

an onlee let her play brij on Thursdays. All day long poor Rapencils wood sit in the tower and put togezzer modals, lonelee and sore ass she was always sitting down, while the witch fooled around with her farther over the wall.

Soon a prints came to the garding for some peppers and saw her up in the tower and put an erection up against the wall to clam up to Rapencils who was saw by a prints who came to the garding to get some peepers and saw her in the tower where she was when the prints came and saw her there.

"Clam up my hare!" she cried, throwing her long hairy out the windy and he did. When he got up he helped her put twogather modles and rub down her ass she was all the day sitting down.

When the witch came hoam, she say, "Throw down your hairy Rapencils, Rapencils!" But none came down. Once again she sed, "You debb and duff? Get yore hare out that windy or isle fix your ramp, yer two bit sluff!" But still no heir came down. The witch blew up from sheer prostration and little did she know that Rapencils had been did by the prints who was in all realism Earnestly Ryme, alias Jack the Nipple, the nofarious sex meanie of Shamrock Wolmbs fame, who had escaped in traffic via his erection which stood still at the wall and is standing still.

The End

The Challenge

John looked intently at the chess board. He lifted his queen, a piece hand-carved from a brazil nut, and stupidly moved it stupidly. John, looking intently at the chess board, raised his knight, a piece also hand-carved from a brazil nut, and wisely moved it wisely, capturing John's pawn, another piece hand-carved from a brazil nut.

John took the challenge. He moved the queen to king's bishop six and won the game awkwardly.

"Well," said John, "I've been beat with my own walnuts!"