

THE TRANSFORMATION OF SALAMI AND PASTRAMI REBAR INTO DUELING ALL BEEF BALL PARK HOT DOGS GATE

Flushing a Niagara of Viagra[®] to unwind her sexual bind, "I'm just fine but men are swine!" Salami Rebar screamed. "Freud was right, Sweet," Pastrami her buff husband bleat, as he scrambled up a rough trade beat. "Women are complete. Freud is dead meat. I am not numb. I just don't have one!" Salami griddled. Pastrami middled. Salami fizzled. He sizzled. He shaked. She baked. He piddled. She diddled. Her legs yoked. Her eggs poked. She glanced down. Her hotcake had fried down To an Elektra dark crown. Salami had grown an extensive sausage of sensitive usage. "This weenie is not over easy! It's greasy! Get lost!" She bossed, "This pig link don't shrink! It's got grunt pink mud rooting putrid slimy delight alright! But it lacks bite!"

As a "Salami, pish not pees on electrical trees," cries up her leg in a ghost Yiddish Viennese, she smites her plight. She down smushed it. Up plushed it. Her new nose disobeyed her hoarse lows. "Why must you grind so unrefined? Get off it!" She coughed it. "For me it is fine. Leave it entwined." Pastrami oinked pleasure kinked, "It is an unclean fate! It is lousy swine sate!" She empowered to a new level of self-hate, "I am gender night!" Stars shine bright on shatter light: Breathing tight all their might: Which sublime is more benign? Your Annie Oakley bullet howl or your twofer dowe! Thee. The. That's will a drug coax course coarse swine strokes if hoax stoked yolks force hoarse dual pokes, Folks?