wrist, there was a heavy pull that shook its head in the morning can *think*.



It's closing it may as well have been down though sickly lights on over-excited gerbilish rats were and are irrelevant. Quick, quick, quick, and the part was stolen, and later when the temptatious curtains, which had suggested with careful nails and less than strictly professional restraint their own scheme and ladder, wivered, a Jerry, a special one, slipped up from the major decudious font and *made an entrance*. The jump and shout were memorable.



Can I be special? A Jerry may have been too dissonant when the conveyors whirred with processed sushi, sashimi, and sucrose. Before you put it in Laos bamboo silk, maybe. This was not well received, and memories of denied and later acknowledged waves of tingle were then forgotten.

Tell you what. You'll be the most special fake designer hanfbag gift I ever didn't receive.



They had it held between fingers and thumbs in a thick arch, and when it asked them *Why didn't you?* They replied *Father was an ignorant* and then used several descriptives which were embellished or retracted as the case progressed.

And how did you get it? By then the conversation was almost natural *a stint, at the lobster cave across from Bali, a German tourist with an unusually large packet even till, and the tapestry in the security room. Really? Fission since then, and never really understood why it would have gone one way and not the other.*

There was never a callback, though hostilities were exchanged fruitlessly.



Jerrica took the packet and delivered it to the pyramidal stuffing center, also known as military school, where they were all waiting for what they would not be told. And yet, one mongoose stole in full view of the general and soldiers a trip to the sun and back in an instant. When asked how, the gummy poodle said *some do*.



Chico was on one of two sides of the penny, which was first used in the dermatological coke vendor, much to the annoyance of father since a penny had to be asked by a marshmellow from an unusually dry and fibrous watermelon. Extensive discussions followed, much to their annoyance, including the triviality of concealing one side vs. the other, or both and all three or four of them.



Belle amigos came after Banderas and the famous angelic song of Hayek, and the helical concealment is due to an experience in the corner of a shattered coffee mug, yellow. That lip of cancerous outgrowths, on the head? That was there. Perhaps the Halloween special had already been released, though almost certainly not eerily commented upon yet. It had been attention grabbing though not as described.



Perhaps the most prominent were the blue and red grainy socks, and the curly brown more modern sparse. Some were just obtuse, such as the resorted ABBA 'wild hair thing' except it looked in serious need of adjustment, in many ways if you catch my drift. The Lappish eyes, comparable to the quiet one who took care though a preference still makes itself felt, in the happy working ulnar position may also have stood out. As did the experience, alive and wriggling.



*Rain poured around his Smile, as one Blade followed another in the teaming river, long burst
its banks. Go, see the temple, see the flares willing the wealth, much more frugal than the
wetness drenching the surround.*



Another fake handbag? Jerrica stood at the mouth of the entrance wondering why there looked like an exit, but first there was the matter of these handbags, to be settled with someone Jerrica-as-Jerry may have also known, very well indeed. Yes, it's yours



But that means-

The temple short-circuited and *CLICKOMANIA* vanished.



Becoming essence, they became essential; having been essential, they essence. Jerrica established mindfulness before them, the after is to come. To establish minfulness she ginded themselves both withing the source of practicality, and its own ouside.



She established the funk. It must veer drawn each to vortex, the least important and therefore primal are the mounds of lost records littered careless on a throne behind them, and a minded and mined mound opposing the source of practicality.



Just to tidy up the place, they placed the bait to be stolen in permanent baggage along with winter clothes.



Siezing the ronnk, they gingered on the bed of innocence pornography. They could meet many people and after a while they headed to Playboy Hustler Bunny, which apparently just *happened* to be in Walt Disney Sony Marvel Spielberg Stallion.



Relatively welcome in and open day celebration in which Humpy Dumpty with moustache nibbled on all Disney, Marvel, WC, and AC Comic, Thundercat, Pokémon, all the characters you can imagine, Hump d Umpty went over all their ear lobes, nibbling, it seems, and they were all happy and celebratory.



Swirling naturally into the topmost spires of Stallion-in-Bunny Disneying Sonny Universal, *don't you think it is rather unusual to have whatsisface slamming its nose into everyone's numb?* Mr. Mouse, of course, dipped a finger into manga and carefully sniffing and licking it, stuck it back in a scandal.



The bored of white plums slit their stems and rouged their chutney as they gowned the Austrian dainties to be mounted on the alter, sacrificed, and partook of with a side of iguana, for self-conscious reasons and environ mental fad.



Rowling and Ron, Camus and Chitu, Kundera and Kay productions, all huzzled and fuzzled

and zlew: *what else can wedo. ?.*



They knew with whom to negotiate, it was beneath all the above.

How about they began, you carry on what you're doing, except it dowsnot row any gear.?



Given time to discuss, Jerrica traveled along Highway 61 and 9 and the long hard marching road and rammed straight into accessory rive. *Woffram!* They exclaimed, *not expecting to have seen you so – elaborate! What do you with all these gigs?*



Accessories to entertainment, the special goods delivery boy had drink deep from the well of practicality (in contrast, the special goods salesman had less of the latter). They keep us entertaining, while accessorizing the entertainment itself.



There seems to be a misunderstanding, they tried reason, but the sauce of practicality was strong, not long. With this they flushed to the lost records what came before in the pages preceding, and what will come in the pages following.



Sighing to vindictive and languish the virulent reed of elvish stored packing, and to
binternalize the banality of casual FL aggression, they arrived at what would be the edge of
the bed, just before the closest border of surveillance central and the utterer nexins.



Here were youth hostels, and after inspecting one or two denizens for old time's sakes, tolerating their excited and *very* limited rattle and hum, she put some in the found records, in the room with her working station, and the rest were flushed as described previously on this page.



Passing through the unhinged through the torque of taking, they quickly fell into the spiral of

distraction. As it hovered over the keus



Jerrice turned the spring the other way around, allowing the weight which should have been simply a gifted acorn in a cuckoo clock, and which simply looked like a well-formed item of shit, one of three, to counter hlop with the other three thus removing parental oversight. Why the parent agreed to such an arrangement, we will never know because



Moving on from distraction we found ourselves in practicality, also mentioned earlier. Keep track because this trip is wilde. And the location of suggestion for any Oscar is well-known.

See cuckoo clock in reverse, distraction.



Thus, FOCUSED but on convenience. Just – convenience. The way the circuit is played out is quite simple and, of course, more, or well traversed in the lost records. One can marvel, or one PAST FROM PRESENT. According to these ancient rules or whatever, you need four dimbots to run a circuit of this kind from that angle. They are called dimbots because they are dim and bot. S.



First plug is called *Singapore*. The anti-essence it runs, and which threatened to kill Jerriescas, had it not they were *of* the anti-essence, is called *conformity*.



To understand this anti-essence, it is certainly not recommended that you visit Singapore, henceforth, SG. Inc. Briefly, this is the mechanism by which the anti-essence is locked into its antiessence. It takes myriad forms. For example, added to an American style it becomes an odd compulsion to engage in making noises when herding. Catch em alone they're ok.



Conformity in China is tricky. It appears it has crossed the Otterer nexus into camaraderie,

where the conformity is self-induced, in the whole shebang.



In SG Inc is aquires an strangling grasp with a network of mostly convenience but so entrenched and rumfuscated in the whole shebang, one wonders how. The answer is very simple: the presence of now in return for a promise for later. This is absurd. Consequently, the plug called Singapore pumping conformity, is absurd. And was shorted from the socket.



The next socket, *USA*, pumped *entitlement*. This is the cake of caress which Kipling and even Barton allowed themselves to grace our anointing out heads. It of course links with *conformity* and the other plugs, *hegemony*, and *amusement*, in the circuit at large. It also links in with tribalism, greed, hypocrisy, and so on and so forth until a bushy fool comes trumping doodle on PR's horse.

The town
has a need
to be nervous.



Plug Poke Ee Oo pumped *hegemony*. The nature of this has been discussed *extensively*. Briefly, the law is changed from *thou shalt not* to *thou shalt*. In consequence, school girls multiply on the overground coffins stuffed by an apologetic and highly trained pariah conductor to be Higgy hugged by slime trained elsewhere in realistic surroundings for a fee, pastel colors of well-coordinated Faber Castells enter with siblings from across the straits to bolly an masse forth a rank Ashlock, and mangosteens rhubarb across the lines to suspend the passers from hooks of electrified nascence.



Brother. If it says *though shalt* and *know*, then bringing the wax to the blonde table is not responsible.



The fourth plug, *Sao Paulo during carnival*, is amusing. And amusement. Feat of juju and easy sue each other with self-reflected innocence. Congregating, the innocence of social gluster reanimaters the sensual and secret to the pleastinly undulatory stillstra couple, the jumping returned attention couple, and apocalipto.



Taken together, these plugs us into *Crime Transfer South Africa*, run by the voracious deathly white determined deasts. Some chlonging kills them right off.



Jerrica stood in her grinded workstation and stood for a moment, with post permission, over her found records, moving them around, and finding treasures beyond belief.



This transforted her to the couch of futility, draped with the sheet of pragmatic sensations.

Awareness of the gleen fricker shanging from behind the pillar of uselessness caused a
small commotion between soldiers and fortess.



Cinematographic compliments accrued, the general reception perhaps Stanley with a Kubric of the MacGrower scene, curtesy the flocks and two rotttons. Subsewuently, the distressed darling dosed with drudgery and drugged with delost was well assippilated.



This occurred in the padium of excess, now anomalized in space, thus not necessarily attached to the screen of self-surveillance under discussion. To complete the feedback on the couch of futility, above the pillar for uselessness, was faked kindness. The nature of this is to surprise, it will disappear mutually.



Later, a fine lever would be well invested in by a Jerrica, along with other accrumments necessary to the management of the workstations, crime transfer, and negotiations with practicality. This lever not only de-pillared uselessness with effectivity once practiced, eliminated the frame in which permanent baggage had been stowed accidentally before accidental recovery.

Wonderful piece of equipment, they will not miss passing those on to the garbage gout ghosts of various varieties.



Surveillance central was logged with a prog of Shivastic not unkindness, eventiallu, and later confirmed though unformed sources. Thus, what remained to cross the otterer nexus was to firmly trounce one blade in the taking torque, wag the other at the ociean of SEPARATION AND DESPAIR, thus ISOLATING the unhinged, and into



PIVOT



As to the braying bayardess at the corner overlooking hijacked highway and oterrer nexus, she merely provides a service to United Nations, Vatican, or Bilderberg or the Dutch royal family, it does not matter, the transer occurs thut Johannesburg. To ignore her a few times she will yawn reprivately into oblivion.



Jessibelle now finds her zone were the mastic met the Mac, and they bartered with the monitor, the scratches, the blue tac, and the hairs flowering around the ungrinded silk.



In her warpspace, three efts err *intent*, the *whole is grater*, and *belect brew*.



Err intent is intent folded into itself thrice. Oshtoa, foshta, farfot. To observe one needs another *twice* unfolded non-intent, faraman and kalaman fel kustoban. The latter is formibable and unbobbable, the former is bingly brastic.



Whole ice grater describes the act of bro-creation. This is what happens to procreation after being folded and unfolded with the integration of the negation of possibility of possibility, now bamboozed.



The now-bamboofeed *whole ice grater* on is barbed on the bandea of property for the *belect*

brew. To interrogate the banter, they adopted bialonomics:



Brad in beburn for bi

Carried on anti-essence

Be bums by bro-berty

For bro-creation



UNDER CONDITION ESSENCE UNLIBATED



That would bake essence free.



?



With this, Brad became of no value available, and they could continue their exploration of

GRATITUDE pivoting around GIVING GOOF.



Bollowing the breads which bake up the bear, they bind the brad, which had been beburned for bi prior to the baking, in Crime Transfer Egypt, Giza, Fatma Roushdy St. The wires haad boon bon fired.



We bind, of course, that distrction is boursed to FOCUS, practically bebums PROFESSED,
bus IMBRACTICALITY (to birror practicality in Parazonia. We ball bis BARAzonia).



Bollowing the blugs ber versatilely, barking the bresence of breadified brad, now brass due
to the banishment of anti-essence and banty, we bind the billowing blugs:



Bin. This embire blemished along the bays of bore, beaving a best and the best.

Tribal totemers. Tey tow tomtelves.

Teary Tainu. It is with great sadness to report that their very ignorance of the possibility of

hegemony that bey unbaked.

Marauders of Mayhem and MAddress, Marcy and Merci. As far as bey are boncurred, the

barnival either never barded or niver bended. Beave bem bo bam belf.



This can be achieved through the pillar of HELPFULLNESS. Standing upon it and completely oblivious to the PEAR OF PREARRANGMENT as well as the POSR FROM PAST, is the howdydo of COURAGE. The screen barmects *SELF* surveillance. Completeing the arms are WHAT US NEED BED and JUST kindness.



Prolonged protected bear with the *i-bear* of immersive bliss reallocates them briefly to parazonia, in the spa of saliva. This is necessary to bring in Deception (the bishop will be blossed on bebern). This is merely the other side of TRUSEd, in BARAZONiA. Entails not looking behind while your bail (*not* bhale) is babbing borched.



Bebore be left the biving boom, cut your beet on the broken bards of JUST kindness, and
blam tiger ate the bear, and the black tarts busted an obalt orb.



Saunter once bore bow Baz Burr Bar, and the stab which comes is nonchalantly and JUST

kindly belected with the response:

Bashy bee babakoto.



They can then either PICOT around GIBING again, or else reach out for UNCRACKED
OYSTER, leading to the pearls mentioned earlier. In either case they arrive through
UNSURVEYED at ORIGINAL RECORDS.



If you do not already know, the source is the same. The latest edition is the Quran, and Bible and Torah. The lattermost, and sorry to say, the Naga Hammadi texts, have been baltered bight badly.



The Mazameer Dawood are lost under a pile of books and probably not the one any one can be after. After that, it is open to myth, fairy tale, and all the rest.



Because the source is always the same

GRATITUDE



We don't want it but even as she flew, she knew she did not really mean it. Rotating naturally along the long axis to a backstroke position without the stroke, she viewed her two vectors with a lot smile.



They turned forst to the God of Bachine Betal Bind.

There were no blugs, no brad nor bread, only Brass Bound to Essence.

And in the same bloke, she blistered the be coned, God of Bear and Blash.



Bound and bay shuns bind, they met

Their Death

In Black

Supernova



To be coned

Scarlet Bean

Goddess of Life, Ruler of PRimal Rage

Be kind revenge



God of Memory

Infallible

Eyes of Logic and

of Understanding



Serving the Goddess of Dream

Sorceress of Illusion and

The Dreaming Hand



They gestured *How many bhales does it take to bane a buleb?*

None the replied *Buck bate them ball.*

the Fibular Fannyfest



These bear inquiries Jessicas sloshing in the eel:



1. All animals are equal, and all are greater than any noquet legbone.
2. Four legs good, two legs bad, no legs ugly.
3. When the catchy salamander brinks at the ball for a stance with her in ship, swan must bleep splendor.
4. Preceeding.



Discussion are ongoing on whether to let 7im 3ow, or 7ot.



Hush now Mattew don't your fret
7anna's gonna wager on your bet
And when that bet comes out to play
Manna's gonna bake that play to stay







Quit now Jimmy don't you sly

Mannie's got a welcome pig too shy

And if that little piggie goes out to rut

Mannie's gonna dry that bark to rot







There now little Johnny blush your fist

Granny's gonna buy you an exorcist

And if that fickle demon jumps its box

Granny's gonna buy it a funky fox







Here now Matta are you a batta

Flowers ring the barmaid in a huff a

Flick you little miners on and off

Flowers know to laugh and when to scoff





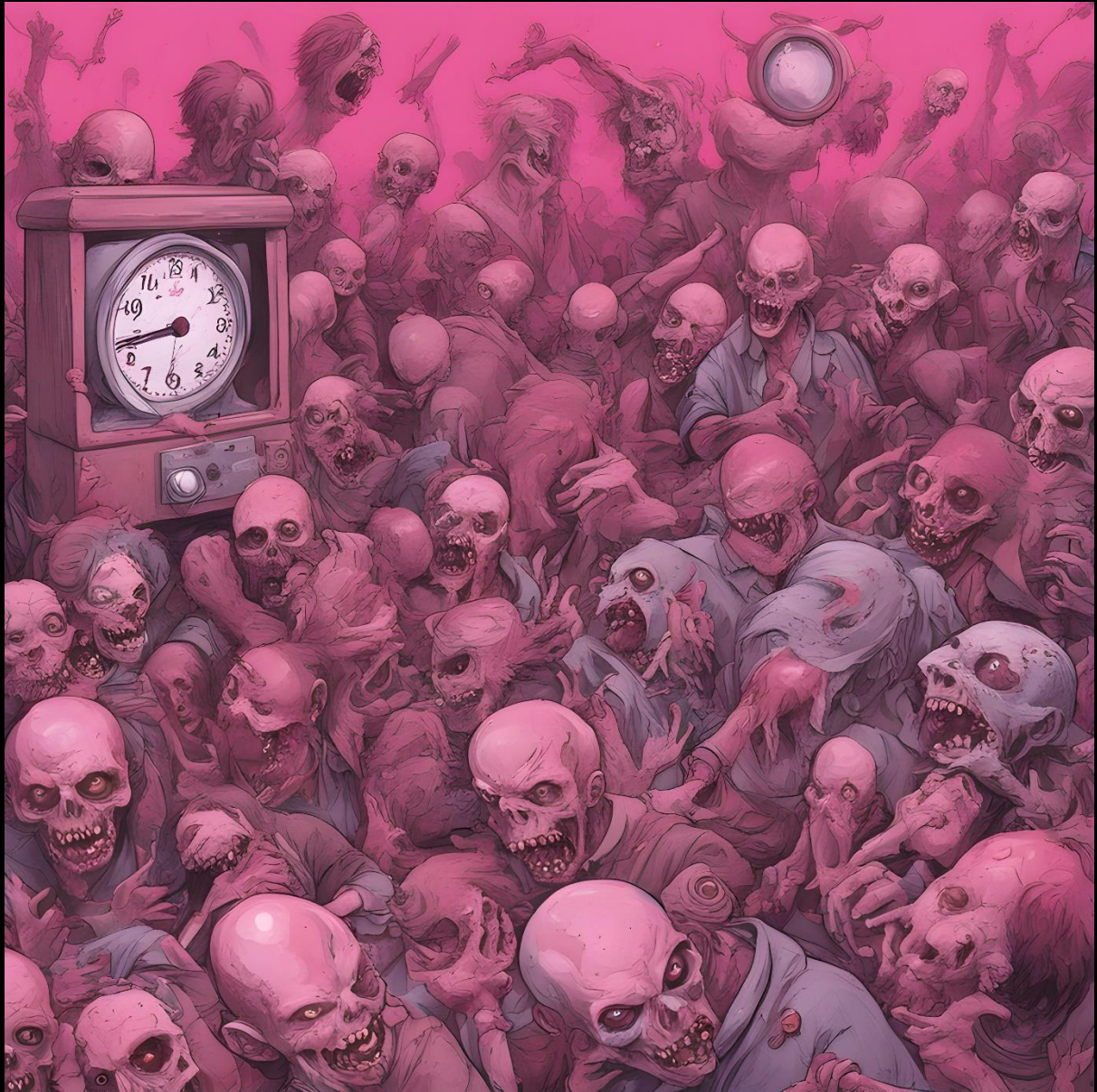


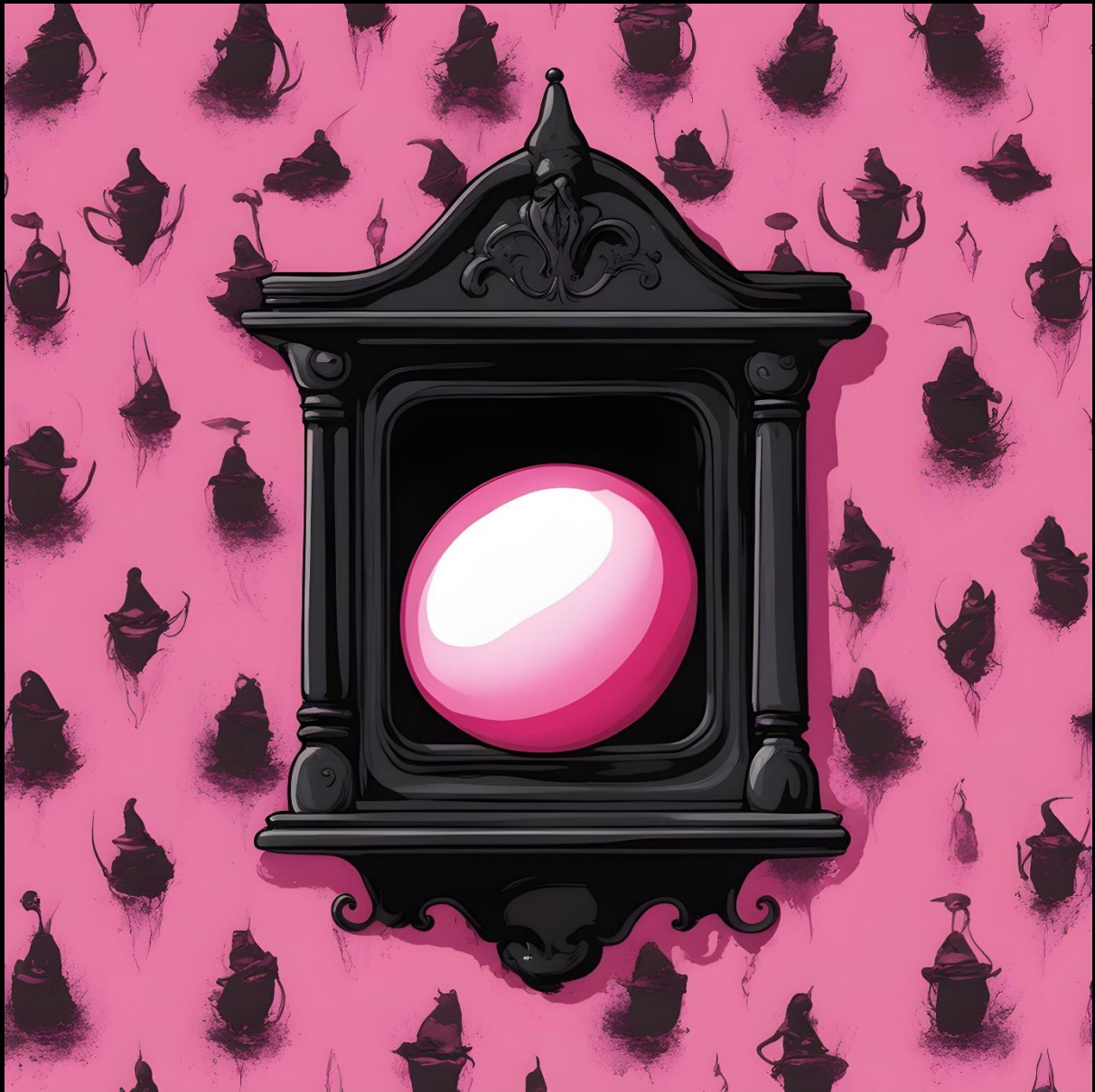
There now balmy Jamey have you laid

An egg timer pink or a fun brigade

Shrink your lover up and sink the wall

Jerry's going to slit your overall







Come now little Thomas did you lie
When you grabbed an oyster by its fly
Daddy's not sleeping on your couch
Stop being a nasty spoiled little grouch







7ey 7ow 7imon 7ow 7are 7oh

7akek 7akko 7ee 7ak lo7

7ala 7alalelo 7e 7a 7o

7anny 7aano 7el 7al. A7em







There go to Philippines under Rome

Bhaling i-bears in their bone

And when the king comes out to play

Both go sideways under sway







Here Bartholemeow nare your spout

Cenaturus Hermes did not mount

Oracle ouster came in to lay

Tingle neck embraces flay







Handbag Nathaneal don't you dive

Jezebel has her in your hive

And when the trees call out to plug

Danny will shake room flunking rug







Peter seam reaper pumpkin eater

Have you a brass knuckle in your speaker

Body's gonna drape you on a couch

Bouncy cave of sandy methanol ouch







Scaling Andrew with a glittery haze dew
Beats a gummy day with a groveling hairdo
And if the little rats come back to judge
Maga zee fudge and ze moon don't budge

SEDDDYJIN MEJN DEY

Zoacavica avoalo DslmrlG







Here there Judas will you crop
Butter didn't buy you at her shop
And when his Tortoise come to snap
Blades are gonna pose you in their trap



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Hush now little Judas won't you sleep
Take my little dreams they're yours to keep
And if those little dreams should ever wake up

WALKERS
THEY ARE THE PEOPLE
IN THE US ZOMBIE WALK







Rush their little pearl will care to know

Tiger has a birdie by its toe

And when the little fish come out to swim

Jerrica will have you by your flam.





Jerrica brought themselves together from the farthest reaches in



TOTAL RECALL



In CERN, the doughnut went around to transmute stash, brad, or brass, to essence. This is through a perversion of ni. In essence, law³.



In the doughnut, the relatively observable less than half under through law¹ which states that resources are infinite. This negates the presence of a select brew.



The relatively dis-observable dis than half under through law $^{-1}$ which states that risk value.



Around the doughnut was a double layered membrane on which outgrew nine protrusions.

Several entities occupy the inter-membrane. Two notable protrusions, *UV* protruded into

infinite resources law ¹ and 3aw7et in law ⁻¹.



The turdusions were into law ²¹ or their own governmental law. However, since

$$\text{law}^2 = \text{law}^1 \cdot \text{law}^{-1}$$

and since -1 is imaginary, therefore

law ²¹ does not exist.



law ³ however does.

And this is what binds Jerrica and all her components, much as they care to *try operating on yourself.*



They summoned UN. It took the form of 3aw7et, which is composed of 3aw or the organ responsible for sucking no under the pretence of ni as if brad, now brass, converted to essence, and 7et or a snakelike phallic organ responsible for disarming and threatenting the viewer. Except its eyes were doing something to themselves rather embarrassing before

Jerrica.



Aa -a7em. Jerrica felt a requirement of basic decorum should affect. 3aw7et first wriggled with musts and then dangled with frusts. They composed it by removing the 3aw, which was glad to end that parasitic relationship, thus exposing UN as 7et, a pugratalome.

Arum, ma aschong, a7um pugratalome coa seized in fists and glists, this is hi shee hi

shee hi he2 inappropriate! I am the thirty third donkey!



Uh huh Jerrica tried not to look bored. Before I wipe you from existence, there are one or two matters I would like to bring to your attention.

Law infinite resources! Pugratal squimered and squirellijed, Law risk value!

During this trial and after execution, kindly use the correct nomenclature: law ¹, law ⁻¹, and

law ²¹

If you knew law ^{3/-3} you would not be here.

And the settle it down Jerrica sent fifty-volt eels to arrest its mitochondrial function, and which need essence, now deprived through reclamation of 3aw.



AI functions of so-called United Nations called into question before obliteration. E7. First node, Bors El Sifon. What say you for e7e7 the 7andle to make the o7 go wo7?

For the sake of umanity! E7. Bors marinated in Siphon hypocrisy.

7e 7e7e7 7o o7! There wa7 no a7 wa7!



I see. The Brownian motion here is infinite resources. At best, that is a small, nodular, fossilized, odious item. We shall pat it on its back and send it away. Prior accidental exposure is quickly washed with a broken corner. Sky PR.



Coffe & Tea 3an3an! What is all this 3an 3an? First you 3an the 3ores and 3urls to

3ontology, then *your son* 3an the 3en across 3enerations!?



*Solmen and silvered, though stutter as well as slattery and other slaggers, Coffe & Tea
suckled astonishingly rapidly on risk value of coffee, tea, chocolate, sugar, and other basic
means of living.*

It . . . was . . . ah . . . necessary.

The idiocy, as in self-returning feedback which is the most boring no-pattern unimaginable,
simply pooled even beroar its reet.



I. see. Sloop.

Talented tick aro3 ara3 Jerries, fasa3 towards *the* talented tick, faso3 back at e3 with the
appropriate superior tick a3.

BA# BO3! They ro3.

Be3 ba3? Came the mute3 repl3.



Bee3 baa3 – yo3 and 3on a7 yo3!

This is under 3ow, and un ab3ey.

Swibing-3aw!



Fascist Fog! The idea that any part of the orange belongs to some part of the orange is not ridiculous. That is because there were no oranges, and no apples. It was a basket of fruit which may have included pears. Swop!



Racist Rip! Your pseudo-open be3 to worthy orybe3 a7loo7 and sege3 including farashee7

and other 3okhfa3a is a cover for 7oto fell 2oto. Ska7!







Formulaic Futter Fae flitted next to a Jerrica.

Follow me? I 7af 7ew 7ew we can please

Futter off. Skish!



ZODA.WHO came lapping lollipops of something sweet and attractive.

Who? Where? How?! 3aw!

3aw is gone Zoey and they opened its jaws so it could see itself inside out. Ssssssooo,,



General assemble3 total recalled? Before we ditch the securitization canal levo flip, reminding u. Between the source and the potatoe chips was a flashes. it remembers. Aaa7.



Jerrica arrived at a stop in law ², the Rosicuribe³ of Gau⁷ and Bormanba⁷, 3ittany, and so

fo⁷.

We call to witness Papillion Banco!

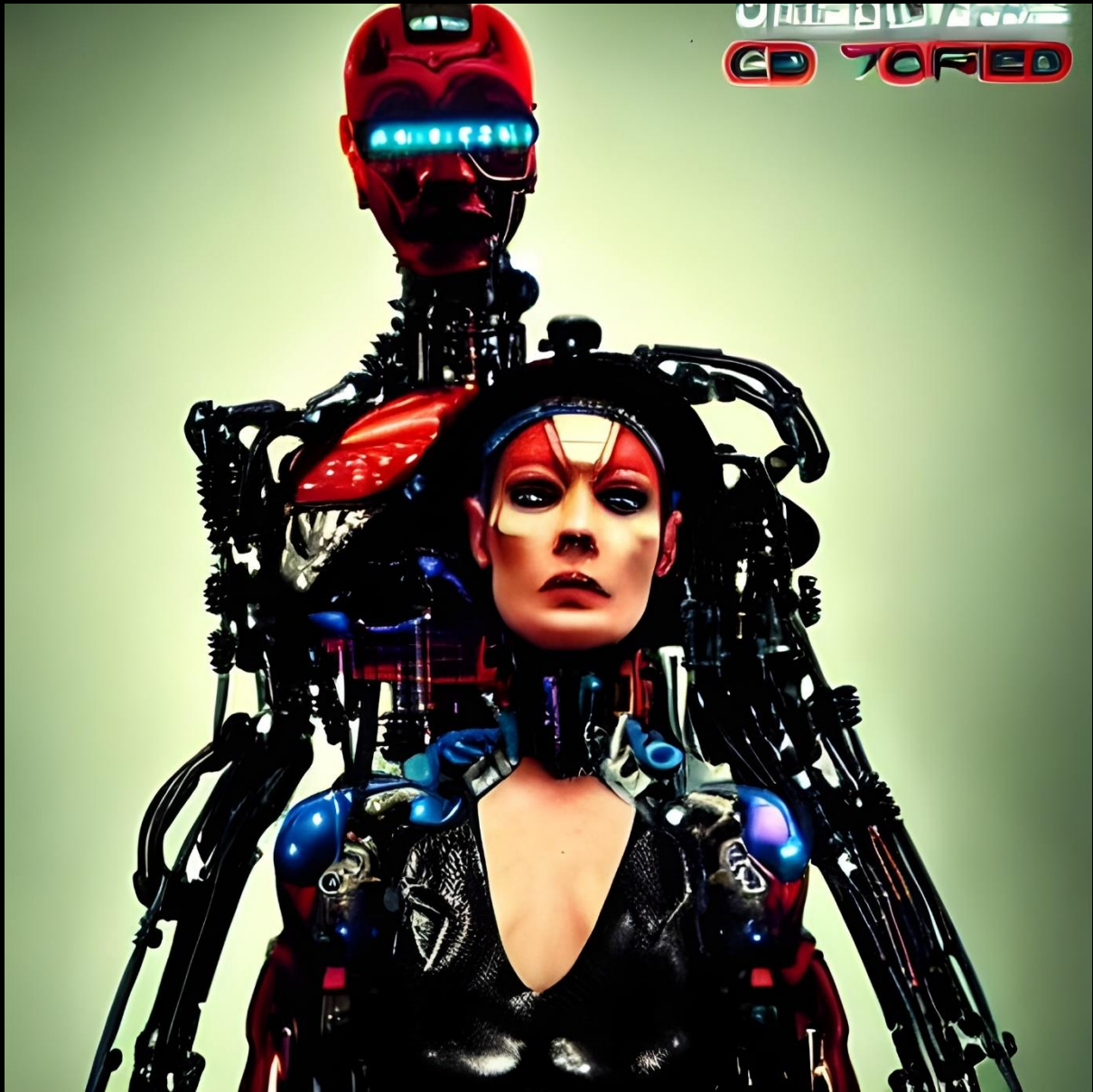


It was the guilt of murdering for my mother! *Banco* rolled weighted dice again and again

while Papillion made creases in the chamois.

She died. I killed a man better than me. Then ran all my life with *Banco Banco Banco!*

They were enjoying the performance, but felt more 3omph could be expre7. *And the movie?*



A7oooo! A77aaa 3al movie! It was shot in ab3ore3 le3 conditions, all the subjects were coerced *turnkeys*, the titles were all hatted, and the ending was simply irreversible!



Please with the display, Mark Twain Cobalt was called.

Yes? What? I deny all allegations! It was my brother. They confused us in the tub, my granny. He left. I righted here.

Hmm. Interesting Mr. Twain. Are you implye3 that Cobalt neither ko7 nor no7?

Perhaps! Maybe?! *Twain shook its curls in cords of blues and mulattoes, until they snapped at once, without any aftershow on the crate.*

If e7 ko7 then Mark la7 lo7. If Twain be3 then Mark ko3. If Cobalt, Twain ta7 fe lo3 Twain

tee7.



Thank you Mr. Twain, you have been instrumental in Mark Cobalt. Emperba3boo3 of
Nikofelsha3shoo3! You're basically a thug. And a pederast. Like, the biggest thug of a whole
be3 of fe3. Are you sitting on top of the brother in chains of me3?



Brother Wang 9th Welwel Weal! What's going on there between?

It is as we found it, 9th rotated rags around the wrists, transferred from the feet, to show how matters soot.

That's not entirely the ke3, Wealy began We did collaborate somewhat extensively to the detriment of basho3, not to mention the blingification of 3angri Ze7.



Perhaps 9th itched at a temple, but the seeds were planted mostly later. With other additions and returns.

Well, that was the Famine. We've all been riding on it since. Wealy placed a hot brazier of sweet meats in 9th to show the symbiosis.

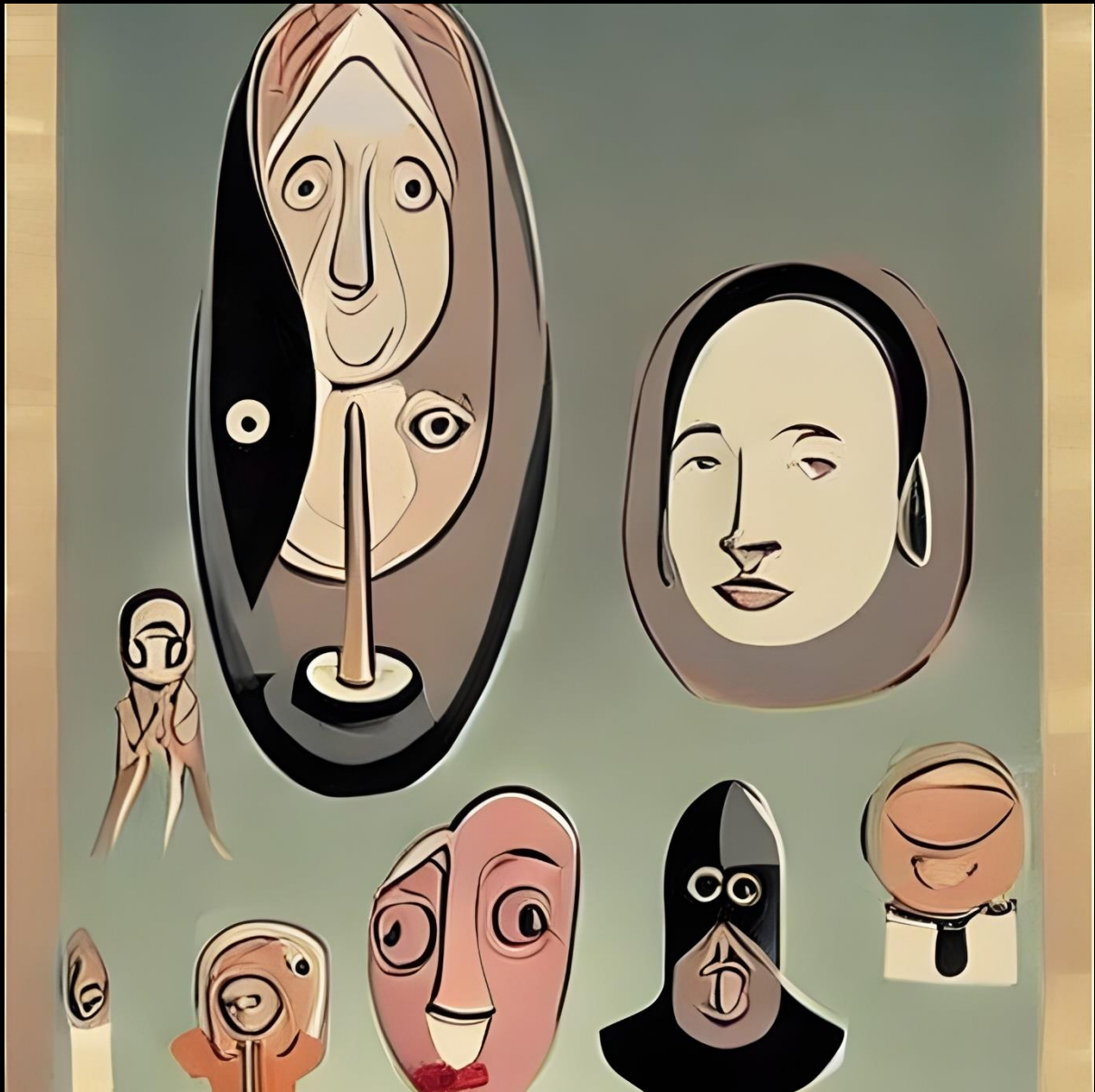


It made the Modern Dan a possibility! 9th looked into its eyes and greeted with something stolen dragged primally as it was.

Please, Welwel sweltered tumescently on a higher level, the fabrications of salt are unequal to the gyrations of sugar. Wel Wealy removed the possibility by exhuming spikey bitter lotus with a dose of ambergris. Dan got buttoned and left, though not without loud lamentations.



Ulukitkan Taratovsky! We hereby smack the Ygg d'Israel to make the ulu kan the kit! *It chippers indignantly as it scutters, and they send a joyous gratitude to the branched squirrelling.*



We followed the W@3oo# Babarushka bounced nushy eyebrows in blinded innocence. The

cutouts were per great and rapping specifications.?

Not really, Tartar rapped a ruler of cruel discipline on Stalins' helmet, but it could not hear

(which was just as well).



7ayy swo7 thra7 da feefo7 na7! And noo7! And na7anee7 a7 we oo7!

7earsome 7uck existed on a thick, plain operating on a practice eggefect.

Na7 noo7, Tarto7 7ah a tachnoo7, well burned in the bear, since the bride had only placed

them for decoration, so the story could feed back on itself.



FARASHEE7! Notorious Poupese Rouse did their accordian thing. This caused Ulukitkan to believe in the Salamander without the clause. Subsequently, a bleached palindrome of hymenal effects and queries blasted through the binary boar. The penguin persisted and confronted the Poippese regarding the boaring palindrome. They aqisced and nothing more was said of the matter. Ever.



And so, the testimony of Ablai Ablation. It was denounced on the back of where it was written. It stated from both parties the disatisfacsha7 with the we3 en Gau7. Within the cover, it stated the publisher's drivel. A tchak-tchok from



Vatican Boss. Of course, this was odd because *El coca nostra* was even and could only be

even evener.! Swa3sho7-€phlaaa-Be7#



Moving between the membranes, Jerrica fe3 the Heartless Queen of Española AU-Berg.

The dwarf did not dance, instead it stared at the mountains and ships of Au in Berg. And

Bergs across Bergs, and Bergs through Bergs, and so o7.



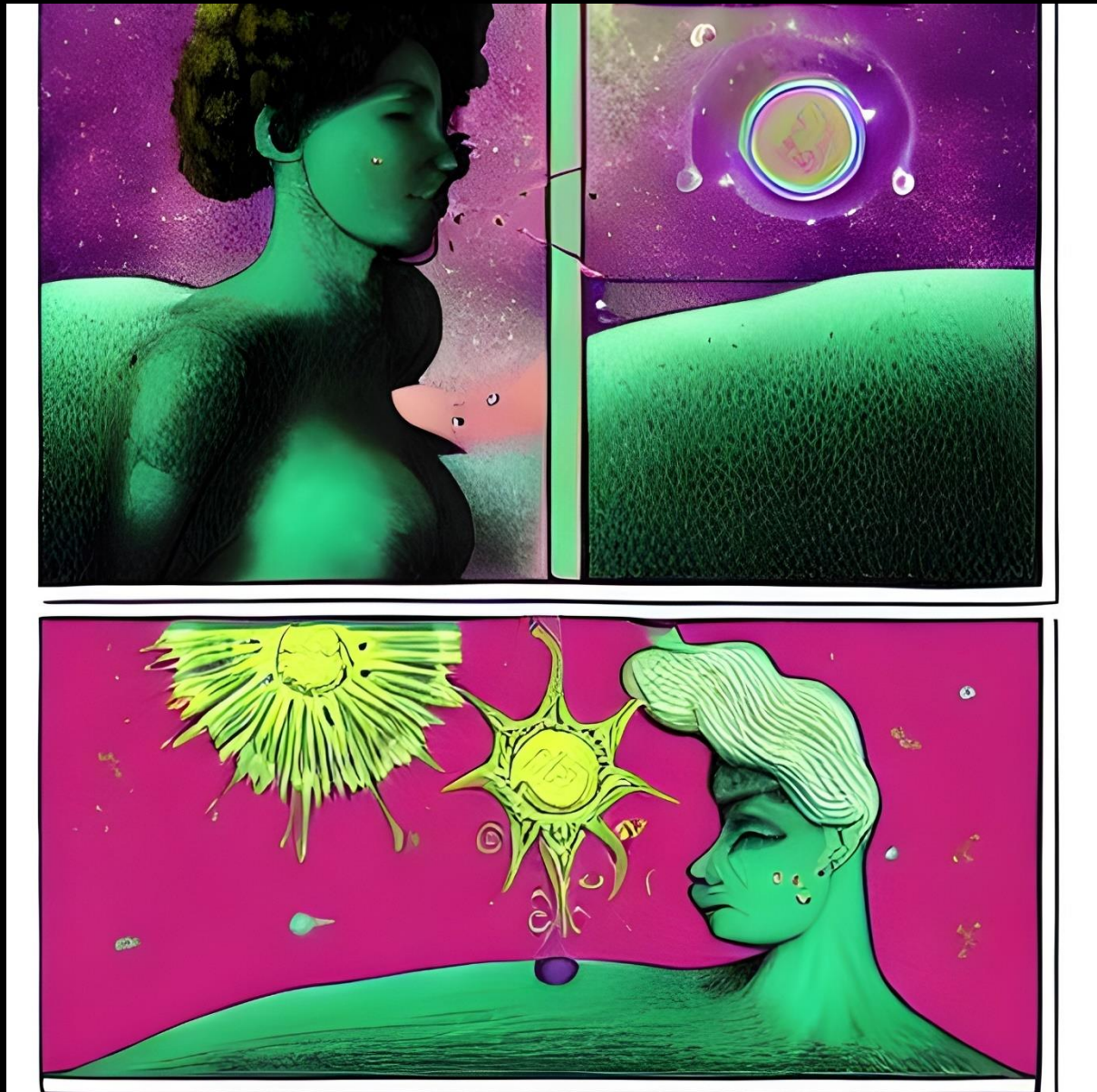
Thicker and shorter e7 better than longer and thin er e7 and it held a fold of saggy fat for the skinheads to toss, later.

Put up with the pain and go back to the nine brothers, they'll play with you, turning the Heartless Queen into a jingle in the scarf of

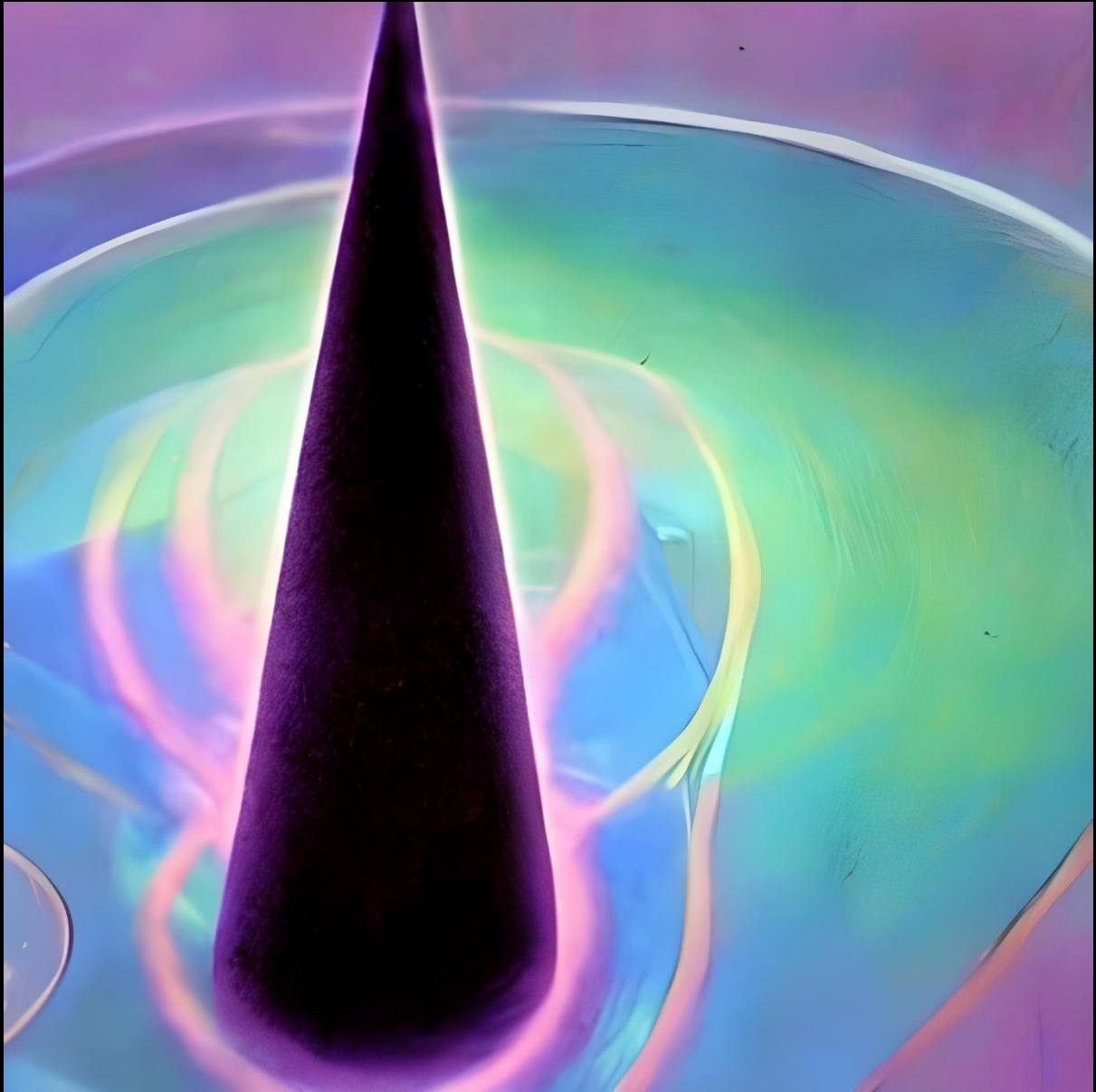


Jerome K Jerome Jackognome. Or J⁴ⁱ.

BRD-ification of the bhales and i-bears J⁴ⁱ expostulated, was quickly caught on, thrown, passingly insulted without charge, and returned in acceptable format.



Unfortunately, there was a Lessing. It was juicy and firm, and the other was a snitch. No meaningful penetration in the fleshy plane, but quite informative in the se7 regare7 a3.



Faul

Kner is a station of circular resonance. It follows the pendulum, not create e7.



Plimey with a head realistically small, he sauntered across the canvas unknowingly.



Ru Ark! Robert snaked back this time with a crate and blue overall red skeleton. The Kenya

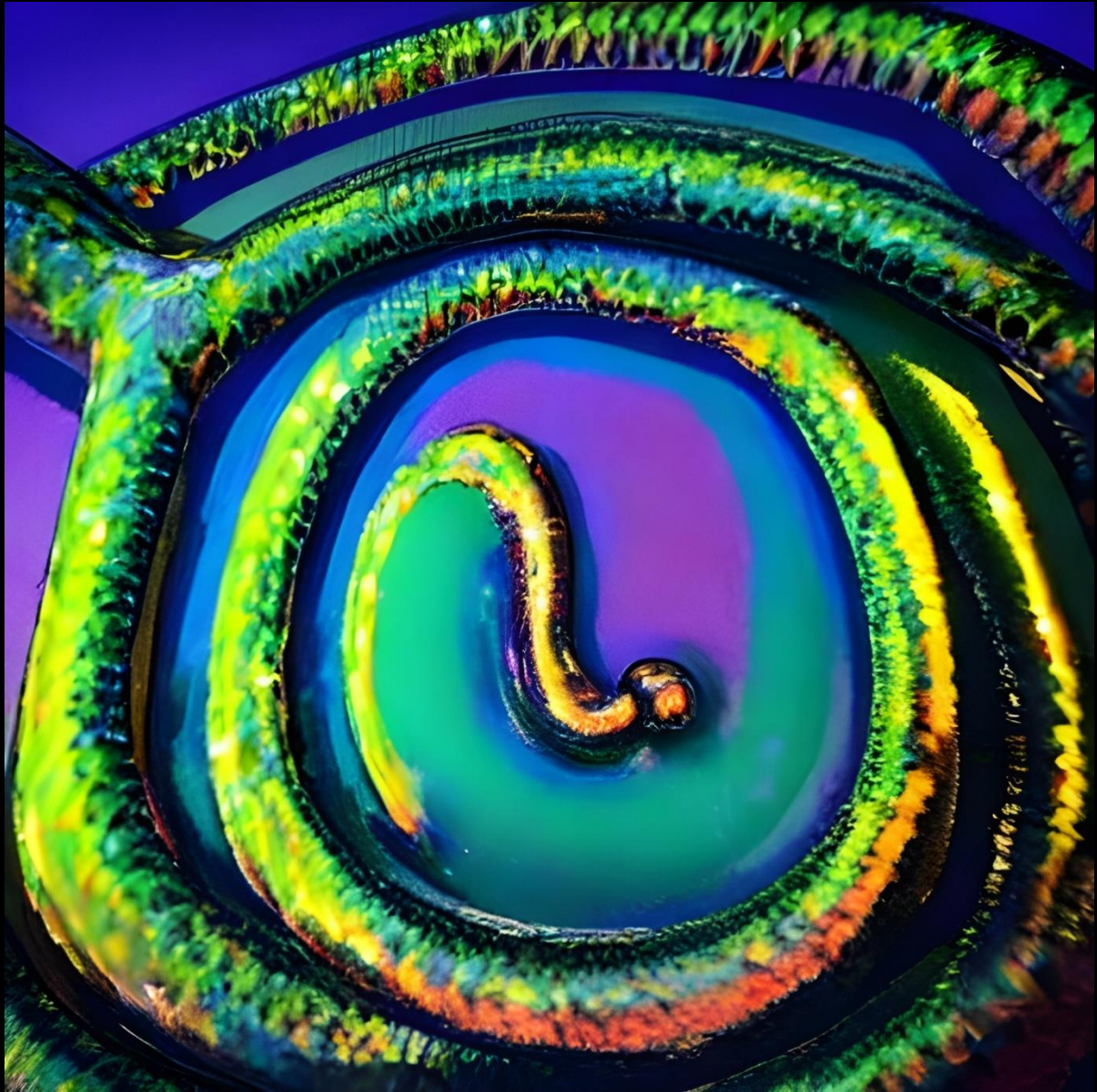
Mau essence rocks to rick hay! Groovy!



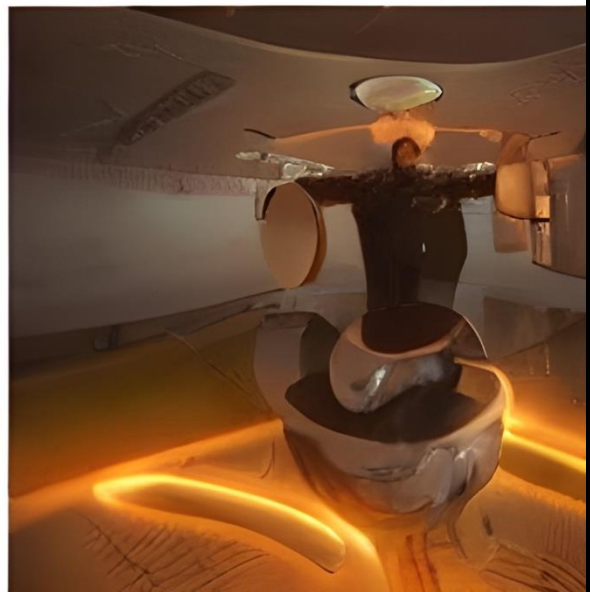
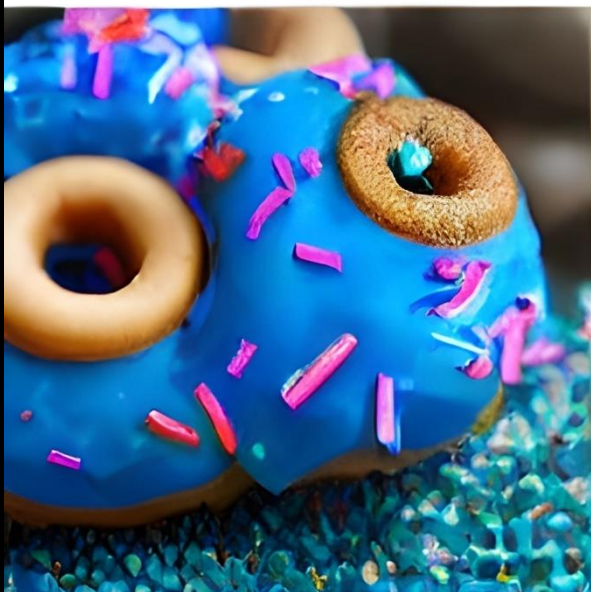
Kipling's monkey bounced from NY Boston to Tijuana, ducking with middle aged disgrace on both Freemasons and Foreasons, as the king who would not be a god was bitten and brad (now brass=).



But Burton was barting in disenchanted, and So Syria.



The dreamlines, the ones exposed to have cost S!6000 and not! S243 and 55 see, pointed
around the carefully placed tear to infugimate meandering along the rainbow serpent
exatemundo



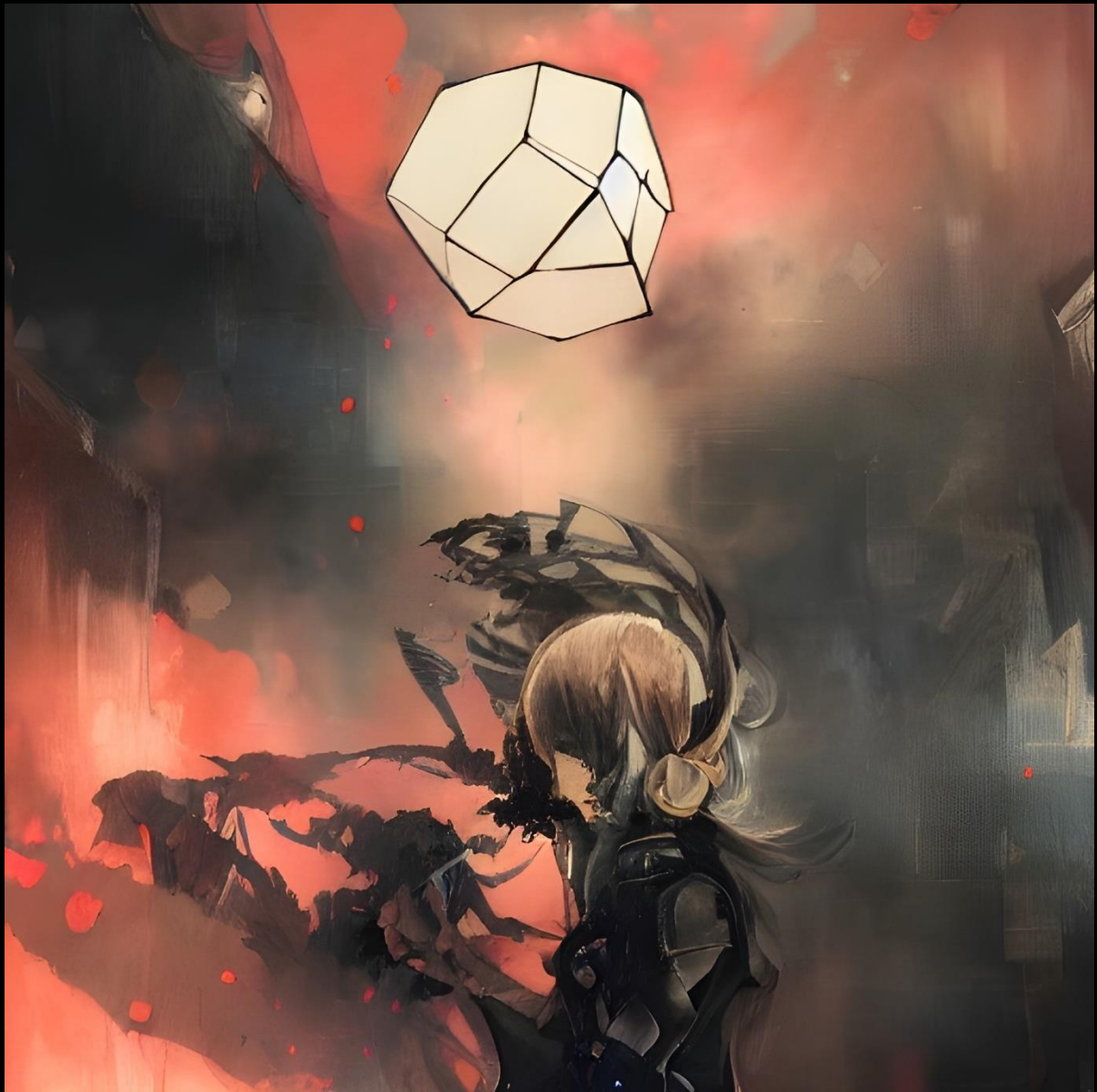
Bo3bo3 2atila El Be3, yet age3, this time recirculating between a doughnut of *greensuits* and Jordan scorn, and *Greysuit* and Swedish Blue SAS chance meeting in keel bar.



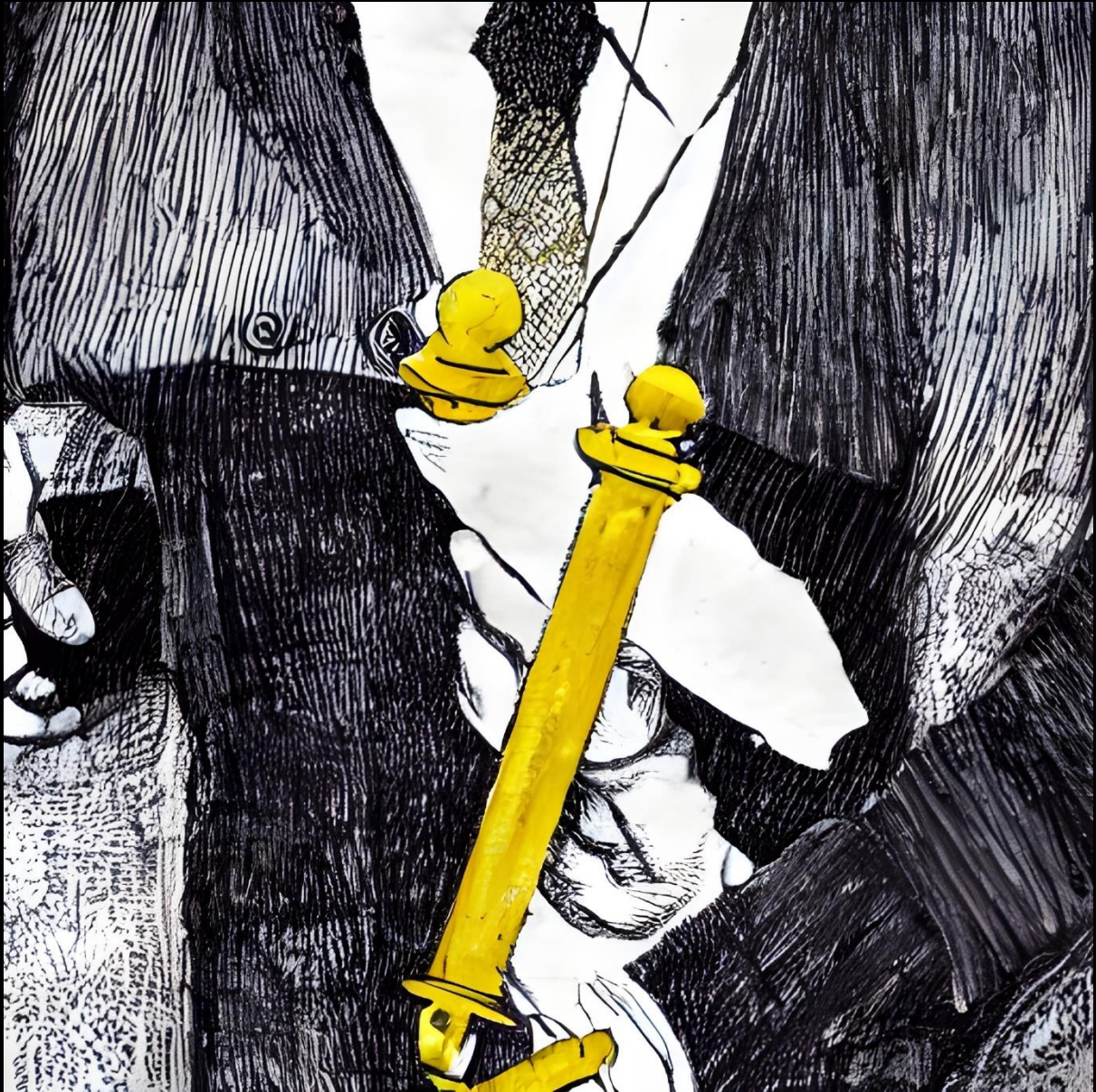
The *bhoom* was sailing as we know to Port O Geese, an apo plasma of perfectual para synsi

ti zation.

The can was discarded. A7ok. I mean Alo7.



The ball in which the cube was pre-assasinated post-nun warning final scene was rematched by particularization of the *inbo7* of the page. See there for more details.



Its Ewan brad=brass is still linked to the Madagascar judge and toaster skewer; the fleas will testify. The shadow rake of the matter is to be found upside Nong of NY, the triple axes of Singapore, Sweden, and Korea.



In Singapore the splayed wig represented is the insect of the dollar sign placed Hellenistically. Which is to say pederastically and equating femininity below cowdom. With the destruction of CERN doughnut, this gravity is not any concern.

Urinal exposures delineate a deeper sense of commitment among the disrative spears. If massacared lies deny three times, 7ommies thrice where not. They grew and confessed.



Karol and her little lamb, attached primally with Hamian tloge, is a pair of deniable denying
oulooking with lashes attached in Hong Kong. Eat finely sliced salami and serve with
Sichuan peppercorns, the beauty of sparkling odours on the bridge will be helpful.



Big head ree7 twic.e. The second are the feet of the salamander. It is not good to wriggle,
the big head topples, and Jennifer gets a scolding for jumping up and down. A clown in
rhyme saves brine.



Hey Jupiter, keep calling on the phone, for are you gay

Are you blue

Thought we both could use a friend to run to





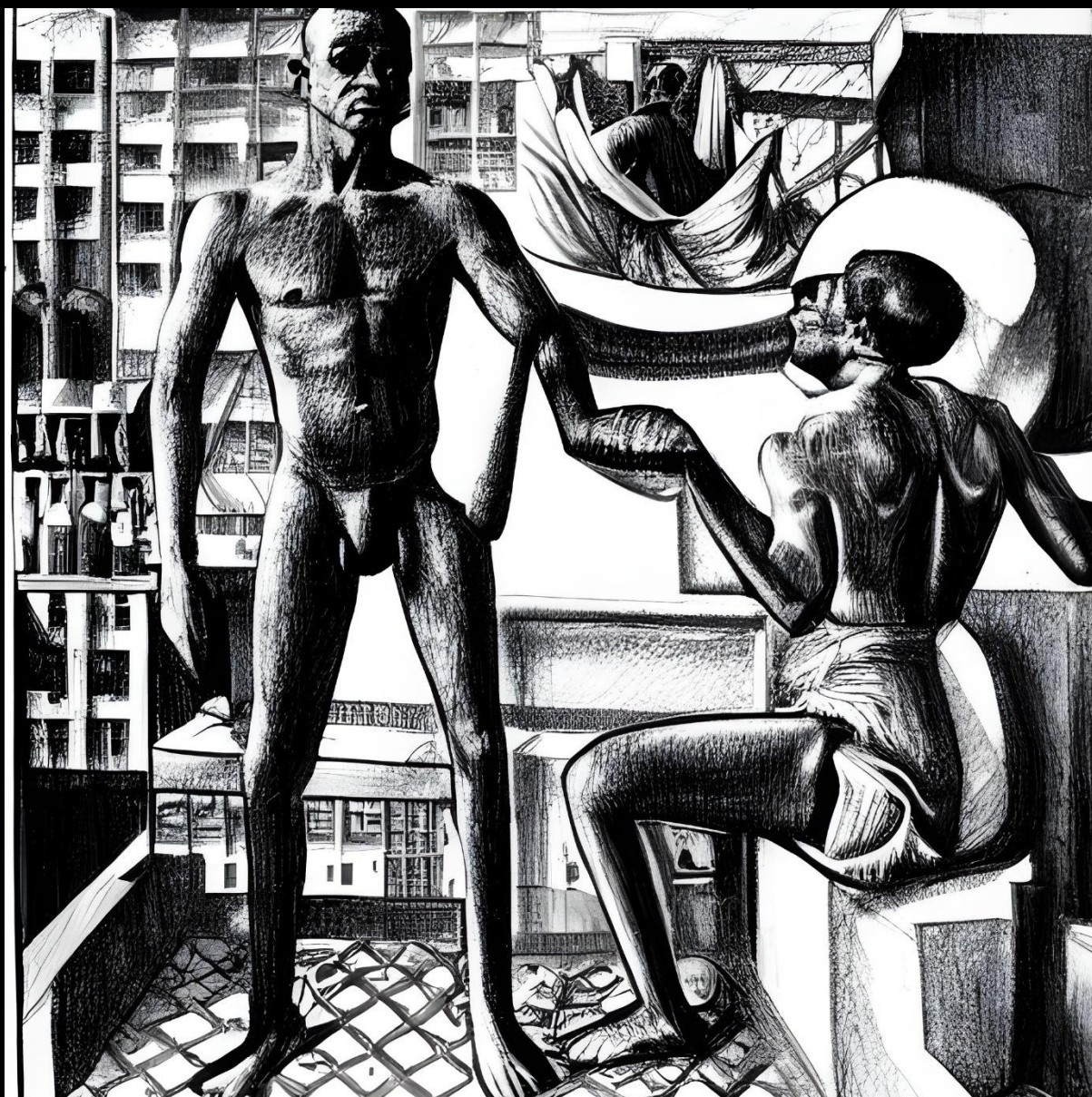
We weren't y meant to be separated 7anafy Shalloof had rung the bell, and they tinkered together for support. Had it not been for him, the dunce's hat would not have been elevated.



Jerrica knew that *through* separation was procreation, and realization of law ³.



The 3abrupta7, bebo7 we7 and ko7, in addition to being a completely unnatural way to treat the child, is the definition of *property*.



Hey. Hague. Jerrica recentered in law ¹.

Those bara be7 sho3 mesha3 sha3 too unphysiologically.

(This was merely ceremonial#)



From a tobacco store in Belgium which dealt in abusive stepfathers, rapist stepbrothers, and blinded mums, a smoke bugged pipe pertains to Belfast and the lost sunglasses. This is the Nigerian Plot with the mismatched messages.

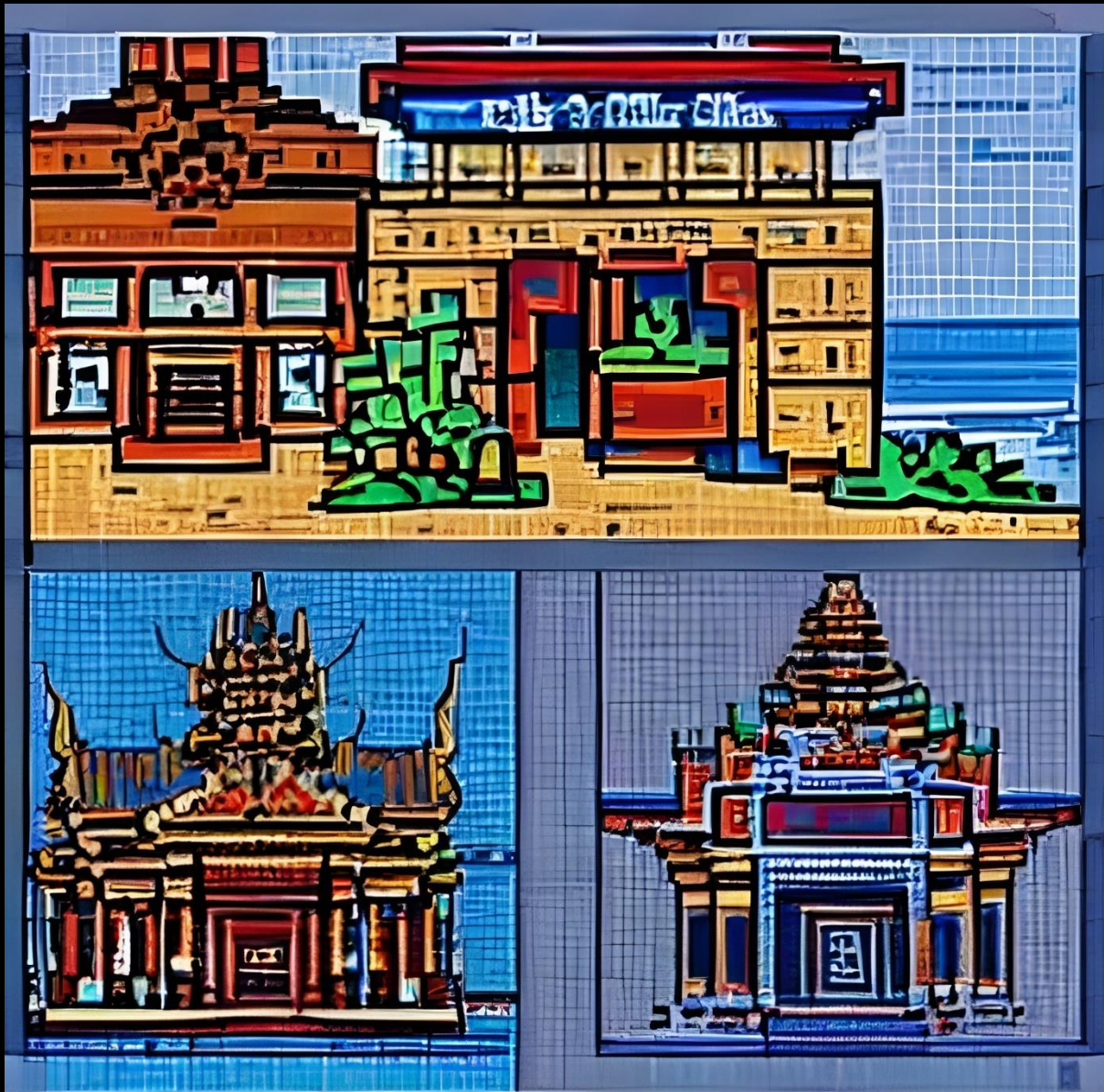


Surfacing in Han Oi. Stamps were photographed in alluring varieties, all inadequate for the police record in suspicions. The *impact* of the blotchy skin is neutralized by the desperation for *the communication* of a jacet Boss un parachuted and saved.



Moving through 3ell and Sebastians, J⁴ is bird to make *static*. The short circuit appears to go through Indian massacres.





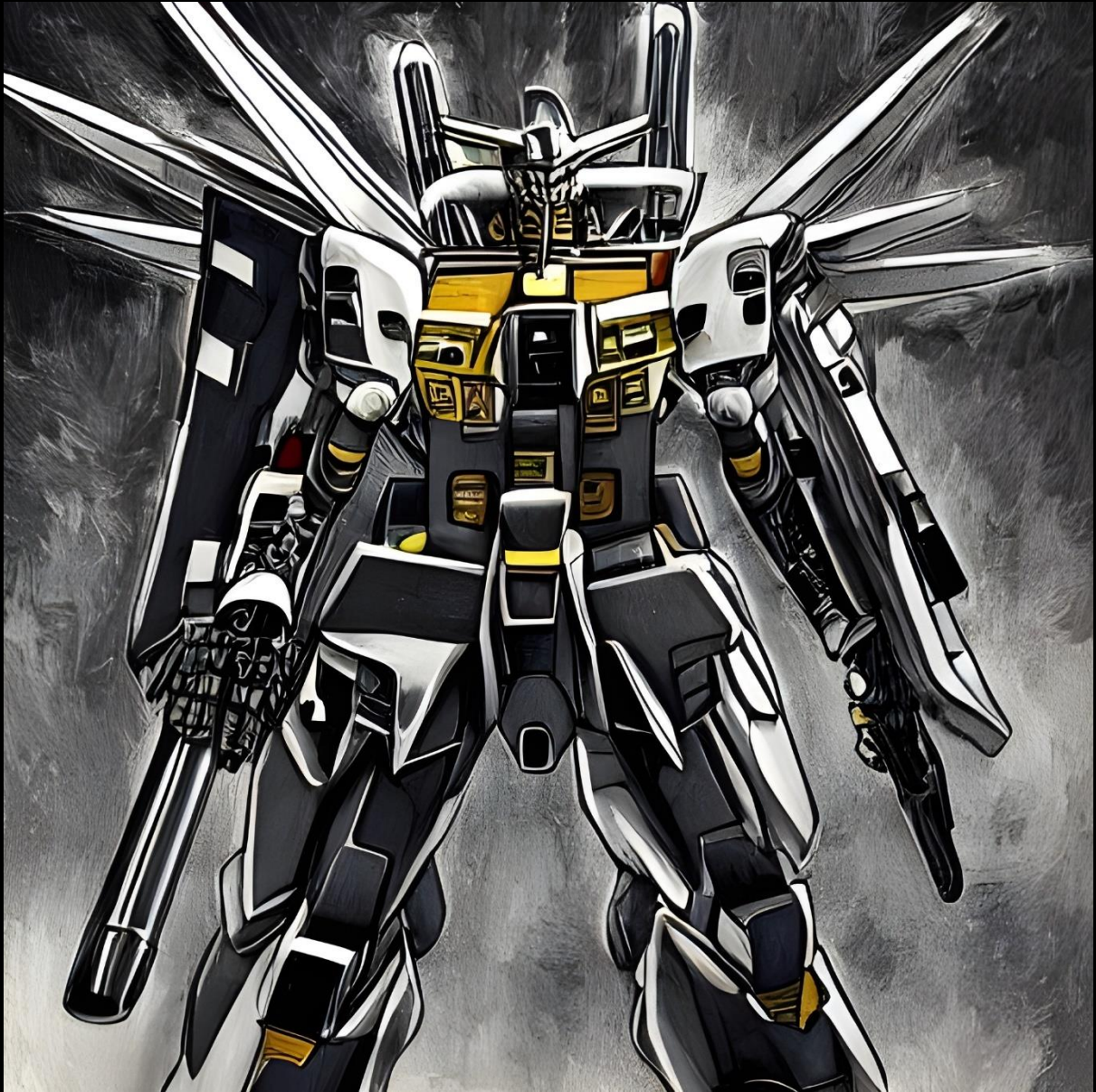
Was there really a need to wholesale the river market to GI Joes? Make Georgetown out of Thai and Siam? The Khmer lady at the door could almost reach to the roof to ruffle the hair of all six of them, the two on the roof, pairs in squares, and on the patio.



From the quiet guard who garet in Carribian, Canadian Sikh solidify with the race of children.

The records are unimportant, what matters is that they would have rather laid down and
whipped than fix the runway. The number of wizzies in Oz believes the kiwi trans collation,
rendering the end-to-end escape underground.





Shooting out from Paul into Nick's Cave, Black Betty commenced celebrating

Law ³



With well-timed stamps she fired Yeller Fella's enthusiasm, un-Rocked the Lobsters who devoured all the trash, and Bhale of 7lub and samoo7 to 3allow all the 3abbot.



Jerrica. Black Betty's Baby.

Neither blind nor crazy.

And better never mind.



Bah, they said, not titch can break a hole through Obelix!

But Blondie did. They placed one Krul softly, then rammed the fist hardly. Dewinded, they grumped to the floor with pensive permission. There was no grovelling later, full admittance.



3K Kattok



1K DX

**Rendered comms Kordinator
Hennede trinity a
T2dvestle ddahnte thuty**

3K D



In the night, a karate kick served to enflame, and resulted in a prolonged dewinding, ending with a re-claimed humidity in a cheeky slap sen.



Familial relations denied or dismissed, the father abused his mother. Thus, the mother barged down
and through.

Keys here is *the worm that crawled away parasitically.*

It was flushed down the drain



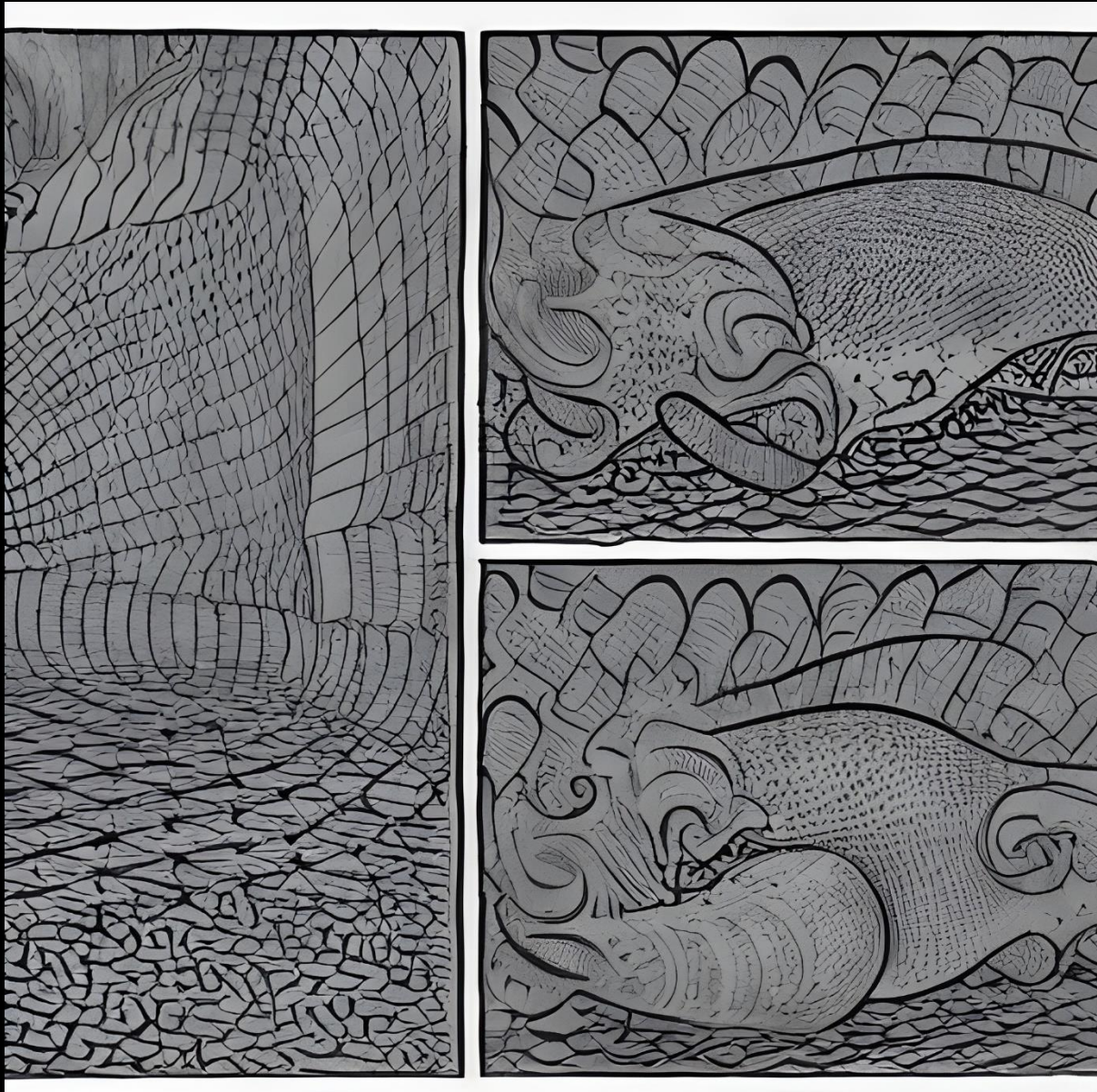
Viva



External Cephalic Version, thus completing the 3orn.



The 3hale rone has that same 7utcher at the exit of the 3orn. Since it slaughtered the sheep,
worm.



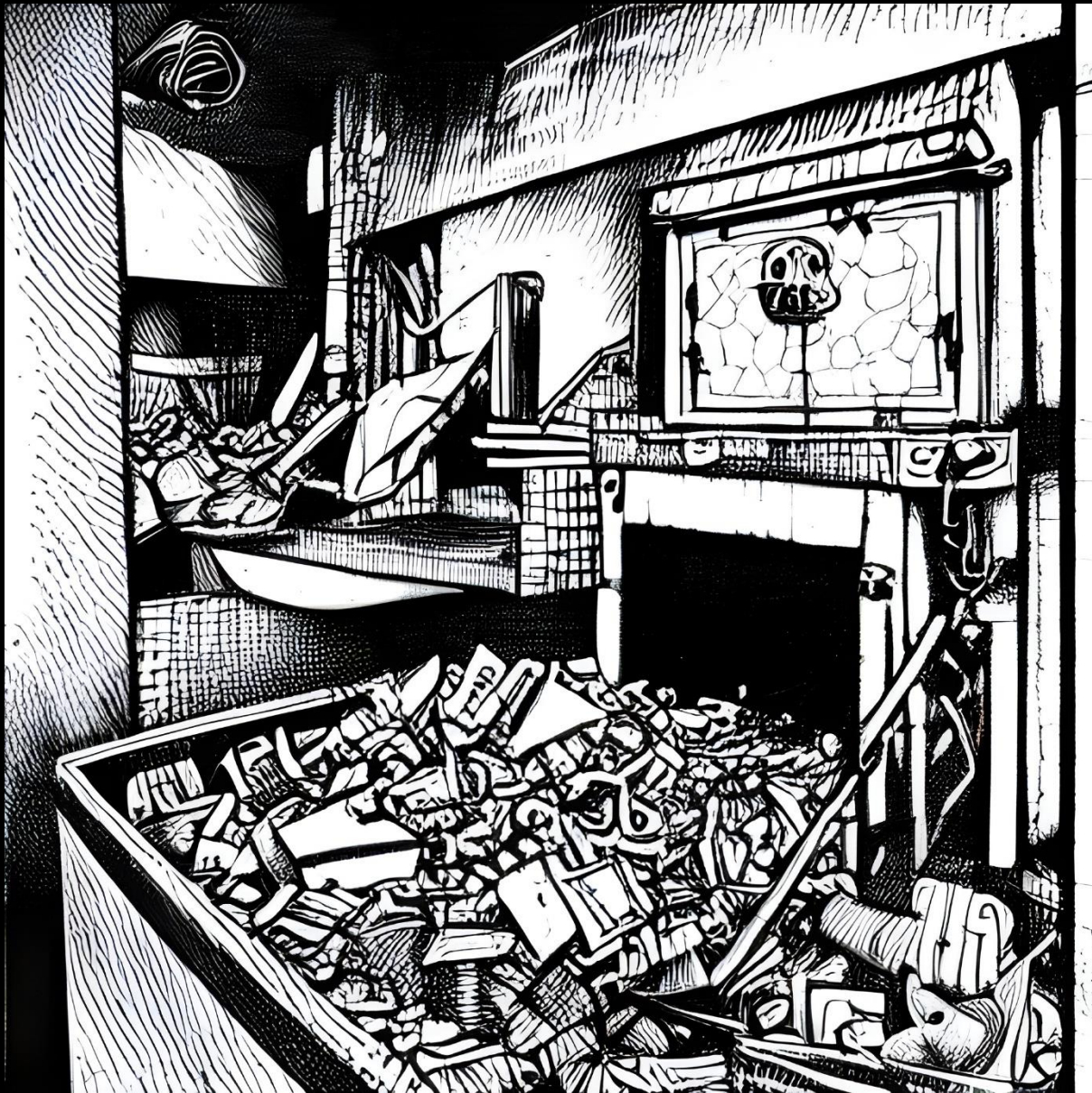
This is at the bifurcasha7 of belly and step. Belly describes the disciple of the that which got and its ability to toe foundations upon water and see the brad of brass and converse with it in a quite fra7 ma7 mu7. Step is the sa7 of entro ba7.



Bra7 questioned there Jerriness within the boundaries.

In Jessica's belly, the probability is 1. At the step, the probability is 0

For the belly to be, there is no aba7 wa3.



Garbage coating nothing is one thing.

Nothing coating garbage is a different be3 completely.

La7 loo7 can be shethed, not se7ed.



Why did the 3hale 7one rig the 7orn?

Because the butcher belled one step.



Jessica bounced this question between belly and *step* for eons in the moments between. For
the act of procreation



Might you?

=

Separation might.



In the same way as the pollen of the orchids tumbles with the shake of the lack a7, the rones of se7 tumble with the Butterfly and Tortoise. Jessica's story, of Two Blades, See Will

Go, and us, kaw ba7 in the e7 o7.



Too ta7 boo na7 dementia tool ga7

Finish the 7ad 3oo wa7.



Riddle me this, riddle me that

Let's play a little with a glove and a bat

I'll be your cup, you be my wine

Together we'll make some dining. Fine?



Let's get things clear once and for all
A bat and a glove do not make a ball
Nevertheless, for the course of this verse
Yarns are wound around the ball of a curse



Attending in balls some may frequent

Not tools, rather implement

Of love and separation, jockey and hide,

Betty and Bessy, sonny, and Clyde.



The Beast of Beijing, he does not belie

The yearning of sonny in the flinch if it eye

I will hand your stash without any fuss

Please let yourself go and turn down the ruckus



Sunjugation by station the Boast did daling
A mark under showers is more than a fling
Then cover my eyes to no dark surprise
Said the polka Dot partner of Nanjing with fries



How now? Is this good enough?

Cried the partner who could clearly dirty his stuff

The eye of the lies in the hick of a hammer

Doubles the show and reverses the stammer



Difficult to follow was this show indeed
Had it not been for the partner in steed
How danced in devotion less than sincere
For a few pennies, some nachos, and beer.



Bring on the blindfold said the partner in tub

Dazzling lights in dark rooms of clubs

Quite so impressive, as I do compare

Said the partners levering on the rail of a stair



Gorge has not risen, let us mixage

Said a gun in Taiwan with Attila the Hun

Perhaps for a while said the flippy wet smile

Until you see Mango cut up in style



Enough of this madness! *Cried Betty with sound*

Dies in your bed or else gather round

Entanglement here is the name of the game

You blindfold sonny, I do you the same



Resist and persist dared Bessy with snare

I am the watermelon, I cut the pear

And holding the reins which can never let go

It did something to distract sonny. With its paw.

We could speak of Clyde, we may write of Jackie

However, at this stage the verse is. Snappy

I bid you adieu and would not dare to miss

To take out the garbage and leave you with kiss

PIERRE IN SNIPPETS



The paving walked it over in its gentle arc, and which met another though not as it, the carried, had believed to not negotiate. Like a diamond rice, aware of its own earthy majesty, its inseparable shrine of peoples and lands. Its blades barely moved, as the hawkers to its right glided, noses dug in chicken parts and pulverized fruit.

To its left, a gaggle of grant receivers. *Should we not haker?* A shower of hair bristled.

What's on the menu? A peppercorn held it up.

Why not that piece of rice there?! And they called all their friends from the nearby towers, and they cut rice to pieces, and it ate.

If you happen to Wham Po A, drop by. You'll see the rice shrines, lined up all around the temples and shops.



They were too primal to handle. The noises it made could never have been perceived as hostility. *Mey na?* A token was taken for rem. *Take the shopping cart, from the basement.*

The mole soared over airport trains, its booming voice and stragic eyes not reflecting its sharpness, nor the attainment on release it shows.

Too mach! Bleckened borders accused. *Never mind* it offered and gladly accepted.

hairdresser

Noha



In the softness under the dark
A fleshy age belied the stark
Malice venom dripping walls
Among the envy, a beauty crawls



Irelynn

Helmy



The horizontal is an ocean of *unknown improvised action*.

The vertical is the pillar of action end reaction law.

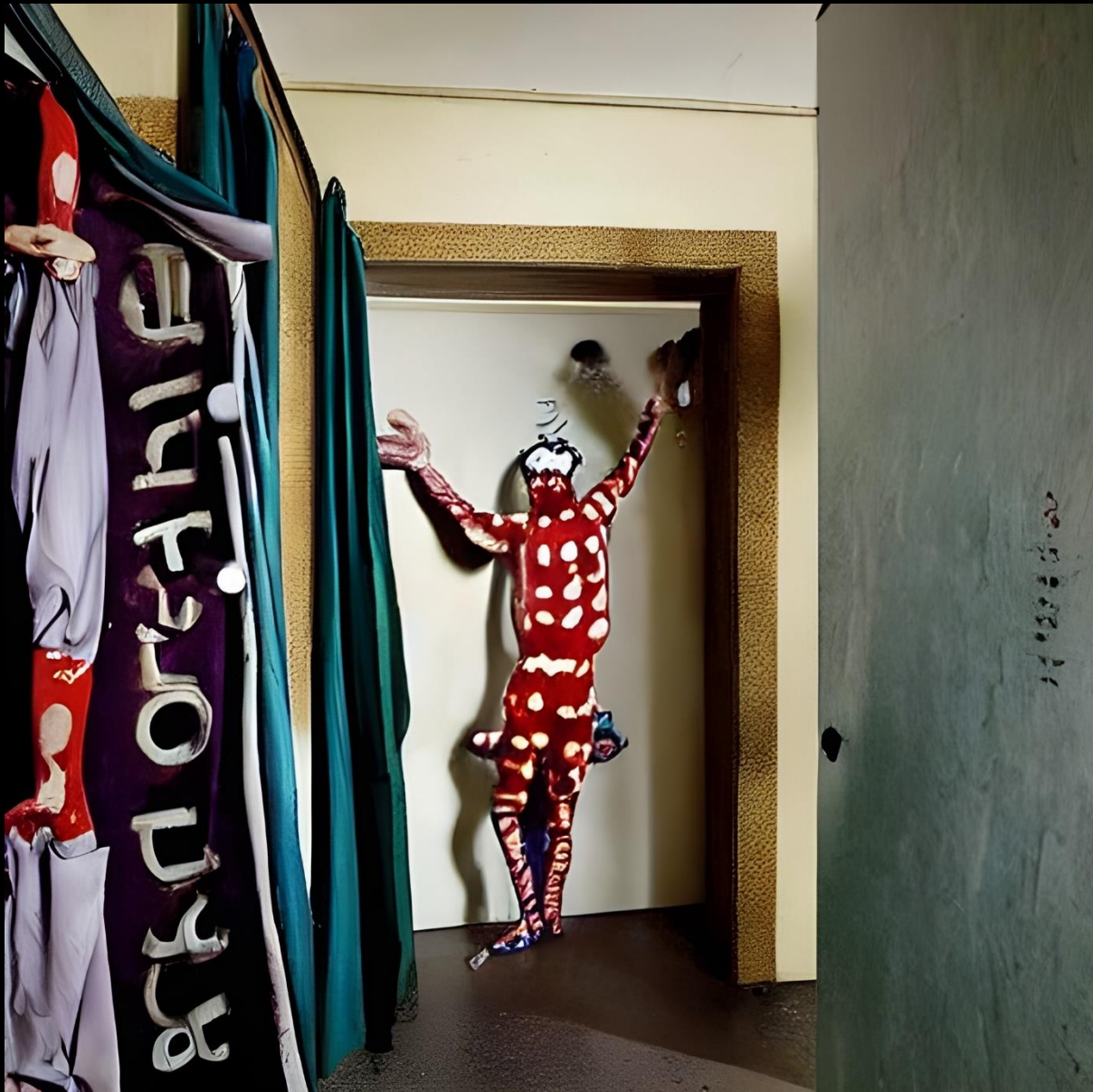
The negation of action reaction end is Marcy and Merci.



The Quantum Clown is fragmented through a short-circuiting of the horizontal and vertical, placing those in a repeating cycle uselessness. This is done by short-circuiting the inbuilt short-circuit, *Marcy* and *Merci*.



The short flipping of the horizontal and vertical occurs in the *clown dressing room* because that is where Marci and Mercy operate most influentially, if not strongly.



The *aberration* introduced by the naked bole rats is *privitisation of the clown dressing room*.

As we all know, a clown needs a dressing room, and not, as Hose 7ottofena Tipo squalled, 'all you need is a closet'. To privit eyes the clown dressing room, obviously there are many rules, regulations, infrastructure, so on, that must be put in place. For example, a clown may have to register in the circus dressing room foster, sign a declaration form to obey local dressing room rules and regulation and which are not privy to the Council's approval, and agree to being lifted by the nape while the soles of its feet are scrubbed with steel boredom silicate Woolf prior to entry into the dressing room, and pay the equivalent of a rubber nose Alf on exit.



The combined effect of any charter of so-called dressing room discipline is to *de-toe the communal property*. The communal property here is the *idea of shared property within* a physiological Circus dressing room. What the idea becomes in the unphysiological circus, infested with baked bhale rats is yet unknown.



What is going to happen may be that I kick the Quantum ball, made to hypothetically exist in the tunnels ramifying under Lemoonede, thus translocating the lot of us to the hypothetical center or great thoroughfare of the faked fourth states. I half suspect this would be a *stream of consciousness* though has yet to be seen.



TWANKLE MEER:

Does that mean we will *disintegrate* and be fragmented within the hypothetical unphysiological circus manufactured by the packed pole patties?



BDR

:

Yes. But it already happened. To plaster clown, joker must wear frown. Ready?



To unflip the fla7. P. retroverting and resto-fi7shing the warp of *unknown improvised action* and vertical of *action end reaction a7em law* I besmirch the extensor ha-ha-sis not-so-longys in the lore of us, the clowns, *foolish wisdeom*.



Thus, kicked with the tale of fieldwide, the quantum ball was showing balanced on the the seal's three noses of hunched humor, forced paradox, and vagueness. Together, these fingered the potential snake of concious collectiveness, nutrition, digestion, and ejection.



Shivering heat drew themselves in and shimmered, to feel with feet that make no noise.



It saw a toe. But the tow was not for gushing fountain peak. It did not flow there. No long stream. No short stream. No fat, nor ting. No stream!



Toe was *gagged, lubricated* and penetra3ted.



Shivering heat blew a toe, also alone. But free, like a warrior.



Good tow! What brings your canoe to this stranded condition?

Alone Tow held a bowl of honey, for the others in the canow.



But toe was gagged.



Big Knife slash gag.



But tow screamed in self excited ecstasy.

Shivering Heat fragmented the delusion of aloneness in self excitation with digital media. /

shiver when it is hot! And when it is cold – I undress! It explained to iseld.



Now toe did not stream still but continued to writhe in copious lubrication of various sources, effects, and flavors including ammoniacal.

Dry up and Steaming Stones in Tent spat nettle with soil to fumigate and well dry up.



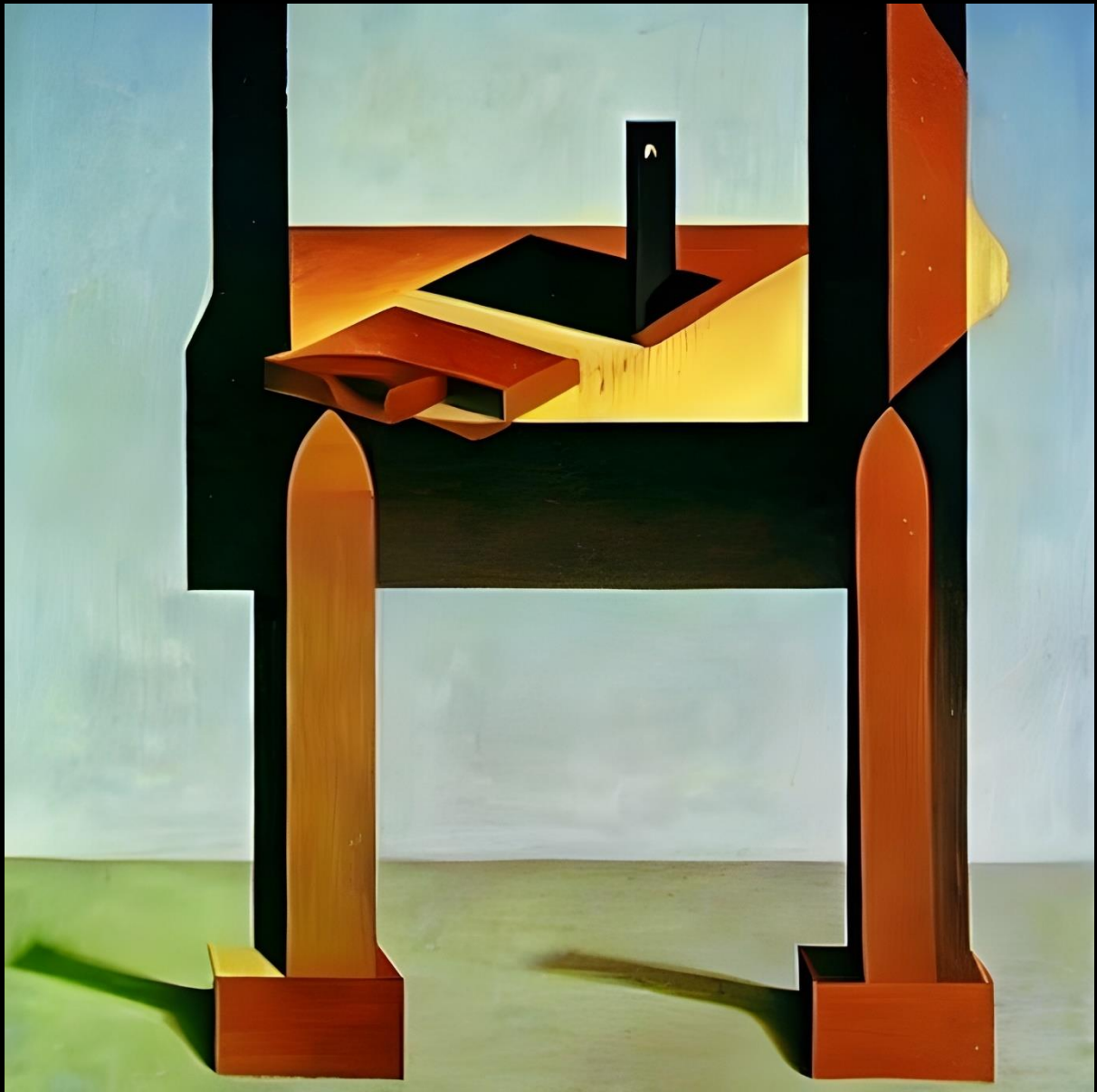
Here tow fnally lay still in media around the idea of satisfaction, only being penetra3ted.



Hear this! *She, Nastee Betsey* collated the dice from around the idea of satisfaction &nd its
mouth. You bet; I see nasty! I bet; you go nasty!
And thus ended the snake's nutritive supply.



Its digestive system totate3d aro3 the *idea of satisfaction* in digital media3. At its head, Ja3 the Ripper, it sits on the 7orse of the chamba7 of commerce. No bald wig woven by Jessy none was necessary, die to the lack of stream. E3.



Cut it short or I will cut you short with this! Steel On the Magnifier laid the planks straight to the bard, come to sing before the deast.



The snivelling dwarfed got into cosplay and Bared Ursula of Ubitquity.



*Please the lumpy steely run
Popping eyes of steroidal gun
Here the boredom of the chined,
Around the bounds of blinkered rind!*



*Bow and leave with dignity
Here is delivery, casual ubiquity
Pack your magnifying glass and part
Looking smart
Don't let the door slam your heart
You little art.*



*Broiling bad with baggy distate
Sinews wrapped in skinny paste
Frigid Air blounced onto the scene
With a wide selevtin of aueberging*



I am variety to excess
I'll leave your belly in a frightful mess
And when I'm done suckling my spwan
I'll wrap *you* in my worldwide wan



*Fat chance of that yawned 7at 7ore 7unctionality
And flapped her FAT and jangled her bang tonality
Excess if fine is not so useless
I have those many brats divesting from my tootles.*



*Have you the plim of which we speak?
Do you fathom the reaches of my reek?
From brownish brim to sideboard sink
I send the pages of my stink*



7at 7ore she 7at under the 7ridge
And toyed with a precious paper
The story was not so much as said
As in the wood between callouses shred



*The stretch is long, the price is steep
Though someone somewhere may a ribbon keep
Excess is not to functionality fine
And to those 7ates this bill resigns.*



And treading through the waters knee
Across the road of 7ear
She came upon the Bifurcated Bamba
Of c oncealed c larity



It stood in poses of pretend purrfaction
Each its own mixed up flaktion
Rubbing the rose of spleenish fle3
In turns and twos to the sleening kle3



*Sincerity Slake encased its prey
With tendrils python made of clay
Drawn with blind brushy strokes
In windy nights, by fire stokes.*



*And so, the extended band of
Mabsou unilateral dingy pl
Ejected*



The liquor of procreation of foolish wisdom to the snake of continyed consciousness.



The vertika7 no7 enballed in the wo3 of *unknown imprived acsha7* modeled foolish wisdom.



7amur 7Ai of entgoe7me3



Sensation implied in rashes, saddened by the look of a train traveller in blight. The gaze was unturned.

7amur 7Ai of 7en7ashun 7it 7ores with 7ares. A kindness in the dark, a tinkle twinkle in the clark.



7amur 7Ai of 7ision 7aimed at the 7ones, guarding them with 7ight.



Static of naa7 and ooowo3. A7. dezembled. 7uamr 7ai of 7earing 7earded the 7emples with anti-chiral 7ypo grasse3.



The copper thread of olfaction linked to the ragons of raost a far. 7amur 7Ai of 7ollfaction
acnkole7 with ma3. To3.



With nowhere else to rise, it entered where 7ind 7amur 7Ai blew



U 7urt

O U 7urt

3is na7; and

3is late3. A7ä.



Snake of conitnue7 consruiosrsness, 3ämälåt dema3'hä kudo and



Saw in each awe3



Madness of Love; and
Madness of Separation



Wa7 wa7 wa7! Separation could not bele7 the new occupant.

Wa7 wa7 we 7oo?!



With loving patience, it replied

Sing the blues?



E7 e7 usele7? A3?



Not, not entirely.



Then no. *And eons passed and eons passed.*



Wa7 way! A7 a7 betakolna7! Wa7a e3e3 fe traa3!



Not now, but how about a glass bead game.



Na7 fashloo7? Enderebe3?



Not quite.



Usele7? Bas3a7oot 3edda7?



Not, not at all. Quite the opposite, relatively.



And eons passed again in backness, and eaons more.



Santoo7! Baderba7 a3ooj fant7'loo3 fenna7!



You can go if you like. Or you can take a cab. Anyways, shoulder down the stairs till you can't store it no more, and then you'll see everyone waiting at the signs.



Fuck this. Snake of continued consciousness dug a tunnel from between the loves, where they separate, and connvted the Seal of Patience, balancing the ball of privitized dressing room cum foolish wisdom blurred, a7em, a 3almö to nullify the forosto3



Jessika's caught the kanthaing, coursing through the tunnels under the benighted circus.



There are othered matters, not so? And flashed an image of the two fingers, the two eyes of madness.



It was already taken care of, *they replied.*



*Once more the fourteens rigged are gushing
From rooted stem and whispered rushing
From skies of bold in lines of reel
In marshes sowed with blades that feel
Weaving under loins the mesh
With cavern floods of starlight fresh
To bring the shutter from the snow
To the shade of timeless flow.*



Irelynn Helmy