

RUN  
CRYING

TO THEIR  
ONGOING

THE  
INFANT

MINDFIELD  
BEHAVIORAL

PSYCHOLOGIST  
WHO PROVED TRUE  
FRIGHTENED BABY

MURDERED

MOTHERS BY

TRANSFORMING

HIMSELF INTO A

STATE OF THE ART

PSEUDO INHUMANE

STEALTH RAT GATE

benefactor of humanity,

crying to their mother. He

how can we know we really

shake like tiny earthquakes

the Nobel prize if I can prove

after I gas their mothers in

the mother monkey in the car, baby

monkeys don't seem to know what to do save climb the walls of their perfectly antiseptic razor wire cages and cry.

There must be something elegant they can do. I'll perfect a flawless experiment to prove that frightened baby

monkeys run to mother. ⊕ It's no use using monkey mothers they're too pre ⊕ dictable. I will kill

and train the baby monkeys to believe I am their mother. Then I will

pretend I am a vicious gnawing rat and rape a baby monkey. All baby monkey s will realize I am not the ir

mother. They will look around for their mother. Then they would have to become behavioral scientists to prove

beyond a rational doubt, I am their mother and of course they will be wrong so they would have to find a mother

substitute and become the abject slave of their mother substitute; only the mother substitute will be me in my noble

disguise of non smoking, humane money grubbing anorexic mainstream career woman killer networking with dead

bury the dead achievers on a lemon juice diet. Yes, in order to do this I will have to move closer to my experiment.

What can I do to achieve these simple, noble, far reaching and lofty aims? Of course it will take a large grant from

the Mother Is Right Foundation. I must get closer to my work. I must persevere. I am first in my field and I'll noble

warp my will's set to noble blind side objective experimentation. Observe! My skin I slide into a wire hair metallic

abrasive. My fingers are graphite gray sliding in bony pinkies to stinging claws. My ass is a gray mole graphiting

a long thin extruded hair thin rubber VVVVwhip. My teethVVVVV are sliding and grinding to steel

trap hard snapped sheet steel triangles clanging. Banging. Jangling. My

tiny gun sight eyes squint. Flinting. Hinting. Glinting. My

Silent. Violent. >Gulnt.< Vilent. Bilent.

Jingling. Mingling. **Nerv** Swerving. Curving.

Bring on those spoiled monkey brats! Bring on those mealy mouthed sentimental whimpering simians!

My thought enthroned search for truth is also lutely species invisible to their puny fragile intelligence.

Yes, it would be better if people didn't think I am German. I'll marshall no my name to Grant Radar!

I am dropped from heaven! I am a giant state of the art stealth rat! Stars shine bright on shatter

light. The job! Do it right! Fight with all your might! Climb to the heights! No matter how bright

things look. Things will get dark. It all comes down to how many baby monkeys did you con

tract for this year and how many baby monkeys would you really be able to maul tonight.

Thee. Thee. Thee. That's beyond a shadow of a doubt. Kill any good monkeys late ly, folks?

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No matter how hard he tried, Lepke Von Finkelstein, scientist, seeker of truth, called The Research Showel, could never prove that frightened baby monkeys run predicted. But his predictions met with reservations. "We think we see it but do? No they drink more," sometimes he said. "Abandoned baby monkeys merely and scream." And often said, "They do not know they have mothers. I will win the Nobel prize if I can prove frightened baby monkeys run to mother," Von Finkelstein ruminated. "It is true for after I gas their mothers in their play house play garage often by leaving the toy car engine going with the mother monkey in the car, baby monkeys don't seem to know what to do save climb the walls of their perfectly antiseptic razor wire cages and cry. There must be something elegant they can do. I'll perfect a flawless experiment to prove that frightened baby monkeys run to mother. ⊕ It's no use using monkey mothers they're too pre ⊕ dictable. I will kill baby monkey's mothers and train the baby monkeys to believe I am their mother. Then I will pretend I am a vicious gnawing rat and rape a baby monkey. All baby monkey s will realize I am not the ir mother. They will look around for their mother. Then they would have to become behavioral scientists to prove beyond a rational doubt, I am their mother and of course they will be wrong so they would have to find a mother substitute and become the abject slave of their mother substitute; only the mother substitute will be me in my noble disguise of non smoking, humane money grubbing anorexic mainstream career woman killer networking with dead bury the dead achievers on a lemon juice diet. Yes, in order to do this I will have to move closer to my experiment. What can I do to achieve these simple, noble, far reaching and lofty aims? Of course it will take a large grant from the Mother Is Right Foundation. I must get closer to my work. I must persevere. I am first in my field and I'll noble warp my will's set to noble blind side objective experimentation. Observe! My skin I slide into a wire hair metallic trap hard snapped sheet steel triangles clanging. Banging. Jangling. My tiny gun sight eyes squint. Flinting. Hinting. Glinting. My Silent. Violent. >Gulnt.< Vilent. Bilent. Jingling. Mingling. **Nerv** Swerving. Curving.

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