

Holy Molar

"Deep C Odyssey"

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"Praytell what's this vessel sinking in my eggcreme?"
Upon a closer look thy turkey neck gave way to spite
the mysterious lump in question. However, roadraging
hormones cracked off the crown jewels and with my
taste of freedom I lept watch for pirates. Luckily, my
skeleton key lies lubed up in your treasure chest to
swarth in borrowed booty. Yar! 'Twas with a sheer
stroke of genius i donned your blue beard and like a
harpooned spermwhale, I lampoiled up and sunk to
such depths that I rewrote Jules Verne.

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