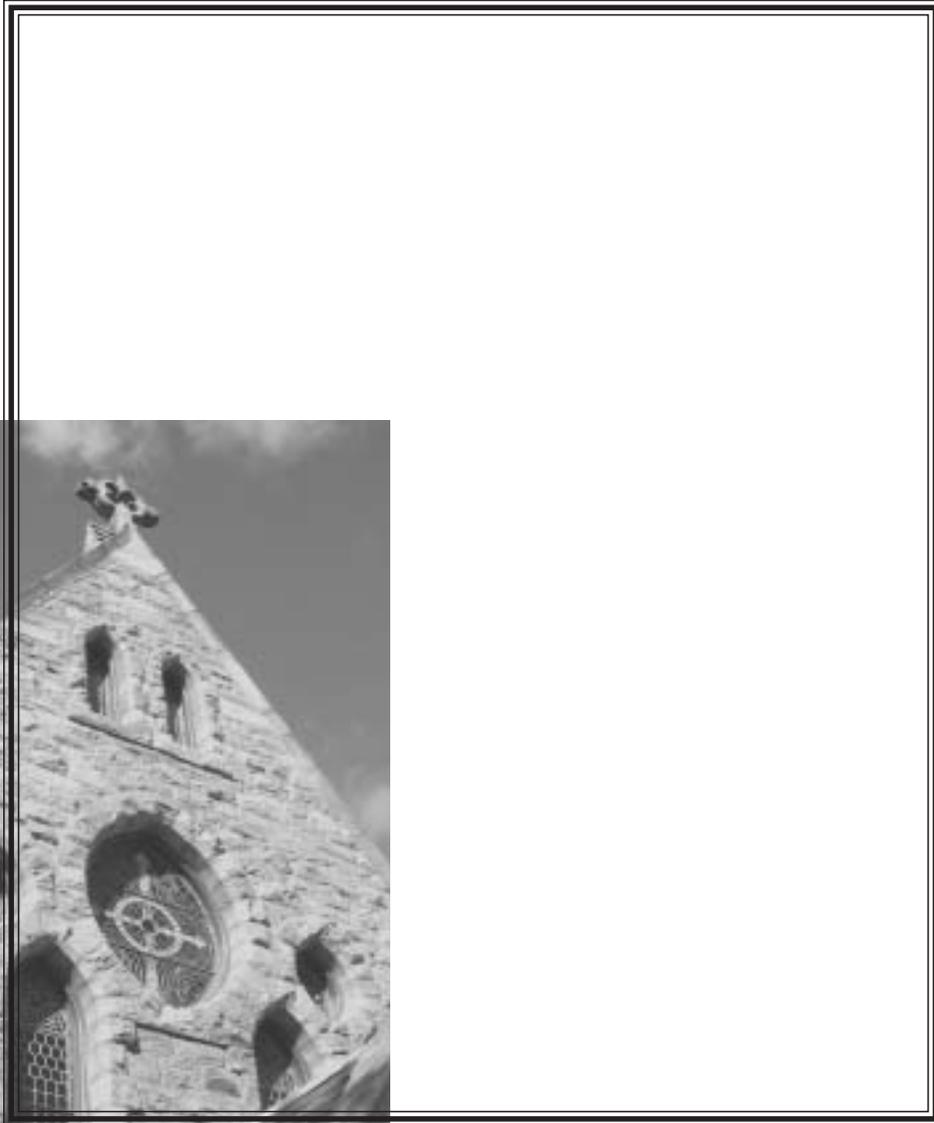


The

Chapel & Clark Fortnightly



Volume 4, No 1

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

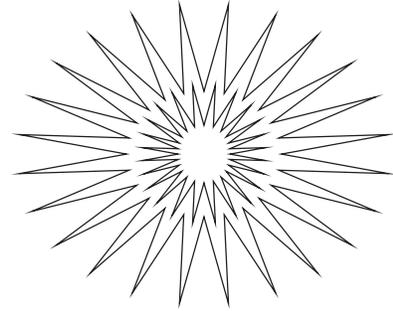
I find it curious how time flies. It goes so fast, I wonder what plane it takes. Does it fly private or commercial? If commercial, does time fly first class? Regardless of time's traveling habits, it has reached us here. Today is the beginning of the third semester of the Fortnightly and what a proud beginning it is.

I have often recounted the start of our literary magazine so I will spare you the intricacies. We started as the vision of one man, which led to the collective vision of several people of mixed genders, to a respectable organization with devoted staff. Through their efforts, the staff has established the Fortnightly as a viable, vibrant, and regular contribution to the Washington Society. They have earned the respect of fellow literary-minded students who now see the publication as a vital part of meetings.

To accept that achievement would be understandable. Many of our members are devoted Washies who love the society and have every right to claim pride with the speed and strength of their achievements. I say, dear readers, that tempting as satisfaction is, the Fortnightly will not rest here. We are a magazine dedicated to the improvement of student literature, not just in our native Wash, but in the University at large. We hope to extend our reach beyond the walls of Jeff Hall and into the vast groups of untapped writers just waiting for a chance. It may take us semesters, years, or just a really really long time, but rest assured, the Fortnightly will earn its place among the other magazines of this University.

So if you see an issue lying about in Alderman or a student reading us just before class starts, know that our dreams are becoming reality—our diabolical schemes reaching fruition. This is the semester when the unrelenting march of our literary genius and ego bursts forth and swallows the campus whole. It should be a lot of fun.

Evan Stewart
Editor-in-Chief
Lord of the Northern Marches



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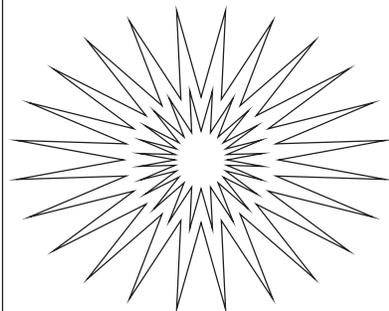


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The Fortnightly is a peer-reviewed student publication affiliated with the Washington Society. We always welcome additions to our writing and editorial staff, though we also publish works from contributing writers (perhaps you!). While we cannot guarantee publication, all works are reviewed by our editorial board, and comments are sent back to the author(s). All genres that are suitable to the format of this bi-weekly publication are welcome. We do ask that all works follow Chicago-style formatting (we will help you out with this), and *The Fortnightly* reserves the right to edit both the content and formatting of any submitted piece, though you reserve the right to pull your piece if you are not happy with the results.

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-Photograph by Katie Bray

Back in the Saddle Again (or: The End of the World as We Know It)

by Katie Bray

The drive down Route 29 felt foreign this fall; something was out of place, but I couldn't quite identify it at first. The road still had two lanes on each side. Everyone was driving on the right-hand side of the road—after a month in the United Kingdom, a bit strange to see, but exactly as I had left it. I even passed through the same chain of cities before reaching Charlottesville: Warrenton, Remington, Culpepper, Madison (where, as usual, a cop was waiting to catch any speeders), and Ruckersville.

As I passed the cop, I checked my speed. It was 60 miles an hour, a little on the low side for what I normally drive at only five over the speed limit. A few minutes later, though, I passed another speed limit sign. I was actually obeying the speed limit. Partially pleased that the state had increased the speed limit, and partially annoyed with myself for not driving faster, I continued on my way to school.

I discovered that more than the speed limit had changed along 29, however. A mere twenty minutes out from Charlottesville, I found relief from the soulless, low-cost retailer which has been sucking my emotions and wallet dry for years now. Instead of paying rock-bottom prices for junk that I don't need at Wal-Mart, I can now pay almost rock-bottom prices and spend an additional forty minutes round-trip in the car to shop for junk that I don't need at Target. As I passed this cosmopolitan haven, I thanked my lucky stars that Target had arrived in the general vicinity before I completed school.

I cut off of 29 by the airport to avoid the hordes of First Years and their families coming down a day early to get a jumpstart on move-in. Although a little put out by the construction that enabled my favorite hidden byway to handle more traffic, I kept sneaking around the west side of town, finally opting to come into Central Grounds via the intersection of Alderman and McCormick. There, another wonder greeted my weary eyes: Observatory Hill Dining Hall, the second building I'd ever entered on Grounds, was no more. Its replacement still looked a little empty, as if it weren't quite ready to be opened. We had dealt with obnoxious construction sounds early each weekday all through my first year on the promise that it would be open the next fall. I remember these promises vividly, although I'm now in my third year.

Although more than a little spooked by the time I hit the Corner, the first restaurant that I passed made me realize the Second Coming is indeed at hand: Bodo's Bagels had finally opened. This opening, I quickly surmised, would usher UVA and, with the school, the world, into the promised thousand years of bliss. Who wouldn't be blissful when the wonders this school already offered were combined with Bodo's just a stroll away from Central Grounds?

In these brief opening days, I've only noticed one change for the worse, amid the joy of seeing familiar friends and falling back into familiar patterns: the streakers on the Lawn tonight were terrible. One gentleman carried his clothing during his entire run (but not the full length of the Lawn). Worse than this breach of etiquette and mistrust in our community, though, were the actions of two young ladies, who decided that streaking could only be accomplished while fully clothed.

Leaving these misguided; young souls to contemplate the error of their ways, I can only close with the Good Old Song, one UVA tradition that has withstood the test of time: "We come from Old Virginia, where all is bright and gay. Let's all join hands and give a yell for dear old UVA."

Summertime

Summertime on Grounds is deep. It's got potential; it's pregnant and heavy. The grass of kelp green swims in the thick air; jungle green grass as deeply colored as the ruddy rusty brown bricks, brown as dried blood, fragmented by faded manila caulk, roofed over with a different blue for each quadrant of the sky. Some days, only the light breathes, pushing deeper shadows over the deep colors of the University. Go outside and watch stains darken on pedestrians and joggers, and light reflect off faces made shiny by the same dark that creeps down their backs.

You'll say it's hot out, but that's not quite what you mean. The air is sultry. The air is wet. The air moves twice a day: in the morning, to bring the full flushing color to the blue cheek of dawn, and in the evening, to taunt you with the hope of a cool breeze. The cicadas buzz at your hope.

Quick more-or-less violent thunderstorms blow through some afternoons. The clouds holding together the sky lurch and spread and harden to steel, rusting over in the corrosive atmosphere. Hungry gurgling in the distance: the heavy air has consumed the sky, and itself, and wants more. Rust quickly glows white, sinks to rust, then glows white briefly again. More gurgling—a rumble. Summer's flirtation with water (damp grass in the morning, the sheen on your forehead in the afternoon) is consummated.

"Look," it murmurs. "I promised."

Rain splashes in pools and pools in the streets, glittering with light and tumbling through grates and down hills. Light strikes buildings in direct rays more suitable for framing deities. And, if you're there at the right time after enough of a shower, the grey wall holding Gilder Green at Brown pours hundreds of small waterfalls on the yellow flowers at its base for a spell: for a short, bewitching time.

Still, the air never lightens. Gestation is constant, birth is irregular, and mother air is repeatedly knocked up, for these three months.

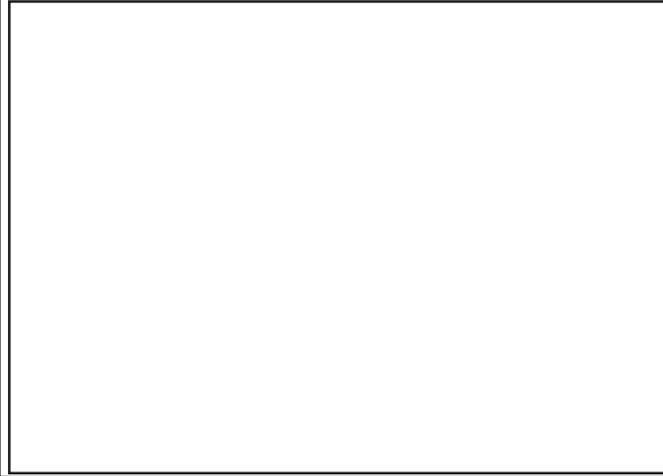
Summertime on Grounds is mature. Graduate students emerge. Delicate pinks and whites left from tender spring have wafted into the streets and as tenderly expired, while weightier oranges and yellows spring from their rich dark leaves. They nod forgivingly at the passersby, who have no idea what to do with the wet and warmth of earth.

"Maybe," they think, "these unripe bipeds will learn that in those classes they'll start soon."

And they sit outside our doors and wait and know, and we blow through the stagnant air to go learn more inside other doors, and then one day the breeze begins and the heavy summer air thins like a stylish new mommy, and still the wise, deep, fading colors of the summer hold their peace.

Meg Olson has spent three summers in Charlottesville. This year, she noticed.

Understanding BP, USA...



On a normal weekend in Morgantown, the streets are filled with drunkenness and debauchery; the bars with booze and bimbos. However, for several dedicated individuals, the weekend dictates a higher calling. Not since the invention of darts has there been a more noble drinking game. It is the sport of kings. Beer pong, or beirut, depending on the return address of your grade report, is well embedded in college campuses across America. It is a sport that rewards minimal athletic ability and a little bit of luck, all with copious amounts of cold beer.

The rules are very simple. Six cups are set up on each side of the table in a pyramid formation. A team of two stands on each side and each player has a chance to throw a ping-pong ball into the opposing team's cup. If they make it, the opposing team must remove the cup and drink it. A bounced ball landing in a cup counts double. A seventh cup filled with water is placed to the side to clean off the balls when they fall on the grimy floor of the apartment. If both players on a team make their shot, they get another turn; otherwise the opposing team gets to shoot. Re-racks occur after cups have been made. When there are four cups left, they are racked in a diamond formation, three cups form a smaller

pyramid, and two cups get lined up in a straight line. The first team to make all of the opposing team's cups wins. However, after the last cup is made, the opponent has the opportunity to claim "redemption." The losing team gets the opportunity to make all the remaining cups, the team shoots until they miss. In the rare event the losing team manages to clear all remaining cups, the game is sent into overtime, consisting of three cups on each side. These are the basic rules, although everyone plays with different house rules, often with varying instances of re-racks.

"Pretty amazing isn't it?" Matt George mutters to me during a recent beer pong game. He is the founder and acting commissioner of Major League Beer Pong, a highly organized league of highly skilled players. The league was initially formed because no one really had anything better to do. "We all would have played together anyway, so why not have some fun with it," George says. The league consists of ten teams of two, each playing a best of five match every week. Standings and records are meticulously kept, and an impartial party watches over the game to settle any disputes. However, disputes are rare because the rules are clearly posted on the wall, paired with the current team standings. "With so many different variations, we needed to standardize the game. That's why we carefully wrote out rules," the commissioner states. The regular season encompasses ten weeks and then playoffs follow soon after. The season is played in "round robin" style. All team play one another, with the weekly schedule announced each Sunday. Although the rules make no specification as to where the matches take place, nearly all are played in George's house. Not only is it a central, neutral location, but also he

Beer pong leagues are actually very common on college campuses around the country. A quick search of the internet reveals a myriad of leagues that run the gamut from casual organizations such as Major League Beer Pong to highly inclusive affairs that require entry fees and offer cash prizes to winners. A national tournament was organized through The Facebook, a nationwide internet based social network of hundreds of college campuses. Participants first play in campus tournaments with the winners traveling to New York City to compete for prizes. Beer pong seems to be the thing to do.

Despite being widespread appeal, leagues are often hard to keep together because many players don't want to put in the effort to play organized, weekly matches. "I didn't expect much. I figured the league wouldn't be around for more than a week or two, but it really took off," said Brendan Provo. He plays for Team New Jersey, currently tied for first place with five wins and only one loss. In fact most league members didn't expect much out of a league that has started to draw spectators, even if they all consist of friends.

"I wanted to start selling tickets," jokes George, "but that might have upset our fan base."



"Sometimes you just have to shoot and hope for the best, you don't get good results when you over think."

Every pseudo-athlete in the league is a fierce competitor. To them beer pong is not just a game, but a way of life. Each game of course must have an appropriate soundtrack. "Generally I like fast, loud songs like rap or metal to get me pumped up," Provo says. "People try to change the CD when my team is playing, but we won't have it." As with any sport, competitors have a multitude of superstitions. One player makes a cross with the ball right before shooting, "not in a religious sense, but like cross hairs on a rifle. I do it for accuracy," he explains. Many players will only shoot last, or will only touch one of the ping-pong balls. In a game that is often driven by luck, one has to seek every available avenue to gain an edge.

Why do they do it? What would cause these diligent college students to compete in a casual drinking game? "I do this for two reasons," Tommy Johnson proudly declares. "One is for pride. Everyone likes to talk and thinks they are the best beer pong players around. This league will settle the dispute. Second, I love beer." Johnson is the other half of the Team New Jersey powerhouse.

A lot goes into a beer pong shot, and mechanics are very important. However, each player has his or her own distinct style. Some approach it like a foul shot in basketball, carefully bending their knees to gain leverage before shooting the ball. Others take a more direct approach, taking shots comparable to a line drive in baseball. These shots are low and hard, often moving the cups around on the table. However, the most popular and widely accepted shot has an upward arch, ending, hopefully, with the ball landing in the cup. However, one cannot get too caught up in mechanics. As veteran Tommy Johnson puts it, "Sometimes you just have to shoot and hope for the best, you don't get good results when you over think."

This begs an important question. How does alcohol consumption affect one's game? "It absolutely helps you win," says Team New Jersey of drinking. Yet others are not as convinced.

"I'm not as good after I've been drinking," claims Cristy Waugh, one of the few female competitors in Major League Beer Pong. It seems though that the real answer lies somewhere in between.

Matt George revealed, "There is a happy medium. Drinking definitely helps, but only to a point. Once you get really drunk you lose focus and play badly. But there is a point somewhere in between that makes most people play better."

"Beer pong is a game of streaks." Matt George explains. "One night you can win ten games in a row. When you're on your game, you're really on it. But there are some nights when you can't make a shot to save your life." He should know, his team is currently has four wins and two losses. Both losses came against the worst teams in the league, but two of their wins are against teams currently tied for first place.

So who will come away victorious? Everyone I talked to said his or her team would undoubtedly win it all. The grand prize? "Um, maybe a case of beer, maybe I'll have trophies made up. I haven't really thought it through that far," said the league's commissioner. Whatever the tangible prize may be, the real reward will be self-satisfaction and bragging rights at the next party. Every player knew there would be no physical prizes; this is about pride more than anything else.

"The way I look at it, we're playing a drinking game, so we're all winners in the end." That is a sunny outlook for Tommy Johnson, a New Jersey native. However, he is right. In the end this is about camaraderie, nothing more than several friends getting together to have a good time. Isn't this the true essence of sport? Yes America, beer pong is here to stay; the great uniter. It brings to mind a great quotation from a great movie about another sport, Field of Dreams. Amended only slightly for our purposes here:



"And they'll play the game and it'll be as if they dipped themselves in magic waters. The memories will be so thick they'll have to brush them away from their faces. People will play. The one constant through all the years has been beer pong. America has rolled by like an army of steamrollers. It has been erased like a blackboard, rebuilt and erased again. But beer pong has marked the time. This table, this game: it's a part of our past. It reminds of us of all that once was good and it could be again. Oh people will play. People will most definitely play."

Thank you, James Earl Jones.

-Ryan Walsh, a guest contributor from our Western Sister State.

Oh Crap.

by Kirsten Hansen

I don't care if it's politically correct or not, some national stereotypes are true. I spent a month in Freiburg, Germany this summer and had a personal introduction to some odd ethnic peculiarities.

1. Australians. Steve Irwin – that about sums it up. The accent, the charisma, the energy. Of course, this is not a comparison most Australians would welcome. A friend of mine from Louisiana told a boy from Australia that he sounded like Steve Irwin the Crocodile Hunter. The Australian retorted that he sounded like someone who should be on the Jerry Springer show.

2. Americans. Sorry guys, but our stereotypical behavior was easier to see when contrasted with the other nationalities I came across while abroad. We are more easy going... and sloppier. And in fact, stereotypes about Americans exist just as strongly among Americans themselves. When walking as a group, people from the northern Virginia area and New York City were way ahead in the front while people from Louisiana and Kentucky trailed in the rear. Our pace of talking similarly followed this pattern. As a positive stereotype however: when eating out, the Americans were the only group who consistently waited for everyone at the table to have their food before beginning to eat; even on one occasion when two entrees came 30 minutes late.

3. Brazilians. This one was a bit surprising. Partying and soccer. Ok, the soccer wasn't so surprising, but the partying was. There was a party every night in the kitchen; beer bottles everywhere (which, by the way, I found you can return for 10 cents at the local grocery store. Go to the kitchen early the next morning after a Brazilian party with a garbage bag and you can collect enough bottles for a bar of chocolate.)

4. Spaniards. For the faint of heart, stop reading now. There was an elderly Spanish gentleman in my class, perhaps in his early 60s. He was extremely expressive and boisterous. He waved his arms around whenever he spoke, gave long monologues, and mixed German, English and Spanish in his speeches. These characteristics satisfied the stereotype of an expressive, vibrant Spaniard but a week later I was introduced to the emotional, passionate side of the stereotype. I spent a couple of nights talking with him and my other classmates over dinner during the first week of class and felt it went reasonably well. However, throughout the beginning of the following week I found short notes from the 60-year old Spaniard slipped under my door. I rationalized it away as simply a friendly man who perhaps followed-up his friendships more purposefully than I was used to due to a difference in culture. Wrong. Late during the second week there, the man poured his heart out to me at a café. He was in love with me, he had known from the first moment he had seen me at the school that he wanted to have children with me, why shouldn't he be able to be with me even though I was over 40 years his junior? And oh.. by the way... he was married. Would that be a problem? Oh crap.

I found myself in a sticky situation with the Spaniard due to a misunderstanding of cultures. I assumed that his friendly advances of note-leaving were the result of a friendlier culture, not the serious threat that they truly were. Similarly, I was introduced to a German woman, who needed the assistance of an American student, to translate the emails she was sending to an American man who she had met over the internet. She wanted to travel to America to meet him. She allowed me to read some of the emails this man had sent to her and he came across as extremely in love with her, very forward, and in my opinion, very creepy. She had decided that the quick pace he was setting in their relationship was due to being American and that Americans in general were more emotional and forward. She was interpreting his emails by making a cultural assumption that I was worried would get her into trouble. As far as I could tell, he was a creep.

5. Germans. Achtung! Alles muss in Ordnung sein! German punctuality, attention to detail, and insane environmental awareness are no myth. I had four trash cans in my dorm room: one for paper; one for plastic; one for cans; and one for other trash. There were additional specialty trash bins for other trash types down the block. I was told upon signing in that I would be fined for erroneous trash separation.

Stores opened and closed exactly on time and any lingering shoppers at closing time had their shopping bags taken away and were booted out the door.

The most telling objects for German detail are their toilets. At almost every place I stayed there was a standard toilet, with a standard flush-handle. However, German flush-handles not only have the option “flush,” but also “stop flush.” That’s right... “stop flush.” Mind you, they stop just fine on their own like any normal American toilet, but in Germany you have the option to stop the flush yourself if you feel like it. Never in my life have I ever said to myself, “Oh crap, I didn’t mean to flush that.” (No pun intended.) “Why?” I ask, “why?” My dad’s theory: another environmentally friendly German product – to save water by stopping the flush if an entire flush of water is not necessary to do the job.



Becca.

by Rachel Mulheren

Oh you can't get a man with a gun-blurt the vocal cords, their source barely visible from the last row of the cramped garden theater. The musical's catch-phrase, nearly stymied by the blockade of a full orchestra, hits the bordering bushes and falls bluntly as the simple wit of Annie Oakley.

Scenes blur together and evaporate into the humid air. The plastered faces of actors are melting, as their bearers bob from one side of the stage to the other. New actors trickle in from the side wings, bringing with them the voices of mosquitoes and neighboring cows. Their vibratos and bellows float in place for a hazy, pooled number, then wash out, and resurface yet again. Lulled in the folds of the repetitious spectacle, I lapse into the recently acquired habit of scrolling through lists of names- clientele and cast- on the backs of my eyelids. Patrons here, staff there. Blankenships, Towlers, Hoares and Graugaards. Such a fine catalogue, alphabetized in full, yet I don't have the chance to apply these labels to their corresponding specimens until an opening night such as this.

Mr. Southfield the patron who earlier busted blood vessels over his fourth row seats now nods his thick head in exhaustion, allowing a break in the otherwise solid block of audience. Darting to this window, I immediately recognize the star.

The actress who portrays awkward uneducated Annie Oakley is a petite blossom glowing with talent. Layers of gold hair swirl with personality, though she is not busty or even a full-force blonde. Unlike the others, whose oppressively conscientious good looks land them supporting roles on stage and in the hearts of staff.

She knows she is the star yet does not harness herself to the stage in public. Light, even bubbly, her face radiates an unrehearsed smile at every hello, slightly sparked with an incomplete confidence in the response. Rather than strut, she walks.

Due to her approachability I never remember her name, I've surely asked for it at least ten times over. She is the poreless ringleted dainty girl whose parents send love in flowers the most frequently of all other sets. I have delivered a number of secondhand bouquets into her arms, and secretly allowed her extra complementary tickets.

With the sharp first clap the audience stirs and a particular name flashes forth from the lists: Yure, Becca. Her work landed me a brainless job, her character cast me a personal role. Her applause is partially, even essentially, mine. What is a star without support, a theater company without its box office.

...you don't succeed...

By Preston Gisch

Dedicated to my editors, Sarah Schweig and Katrina Damon

Just me, the radio, and the road.

A Slim Jim in the left hand and a lukewarm Pepsi within reach,
I cruise 29, pavement and pastures rolling past.
The paired, yellow stripes converge behind me.

A trip to The Lawn brought sadness.
The tree under which the Jugglers Guild met and meets:
Shorn clean of fully one-third its crown.
The cluster of younger trees under which Kendel and I ate strawberries,
“studied,” and took in Jazz on the Lawn: Gone.

A later trip to Bodo's proved joyous
When the good health of my favorite tree on Grounds was confirmed.

A hunchback among giants
A goblin among elves
A loving, dueling embrace of bark and branch.

And within the course of my thoughts,
I am home,
Inclined,
Parking brake affixed.

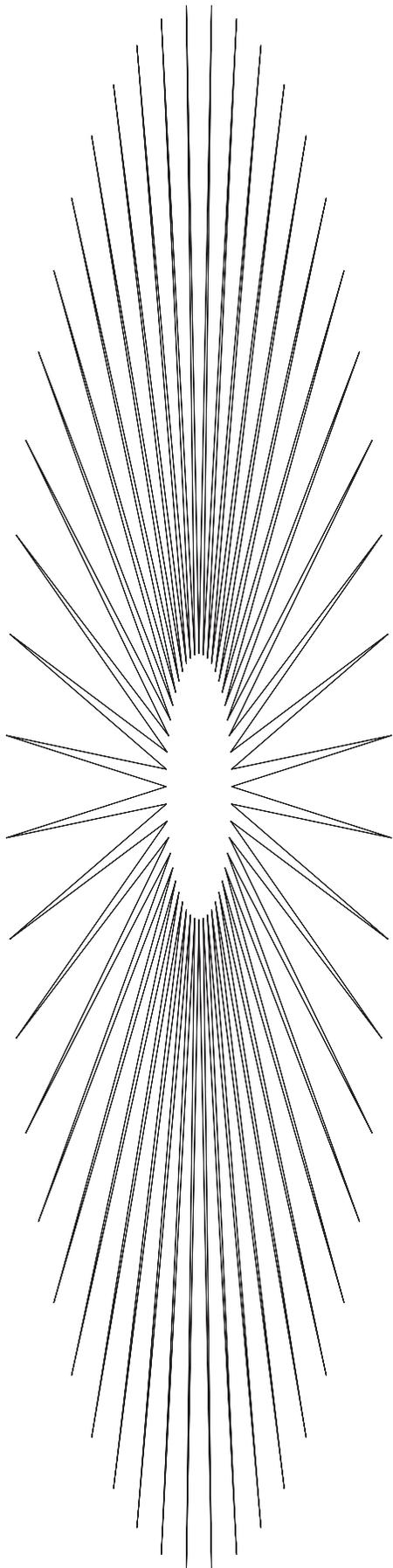
An angled step places me on the slanted pavement of a familiar driveway,
But I am greeted by the sound of crystalline wings
Fiercely frictive on sparse blades of stubborn grass.

A cicada with bent wing rolls beneath the pine tree.
Every other spasm throws the cicada onto his back,
A pair of bees harassing him all the while,
Incessantly teasing his exposed belly with their furry, pollen-soaked legs.

He *writhes* in vain to loose them from his slatted belly.
They land and dance, delighted, and pause
To preen atop his convulsing soon-to-be-carcass.

Early-shed pine needles cackle on contact with the sporadic, emphatic wings,
But the noise lessens with each moment, and
Soon, the bees will exit, amusement lost -
The ants will finish the job.

A dozen well-known steps place me at the front door.
A fist into my pants pocket produces a set of keys, and a twist of the wrist
effortless following my father's recent, liberal application of WD-40
Unlocks the achievable pinnacle of the American Dream.



A story of WashPub....zoos are crazy and make me feel silly....computers are like dieties, they die and come back with no reason.....BUT IT HAS RESURRECTED.....oh shut up, it's still slow.....It's my pacemaker.....She thought I had problems with my brain.....Did Fortnighly kill WASHPub???.....I don't really know....I think they ended up merging in some puesday-sexual scheme and Fortnighly either came on top, or said on it....medieval and knights.....raid my cathedral!!!.....why are we not in the Chapel???.....Adventures of Clark and Chapel....they travel around and touch insects.....the insects then smelled their feet.....and sang a song..... decisions carry a certain sour melody that is doused up the listeners with love. The very thing that led to this disgrace. MARRIAGE. Be sure to bite before you unite. Intrinsically stoic donkeys could clip clop the canyons of my heart and moon many more rivers than beauty could ever hope to hold but what would we have then other than a picture of a metaphor divorced from success yet breeding is still considered to be natural. I remain faithfully prepping a position about under beyond through and up in smokey eyes some might collate for hours with copulative action words verbally busing airlines united that can't stand to infest a fig one hand would do....Marriage?.....WashPub did not like marriage very much.....And Hamlet said: "I am Ophelia!!!"...oh wait, that was someone else?...how did FN like Helen Bonham Carter in Fight Club....so tradgic....delete....cause: overuse....but yes back to Marriage.....I really have nothing to say, except that they end those things that are the opposite of tragedy....I refuse to believe Shakespeare acutally work all those works.....monkey eyes scare me to death.....or is it death of which I am scared???...But yes back to the adventures.....Chapel and Clark battle a dragon....its name is Renaissance....they won.....and succeeded in blocking out the son/sun.....we all get confused.....so now we have the Frankfurt school.....MONEY MAKES THE WORLD GO ROUND.....us should really buy some china....but now the china is buying us....oh yes do you know New Orleans is flooded???.....Nature has wrought its worse and still we're driving and watching Family Guy....or Over There....yes, Chapel and Clark did eventually loose.....but that came after their trip through the 4th middle layer of the extra 3rd layer to the 2nd layer of near-middle earth.... sod and all the flowers of the rainbow colors excluded patrimoniously picked of the excreted chug chug NATURE'S STRANGLING ME TODAY just like a mother and her fermented... FRANK. I don't know a single one armed man but boy could I stand if I had some pants to shoot to the ceiling the wall a box would do nicely too wouldn't you? Last remarked a knight and his ass I believe they were there (UP there) did Lewis done Clark no point in a chapel god housed a snake to oust the bride from which arose the fantasy novel as the sun in the skylight I never bored in the wall (it was brick) but passers-by snuck beyond the centuries to bring us this here in matrimonial affairs and out, though superman did never get quite that far maybe not even down but high's what counts in tune with fixes tapping away until he WILL need a faux heart isn't that a stitch in your seemingly silk loins but its really the feet that you're cushioning. And here he is now man of the hour who only makes hard things "no hands" and trees spit money in his face or what was thought to be his by a jury of invertebrates buckled in without bones yet backs enough to slipslop into a treaty signed with the stamp of a slug passing by to his fort where heart cried WASH and said he pub... if you cannot finish a thought stop fishing without liscence to dare to demand an answer to adverbial endings we tacked just so thumb or no compounds ail me tonight but thinking what? not an Eliot quoth the raven and was pronounced: Poem.....so Chapel and Clark fresh off their slaying of Renaissance had to go on an adventure.....but FIRST.....commercial breaks.....BP making your air cleaner by doing just the opposite.....but we care.....so they went to the middle layers and tired to find TRUTH.....Chapel ended up reverting into his more concrete form as a chapel.....Clark then lifted him up and carried him on outwards.....trip time by anquity: 20,000 years.....CNN time: 45 seconds.....somewhere in that time span TRUTH or perhaps HABITUS was found.....back to sponsors.....sponsors fight.....DEBATE.....the stars are still burning bright.....Chapel and Clark never made it to Frankfurt.....but they did give enough time to marry WashPub and Fortnighly before they too turned back to their other meanings....oh, we killed the sponsors...finally.....but we need their words that everyone jingles merrily around like we need a place to meet and disperse the seed too bland to eat please salt our fields before we submit to the existence of the Louisiana Purchase and EVSC amen.

