Coat Rack

with a Mohawk-style Top

"If you don't pick up after your poodle,
you end up leaving behind bits of poorly digested, reconstituted bone-waste and traces of its own asshole
scattered all over the ground!"

I said to Carry Poodles Poop. "We know you got VD last year," she shouted back at me. I don't see the connection, but—take the word of a former Maoist—this isn't a post punk band; it's just a bunch of liberal trolls!
"So happy that we qualified for the water polo final," goes Terry's song.

And there it goes.

We were in high spirits, celebrating among ourselves—laughing so hard we were slapping our own thighs. With one exception—or, well, you could put it that way: me. Terry.
It was absolute madness in the club showers—a collective frenzy. They were cheering: "Flying Terry! Flying Terry! Flying Terry!"

Over and over again.

Red square, orange torque and green cube—and vice versa.

The team looked like a single body, and a few were jumping around in a sort of pogo-style dance.

An unbridled pogo!...

They tossed me into the air, chanting the slogans of the team's groupies—our fans.
We were sweating so much that I slipped!

While chanting they dropped me heavily onto the locker room bench. The bench erupted in joy along with us!

Red square, orange torque and green cube—and vice versa. We were, quite literally, swimming in happiness.

Except for Erwan—who suffers from muscular atrophy and was relegated to the role of substitute, or, in other words, a poorly inflated spare tire—we were all overcome by a collective fit of laughter!

We can talk about what happened next later, but—aside from my latex cock, which hung down somewhere around my knees—I was the only little person in the disabled sports team's locker room.
It must be said that I have no legs—and even if I did, look at these two limp flippers. A veritable garden gnome, full of liveliness!

And there they go, bouncing me around: "Up, up, up, Terry, Terry the flying goal!"

Terry the spouting dwarf whose sideburns practically touch the ground!

I say this because my sideburns are a lovely carrot-red—which makes sense, since I'm a redhead myself; and when I say redhead, I mean red from head to toe!

"Up, up, up..." And now they have me bouncing all over the place, just like our water polo ball!

Red all over!—and vice versa.

Elastic brand for societal-capsule rattles. Tell, how to come in a handicapped atmosphere.
Explosion on the crash cymbal!

After his performance—which left a broken stick in addition to the damaged bass drum pedal, and that's not to mention the snare drum skin, which has to be removed—Terry got an earful.

A good, full-blown shouting match—after which he'll go seek comfort with his own skin and Skipping Vicky and Carry Poodles Poop, altogether that only means that debris and fragments end up littering the ground!

Slat of prat!

Mike is a man of the hand and of sound.