

THE TRANSFORMATION OF AN HIGHLY MOTIVATED UPWARDLY MOBILE PROFESSIONAL MAINTAINER OF  
HOUSEHOLD AND HER ENTIRE FAMILY PACKAGE, PLUS THE DOGS, THE SECOND HUSBAND, AND THE HIS  
AND HER CHILDREN, INTO A PROFOUND EQUITY ELEVATING, ON ITS OWN ISLAND,  
RESTAURANT KITCHEN QUALITY, RECESS LIGHTED, SMOKE AND GREASE TRAP HOODED,  
TEFLON SAFE, NON-SCORCH ENAMELED, BUILT IN COUNTER TOP, CAST IRON WOLF RANGE GATE

Divorced a pervert. Married a liar.  
O I jumped out of the frying pan right into the fire.  
Need the money. Kill for hire.

Love my husband. Love my kids.  
Love to squash their filthy ids.  
Don't deserve a mom like me.  
Lace ethical quality hi-energy  
Into all their Sleepy Time tea.

After we got our diamond ring then we got our oriental pearl cheek cream then a  
fifth of Jim Beam then we got the curse then we got our white gloves then we got our  
white purse then we got Θ our white Mercedes convertible a real gem Θ to match them  
then we got a white swatch watch then we made a cookie batch and then we had a tennis

match then we got an LA Law white blouse. After all we married a white Yale Law louse. But we haven't got  
our Commercial Restaurant Kitchen Quality Built In Counter Top Cast Iron Wolf Range yet. By the way. We  
work for the CIA. We lost the President's penis today. How or why we did it we cannot say. O well we can  
live without it. Anyway. By the way. We destroyed our children's hopes today. The whole unacceptable  
array. And their total spontaneity. We revelationed them the old fashioned way. Get down to biz. This is the  
way life is. No lay. Say nay. No team play. No pray. No pay. No reverence. No allowance. No stay. No way.  
Had to do it. That's the way. Hope they don't grow up to handgun the President someday. Lose the family  
funds. By the way. We went to a really good family therapist the other day. The kind who thinks family is  
important. Anyway. He wants to save the family buns. We didn't get our Commercial Quality Cast Iron Wolf  
Range yet. He told us we don't need one. Yet. He did seem perhaps a little unprofessional when he fell out of  
his chair on the carpet crawling on his knees crying out his office door with foam dripped from his mouth on  
his teeth like a neck chewed bleeding rabbit with Rocky Mountain mange screaming, Y'all Are A Wolf Range!

Stars shine bright on shatter light. Very Bright. But some slight light fright bite is slighter than slight.

Slight enough to be in the very top percentile of traditional imbecile with a dash of impounded hash by way of official flash and  
humanity bash. The. The. The. That's mental gash and hidden cash and moral lash and avarice gnash and mediocre pash and allergy rash  
and sin wash do most certainly lead to the get ahead and stay on top, don't stop or you'll flop, rich, full, shop 'til you drop pop sop, folks.