

So first said, "dear! I have no Jane," Dick "Let's all of Trailbrains'n You've got to you are on TV, real but good." right," Jane oozed. much money your Mom to get us on," Dick ejaculated. moment of our marriage. Greater off the cliff together jogging in Montana stopped spiritually and carnally. It sure Jane etched, as they got some very itchy red modest breast and penis concealing Safari vests, and hats and T shirts emblazoned: Trailbrain Zone. "We've never done this before. So before we make, Wild Ears We Have Plugged, for PBS lets practice on our little cat Anglo," Dick said the minute they got home and unwrapped their bran new chrome ear tag hole punch sets. "O this is exciting," Jane said. "Come Anglo, come," Dick said. Anglo took one look at their chrome ear punchers shining in the sun. They never saw Anglo again. She leaves our story here. To get to Africa, Jane and Dick took a plane. Dick on planes got allergic to you know what gains. Jane made Dick not complain. Then they took a terrible train to a very dark terrain. "Ohh! Its dark," Jane said to seem masculine on camera. "It sure is," Dick grunted to seem feminine on camera. They jumped on an Echo fox. "O this is exciting. We're really helping," they said importantly as they punched holes all over the Echo fox, everywhere except on its ear. "Keep still you little dear. We're going to give you a nice little thing," Dick grunted. "Be good so people who see us on TV will think we know what we're doing," Jane said. "This will help you survive. This will keep you alive," Dick said. "Oh! Here's the ear," Jane laughed as she grabbed the little fox testicles, "This hurts me more than it hurts you." "O" Dick sighed, "this is exciting. We're really helping." "You're not doing it right," Jane cried. "I am too doing it true and good," Dick whelped. "No you're not. You made blood." Jane snipped. "Shut up! Hand me that new ear tag. That big pink one that says, Jane And Dick on it," Dick howled. "I'm not going to let you do the white Rhino in cheu the moonlight, if we see it" Jane barked. "I cheu have to do the white Rhino!" Dick screeched, "You're not good enough yet, Jane!" "You're getting violent," Jane growled. She punched a hole in Dick's. Dick punched a hole in Jane's. They punched holes in each other's like Whistler punched out his secret portrait of his mother's. Their tense flesh turned milky. Their bones turned silky. Their underwear turned schpilky. Their weltanschauung turned Rilke. Their hips bubbled with dew glue animal move. Hot blobs began to shove. Like lovers with 5 you know whats they fit each other like glove. Their blood blupped in curdy gather. "We're white sleaze." Dick called out wild, yet somehow fairly mild, "Tag me!" Jane screamed. Dick purred. "On the whole, I'd rather be in Killer Bees Of Antibes!" Jane blurped mild, quiet, as clean as a healthy child. "My Achilles are lumpy, but thank God! My boobs are still trim! Cheez. Whiz. Cry. Rice. Our new bod is nice! We've got a new US DA nutrition label! We've moved up in to an organically pure thin deli slice, lo-fat Lite swiss cheese!"

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 "This is the greatest spiritual  
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 that time. We ran to the edge then  
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Stars shine bright on shatter light, Cheez Whiz!  
 Are some of us just not too bright? echo. echo.  
 cheu.  
 cheu.  
 That's why put a feather in your hat when you  
 Can stick a little fear in an innocent ear, folks?