

Dancing Shoes

Ahem!

Mhm-mhm. Elated mummified woman in a bra the size of a dry washcloth, she's embalmed and wrapped it in plain dress. (Is she in distress?)

Of course not!

Cause she approached me: smiling, visibly happy. Ooh!! No... Task! Tisk! Am I moonlighting as a psychic dog?

(Zoom on the specie: actually, that nostalgic blastoschizomyces is an obsolete boring zombified one with rattling bones and a skull that stink!

And it seems over the moon...)

To the rhythm of her crutch, she came to me, handling it like a petiole. (A petiole.) Am I her pet? A cat or somewhat? What does she think! Me? Or her dog! My buttocks!

Oops! Here is the exquisitely elegant lady in dancing shoes, still performing the most peculiar death.

There was this almost touching old lady, a sort of cute, wrinkled little apple in a state of ecstasy.

She glimpsed at me and blushed!

So I told her: nobody's a zombie no more. Ouch! Then, I look at Molly my giggling girl who's laughing her head off, and I give her a little pat.

And wave a kiss to the lady. (A kiss?)

Dressed in torn clothes, she came towards me: big smile, almost happy; strangely happy.

No kidding! She gave me a kick, acute and strong! "What's wrong with you?" she said.

"What's wrong with you, you little rascal!" Until now, I wasn't a pimp!

With my chick, we call her many names. 'Huh.' I didn't hear what you said.

The lady was puzzled, very disoriented. So we fled, making sure to take her handbag with us. (Whizz...) We got on my scooter. And fled, fast as hell!

Still performing the most peculiar death.

Leaning on her walking stick, future prospect in the rear-view mirror, the strange mummy waved it at us in her shoes the color of Sichuan pepper!

Sorry for that. It is the story. I had vomited on it. (Hee-hee!... hee!)

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