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THE
TRANS
                    OF THE SHAH
                  OF OTTOMANE
       INTO AN OUTSTAND
ING MEMBER OF THE
CLUB OF FAR REACHING TERRI
   TORIAL SUPER EXTENDERS GATE. The Shah of Ottomane was a hungry
  soul and a hungry goal had he. The Shah
  of Ottomane saw the whole world as
  pie. The Shah of Ottomane wanted to eat
   it or die. Constantinople, the big casino
   of race track ★Christian ★attention off
Adifficulty onto idiotic delusions of
     grandeur and persecution, for 1st slice.
                                                       c dessert freak of culture Greek I ced Russia, for 2nd slice. ▶
      Then the culminating and psychoti
                                                    e world is my field, dream unfurled ▶ T he plower of the new moon of his ▶
       To The Shah of Ottomane a big, th
    dream reamed. His pege arl dream te
                                                    a med ▶ His musk dream creamed ▶ His get dream flew through watermelon ▶
                                                   i t flew ▶ He dream confronted ▶ t he highest thick walls in the world ▶ H igh above the ▶
   dew to the biggest cise ty in the world
                                                  w ired idiots paraded big pictures of ▶t he ex-dead skinny ex-Jewish guy on a skinnied▶
  big walls of Constant tinople intense
  down body of Zeus. The he army of The
                                                   S hah of Ottomane laughed in freaked out sight fright ▶ C langing battle camel bells. ▶
 Hard screaming sly ry eligious yells.
                                                    L aughing so hard they could not fight ▶ T he night star screamed carmine ▶
 meat. The day star meay ned bleat heat.
                                                    T he Shah of Ottomane fell to a dream swoon▶H e crunched. He groaned.▶
 He writhed. He foams ed. His coogle
                                                     c lutched. His kishka shifted. His kibbe drove ► H is guggle roared. ►
 His pajamas zatched. № A gigantic Somnometalic "tree" unfurled from his vegetable crotch Huge leaves thrust >
 from its swollen by r anches of pin steel squirming poke T he dewy leaves scream
 ed from slimy grex en spasms into ardent steel knife blades t hat pointed out from under his
arched pajamas № i nto the wet Dardanellian night H e threw on a slicker to cover his steel
agro po inter. H$\mathcal{P}$ e flew like a god from his battle tent ▶ o ut through the wolf tail dawn ▶ He confront ▶
ed his a rmy at $\mathbb{E}$ t he giant wall ▶ The camel bells tinkled ▶ T he dogs barked. His dream army ▶
moved on. Hex t ried to force his reverie army ▶ t o his sultry liquid will to dream demolishing ▶
a hole in the bigy w all His gigantic steel crotch blades s werved to slice his silk robe
into th e directiox nof big walled Constantinople H e struggled his dream force out▶
                                                  H is steel leaves s liced out toward i diots lugging t he big ikon paraded up s bigger than yours!" t hey screamed. s hining s ilver loin cloth to over reveal s
 to mov e his perv & erse army to rout.
 the wall. The cluse nky fake C hristian
 on the big wall 1\mathbb{P} ooked down. "Ours i
 They ripped off their ikon's secret
 the gi gantic mys tical dry wri nkled
                                                    s uperbly oiled dry kosher salami
the gi gantic mys tical drywii nkled of the ex-dead skiß my ex-Jewis h guy.

★ steamy robe. "Wh?" at do you call this!"

★ scream ed he. His dream "tree" clunk ★ rattled. His kniv es stuck o ut that ★ small bit extra the at only a gre at war hot passion erects. § "Yours is the more!

Yours is bigger! § Bigger is better!"

The staggered, end of the line, race track Christians screen eamed And they
                                                     Our fiery Shah f lung open his
      track Christians scrs eamed. And they
gave up The City as fter 1000 psycho
tic years. Stars shines bright on shatter
        light dreamers scheme ing to run the world at night. Thee. It That's it's a far scream from dage rk Euripides' light
 fake gold god dream
                                             ies of murky turkeys's y agonistes, folks.
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