

It was happening fast. The moon was a baseball and all the stars were smaller baseballs. Devised of my sidereal time, i kept a perfect score. It was truly chaotic. "I've developed quite an appetite for letting go," said Stephen in a soft gag because his throat was made of cloth and speech was effortful, and he then continued his long work in cleaning his green felt extremities. "Let's make a deal," said Mindy, in large glasses with mylar lenses and a very tall cylindrical hat, "my taste for green has been pinpointed and affected." I checked the clock: the vertical screws spun wildly in their casings keeping precise mechanical time with all our decisions. The sounds of cloth, and the sounds of crinkling reflectives are submersive and submersible, i feel each catch, break, and friction, as dry skin runs along fuzzy fibres, on the back of my tongue. The time is rote. We are in the wrong place and only I realize. As Stephen is pulled away from us, I hear him shout "I am quite ok with this outcome!"

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It was happening quickly. The moon was baseballs and all the stars were small baseballs. Developing my sidereal time, I kept a full score. It was really chaotic. "I am very hungry to let go." Stephen told in a soft gag that his neck was made of cloth and that his speech was striving, and then he became green. "Let's make a deal," Mandie set her big glasses against a mixer lens and a long cylindrical cap, "My taste for greenery has been fixed and affected by those who are outside of my control." I check the clock: Vertical screws roamed wildly in their kyzing, keeping time with all the mechanisms of all of our decisions. Sounding cloth, and reflective wrinkles are the submariner's, I find every catch, break, and friction, because behind my tongue, dry skin runs with fuzzy fiber. Interested in time, We are in the wrong place and it realizes only me. Even as Stephen pulled away from us, I shouted to him, "I'm fine with this result!"

new words: Kyzing , Dall'el

It had happened rapidly. The moon was a baseball and all the stars were smaller baseballs. My sidestery idea has been rated to perfection. It was really chaotic. "You have developed an appetite for dall'el", said Stephen in a crash-bandage since his tiles were made of smaller mosaics and tiles, and he continued his long practice of cleaning his green knitted ends. "Make a treat," said Mindy, in a large bell jar lined with a cylindrical lattice, "my taste for green has been identified with affection." Escape the relief: vertical winds find wild beaks in their casings, all keeping precise mechanical time with our motives. The sounds of glittering and, the appealing reflexes are on top of it, I have taken care of every discount and the cold, that the dry pelt goes through with fuzzy fibers, on the backs of my tongue. The time is broken. There is no wrong place and I just did not understand. While Stephen was pulled by us, I heard about, shouting, "I am well enough with this result!"

It's happening quickly. The moon is baseball and all the stars are small baseballs. In my

early years, I kept a perfect deficiency. It's a real disorder. "I have been very happy for giving up." Stephane said he had a sore throat because his throat was worn and any word was an attempt against, and then he continued his long-term job in maintaining his skin with cold, cold bones. "Let's do what you did," said Mindy, in glasses with the movable lenses and telescoping luggage. Timing all my resolutions. Exercise, and the intriguing objects are what you are breathing, I have every guarantee of rest and relaxation. Time is Time. We are in the wrong and I know, only. Just as Stepped away from us, I heard him.

it happened in a swift way. The moon is a baseball and all the stars are bright, shimmering diamonds.