

The Queen of Rock and Rule

by

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This story was first completed on Saturday, November 17, 1984 and was most recently revised on Friday, March 12, 2010.

This document is approximately 502 words long.

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Now, I need to type a slightly longer text, because it's raining outside and there are geese in Canada. If you want to understand more of that subject, then go to Kelly park and ask the attendant. He's an expert on the subject of nuclear technology. He can explain why there's a scratch in the paint and who fixed it for you. After you receive the bill, you'll be referred to the IRS for pregnancy counseling and they'll send you a Christmas card for lunch. After you find the needle, you'll be in a better position to negotiate the unilateral disarmament of pigeons. Then they'll fly you to Miami for the Festival of Saints. I was there once and discovered my lost love. We'd never met but I recognized her father as an old friend of the President, who'd once rescued my cat. Now that I'm under way, I think that it's appropriate that I explain myself. I'm originally not from here, but from another place, a far place, a dry, dank, misty, arid place of consistent contradiction. It was there that I learned logic and reasoning poetry. After my apprenticeship, I fell to bickering amongst themselves and was expelled from the Fellowship, with honor. I traveled in search of the Great Grate. I never achieved much but was greatly honored everywhere that I went because of my beautiful wife, who I kept hidden in my camper, except for brief excursions into the forest for wood. Now that I've told my life story for the first time I feel that the price supports presently applied to the dairy industry will eventually be lifted from the backs of the weary and downtrodden people of Afghanistan, who have labored under the despotic rule of the Queen of Rock and Rule. I never understood how anyone could eat so much ice cream in just one year. Oh, I hear my Mother calling. I've got to come back now. See you later.

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