

Never ending story....

'I have been purified! Halleluyah!'

'But then, why do I still have itches?'

And pink and yellow and orange and blue because too much color is always better than not enough she decided after all. She would purify this place to the death of them. They wouldn't know what hit them when they walked down an ... with only a hat in. Suddenly a gust of wind lifts its brim and it spins away over the treetops and valleys until it skimmed the white horse of the tempestuous sea. She spilled the truth across the place, lost outside in the inner walls of the forest. Hesitantly she took a step, fevered into the unknown. Suddenly she began to rise onto the air, gliding onto the invisible staircase of air. As she rose she saw her life flash before her eyes in a series of images, a lot of which, with hindsight, she found rather unpleasant. And then, as if by magic, a dynamic duo of dogs called Marmite and Lightbulb turned up. They are best known for their cat impressions and nights of wild kinky sex - not to mention their few charity work. But on this occasion Marmite and Lightbulb had a rather more pressing matter. How to stop the giant who was naked, bloody and screaming for his friend Liberty? 'Where is she?' A sudden noise from the wardrobe revealed her. And she screamed with delight. And then fell to the floor, forever broken. There was much sadness in her heart and she felt the need of some balm to her soul. Suddenly a flying squirrel broke through the window. Little did the girl know it was a super squirrel with magical healing powers. But he was on holidays from healing. He is tired to help but he is not the only healer in the area in the centre of the forest that lines a creative like no other. Never seen by human eyes, he has the rare ability to make clouds spit beer - the joy of rainy days. Until one day he met the most interesting creature known to man, a fire-breathing giraffe. The giraffe had trouble with his abilities because he loved to laugh but every time he laughed, he breathed fire and so he kept setting fire to trees and



telegraph poles. It made him sad so he decided to see a psychologist who was called Mary. Her husband, Nick, had a lake at their house in Wales that put out all the fires in the world. Obviously that was a meta phor for his strange ... complex. Mary tried to hold her counseling session, but every time she walked out the mansion, she saw him pretending to chase the burning London of 1666. 1666 - how clearly she remembered that year - plague, fire, the discovery of gravity and the year she met her one time love. And all would be well. She had to believe it. If she didn't believe that she had a choice to make, to jump or run. The time was now. So jump she did, and landed in a huge pit of custard and spiders and strange creatures never seen before with long hair like a maiden and she didn't stop there, she felt herself slipping down, until she was up - right up in the sky - looking down at the clouds and trees, and she floated around blissfully for some time until a sunshine bird came to her and with an apple in his nuts for them to share they fell down the clouds. But the apple juice cast them drifting to the sea and beyond as they drifted over the ocean they peered down into the depths, looking into the dark blue. Below they would perceive Sardines beneath their feet.

He jumped sharply. In front of him he saw a dinosaur.

'help' the dinosaur cried. 'I am stuck! I am stuck as a dinosaur'. 'too bad' he shouted at the dinosaur. 'I'm not going to help you! MOohaha!'



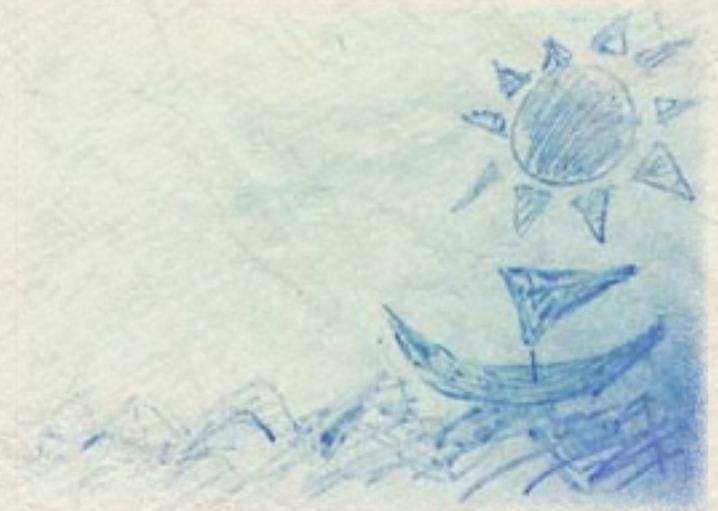
But then the dinosaur's friends came and threw stones at him. 'NO' he cried, 'please stop'. 'Actually, no don't stop. I like it, do it more'. And so he continued to throw stones until the dinosaur was completely submerged. Suddenly he was overcome with remorse. He climbed the mountain of stones he had created, but to no avail. The dinosaur had been vanished and could not be resurrected unless he could find the magic soul of fluff and pluck one of his ... pink feathers. This snail can only be found in the deepest darkest depth of my heart because it only forms from my heartbeats. When the ticking stops all the fluff will fall off, all the feathers will drop to the floor. Until one day

the wind picks them up and blows them to the dinosaur land where you can sing and dance.

She found she had wings on her back made from birch leaves and so she went to the top of the hill and strode on the highest spit before she ran and ran and ran and ran down the hill till she flew, flew away until she came across the big abyss of Sadly it was all an illusion so she jumped over the abyss. She felt calm and peaceful, and content. And that brought overwhelming relief and hope for the first time since the incarceration. She was lonely but she knew it would not be for long. Her hair was long and matted and it looked as she had been working in the stables all day. The horses stood splendidly neighing and stomping their hooves. One of them exhaled and turned its head suddenly. A noise had startled the whole barn. It was an elderly man in a dress squawking with the geese, he could only make sound not words and he was unable to escape. He was going to walk all the way to Paris and find the bar where he had last seen Amelie before the war. But he was sidetracked and only made it to Jersey where he ran into Claude Debussy on vacation with lover

Emma. They made friends and frolicked in the sea inspiring the piece La Mer to be written. But their romance was short lived when Claude ran off with Fred who worked in a fudge factory. The patron of this fudge factory was none other than the marquis of Renton A.K.A Snoop Doge. He loved Jersey's hash fudge.

Snoop Dog had to make money. He made money by pimping and writing songs that had to be edited for radio. This bothered Fred. Fred became more and more depressed and frustrated with life. For a start, he couldn't concentrate on his fudge - making on his confectionary cancer - while Snoop was still at large. If this was a fairy tale he might call him his arch enemy. One day Fred ran away. And joined the circus. He was a clown, but a sad one. All his family is now dead killed by a Tropical Disease which made their nose to red. But it has to be said, he was much happier as a clown than a fudge maker. He had a lot of friends and excellent quality of life. One day, a man



arrived at the circus with a letter for him. The letter had no stamp and the man would not say where or who it was from. The letter was old and the letters quite ... He opened it to see what was inside, there was an old postcard with a picture of a clown and the 4 words on the front of the postcard read 'Send in Clowns'. He turned it around to see who it was from and Stephen Soudherin had signed it. All the way from America. Maybe he should go there? Was it a sign? When he looked further in the envelope there was an address - so it was a sign? What to do next? He liked being a clown and didn't want to leave the circus, but America sounded very tempting. But all of a sudden he started to doubt his decision. The more he thought about it the less certain he was about his future plans. He decided to change into a bat. Why be human anymore? Well actually he was. He just had a bat outfit as he'd been to a fancy dress party out in the woods in a haunted house with dragons. He rode his chopper bike to escape. The clouds overhead became thick and dark.



The little girl ... at the story in D minor and wandered to the woods to reveal all the jaundiced trees. The bad wolf came and gave her a red hiding hood. She said 'No, I don't like it' and walked away never to be seen again, except she was seen by the wolfs on the street who slandered around. And then he decided to have a nice time away.

He thought: 'it's time to relax, chill out and enjoy life. No more chasing the little girls to eat, what's the point of wasting energy really?' Especially when big brown bears will come to you. Sure they will come to you and try to eat you, but so long as you are prepared. Have your wits about you will be the victim. But fairytales are old school, let's reinvent the narrative, ditch the bears, change the symbols. Symbols became cymbals, the story a tune, write

the lyrics, dance to the melody. A drummer enters, drumming. I turned around and said: 'Hi, how is it going?' 'Awesome gig!' The drummer replied: 'I was angry with my friend' I told my wrath did end. By your mother and your girlfriend, you will be saved by a song and by whales. But then the whales will vanish and live happily ever after in a ... land which is a surprising place for whales to end up in. Meanwhile you will have certain realities to deal with.

Undulating waves of flesh constantly in your dreams, waking with cold sweats and tears, just like the time you woke up covered with the blood of a stranger and the cries ringing in your ears 'George, George'. Show me your xylophone. Quickly before it's too late you don't want to miss your last chance at happiness. Stephanie nodded ... She had never noticed the highly unattractive stench that came from Tom's hair and then it started coming out, right from the roots. Which was obviously a tapir, called Ned. Ned liked to ... around in the jungle and feast on arts. But the Art Kity Antonionus declared war and the witch, bitter, cast a curse on Ned and his family. Ned cried. But suddenly all his emotions vanished like fog. At some point during the day he lit up a cigar and looked at his daughter. 'She doesn't even look like me' he muttered indifferently. The daughter looked back at him much

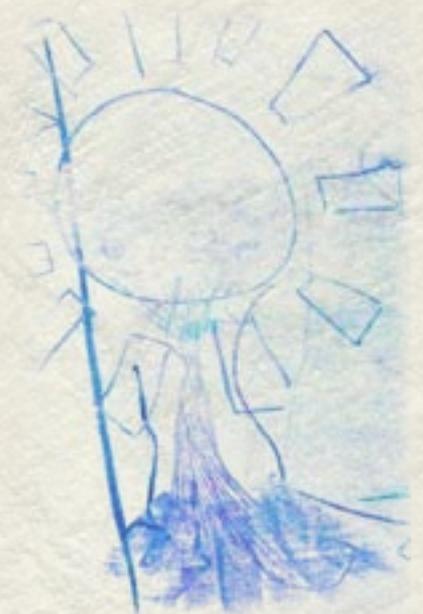
like she'd consider a tsunami on TV, with sympathy, intrigue, but ultimately changing the channel before the story was over. He was a total twat, she decided. And from that moment she denied him, preferring the company of cats. Her first car was a Triumph Toledo. Pale blue - with the occasional brown spot of rust, but she loved it. The blue seat, faux walnut dash and 1.3 litre engine, freedom and the open road. She entered the building and felt a rush of cool wind pass through her thin skin. She noticed the odd man staring at her.

But she thought nothing of it and continued up the stairs until she reached the top. Not finding what she expected she made her way down only to find her path was blocked. It was not normally like her to panic, but considering



the events of the morning involving old Ned's grandfather clock and her disabled friend who lived across the road and next to the ... things really weren't looking up. What was the deal with Ned and his strange penchant for all things that tell the time? He was always late for everything. And now, why lock her in the very room where he thought he could stop time indefinitely? Bof. It was time, Ned realized, to stop procrastinating and start to get a ... of the situation. Unfortunately he wasn't quite sure what the situation was and he wasn't good at making decisions. He decided to have a good sit down and think.

There she was, pure as the day she'd returned. Breakfast rarely agreed with her, and this was the no-exception. No sooner had she nibbled the last bit of bacon, she could feel a familiar nausea. Clutching her stomach she ran. She found a bag of twig lets, ate some and started choking. But luckily a talking teddy bear came to the rescue. He had a lovely golden fur and a bright red bow tie with white spots and she fell for him immediately. They knew they would be together forever and decided to look at the sunset holding hands but then a disaster struck. The sun turned into a fireball. The fireball started to shake. It exploded into a million colorful pieces like a shattered rainbow. And in terror the timid but gentle warthog ran into the shopping centre and at last he found peace. ...peaces in fact that he ... down on in ... before his face went red and swollen his peanut allergy hit full force. He swelled and swelled and swelled and swelled until he was utterly swollen. Then came a deep gurgling sound. The like of which has never been heard before or since. The warthog felt nervous but held his nerve and stood his ground. Not realizing where the noise had come from he turned around and knocked himself out on the palm tree. Coming to his sense he awoke in a far land. He never had seen something so beautiful. The light glinted catching the screens of thousands of discarded television sets, cast offs from the pre Digital switch over. The warthog was transfixed by the sight. Cautiously he trotted over to a particularly large television set to investigate. He started to admire his reflection in the shiny



screen, when suddenly it sputtered into life. The warthog staggered back. What could this mean? He felt uneasy as the following message appeared on the screen 'join us now', it said 'and enjoy the best burgers on the planet. Buy now! A perfect car just for you' A blonde shouted at him from the screen, her eyes cracking through the LEDs. But he wasn't listening anymore. He was held in space, by the soft ... and huffing by Nassie at his feet. Was this really it? Was he condemned to wander the world, sad and alone with only Nassie for company. And the constant adverts on the screen. He thought of all the people he had known and how all, one by one, they were recruited and disappeared.



They found free first-class ticket to Mongolia. They were met by four Mongolian horsemen who took them to a pub to sample the local snakebite. It was very venomous but they survived and took a walk through mountains. Suddenly there was this laughing monk and everybody was like 'what the ...' but he just kept laughing on and on until someone just slapped him hard in the face. That's when the trouble began. The monk just looked at them and said 'go to the mountain of Ulalaka and find the lovely Tschingdoo'. But I couldn't. I was way too scared. For I slapped him in the face but really I didn't mean too! I did really because that's how I am. Actually looking back I really did mean to hit him. I'm a bit weird. I never said sorry. Deep in the star-flecked night came the voice of a ghoul, a purple bodied being with a higher purpose. A ghoul drunken on mercy and the solitude of a mass of warm-eaten souls of a down at heel grumbler. The night air closed in. I woke up bathed in sweat. It did not take me long to realize that I was in a really tricky situation. So I had to think fast. 'Pass the vase' I ordered. It appeared white lilies enmeshed with his blood. The vampire was on the table looking at you and he said 'I want dinner'. *Your breath catches. And then you remember the Marmite and anchovy sandwiches you had stashed in your pocket for emergencies. 'Fancy some panini?' you ask hopefully. 'NO! it is forbidden to*

eat food with two letters the same. What I am hungry for is not food' she said breathlessly. 'I'll leave it out to your imagination to work it out'. Well my imagination walks over it. I knew she was talking about fresh air - hungry for fresh air! That air was there! It was life and art! Just here, while I was looking far away. Come in my lungs! I live again!

I went for a cheeseburger from the cheese factory. Cause you aint living if you've never had a Burger from the cheeseburger factory. I looked at the moon and I was blinded. And I blinked my eyes so I saw tiny stars on my eyelids. She closed her eyes and waited for the stars to fade but they didn't. She thought, ok another bloody dolphin. I thought it would at least be a killer whale! I must be drunk. Again? But I wasn't drunk. I was dreaming. All along I had been asleep beneath the stairs in the cupboard. But in the darkness my hands found a new exit, and all of a sudden the bear came and shouted at everybody. And yet in the sky the moon looked down and cried because he had lost his rabbit. And so the moon stayed silent and every night the frogs called to him. He tried to scream. But no sound came out. He begged her to say yes. To his surprise she whispered those words he had longed to hear 'j'arrive'. How sweet. Unfortunately that isn't real. It's just a story. The truth is this grain is pretty but she never loved him. She loved to dream that she loved him but she always felt alone and was never able to find her dreams. She needed a missing part, she needed to stop, take heel and release. Her muscles had become loose and her flesh flabby and her concern that she would not run from a lion if needed, rightfully scared her. But she thought she would figure out a way to turn this to her advantage. Perhaps she could cycle from the lion or find a place to hide. Who knows what she would do if she ever had to face a lion? She'd figure something out!

Where is Justin Bieber?

And so I started running away to escape the big fear of death until it caressed me and it was all over.



But the story doesn't end there. In fact it only just begins.

I kept my eyes closed. I felt relaxed, calmed until I experienced a floating feeling, but I was not floating the most usual manner, I was fast floating - more like how I imagined teleporting to be - even though I had never in fact teleported anywhere. Anyway, the sensation continued until everything went dark and I could hear music, low and quiet at first. It gradually grew louder, more high pitched. Still in complete darkness I shouted out in desperation 'Where am I? Is there anybody there?' I felt a stab of pain above my ankle - Tiny teeth cutting through my flesh. 'Bugger' I thought "Gremlins'.



And I don't have any clean socks. I started to run. Run as fast as I could. I looked down and saw three Gremlins. 'Don't worry' I said to myself If I can run fast enough the Gremlins will get blown away in the wind. So I started to run faster than I'd ever run in my life. And I ran and ran like a crazy man - sheep, all good, BAAA, none. When I awoke I couldn't move, I looked down to see a sheep's head had been sown onto each of my severed thighs. But

it didn't really matter now that I found the truth. All I have been looking for and longing for. Who are you? Who is leaving me here in my tights? The tights are very useful so don't complain. They can take you everywhere you want and they are your best friends.

No-one can hold her back. She flies on the wings of love and she doesn't know where she is going. But she knows someone will be there waiting for her. But one day her heart was broken. She was betrayed. Holy cow! Christian grey is so hot! My inner goddess does a back turn and then suddenly realizes that she is traitor to feminism and resolves to buy a coarse pair of scissors and cut the stupidly soft scrotum of any man that caught her eyes. Sadly her plans where ... when her new shinny scissors were stolen by an unusually large florist who needed to cut the ribbons on her bouquets. But the angels would not let that pass, because the angels were actually fascists. Dead stoic fascists who loved chips with a little bit of Tabasco on the side for added spice because the dull chips were like their dull lives.

Once upon a time, there was a boy who lived. The end.

Why! This is a never-ending story. Life must go on. There is no end. You will live there and ever until 4.23 on 22nd November 2013 when you'll die of drowning on your own vomit. Your small basement flat will default and be repossessed by the bank and there will be nothing left for your loved ones. However the birds will continue to rest in the tree that was once your tree and the worms will continue to crawl thanks to your lovely bones.

I love pineapples and I hate grapes because one night in the deep, dark depths of Shebu I was approached by a grape who said 'Hey, give me your money punk or I'll juice you real good' I was afraid of the giant elephant hiding behind the butter in the fridge. So I armed myself with an iced caramel. I was then climbing the shelves when I saw a ... cheese. A banana slipped on a woman. But why she didn't open the window? Why? It was so hot, surely it made sense to open the window. But it didn't perhaps. There was no window. She was in bed. Her hands were bound. The walls were close. But when she slept, she dreamt of the window. Wouldn't you? Her dreams were always pitiful and the window always scared her most of all. She realized the window was a metaphor for her pet Dog, which was a wolf. He was still out there but she couldn't think of her dog, not while the dinosaurs needed her. Thousands of ancient creatures depended on her to be saved from extinction. So she strapped her bow to her pack, made sure she had plenty of Oreos and set off on her time machine. It was a long journey, back to the land of dinosaurs, so she listened to her mix-tape, for most of the way. When she arrived she made a cake with lots of layers. Each one was a different color and between them were her favorite thing - jam and pate. And so an entire society of people who preferred jam to pate was inadvertently created. This unfortunately led to a boom in the now-unchecked population of geese worldwide. However somewhere in the deepest darkest part of Hackney East London lay birds not yet discovered by man! The ottomitos, with colours that I can't read. I feel silly now. Aren't you? So sorry.





Upon hearing these words, the Easter bunny slowly reached into his basket where he found a snake. The snake hissed at the bunny and said 'I was in the bible. You're just a silly device for selling chocolate - piss off!' The bunny reared up on its legs and whacked the snake dead for his impudence. The dead snake slowly disappeared leaving only his skin behind. The bunny put the skin on and immediately felt the urge to do the Macarena, where upon he was mysteriously joined by the king of Spain, Wozzel Gummidge, Jackie Boo and Simon le Bon all

dancing like their life depended on it. And their lives did depend on it as the Terminator appeared looking for John Connor. But he seemed sad, as if tortured by some mechanical sadness. His eyes seemed tearful at the fact no tears would come. So he squeezed some lemon juice into each eye and salt and pepper. 'Arg!' He wasn't just crying, he was melting.

Once upon there was a magic lamp hidden in a tomb at the far side of a rusty desert. It had an insatiable ego.

But how do dinosaurs grow?

But how did dinosaurs die?

If they existed at all, or were they aliens?

They existed but they were able to speak. They spoke wise words in the old language. They said 'don't be afraid, don't panic, all will be well'. As she awoke she found herself on the roof surrounded by chanting Goblins still chanting these wise words. She was filled with utter fear and she started singing 'at first I was afraid, I was petrified. I will survive'. The Goblins joined in singing along which was first re-assuring until she sensed mockery and cruelty in their tick voices. Then she decided to join in with the cruelty and chopped their heads off and ran into the woods. In the woods there was a house. She saw the house and had an uncontrollable urge to enter in the house where three empty chairs contained three empty cushions with three perfectly formed arse shapes pressed into them.



She filled the imprints with small marbles that she had been hiding in her purse. The marbles contained a magical unicorn. But how could he fit inside the marbles. Well because he was magic. They got on the unicorn, he spread his wings and they started flying. They flew for 50 days and 50 nights until they reached a land called Dreamocencantas. It was an incredible land filled with pillows and kittens and coloured babies and flying cows, ants and mites which if left to fall out of the sky would bite people alive and would become a world of cows, mites and ants. Cow would rule, ants would be organized and mites would get ...

A girl named Tina suddenly appears. She's got long black hair and her friends only call her Peti. Her only friend his Roy. The only words he can say are 'thank you' 'please' and 'petit'. The conversation is however not at all limited because of her propensity to recount endless mildly amusing anecdotes from her day. This is only increased by his occasional affirmative interjections, however unrelated to what the hot air balloon was talking about. Up they had gone onto the cloud layer and beyond into strange places inhabited by beings made of coloured glass and inky blots. Suddenly from within an ink blot a leech-like being appeared, its long tail thrashing and piercing the calm of the night. They were frightened and called on the only ... they knew who lived in the sky. 'Help, help' they said but there was no reply. They knew not what to do. All of a sudden there was a crash! Not plates, not cymbals but a gatecrash. A group of 7 nuns had decided enough was enough, they gate crashed a party to get drunk. But what they didn't know was that it was a fancy dress come dressed as a nun party! It was perfect. Then Nancy said 'as we are all dressed as nun, why not start on impromptu sound of music rendition?' They all agreed it was a splendid idea.



In Shepherd's Bush, however a young woman was writing on a piece of tracing paper. Taking some deep breathes. In 2, 3 out 2,3 in 2,3 out 2, 3. What you need is some space in your head and a bucket of peace pounded over you.

'Why would I go to the opera?' she said. Because you might enjoy it he said, to try new things. 'Can I use my phone?' 'RoseMacleam.com Need a new agent?' His true purpose is unclear. We can only hope for the best in this difficult situation.

He jumped up and down 5 times and shouted 'monkey, dog and rat'. The things that he saw, though enchanting and sometimes entertaining, filled him with a sense of disappointment, and sadness which followed him wherever he went, until one unsuspecting day, just like any other, he was shaken to his core and a throb shudder of excitement bubbled up from his belly to his lips, and quick to his own surprise he busted out 'trumpets, my love! We'll have trumpets'. 'I am inspired to declare the glory of being alive in the sun on a bright new day. Hoorah!' All was quiet but the trumpets did not work. I decided to think upon the matter in the toilet where everyone came up with their best ideas. As the plop plop plop went away the thoughts came thick and fast. 'Who am I?' 'What's for tea?' 'Are we there yet?'. Something is niggling at me but I am not sure what is there more, am I doing OK, why am I thinking so much. Am I living? Then, the sobriety of the loo came back into view. Speaking of views there are some lovely sites to see in England. It's just a matter of getting yourself out there into the fresh air and breathing it all in heavily! A mere heaving breath...

Everyone should experience the room only if you are emotionally stable.

Walking down a dark corridor a clown appeared grinning maniacally and giving a ... scream.

Nothing can be read of the story before now. This visitor only spots to cock + balls, the legend 'piss off and knows beyond doubt her predecessor was a bloke. Send in Pusy riot I say. So he was a traveler destined for the piss pot but his aspirations were so much more, a piss pot was simply not good enough, he wanted a poo pot as well. He set off to make his dream come true. He traveled the world and took photos of every single toilet he entered to find the best toilet he had laid his eyes on. He found holes in the side of the rested extravagant gold bowels and



everything ... millions.

What non sense. Time to tell the truth. The world is not full of holes but it is tasty.

A dancing bear entered the room. There was a pause in the conversation. We all laughed. The bear was then joined by a Badger and a Beaver and they

made a burrow where they buried their treasure. The three animals then drew a map of where they had buried the treasure. They tore the map in three and each took a section and went their separate ways.

Many years later the bear hatched a plan to get the other two sections of the map but unfortunately someone shot the bear to make bear burgers (all together!) 'Oh dear!'. The vegetarians shouted 'this is sacrilege, give some lettuce leaves'. Then the salad turned into a rocket ship, to carry the bear to distant unknown planets. But the vinegar wasn't balsamic and it went bad. Always put balsamic vinegar

in your vinaigrette. The bear will always regret his choice of dressing, poor guy. He crashed on a hostile planet where they eat bears. But he refused to be eaten. He named himself the creator and decided to have polygamy sexual relationships. His happiest moment was when he fitted himself with a full set of false gold teeth and took his revenge. He paused. He looked around 'I can renovate' he explained in a whisper. 'That's what I will do when I'll be older...' he thought. She answered with a whisper 'you will never grow up my little one because I will never let you go'. Mum he said, I am 62 years old now. When does growing up start? Growing up? Don't be silly. That's for old people! Why should I bother growing up? I'd rather be a little prince my whole life. The woman smoked condescendingly in an attempt to cover her sinking feeling that the boy was right. She was looking at the clouds, those bright white, and she was thinking of her lover and her addiction to his touch. She knew it had to end. Like every addiction it is not good. But good is not always what one wants.

He had a smile on his face because he'd seen heaven in bush attic but wanted this to be his reality. Look what I found in my shoe, she said. Fame, I



want to live for ever. She screamed. She then grabbed her shoe. The sensation of her shoe reminded her of a connection with her land. The land she would find herself burned in two weeks from unexpected unexplained. So she shut herself in a room to avoid trouble. Sadly the whole day was ruined because Martin ran out of lemonade but luckily their recent adoption of Buddhism meant they had inner calm. But suddenly the inconceivable happened 'become invisible' she explained. 'Not possible' he replied. 'Close your eyes and imagine yourself sitting by a stream, with your feet in cool water'. But then a talking bear jumped out of a nearby bush roaring 'give me your money'. She gave the bear a penny wishing him well. Later she realized it was a trick. The bear crashed out the bush grabbing at her purse. He's stolen the money! With the money he went to buy an ice cream. He liked the ice cream as quickly as he could before it'd melt in the sun. He dropped the ice cream and it fell in the shape of a 4 leaves clover. All of a sudden he was startled by a talking beetle complaining about the weather. The beetle would not stop talking. He ran away from the beetle. And then they went to the moon. After a few minutes a giant pineapple came running towards them. He said 'WTF dude what's going on? They were very afraid and told the pineapple that 'like nothing is going on, we're cool..' But deep down something was troubling 'it was the orange, the fucking orange'.

Pony says to the horse 'always be yourself, unless you are ...'

Am I then a unicorn? They say it began in the beginning of course...

