

THE TRANSFORMATION OF A NUCLEONIC PARTICLE INTO A WORMHOLE GATE

Night after night I, Herbert Glüh-Birne ate dinner staring at my left knee. Space was telling my mind how to move. My mind was telling space how to bend. I wanted with all my heart an elegant subtle action approaching quantum foam. I hoped for at least 3 to 4 Tesla electron volts but my grant only bought 2 diehard big rig batteries hooked to my testicles which I separated by an ice cream stick and two rubber bands. I had had to wrap each in the controversial Pfklunk wind with .5 mm copper wire, snapped the positive clamp to my left testicle to correspond to the right side of my brain, snapped the large negative clamp to my right testicle to correspond to the left side of my brain and hoped for some neutral mediating particle of the weak interaction. I gripped a battle hardened mainframe power source line in my teeth biting through to the copper core for mirror ground. As my lab assistant Pfeara slithered into my work area naked, presented her incisors and pleaded with me to terminate wasting precious earth nurturing metal, my mind/body space/time particle/anti particle continuum blew at vertex. There then was a dazzling flash of gravity/anti gravity conversion of at least 9 to 10 electron volts. My Heimholtz head jar lid reversed and my torso torqued to an eccentric straw rebus stripped Planck Mass. My quarks jumped. My gluons offed. My scrotum spread emitting an intense blinding Planck quantum flash. My tech organization looked on admiringly, "It's the 10 Tesla magnets producing 9 fields into subtle 12 Tesla affects," I realized. I gave the agreed signal. The juice was turned up to pry the minuscule funnel of one proton Planck mass up into a profusely larger wormhole opening. It contained to the exact size of a quite average Fermi dump. I zapped up into a thin long tube far beyond the opening. I launch banded up through my mouth and out beyond Alpha Thalassa and the Artemis' Breasts sector Zed to Gerber Eppel One. I am reaching ing dis ord er th at

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before, folks.
bene fertur, 's have gone
sea where even the leve fit quod
irreversible in vertex dark to that black
perhaps we'll all be born in that experiment
(Glüh-Birne/Herbert. Thee. The.The. That is but
Zeno/Mahler/Advanced/Self/Dread/Subsequent/Death
These are the records of the first organic earthian star ship
in one direction or another. Stars shine bright on shatter light.
or another, to: Nothing is difficult until you know how to do it
Nothing is difficult when you know how to do it in one direction
loch, Bohr sort hul, wormhole. I have refined Cornholio's law:
am the solid state proof of the Einstein-Rosen bridge, schwarza
throw up food which grows into animals and veggies. iubilo! I
time runs backwards, people are born old, die as babies, and
may be in a mirror bubble where the red shift is blue shift,
hold the fluid in a plastic bag for protection. This planet
bag of my beloved mütter's amnio fluid. I decided to
be the first hard science universe traveler, one full
aside all self-advancement, I hold before me to
act of supreme scientific modesty, setting
clean lean mean stone vaseline. In an
On the whole it is formed of a
shape world, No Gootchi.
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