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Aren't You Going To Be Slightly All Right?

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AREN'T YOU GOING TO BE SLIGHTLY ALL RIGHT?

You couldn't have gotten in with a reservation even. Too bad the holiday chamber won't erupt quietly. It's just what I asked for, but it's not what I want.

Then, not far behind winter, the silentarium. I intend to study there eventually.

While you were away, we built another house and put it where your old one was. It's just like the old one. It contains many horticultural exhibits. You used to like them a great deal. You used to fondle the bulbs.

Of course some of us weren't there and we eventually left.

It was curious, indeed, but one of the mysteries was missing. Another mystery was brought in to take its place. No one was fooled, but no one really cared either. A mystery's a mystery. Nobody's that guilty.

Just go easy on the green seawater.

And you chums with the seriously limited social skills can just hold onto your own printed guidelines. Do you expect us to believe your behavior warrants a belief in memorization deficits?

If any arrows were lacking, they were yours. Point to it first and maybe I'll believe you.

I didn't have to win a prize. I only had to prove it wouldn't kill me. And despite the facial hair growing like a white fungus and a certain film noir exhibitionism, these several disinterested considerations, Lillipudlian in conception, were sufficient to engender a visit from the Bootlegger's Jig School of Whimsical

Night Painting.

I could have shaved my fingerprints and stopped
necking with leeks. I could have played the navy game,
but tumbling was not fully understood by the masses.
And no credentials were cast upon them.

I brought you the Feast of the Flemish Martyrs.
It came in three styrofoam containers.

Yes, I know he's dead. How long has he been
feeling this way?

Like a red velvet airport descending.
Something a dog might like.