

The Frog With The Golden Tooth

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One day as I sat on a purple cloud ordering feathers neatly into rows, a woman flew by on a snake. She had skin the color of her skin, and the snake looked like one. They made three quick passes around me and vanished into the distance, leaving only a spool of polyester sewing thread, which floated there before me. I went to sleep and when I awoke the thread had disappeared. I wondered where the girl had gone, and my cloud began to move. It went slowly, so as to not mess up my rows of feathers. Eventually we overtook the spool of sewing thread, which had grown larger and was rolling through the air, unwinding. I passed a house on a hilltop where a woman was hanging from a line to dry, but she didn't see me. A puppy was chasing its tail in circles and a great finned bird with leathern wings flew along the horizon, croaking morosely. I passed a fishing line moving up, with an old boot hooked on the end. In the boot was a frog with a golden tooth and a chicken with silver hair, but the line snapped and the boot fell out of sight. My journey continued, but the horizon didn't seem to be getting any closer. All the while, the girl on the snake followed close behind. I saw an electric fan approaching, propelled by a squirrel cage wheel with a squirrel in it. I covered my rows of feathers to protect them from the squirrel; the fan blew the girl off the snake, and she landed on my purple cloud. We laughed while the snake and the squirrel looked on.

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