

A Recursive Tale

Dranorter

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A few years ago, Professor Şoa Denovich the double dust mite resumed her habitual travels. Then Professor Şoa Denovich found an ancient book and opened it.

As Professor Şoa Denovich read, the book told a baffling rumor:

A few years ago, Professor Emiline Donovanitch the street astronaut-wizard went to seek her fortune. Professor Emiline Donovanitch encountered a traveler along the way. The traveler spotted Professor Emiline Donovanitch and called out. “Professor Emiline Donovanitch! Hey! I know you!” But Professor Emiline Donovanitch didn’t know the traveler and slipped away. That day, a second traveler ignored Professor Emiline Donovanitch. Professor Emiline Donovanitch encountered a demon along the way. The demon spotted Professor Emiline Donovanitch and called out. “Professor Emiline Donovanitch! Hey! I know you!” But Professor Emiline Donovanitch didn’t know the demon and slipped away. The next thing anyone knows is that a second demon gave Professor Emiline Donovanitch a ponderous gift. Professor Emiline Donovanitch passed by a boring town. Later that day, Professor Emiline Donovanitch found an ancient book and opened it.

As Professor Emiline Donovanitch read, the book told an enlightening account:

A long, long time ago, Sonson the Elder the time secret cowboy had found refuge in a baffling boat. Sonson the Elder felt safe at the boat but her true love was sick; so she had no choice but to leave her home. Sonson the Elder encountered a gentleman mechanic along the way. The gentleman mechanic trapped Sonson the Elder in a salmon hive. Sonson the Elder was confronted by a salesman and decided to stock up on local goods. The friendly merchant explained that the theater authors of the salmon hive specialized in making arrows.

There didn’t seem to be a way out in the entire salmon hive. Sonson the Elder resolved to find the gentleman mechanic and say so, but she couldn’t find them. Sonson the Elder happened upon a thunderstorm. An out-of-the-way section of the thunderstorm was decorated with eerie symbols. At times Sonson the Elder wondered if this was truly a thunderstorm. she had expected more gloom. A wall of the thunderstorm was decorated with relevant symbols. Sonson the Elder decided that she would settle down in the thunderstorm, so she built a small house. The house soon became infested with scorpions. Sonson the Elder didn’t mind them, but one night the scorpions decided to carry her away. She awoke outside of the thunderstorm.

Sonson the Elder was hopelessly lost in the salmon hive when she started to seriously doubt this was a salmon hive at all. The architecture was more like that of a village. In fact, Sonson the Elder had found the way out some time ago without realizing it. In due course of time, a second gentleman mechanic ignored Sonson the Elder.

Later that day, a third gentleman mechanic ignored Sonson the Elder. The next thing anyone knows is that Sonson the Elder found an ancient book and opened it.

As Sonson the Elder read, the book told a memorable rumor:

When the world was still young, Mademoiselle Teresa J. Shadow the blood captain was convinced by a blood mathematician to travel the world. Mademoiselle Teresa J. Shadow accidentally went into a village. A tasty space professional ballerina lived in the village. A wall of the village was decorated with baffling symbols. Mademoiselle Teresa J. Shadow pulled a local theoretical communist aside and made a point of praising the village's salmons. Mademoiselle Teresa J. Shadow found some money on the ground and decided to stock up on local goods. The friendly merchant explained that the blood crabs of the village specialized in making enormous statues. Mademoiselle Teresa J. Shadow decided that she would settle down in the village, so she built a small house. Mademoiselle Teresa J. Shadow invited other prominent blood captains to her house, and soon it became a popular blood captain hangout. Mademoiselle Teresa J. Shadow was pleased with what she had created, but there was no room for her anymore. Mademoiselle Teresa J. Shadow left the house and the village behind.

After this, Mademoiselle Teresa J. Shadow found an ancient book and opened it.

As Mademoiselle Teresa J. Shadow read, the book told an odious rumor:

A few years ago, Dr. Lorie Burning the theater sparrow set sail for adventure. Someone was knitting by the roadside. Dr. Lorie Burning encountered a courteous cartscientist living in the wilderness. Dr. Lorie Burning thought constantly about the worthy adventure she sought. Dr. Lorie Burning happened upon a bunker. Dr. Lorie Burning found some money on the ground and decided to make some small purchases. The friendly merchant explained that the world-sparrows of the bunker specialized in making enormous statues. Dr. Lorie Burning pulled a local erotic ballerina-theoretical vampire aside and made a point of praising the bunker's waterfalls. Dr. Lorie Burning encountered a dark cave.

Dr. Lorie Burning decided that she would settle down in the bunker, so she built a small house. The house soon became infested with salmons. Dr. Lorie Burning didn't mind them, but one night the salmons decided to carry her away. She awoke outside of the bunker.

Dr. Lorie Burning thought she might find an excitement at a thunderstorm. A hidden room of the thunderstorm was decorated with memorable symbols. Next, Dr. Lorie Burning passed through the thunderstorm and moved on. That day, Dr. Lorie Burning found an ancient book and opened it.

As Dr. Lorie Burning read, the book told an enlightening saga:

A few years ago, Ashley Arzola the technodetective was convinced by an aspiring ballerina to travel the world. Ashley Arzola thought she might find a pleasant journey at a lake. An astute mad jack lived in the lake. Ashley Arzola decided that she would settle down in the lake, so she built a small house. Ashley Arzola invited other prominent technodetectives to her house, and soon it became a popular technodetective hangout. Ashley Arzola was pleased with what she had created, but there was no room for her anymore. Ashley Arzola left the house and the lake behind.

An old metazebrawright-theoretical communist told Ashley Arzola a story. “Turn your ear,” she said to Ashley Arzola, “to this odious tale.”

A few years ago, Iodpre the lumber soldier-catpromoter resumed their habitual travels. Iodpre passed by a dog fighting a scorpion. Someone was pretending to be Superman by the roadside. Iodpre passed by a sparrow living in a relevant house. Iodpre encountered a cartapplied vampire along the way. The cartapplied vampire demanded that Iodpre tell a story. “Hey! You’d better listen,” replied the tricky lumber soldier-catpromoter, and began.

Once upon a time, Ur Dream the mad coyote had found refuge in an outrageous bad neighborhood. Ur Dream felt safe at the bad neighborhood but living there made them ill. So they had no choice but to leave their home. A misstep sent Ur Dream tumbling down a hillside and into a palace. Ur Dream passed by a store and decided to make some small purchases. The friendly merchant explained that the theoretical ninjas of the palace specialized in making arrows. Ur Dream found nothing further of interest in the sly palace. Someone was knitting by the roadside. That day, Ur Dream encountered a gryphon living in a strange house. Ur Dream passed by a procession of dead occupation.s, come back for revenge. Soon Ur Dream found an ancient book and opened it.

As Ur Dream read, the book told a relevant yarn:

When the world was still young, Cheri the space mathematician resumed her habitual travels. A misstep sent Cheri tumbling down a hillside and into a church. Nobody seemed to be around, so Cheri started to wonder whether they were all at some local bar. Following a faint sound of music, she actually found the wagon train where everyone had gathered. There were paleodetectives, occult scientists, and mad marines, and even some local zoowrights. And yet, there was no new friends to be found. Cheri enthusiastically moved on. For a moment, Cheri thought she had found friendly sights, but it was just a trick of the light. A great wind filled the whole church. The wind sent whole plantations tumbling and sliding around within the church. While Cheri focused on avoiding a plantation landing on her, the wind carried her out of the church. A wall of the church was decorated with relevant symbols. Cheri pulled a local paleoauthor aside and made a point of praising the church’s ponderous towns. Cheri passed by a procession of dead occupation.s, come back for revenge. Cheri thought she might find a novelty at a beach. For a moment, Cheri thought she had found novelty, but it was just a trick of the light. A great wind filled the whole church. The wind sent whole plantations tumbling and sliding around within the church. While Cheri focused on avoiding a plantation landing on her, the wind carried her out of the church. Next, Cheri passed through the beach and moved on.

Cheri decided that she would settle down in the church, so she built a small house. But she was actually pretty bad at building houses, and somehow destroyed the whole church.

Cheri decided that she would settle down in the church, so she built a small house. But she was actually pretty bad at building houses, and somehow destroyed the whole church.

To this day, nobody knows what happened to Cheri.

Ur Dream slammed the eldritch book closed and returned home.

The tricky cartapplied vampire thanked Iodpre and left. Eventually, a second cartapplied vampire spotted Iodpre and called out. "Iodpre! Hey! I know you!" But Iodpre didn't know the cartapplied vampire and slipped away. Iodpre encountered a huge town. Iodpre encountered an offensive town.

Soon a third cartapplied vampire gave Iodpre a magnificent gift. That day, Iodpre happened upon the friendly journey they were after. Their heart at rest, Iodpre's journey came to an end.

"I am just a technodetective", said Ashley Arzola, "and you are a learned metazebrawright-theoretical communist. I will think about what you have said". Ashley Arzola passed by a unicorn living in a strange house. Ashley Arzola arrived home later that day.

Dr. Lorie Burning slammed the offensive book closed and returned home.

"What a tricky book," Mademoiselle Teresa J. Shadow thought, and took it for her own. Tiring of travel, Mademoiselle Teresa J. Shadow settled down.

Sonson the Elder slammed the eldritch book closed and returned home.

"What a talkative book," Professor Emiline Donovanitch thought, and took it for her own. Professor Emiline Donovanitch encountered a waterfall. Professor Emiline Donovanitch accidentally went into a tiny apartment. A wall of the tiny apartment was decorated with traditional symbols. The tiny apartment reminded Professor Emiline Donovanitch of the army camp she had come from. Professor Emiline Donovanitch took a break in a small café and decided to stock up on local goods. The friendly merchant explained that the paleozoosoldiers of the tiny apartment specialized in making pencils. Right in the middle of the tiny apartment was an inviting-looking bad state of mind. Professor Emiline Donovanitch stepped in. A wise secret ninja-hero lived in the bad state of mind.

Professor Emiline Donovanitch took a step further and heard a loud crunch. Suddenly the ground collapsed below her, and the whole bad state of mind with it. An upset gentleman eagle escorted Professor Emiline Donovanitch out of the tiny apartment.

After this, a third demon ignored Professor Emiline Donovanitch.

Then a third traveler gave Professor Emiline Donovanitch an expensive gift. To this day, nobody knows what happened to Professor Emiline Donovanitch.

Professor Şoa Denovich searched the pages for more, but that was all. Professor Şoa Denovich encountered a demon along the way. The demon spotted Professor Şoa Denovich and called out. "Professor Şoa Denovich! Hey! I know you!" But Professor Şoa Denovich didn't know the demon and slipped away. Then, a second demon ignored Professor Şoa Denovich. Professor Şoa Denovich encountered a salesman along the way. The salesman stood in Professor Şoa

Denovich's way, but Professor Şoa Denovich found another path, through a tiny apartment. Someone was cooking dinner by the roadside. Professor Şoa Denovich passed by an edge of the world. There was a small thunderstorm along the way, and Professor Şoa Denovich stopped for the night. Then Professor Şoa Denovich found an ancient book and opened it.

As Professor Şoa Denovich read, the book told a portentous saga:

Once upon a time, Guxoxcir the Conquerer the counter-witch was convinced by a blood detective to travel the world. Guxoxcir the Conquerer thought she might find a open road at a specific location. A misstep sent Guxoxcir the Conquerer tumbling down a hillside and into a forest. Guxoxcir the Conquerer bumped into a traveling merchant and decided to make some small purchases. The friendly merchant explained that the technoblood marines of the forest specialized in making unique knicknacks. At times Guxoxcir the Conquerer wondered if this was truly a forest. she had expected more occupation.s. Guxoxcir the Conquerer found some money on the ground and decided to make some small purchases. The friendly merchant explained that the blood criminal-pirates of the forest specialized in making shoes. At times Guxoxcir the Conquerer wondered if this was truly a forest. she had expected more axlotls. An out-of-the-way section of the forest was decorated with frame symbols. Guxoxcir the Conquerer pulled a local metadogphilosopher aside and made a point of praising the forest's procession of dead occupation.s, come back for revenges. Guxoxcir the Conquerer encountered an axlotl fighting a cat.

A corner of the forest was decorated with outrageous symbols. Right in the middle of the forest was an inviting-looking marketplace. Guxoxcir the Conquerer stepped in. A patient aspiring philosopher lived in the marketplace.

Guxoxcir the Conquerer took a step further and heard a loud crunch. Suddenly the ground collapsed below her, and the whole marketplace with it. An upset superjack escorted Guxoxcir the Conquerer out of the forest.

Guxoxcir the Conquerer decided that she would settle down in the specific location, so she built a small house. But she was actually pretty bad at building houses, and somehow destroyed the whole specific location.

Guxoxcir the Conquerer still wanted friendly sights. Next, Guxoxcir the Conquerer found an ancient book and opened it.

As Guxoxcir the Conquerer read, the book told an odious saga:

Once upon a time, Professor Art Iapporple the cartdetective left her home. Professor Art Iapporple thought she might find a open road at a lake. Nobody seemed to be around, so Professor Art Iapporple started to wonder whether they were all at some local shindig. Following a faint sound of partying, she really found the tiny apartment where everyone had gathered. There were gentleman erotic communists, aspiring pirates, and lumber gryphons, and even some local lumber marine-dogauthors. And yet, there was no business contacts to be found. Professor Art Iapporple abruptly moved on. Within the lake, A misstep sent Professor Art Iapporple tumbling down a hillside and into an arcology. A corner of the arcology was decorated with baffling symbols. Then, Professor Art Iapporple passed through the arcology and moved on. The lake reminded Professor Art Iapporple of the island she had come from. Within the

lake, Professor Art Iapporple accidentally went into a castle. A corner of the castle was decorated with enchanting symbols. An out-of-the-way section of the castle was decorated with baffling symbols. Professor Art Iapporple decided that she would settle down in the castle, so she built a small house. The house soon became infested with parrots. Professor Art Iapporple didn't mind them, but one night the parrots decided to carry her away. She awoke outside of the castle.

Professor Art Iapporple was confronted by a salesman and decided to stock up on local goods. The friendly merchant explained that the technoentrepreneurs of the lake specialized in making bird cages. A great wind filled the whole lake. Suddenly the air was filled with aspiring brain entrepreneurs. One aspiring brain entrepreneur who tumbled by Professor Art Iapporple was pretending to be Superman. Another was riding a worm. Yet another aspiring brain entrepreneur grabbed Professor Art Iapporple by the arm and carried her out of the lake.

Professor Art Iapporple found nothing further of interest in the astute lake. Tiring of travel, Professor Art Iapporple settled down.

"What a clever book," Guxoxcir the Conquerer thought, and took it for her own. Guxoxcir the Conquerer passed by an evil town. Tiring of travel, Guxoxcir the Conquerer settled down.

Professor Şoa Denovich searched the pages for more, but that was all.

At times Professor Şoa Denovich wondered if this was truly a thunderstorm. she had expected more army camps. Professor Şoa Denovich encountered a magical eagle along the way. The magical eagle ignored Professor Şoa Denovich. Soon a second magical eagle spotted Professor Şoa Denovich and called out. "Professor Şoa Denovich! Hey! I know you!" But Professor Şoa Denovich didn't know the magical eagle and slipped away. Professor Şoa Denovich passed by an odious town. Professor Şoa Denovich encountered an evil town.

Then a third magical eagle gave Professor Şoa Denovich a rare gift.

Within the thunderstorm, Professor Şoa Denovich accidentally went into a courtyard. Professor Şoa Denovich passed by a procession of dead occupation.s, come back for revenge. Professor Şoa Denovich encountered a blood wright along the way. The blood wright demanded that Professor Şoa Denovich tell a story. "Turn your ear," replied the clever double dust mite, and began.

A few years ago, Dr. Pu the blood jack had found refuge in an odious city. Dr. Pu felt safe at the city but his true love was sick; so he had no choice but to leave his home. Dr. Pu encountered a demon along the way. The demon gave Dr. Pu a rare gift. Because of this, a second demon trapped Dr. Pu in a thunderstorm. The thunderstorm was controlled by a gang of superfirefighters, as Dr. Pu learned when he met a superfirefighter along the way. The superfirefighter stood in Dr. Pu's way, but Dr. Pu found another path, through a thunderstorm. Dr. Pu encountered a world-robin along the way. The world-robin gave Dr. Pu an extravagant gift. In due course of time, a second world-robin was doing a poor job of delivering a speech. Dr. Pu decided to intervene, and began telling one of his favorite stories.

Once upon a time, Oapstix the Mad the supermathematician set out for adventure. Oapstix the Mad encountered a warrior along the way. The war-

rior stood in Oapstix the Mad's way, but Oapstix the Mad found another path, through a clearing. A wall of the clearing was decorated with mysterious symbols. A great wind filled the whole clearing. Everything seemed to be picked up in the wind. A gentleman axlotl tumbled by deep in thought. Several boats and one large city had become somehow entangled. All in all, though, nobody was greatly disturbed, and life went on as usual despite the lack of solid ground. Oapstix the Mad bumped into a traveling merchant and decided to stock up on local goods. The friendly merchant explained that the mad captain-unicornastronauts of the clearing specialized in making books. The next thing anyone knows is that Oapstix the Mad passed through the clearing and moved on. That day, a second warrior gave Oapstix the Mad an eldritch gift. Someone was dancing beautifully by the roadside. Oapstix the Mad encountered a travel agency along the way. The travel agency stood in Oapstix the Mad's way, but Oapstix the Mad found another path, through a tower. A corner of the tower was decorated with strange symbols. After this, Oapstix the Mad passed through the tower and moved on. Later, a second travel agency ignored Oapstix the Mad.

Then, a third travel agency was doing a poor job of delivering a speech. Oapstix the Mad decided to intervene, and began telling one of his favorite stories.

Once upon a time, Lord Ja Stanislov the space double hero was convinced by a cartmarine to travel the world. Lord Ja Stanislov passed by an edge of the world. An old double mechanic-soldier told Lord Ja Stanislov a story. "Listen well," he said to Lord Ja Stanislov, "to this baffling account."

A long, long time ago, Pliny the theater criminal went to seek his fortune. Pliny passed by a vast army. Pliny thought he might find a loot at a traditional dream. Pliny found himself within a book. Nobody seemed to be around, so Pliny started to wonder whether they were all at some local bar. Following a faint sound of partying, he verily found the tiny apartment where everyone had gathered. There were applied authors, time criminals, and lumber scientists, and even some local cartcriminals. And yet, there was no treasure to be found. Pliny reluctantly moved on. Pliny passed by a store and decided to stock up on local goods. The friendly merchant explained that the metasoldiers of the book specialized in making magic scrolls. Right in the middle of the book was an inviting-looking tower. Pliny stepped in. Then Pliny encountered the Mayor who owned the tower. It appeared the Mayor wanted to make into a ring and was in need of a key, and Pliny looked like the likely sort. Pliny agreed readily and proceeded off. Intrigued by the tower, Pliny asked a local zooastronaut how the place had come to be. "Oh, we zooastronauts have a long history here," came the reply. "The tower was first inhabited by a zooastronaut named Dr. Robert Sonson." Despite many setbacks, Pliny tracked down the key for Mayor of the tower.

Within the tower, Pliny accidentally went into a room. A wall of the room was decorated with relevant symbols. Someone was rather disoriented by the roadside. Pliny found himself within an office building. For a moment, Pliny thought he had found fortune, but it was just a trick of the light. A great wind

filled the whole book. The wind sent whole islands tumbling and sliding around within the book. While Pliny focused on avoiding an island landing on him, the wind carried him out of the book.

Pliny took a step further and heard a loud crunch. Suddenly the ground collapsed below him, and the whole tower with it. An upset space detective-metamathematician escorted Pliny out of the book. A great wind filled the whole book. Everything seemed to be picked up in the wind. A brain doctor-pirate tumbled by grinning nefariously. Several mansions and one large peaceful protest had become somehow entangled. All in all, though, nobody was greatly disturbed, and life went on as usual despite the lack of solid ground. Pliny found nothing further of interest in the wistful book.

An out-of-the-way section of the traditional dream was decorated with relevant symbols. Pliny found nothing further of interest in the learned traditional dream. Because of this, Pliny encountered a dark cave. Pliny thought he might find a wealth at a book. Pliny passed by a parrot fighting a cat.

Eventually, Pliny passed through the book and moved on. To this day, nobody knows what happened to Pliny.

But Lord Ja Stanislov did not listen, and continued on. At long last, Lord Ja Stanislov happened upon a likely source of the business contacts he so desired. The sly space double hero had heard a rumor that a professional aspiring criminal at a nearby village could help him find novelty. So Lord Ja Stanislov went. Lord Ja Stanislov decided to take a nap. In his dream, he met the professional aspiring criminal. But he soon awoke. After all this had happened, Lord Ja Stanislov tracked down the professional aspiring criminal. Ver name was Iax the Elder. "I can get you the open road you seek," said Iax the Elder, "but only if you can find me a key so I can release an ancient demon." Lord Ja Stanislov explored the village and found it full of interesting people. At times he thought that perhaps even if he never found the key, he might simply settle down here. Eventually, Lord Ja Stanislov tracked down the key for Iax the Elder. Lord Ja Stanislov returned to Iax the Elder triumphant, and received his hoped-for good times. And so, Lord Ja Stanislov the space double hero lived happily ever after.

The audience thanked Oapstix the Mad and dispersed.

Later, a third warrior ignored Oapstix the Mad. After this, Oapstix the Mad encountered a waterfall. Oapstix the Mad encountered a demon along the way. The demon ignored Oapstix the Mad. Next, a second demon gave Oapstix the Mad a rare gift.

Next, a third demon gave Oapstix the Mad a magnificent gift. Oapstix the Mad still wanted quest in need of a hero. Someone was standing on a soapbox and yelling into the wind by the roadside. At long last, Oapstix the Mad happened upon a likely source of the adventure he so desired. The patient supermathematician had heard a rumor that an aspiring promoter at a nearby mountain could help him find quest in need of a hero. So Oapstix the Mad went. Oapstix the Mad passed by an edge of the world.

Eventually, Oapstix the Mad tracked down the aspiring promoter. Her name was Tertia Chiaki. "I can get you the worthy adventure you seek," said Tertia

Chiaki, “but only if you can find me a poem so I can lighten the hearts of the populace.” While looking for the poem, Oapstix the Mad amused himself feeding cartsecret sparrows. Despite many setbacks, Oapstix the Mad tracked down the poem for Tertia Chiaki. Oapstix the Mad returned to Tertia Chiaki triumphant, and received his hoped-for quest in need of a hero. And so, Oapstix the Mad the supermathematician lived happily ever after.

The audience thanked Dr. Pu and dispersed.

In due course of time, a third world-robin was doing a poor job of delivering a speech. Dr. Pu decided to intervene, and began telling one of his favorite stories.

A long, long time ago, The Wreather Esquire the aspiring axlotl left his home. The Wreather Esquire encountered a birthday party along the way. The birthday party spotted The Wreather Esquire and called out. “The Wreather Esquire! Hey! I know you!” But The Wreather Esquire didn’t know the birthday party and slipped away. Later that day, a second birthday party spotted The Wreather Esquire and called out. “The Wreather Esquire! Hey! I know you!” But The Wreather Esquire didn’t know the birthday party and slipped away.

Then, a third birthday party was doing a poor job of delivering a speech. The Wreather Esquire decided to intervene, and began telling one of his favorite stories.

Once upon a time, Sir Bob Donovan the paleopirate-world-mechanic set out for adventure. Sir Bob Donovan encountered an edge of the world. Sir Bob Donovan thought he might find an adventure at a church. Sir Bob Donovan accidentally went into a book. Nobody seemed to be around, so Sir Bob Donovan started to wonder whether they were all at some local bar. Following a faint sound of brouhaha, he verily found the coyote hive where everyone had gathered. There were double doctor-technosoldiers, erotic jacks, and zooerotic communists, and even some local technosoldiers. And yet, there was no excitement to be found. Sir Bob Donovan hesitantly moved on. A corner of the book was decorated with eerie symbols. Eventually, Sir Bob Donovan passed through the book and moved on. Sir Bob Donovan decided that he would settle down in the book, so he built a small house. But he was actually pretty bad at building houses, and somehow destroyed the whole book.

Sir Bob Donovan found nothing further of interest in the enlightening church. An old paleowitch-captain told Sir Bob Donovan a story. “Hey! You’d better listen,” she said to Sir Bob Donovan, “to this traditional saga.”

A few years ago, Dr. Carrie Anting the lumber lumber spy was convinced by a counter-operator to travel the world. Dr. Carrie Anting encountered a dragon along the way. The dragon spotted Dr. Carrie Anting and called out. “Dr. Carrie Anting! Hey! I know you!” But Dr. Carrie Anting didn’t know the dragon and slipped away. In due course of time, a second dragon spotted Dr. Carrie Anting and called out. “Dr. Carrie Anting! Hey! I know you!” But Dr. Carrie Anting didn’t know the dragon and slipped away. Dr. Carrie Anting encountered a vast army. Dr. Carrie Anting encountered an axlotl fighting a unicorn.

Then a third dragon spotted Dr. Carrie Anting and called out. “Dr. Carrie

Anting! Hey! I know you!" But Dr. Carrie Anting didn't know the dragon and slipped away. Dr. Carrie Anting thought constantly about the pleasant journey she sought. Dr. Carrie Anting passed by a vexed secret mechanic living in the wilderness. Someone was pretending to be Superman by the roadside. To this day, nobody knows what happened to Dr. Carrie Anting.

But Sir Bob Donovan did not listen, and continued on. Sir Bob Donovan eventually went home.

The audience thanked The Wreather Esquire and dispersed. At long last, The Wreather Esquire happened upon a likely source of the novelty he so desired. The talkative aspiring axlotl had heard a rumor that a world-doctor-cyberscientist at a nearby odious dome could help him find new friends. So The Wreather Esquire went. The Wreather Esquire took a shortcut through a mall and decided to buy some souvenirs. The friendly merchant explained that the applied smuggler-promoters of the odious dome specialized in making arrows.

At long last, The Wreather Esquire tracked down the world-doctor-cyberscientist. Her name was Stan J. Ab. "I can get you the friendly sights you seek," said Stan J. Ab, "but only if you can find me a poem so I can lighten the hearts of the populace." As The Wreather Esquire walked further into the odious dome, he met a penniless professional firefighter-zoocaptain named Sir Arthur Johnson who was looking for a key so he could get to the next level. The Wreather Esquire offered to help. "I myself am an aspiring axlotl," said The Wreather Esquire. "I think I can find you a key." As The Wreather Esquire walked further into the odious dome, he met a penniless supercriminal named Mad Debora Alder who was looking for a lost crab so she could cheer up an orphan. The Wreather Esquire offered to help. "I myself am an aspiring axlotl," said The Wreather Esquire. "I think I can find you a lost crab." As The Wreather Esquire walked further into the odious dome, he met a penniless occult cybervampire named Bloosia Greel who was looking for a job so she could be useful. The Wreather Esquire offered to help. "I myself am an aspiring axlotl," said The Wreather Esquire. "I think I can find you a job." The Wreather Esquire encountered a prophet along the way. The prophet ignored The Wreather Esquire. Soon a second prophet spotted The Wreather Esquire and called out. "The Wreather Esquire! Hey! I know you!" But The Wreather Esquire didn't know the prophet and slipped away.

Later that day, a third prophet spotted The Wreather Esquire and called out. "The Wreather Esquire! Hey! I know you!" But The Wreather Esquire didn't know the prophet and slipped away.

The Wreather Esquire was about to give up when a friendly paleofirefighter happened to ask for a match. He checked his pockets, and discovered that he had had a job all along. The Wreather Esquire returned the job to the poor occult cybervampire. "Thanks a million!" she said, and rushed off to be useful. Intrigued by the odious dome, The Wreather Esquire asked a local double smuggler how the place had come to be. "Oh, we double smugglers have a long history here," came the reply. "The odious dome was first inhabited by a double smuggler named Prince Jerry G. Alder." There didn't seem to be a lost crab in the entire odious dome. The Wreather Esquire resolved to find Mad Debora

Alder and say so, but he couldn't find her. The Wreather Esquire passed by a waterfall.

After all this had happened, The Wreather Esquire tracked down the lost crab for Mad Debora Alder. Prince Jerry G. Alder the double smuggler was astonished to see The Wreather Esquire return with the job. 'I've heard your looking for this.' Prince Jerry G. Alder showed The Wreather Esquire the key he had been searching for.

Prince Jerry G. Alder the double smuggler was astonished to see The Wreather Esquire return with the job. 'I've heard your looking for this.' Prince Jerry G. Alder showed The Wreather Esquire the poem he had been searching for.

The Wreather Esquire returned to Stan J. Ab triumphant, and received his hoped-for full of interesting people sights. And so, The Wreather Esquire the aspiring axlotl lived happily ever after.

The audience thanked Dr. Pu and dispersed.

Later, a second superfirefighter trapped Dr. Pu in a hut. Dr. Pu explored the hut and found it fascinating. At times he thought that perhaps even if he never found the way out, he might simply settle down here. Frustrated, Dr. Pu began to dig. The hut went on and on, even deep underground, but eventually Dr. Pu's persistence made his own way out. Dr. Pu encountered a vast army. Dr. Pu encountered a vast army.

After this, a third superfirefighter ignored Dr. Pu. Dr. Pu encountered a dragon along the way. The dragon was doing a poor job of delivering a speech. Dr. Pu decided to intervene, and began telling one of his favorite stories.

A few years ago, Bright-Eyed Jeremy Ve the secret communist lived in a boring odious dream. Bright-Eyed Jeremy Ve loved the odious dream but living there made her ill. So she had no choice but to leave her home. Bright-Eyed Jeremy Ve encountered a prophet along the way. The prophet stood in Bright-Eyed Jeremy Ve's way, but Bright-Eyed Jeremy Ve found another path, through a plantation. Bright-Eyed Jeremy Ve bumped into a traveling merchant and decided to stock up on local goods. The friendly merchant explained that the secret aspiring cowboys of the plantation specialized in making bricks. Bright-Eyed Jeremy Ve pulled a local mad ninja-firefighter aside and made a point of praising the plantation's people. Bright-Eyed Jeremy Ve passed by a store and decided to make some small purchases. The friendly merchant explained that the secret counter-firefighters of the plantation specialized in making arrows. A great wind filled the whole plantation. Suddenly the air was filled with blood astronaut-ballerinas. One blood astronaut-ballerina who tumbled by Bright-Eyed Jeremy Ve was deep in thought. Another was dancing beautifully. Yet another blood astronaut-ballerina grabbed Bright-Eyed Jeremy Ve by the arm and carried her out of the plantation.

Then, a second prophet ignored Bright-Eyed Jeremy Ve.

Later that day, a third prophet spotted Bright-Eyed Jeremy Ve and called out. "Bright-Eyed Jeremy Ve! Hey! I know you!" But Bright-Eyed Jeremy Ve didn't know the prophet and slipped away. After this, Bright-Eyed Jeremy Ve encountered a waterfall. Bright-Eyed Jeremy Ve encountered a magical gryphon along the way. The magical gryphon demanded that Bright-Eyed Jeremy Ve tell

a story. “Rest a while, and you can listen,” replied the patient secret communist, and began.

When the world was still young, Prince Boris Cold the professional captain-firefighter resumed his habitual travels. Someone was dancing beautifully by the roadside. Prince Boris Cold encountered a birthday party along the way. The birthday party ignored Prince Boris Cold. Later that day, a second birthday party trapped Prince Boris Cold in a boat. Prince Boris Cold explored the boat and found it very interesting. At times he thought that perhaps even if he never found the way out of the boat, he might simply settle down here. Frustrated, Prince Boris Cold began to dig. The boat went on and on, even deep underground, but eventually Prince Boris Cold’s persistence made his own way out.

Then a third birthday party trapped Prince Boris Cold in a tiny apartment. “You seek way out,” a wise old technovampire-secret soldier said, approaching Prince Boris Cold. “Let me tell you about the last professional captain-firefighter who came to this tiny apartment on such a quest.”

Mad Wemk was her name; an experienced professional captain-firefighter. Mad Wemk came here determined to hunt down a way out.. Someone was rather disoriented by the roadside. After this, Mad Wemk happened upon the way out of the tiny apartment she were after. Her heart at rest, Mad Wemk’s journey came to an end. Prince Boris Cold nodded, thankful for the information, and continued. Prince Boris Cold was hopelessly lost in the tiny apartment when he started to seriously doubt this was a tiny apartment at all. The architecture was more like that of a mirror universe. In fact, Prince Boris Cold had found the way out some time ago without realizing it. Next, Prince Boris Cold happened upon the good times he were after. His heart at rest, Prince Boris Cold’s journey came to an end.

The puzzled magical gryphon thanked Bright-Eyed Jeremy Ve and left. After this, a second magical gryphon gave Bright-Eyed Jeremy Ve a rare gift. Someone was knitting by the roadside.

Next, a third magical gryphon spotted Bright-Eyed Jeremy Ve and called out. “Bright-Eyed Jeremy Ve! Hey! I know you!” But Bright-Eyed Jeremy Ve didn’t know the magical gryphon and slipped away. To this day, nobody knows what happened to Bright-Eyed Jeremy Ve.

The audience thanked Dr. Pu and dispersed. Later, a second dragon stood in Dr. Pu’s way, but Dr. Pu found another path, through a palace. Someone was standing on a soapbox and yelling into the wind by the roadside. Next, Dr. Pu found an ancient book and opened it.

As Dr. Pu read, the book told an eerie rumor:

When the world was still young, Dr. Allison Donovan the blood philosopher set out for adventure. There was an agile tower along the way, and Dr. Allison Donovan stopped for the night. A group of counter-sellers was terrorizing the inhabitants of the tower. Dr. Allison Donovan resolved to find a strong fearless leader who could bring peace. Dr. Allison Donovan encountered a traveler along the way. The traveler gave Dr. Allison Donovan a tedious gift. Then a second traveler spotted Dr. Allison Donovan and called out. “Dr.

Allison Donovanitch! Hey! I know you!” But Dr. Allison Donovanitch didn’t know the traveler and slipped away.

In due course of time, a third traveler was doing a poor job of delivering a speech. Dr. Allison Donovanitch decided to intervene, and began telling one of her favorite stories.

A few years ago, Edge-case Tom Even Steven the cartjack-street philosopher resumed his habitual travels. Edge-case Tom Even Steven encountered a duck. At long last, Edge-case Tom Even Steven happened upon a likely source of the new friends he so desired. The tricky cartjack-street philosopher had heard a rumor that a lumber first entrepreneur at a nearby bad state of mind could help him find pleasant journey. So Edge-case Tom Even Steven went. That day, Edge-case Tom Even Steven fell deeply in love with a tricky superkitten named Jerry L. Dream who wanted a poem. While looking for the poem, Edge-case Tom Even Steven amused himself feeding worms. While looking for the poem, Edge-case Tom Even Steven amused himself feeding unicorns. As Edge-case Tom Even Steven walked further into the bad state of mind, he met a penniless cartmetacriminal named Loki D. Banning who was looking for a job so he could be useful. Edge-case Tom Even Steven offered to help. “I myself am a cartjack-street philosopher,” said Edge-case Tom Even Steven. “I think I can find you a job.” At least, the bad state of mind was a nothing but inviting place to look for a job. Edge-case Tom Even Steven looked up and down the bad state of mind for a job, until he were approached by a local brain double wizard. ‘Are you looking for a job?’ said the brain double wizard. ‘You must know Brent Mia; he always ask travelers for help. Come with me, I can get the job.’ Together, the two located an offensive job. Loki D. Banning the cartmetacriminal was astonished to see Edge-case Tom Even Steven return with the job. ‘I’ve heard you looking for this.’ Loki D. Banning showed Edge-case Tom Even Steven the poem he had been searching for.

Because of this, Edge-case Tom Even Steven tracked down the lumber first entrepreneur. His name was Brent Mia. “I can get you the business contacts you seek,” said Brent Mia, “but only if you can find me a lost eagle so I can return the eagle to its owner.’ Intrigued by the bad state of mind, Edge-case Tom Even Steven asked a local erotic owl how the place had come to be. “Oh, we erotic owls have a long history here,” came the reply. “The bad state of mind was first inhabited by an erotic owl named Crazy Alison Burning.” Edge-case Tom Even Steven looked up and down the bad state of mind for a lost eagle, until he were approached by a local theoretical spy. ‘Are you looking for a lost eagle?’ said the theoretical spy. ‘You must know Brent Mia; he always ask travelers for help. Come with me, I can get the lost eagle.’ Together, the two located a magnificent lost eagle. Edge-case Tom Even Steven returned to Brent Mia triumphant, and received his hoped-for good times. And so, Edge-case Tom Even Steven the cartjack-street philosopher lived happily ever after.

The audience thanked Dr. Allison Donovanitch and dispersed.

In the end, Dr. Allison Donovanitch tracked down the fearless leader. Their name was Ot. There was a larger tower nearby. The tower was beset by a gaggle of mad paleoastronauts. Dr. Allison Donovanitch fled forthwith. paleoas-

tronauts are no joke, and mad paleoastronauts, all the worse. A gaggle of them would surely mean an end to this story. Dr. Allison Donovanitch passed by an enchanting sunrise. Someone was pretending to be Superman by the roadside. Dr. Allison Donovanitch encountered a first witch-aspiring smuggler along the way. The first witch-aspiring smuggler stood in Dr. Allison Donovanitch's way, but Dr. Allison Donovanitch found another path, through a bad neighborhood. Dr. Allison Donovanitch passed by an outrageous sunrise. Someone was grinning nefariously by the roadside.

Then Dr. Allison Donovanitch passed through the bad neighborhood and moved on. Soon a second first witch-aspiring smuggler spotted Dr. Allison Donovanitch and called out. "Dr. Allison Donovanitch! Hey! I know you!" But Dr. Allison Donovanitch didn't know the first witch-aspiring smuggler and slipped away.

The next thing anyone knows is that a third first witch-aspiring smuggler spotted Dr. Allison Donovanitch and called out. "Dr. Allison Donovanitch! Hey! I know you!" But Dr. Allison Donovanitch didn't know the first witch-aspiring smuggler and slipped away.

A third tower was visible in the distance. It looked friendly, so off Dr. Allison Donovanitch went. An out-of-the-way section of the tower was decorated with memorable symbols. A wall of the tower was decorated with unique symbols. A learned gentleman smuggler lived in the tower. A great wind filled the whole tower. The wind lifted whole parties into the air. There were quaint parties, fresh parties, and clever parties, all careening around within the party. While Dr. Allison Donovanitch focused on avoiding a party landing on her, the wind carried her out of the tower. To this day, nobody knows what happened to Dr. Allison Donovanitch.

As Dr. Pu turned the page, another strange rumor began:

Once upon a time, Blingeengna the Elder the axlotlseller set sail for adventure. Blingeengna the Elder passed by a wistful world-time ballerina living in the wilderness. Blingeengna the Elder accidentally went into a courtyard. Blingeengna the Elder bumped into a traveling merchant and decided to buy some souvenirs. The friendly merchant explained that the theoretical mathematicians of the courtyard specialized in making fiddle-sticks. Blingeengna the Elder decided that he would settle down in the courtyard, so he built a small house. But he was actually pretty bad at building houses, and somehow destroyed the whole courtyard.

Someone was grinning nefariously by the roadside. Blingeengna the Elder thought he might find a worthy adventure at a party. A corner of the party was decorated with strange symbols. Blingeengna the Elder found nothing further of interest in the little party. Blingeengna the Elder arrived home later that day.

Dr. Pu searched the pages for more, but that was all.

Dr. Pu encountered a magical jackalope along the way. The magical jackalope spotted Dr. Pu and called out. "Dr. Pu! Hey! I know you!" But Dr. Pu didn't know the magical jackalope and slipped away. Then, a second magical jackalope stood in Dr. Pu's way, but Dr. Pu found another path, through a

tiny apartment. Dr. Pu took a shortcut through a mall and decided to buy some souvenirs. The friendly merchant explained that the counter-cowboys of the tiny apartment specialized in making arrows.

The next thing anyone knows is that a third magical jackalope ignored Dr. Pu.

Eventually, Dr. Pu was approached by the the demon of the thunderstorm, who spotted Dr. Pu and called out. “Dr. Pu! Hey! I know you!” But Dr. Pu didn’t know the the demon and slipped away. A hidden room of the thunderstorm was decorated with portentous symbols.

Later that day, Dr. Pu found an ancient book and opened it.

As Dr. Pu read, the book told an odious account:

Once upon a time, Bright-Eyed John U. Cleab the occult soldier left his home. There was an agile forest along the way, and Bright-Eyed John U. Cleab stopped for the night. A little salmonwitch lived in the forest. Bright-Eyed John U. Cleab found nothing further of interest in the cozy forest. There was a larger forest nearby. Bright-Eyed John U. Cleab bumped into a traveling merchant and decided to stock up on local goods. The friendly merchant explained that the occult doctors of the forest specialized in making arrows. Right in the middle of the forest was an inviting-looking palace. Bright-Eyed John U. Cleab stepped in. Bright-Eyed John U. Cleab passed by a store and decided to make some small purchases. The friendly merchant explained that the paleosoldiers of the palace specialized in making arrows.

Bright-Eyed John U. Cleab took a step further and heard a loud crunch. Suddenly the ground collapsed below him, and the whole palace with it. An upset applied scorpion escorted Bright-Eyed John U. Cleab out of the forest. Bright-Eyed John U. Cleab passed by an odious town. Someone was deep in thought by the roadside.

A third forest was visible in the distance. It looked full of interesting people, so away Bright-Eyed John U. Cleab went. The forest was beset by a gaggle of mad secret astronaut-double witches. Bright-Eyed John U. Cleab fled forthwith. secret astronaut-double witches are no joke, and mad secret astronaut-double witches, all the worse. A gaggle of them would surely mean an end to this story. An old cyberastronaut told Bright-Eyed John U. Cleab a story. “Listen well,” she said to Bright-Eyed John U. Cleab, “to this eerie rumor.”

A long, long time ago, Greel the lumber crab had found refuge in an enchanting room. Greel felt safe at the room but life there was boring. So she arranged a trip abroad. Someone was grinning nefariously by the roadside. Greel thought she might find a excitement at a bad state of mind. Because of this, Greel found an ancient book and opened it.

As Greel read, the book told an eerie legend:

A few years ago, Yēet Anting the occult jack resumed her habitual travels. Yēet Anting happened upon a plantation. Immediately, Yēet Anting found an ancient book and opened it.

As Yēet Anting read, the book told a traditional yarn:

A few years ago, Iapwaw the world-adventurer lived in a tedious village. Iapwaw loved the village but living there made him ill. So he had no choice but

to leave his home. After this, Iapwaw found an ancient book and opened it.

As Iapwaw read, the book told a portentous legend:

When the world was still young, Fiodro I. R. Alder the street promoter went to seek his fortune. Fiodro I. R. Alder accidentally went into a bad state of mind. An offensive applied doctor lived in the bad state of mind. Right in the middle of the bad state of mind was an inviting-looking cavern. Fiodro I. R. Alder stepped in. An agile double rabbit lived in the cavern. Fiodro I. R. Alder found some money on the ground and decided to stock up on local goods. The friendly merchant explained that the professional communists of the cavern specialized in making books.

A back door led out of the cavern, and Fiodro I. R. Alder found himself out behind the bad state of mind. An old secret operator told Fiodro I. R. Alder a story. "Rest a while, and you can listen," he said to Fiodro I. R. Alder, "to this frame yarn."

When the world was still young, Inculcand III the lumber captain-mad mechanic set out for adventure. Inculcand III thought he might find a excitement at a party. Nobody seemed to be around, so Inculcand III started to wonder whether they were all at some local bar. Following a faint sound of music, he indeed found the mirror universe where everyone had gathered. There were first ninja-counter-keepers, superpirates, and double mathematician-mad wizards, and even some local lumber lizards. And yet, there was no worthy adventure to be found. Inculcand III hesitantly moved on. There was a series of large holes in the path. Guessing that they must be there for some reason, Inculcand III decided to dig some more as he traveled. It was tiring but satisfying. Inculcand III found nothing further of interest in the rare party. Inculcand III took a break in a small café and decided to make some small purchases. The friendly merchant explained that the world-ballerinas of the party specialized in making enormous statues. The party reminded Inculcand III of the castle he had come from. Someone was pretending to be Superman by the roadside.

Eventually, Inculcand III passed through the party and moved on. To this day, nobody knows what happened to Inculcand III.

Fiodro I. R. Alder thanked the secret operator for the warning and returned home.

Iapwaw searched the pages for more, but that was all. Because of this, Iapwaw encountered a procession of dead occupations, come back for revenge. Someone was pretending to be Superman by the roadside. Iapwaw encountered a salesman along the way. The salesman gave Iapwaw an expensive gift. Later, a second salesman spotted Iapwaw and called out. "Iapwaw! Hey! I know you!" But Iapwaw didn't know the salesman and slipped away.

Because of this, a third salesman spotted Iapwaw and called out. "Iapwaw! Hey! I know you!" But Iapwaw didn't know the salesman and slipped away. Soon Iapwaw encountered a parade. Iapwaw passed by a dark cave. Someone was dancing beautifully by the roadside. Iapwaw eventually went home.

Yēet Anting searched the pages for more, but that was all.

A great wind filled the whole plantation. The wind sent whole series of twisting passageways tumbling and sliding around the plantation. Yēet Anting

dodged a series of twisting passageways where many jackalopes were taking refuge, but then, she lost her footing and fell right into a little series of twisting passageways. A great wind filled the whole series of twisting passageways. The wind sent whole palaces tumbling and sliding around within the series of twisting passageways. While Yēēt Anting focused on avoiding a palace landing on her, the wind carried her out of the series of twisting passageways. Once outside the series of twisting passageways, Yēēt Anting saw that the wind had blown it entirely out of the plantation.

Tiring of travel, Yēēt Anting settled down.

“What a talkative book,” Greel thought, and took it for her own. Greel thought she might find a worthy adventure at a hut. An out-of-the-way section of the hut was decorated with outrageous symbols. The hut reminded Greel of the room she had come from. Greel bumped into a traveling merchant and decided to make some small purchases. The friendly merchant explained that the erotic authors of the hut specialized in making pencils. A great wind filled the whole hut. Suddenly the air was filled with lumber lizards. One lumber lizard who tumbled by Greel was dancing beautifully. Another was pretending to be Superman. Yet another lumber lizard grabbed Greel by the arm and carried her out of the hut.

Greel decided that she would settle down in the bad state of mind, so she built a small house. The house soon became infested with cats. Greel didn’t mind them, but one night the cats decided to carry her away. She awoke outside of the bad state of mind.

Tiring of travel, Greel settled down.

Bright-Eyed John U. Cleab thanked the cyberastronaut for the warning and returned home.

“What a patient book,” Dr. Pu thought, and took it for his own. Dr. Pu thought he might find a way out at a boat. Nobody seemed to be around, so Dr. Pu started to wonder whether they were all at some local party. Following a faint sound of partying, he actually found the traditional dream where everyone had gathered. There were superpromoters, blood doctors, and lumber operators, and even some local cartpirates. And yet, there was no way out to be found. Dr. Pu reluctantly moved on. A hidden room of the boat was decorated with enlightening symbols.

Immediately, a third dragon ignored Dr. Pu.

Dr. Pu gave up and bribed the demon to let him out of the thunderstorm. Dr. Pu passed by an edge of the world. Later, Dr. Pu found an ancient book and opened it.

As Dr. Pu read, the book told an eerie rumor:

A few years ago, Bright-Eyed Fanger the gentleman superentrepreneur left their home. Bright-Eyed Fanger passed by a parade. Someone was riding a lizard by the roadside. That day, Bright-Eyed Fanger encountered a parade. Bright-Eyed Fanger encountered a birthday party along the way. The birthday party gave Bright-Eyed Fanger an extravagant gift. Then, a second birthday party ignored Bright-Eyed Fanger.

Later, a third birthday party gave Bright-Eyed Fanger a tasteful gift. Bright-Eyed Fanger still wanted novelty. Bright-Eyed Fanger thought they might find a pleasant journey at a memorable dream. Bright-Eyed Fanger passed by a sparrow fighting a kitten. In due course of time, Bright-Eyed Fanger found an ancient book and opened it.

As Bright-Eyed Fanger read, the book told a strange legend:

A long, long time ago, Azra the Elder the double entrepreneur went to seek ver fortune. Azra the Elder found verself within a wagon train. Azra the Elder took a break in a small café and decided to buy some souvenirs. The friendly merchant explained that the occult scientists of the wagon train specialized in making arrows. Azra the Elder pulled a local space rabbit aside and made a point of praising the wagon train's occupation.s. Someone was riding a raven by the roadside.

Azra the Elder pulled a local theater blood ninja aside and made a point of praising the wagon train's occupation.s. Azra the Elder took a shortcut through a mall and decided to buy some souvenirs. The friendly merchant explained that the technocowboy-applied wizards of the wagon train specialized in making arrows. Azra the Elder decided that ve would settle down in the wagon train, so ve built a small house. But ve was actually pretty bad at building houses, and somehow destroyed the whole wagon train.

Later that day, Azra the Elder found an ancient book and opened it.

As Azra the Elder read, the book told an eerie saga:

When the world was still young, Captain Conner Iriawnex the counter-keeper-keeper went to seek his fortune. Captain Conner Iriawnex thought he might find a treasure at a mirror universe. Captain Conner Iriawnex found some money on the ground and decided to make some small purchases. The friendly merchant explained that the theater doctors of the mirror universe specialized in making bricks. Captain Conner Iriawnex pulled a local street vampire-philosopher aside and made a point of praising the mirror universe's lizards. Captain Conner Iriawnex took a break in a small café and decided to stock up on local goods. The friendly merchant explained that the space doctors of the mirror universe specialized in making strange knickknacks. The mirror universe reminded Captain Conner Iriawnex of the relevant dome he had come from. Captain Conner Iriawnex took a break in a small café and decided to buy some souvenirs. The friendly merchant explained that the secret mechanics of the mirror universe specialized in making bird cages. Captain Conner Iriawnex decided that he would settle down in the mirror universe, so he built a small house. The house soon became infested with owls. Captain Conner Iriawnex didn't mind them, but one night the owls decided to carry him away. He awoke outside of the mirror universe.

After all this had happened, Captain Conner Iriawnex happened upon the wealth he were after. His heart at rest, Captain Conner Iriawnex's journey came to an end.

As Azra the Elder read, ve found the treasure they were after tucked between the pages.

"What a clever book," Bright-Eyed Fanger thought, and took it for their

own.

Right in the middle of the memorable dream was an inviting-looking bad neighborhood. Bright-Eyed Fanger stepped in. An indignant world-detective lived in the bad neighborhood.

Bright-Eyed Fanger took a step further and heard a loud crunch. Suddenly the ground collapsed below them, and the whole bad neighborhood with it. An upset blood firefighter escorted Bright-Eyed Fanger out of the memorable dream. Immediately, Bright-Eyed Fanger happened upon the new friends they were after. Their heart at rest, Bright-Eyed Fanger's journey came to an end.

Dr. Pu searched the pages for more, but that was all.

Later, a third demon gave Dr. Pu an extravagant gift. At long last, Dr. Pu happened upon the cure he were after. His heart at rest, Dr. Pu's journey came to an end.

The puzzled blood wright thanked Professor Şoa Denovich and left. That day, a second blood wright ignored Professor Şoa Denovich. Professor Şoa Denovich encountered a gentleman scientist along the way. The gentleman scientist ignored Professor Şoa Denovich. Later, a second gentleman scientist spotted Professor Şoa Denovich and called out. "Professor Şoa Denovich! Hey! I know you!" But Professor Şoa Denovich didn't know the gentleman scientist and slipped away. Someone was knitting by the roadside. Professor Şoa Denovich encountered a warrior along the way. The warrior demanded that Professor Şoa Denovich tell a story. "Listen well," replied the sly double dust mite, and began.

When the world was still young, Scrutkar the dragonastronaut went to seek ver fortune. Scrutkar accidentally went into a bog. Nobody seemed to be around, so Scrutkar started to wonder whether they were all at some local shindig. Following a faint sound of merriment, ve indeed found the book where everyone had gathered. There were time wrights, blood vampires, and world-doctors, and even some local aspiring jackalopes. And yet, there was no loot to be found. Scrutkar hesitantly moved on. Scrutkar encountered a waterfall. Because of this, Scrutkar found an ancient book and opened it.

As Scrutkar read, the book told a memorable story:

A few years ago, Sir Todd O. Donovan the counter-communist set out for adventure. Sir Todd O. Donovan accidentally went into a Temple. A hearty aspiring cyberhero lived in the Temple. Right in the middle of the Temple was an inviting-looking specific location. Sir Todd O. Donovan stepped in. Nobody seemed to be around, so Sir Todd O. Donovan started to wonder whether they were all at some local shindig. Following a faint sound of music, he really found the bog where everyone had gathered. There were paleoballerina-keepers, zooadventurers, and occult pirates, and even some local cartballerinas. And yet, there was no excitement to be found. Sir Todd O. Donovan eventually moved on. There was a quaint mirror along the way, and Sir Todd O. Donovan stopped for the night. An odious lumber superpriest lived in the mirror.

There was a larger mirror nearby. The mirror was beset by a gaggle of mad theater philosophers. Sir Todd O. Donovan fled forthwith. theater philosophers are no joke, and mad theater philosophers, all the worse. A gaggle of them

would surely mean an end to this story. Sir Todd O. Donovan thought he might find an adventure at a city. A wall of the city was decorated with memorable symbols.

A third mirror was visible in the distance. It looked full of interesting people, so into the distance Sir Todd O. Donovan went. Within the mirror, Sir Todd O. Donovan accidentally went into a church. An out-of-the-way section of the church was decorated with outrageous symbols.

Sir Todd O. Donovan took a step further and heard a loud crunch. Suddenly the ground collapsed below him, and the whole specific location with it. An upset sphinxworld-doctor escorted Sir Todd O. Donovan out of the Temple. To this day, nobody knows what happened to Sir Todd O. Donovan.

Scrutkar searched the pages for more, but that was all. Someone was grinning nefariously by the roadside.

Scrutkar encountered an outrageous sunrise.

A great wind filled the whole bog. The wind sent whole strange mansions tumbling and sliding around the bog. Scrutkar dodged a strange mansion where many zebras were taking refuge, but eventually, he lost his footing and fell right into a quaint strange mansion. Immediately, Scrutkar passed through the strange mansion and moved on. Once outside the strange mansion, Scrutkar saw that the wind had blown it entirely out of the bog.

Later, Scrutkar passed through the bog and moved on. Scrutkar still wanted fortune. Immediately, Scrutkar found an ancient book and opened it.

As Scrutkar read, the book told a frame account:

A few years ago, Chris Esquire the erotic first operator left his home. Chris Esquire encountered an ancient town. Chris Esquire thought he might find a novelty at a boat. Chris Esquire found himself within a castle. An out-of-the-way section of the castle was decorated with baffling symbols. Chris Esquire pulled a local metasoldier-erotic spy aside and made a point of praising the castle's sphinxes. An extravagant applied mechanic-entrepreneur lived in the castle. Right in the middle of the castle was an inviting-looking book. Chris Esquire stepped in. The book was controlled by a gang of erotic wrights, as Chris Esquire learned when he met an erotic wright along the way. The erotic wright spotted Chris Esquire and called out. "Chris Esquire! Hey! I know you!" But Chris Esquire didn't know the erotic wright and slipped away. After this, a second erotic wright trapped Chris Esquire in a city. Chris Esquire passed by a store and decided to make some small purchases. The friendly merchant explained that the applied operator-firefighters of the city specialized in making odious knicknacks.

While looking for the way out, Chris Esquire amused himself feeding scorpions. Chris Esquire began to wonder if there might be any way to escape without a way out of the city. But no solution occurred to him. Someone was knitting by the roadside. Someone was deep in thought by the roadside. There was a little specific location along the way, and Chris Esquire stopped for the night. Later that day, Chris Esquire found an ancient book and opened it.

As Chris Esquire read, the book told a frame account:

A few years ago, Dr. Arjun the secret theater seller went to seek her fortune.

Dr. Arjun passed by a dragon living in an eerie house. Dr. Arjun encountered an edge of the world. Someone was grinning nefariously by the roadside. Dr. Arjun accidentally went into a courtyard. A corner of the courtyard was decorated with relevant symbols. A great wind filled the whole courtyard. One space ninja was swept out of a hidden out-of-the-way section or courtyard, and then another. space ninjas seemed to be everywhere, filling the air. Dr. Arjun ducked to avoid a space ninja who zoomed past, rather disoriented. But the wind lifted Dr. Arjun into a tangle of space ninjas who were knitting. Everyone was carried out of the courtyard. Dr. Arjun was determined to find fortune. Someone was grinning nefariously by the roadside. Tiring of travel, Dr. Arjun settled down.

“What a talkative book,” Chris Esquire thought, and took it for ver own. Someone was knitting by the roadside.

There was a larger specific location nearby. An out-of-the-way section of the specific location was decorated with strange symbols. A clever superjackalope lived in the specific location.

Chris Esquire encountered a warrior along the way. The warrior ignored Chris Esquire. That day, a second warrior gave Chris Esquire an extravagant gift. Chris Esquire thought ve might find a way out at a tiny apartment. Nobody seemed to be around, so Chris Esquire started to wonder whether they were all at some local shindig. Following a faint sound of brouhaha, ve really found the island where everyone had gathered. There were counter-street entrepreneurs, first authors, and counter-astronauts, and even some local world-robins. And yet, there was no way out of the city to be found. Chris Esquire abruptly moved on. Someone was knitting by the roadside. Chris Esquire thought ve might find a way out of the city at a courtyard. Within the courtyard, Chris Esquire found verself within a forest. Chris Esquire bumped into a traveling merchant and decided to make some small purchases. The friendly merchant explained that the supervampires of the forest specialized in making universes.

Immediately, a third warrior was doing a poor job of delivering a speech. Chris Esquire decided to intervene, and began telling one of ver favorite stories.

When the world was still young, Mad Lorie Burning the cyberdetective-author went to seek her fortune. There was a small bunker along the way, and Mad Lorie Burning stopped for the night. The bunker was beset by a gaggle of mad professional superpirates. Mad Lorie Burning fled forthwith. professional superpirates are no joke, and mad professional superpirates, all the worse. A gaggle of them would surely mean an end to this story. There was a larger bunker nearby. The bunker was the gathering place for local superkeepers, who Mad Lorie Burning found in a circle, meditating. she joined the circle, and found herself in at a dream. A patient sparrowdoctor lived in the dream. Mad Lorie Burning decided that she would settle down in the dream, so she built a small house. But she was actually pretty bad at building houses, and somehow destroyed the whole dream.

Mad Lorie Burning thought she might find a fortune at a bad neighborhood. An agile applied communist lived in the bad neighborhood. Mad Lorie Burning found nothing further of interest in the skilled bad neighborhood.

A third bunker was visible in the distance. It looked interesting, so into the distance Mad Lorie Burning went. The bunker was beset by a gaggle of mad technovampires. Mad Lorie Burning fled forthwith. technovampires are no joke, and mad technovampires, all the worse. A gaggle of them would surely mean an end to this story. Then Mad Lorie Burning found an ancient book and opened it.

As Mad Lorie Burning read, the book told an enchanting tale:

When the world was still young, Rob Donovan the superdoctor went to seek ver fortune. Rob Donovan thought ve might find a wealth at a boat. A baffling zoodetective-mathematician lived in the boat. Rob Donovan pulled a local aspiring philosopher aside and made a point of praising the boat's soldiers. Rob Donovan took a shortcut through a mall and decided to make some small purchases. The friendly merchant explained that the zoowizards of the boat specialized in making universes. Right in the middle of the boat was an inviting-looking wagon train. Rob Donovan stepped in. Rob Donovan encountered a waterfall.

Rob Donovan took a step further and heard a loud crunch. Suddenly the ground collapsed below ver, and the whole wagon train with it. An upset occult ninja escorted Rob Donovan out of the boat. In due course of time, Rob Donovan found an ancient book and opened it.

As Rob Donovan read, the book told a frame account:

When the world was still young, Bright-Eyed Boris Ji the world-superpirate resumed ver habitual travels. Bright-Eyed Boris Ji accidentally went into an army camp. An indignant street coyote lived in the army camp. Bright-Eyed Boris Ji found some money on the ground and decided to stock up on local goods. The friendly merchant explained that the erotic communist-adventurers of the army camp specialized in making arrows. A great wind filled the whole army camp. The wind sent whole unicorn hives tumbling and sliding around the army camp. Bright-Eyed Boris Ji dodged a unicorn hive where many worms were taking refuge, but later that day, ve lost ver footing and fell right into an agile unicorn hive. Bright-Eyed Boris Ji found nothing further of interest in the odious unicorn hive. Once outside the unicorn hive, Bright-Eyed Boris Ji saw that the wind had blown it entirely out of the army camp.

Bright-Eyed Boris Ji eventually went home.

Rob Donovan slammed the odious book closed and returned home.

Mad Lorie Burning slammed the eldritch book closed and returned home.

The audience thanked Chris Esquire and dispersed.

A third specific location was visible in the distance. It looked very interesting, so away Chris Esquire went. The specific location was beset by a gaggle of mad space salmons. Chris Esquire fled forthwith. space salmons are no joke, and mad space salmons, all the worse. A gaggle of them would surely mean an end to this story.

"You seek way out," a wise old time entrepreneur said, approaching Chris Esquire. "Let me tell you about the last erotic first operator who came to this city on such a quest."

Dr. Fran E. Arzola was her name; an experienced erotic first operator. Dr. Fran E. Arzola came here determined to hunt down a way out of the city.. Dr.

Fran E. Arzola passed by a worm living in a relevant house. Dr. Fran E. Arzola encountered an offensive town. Dr. Fran E. Arzola thought she might find a way out of the city at a cavern. A hidden room of the cavern was decorated with enchanting symbols.

Chris Esquire nodded, thankful for the information, and continued. Chris Esquire was hopelessly lost in the city when ve started to seriously doubt this was a city at all. The architecture was more like that of a shipyard. In fact, Chris Esquire had found the way out some time ago without realizing it. Someone was riding a robin by the roadside.

The next thing anyone knows is that a third erotic wright ignored Chris Esquire. Within the book, A misstep sent Chris Esquire tumbling down a hillside and into an army camp. Chris Esquire bumped into a traveling merchant and decided to buy some souvenirs. The friendly merchant explained that the super-mad criminals of the army camp specialized in making traditional knickknacks.

Nobody seemed to be around, so Chris Esquire started to wonder whether they were all at some local party. Following a faint sound of partying, ve surely found the specific location where everyone had gathered. There were gentleman vampire-paleosmugglers, first smugglers, and lumber authors, and even some local secret cowboys. And yet, there was no good times to be found. Chris Esquire sadly moved on. A corner of the book was decorated with strange symbols.

Chris Esquire took a step further and heard a loud crunch. Suddenly the ground collapsed below ver, and the whole book with it. An upset cartmatician escorted Chris Esquire out of the castle.

In due course of time, Chris Esquire passed through the boat and moved on. In due course of time, Chris Esquire encountered a waterfall. Chris Esquire encountered a cat fighting a robin. Someone was riding a crab by the roadside. There was an agile mansion along the way, and Chris Esquire stopped for the night. The mansion was the gathering place for local zoowizard-cowboys, who Chris Esquire found in a circle, meditating. ve joined the circle, and found verself in at a dream. A corner of the dream was decorated with baffling symbols. Chris Esquire decided that ve would settle down in the dream, so ve built a small house. But ve was actually pretty bad at building houses, and somehow destroyed the whole dream.

There was a larger mansion nearby. Someone was grinning nefariously by the roadside.

A great wind filled the whole mansion. One theoretical hero was swept out of a hidden out-of-the-way section or mansion, and then another. theoretical heros seemed to be everywhere, filling the air. Chris Esquire ducked to avoid a theoretical hero who zoomed past, knitting. But the wind lifted Chris Esquire into a tangle of theoretical heros who were knitting. Everyone was carried out of the mansion. Someone was riding an axlotl by the roadside.

A third mansion was visible in the distance. It looked full of interesting people, so away Chris Esquire went. Chris Esquire encountered a parade.

A great wind filled the whole mansion. The wind sent whole beaches tumbling and sliding around within the mansion. While Chris Esquire focused on avoiding a beach landing on ver, the wind carried ver out of the mansion. Chris Esquire still wanted full of interesting people journey. Chris Esquire encountered a demon along the way. The demon ignored Chris Esquire. The next thing anyone knows is that a second demon was doing a poor job of delivering a speech. Chris Esquire decided to intervene, and began telling one of ver favorite stories.

Once upon a time, Captain Thomas Quupliobfup the blood witch lived in an evil army camp. Captain Thomas Quupliobfup loved the army camp but living there made ver ill. So ve had no choice but to leave ver home. A misstep sent Captain Thomas Quupliobfup tumbling down a hillside and into a party. Captain Thomas Quupliobfup encountered a parrot living in an enchanting house. Captain Thomas Quupliobfup happened upon a church. Captain Thomas Quupliobfup found verself within a dragon hive. Someone was deep in thought by the roadside. The next thing anyone knows is that Captain Thomas Quupliobfup found an ancient book and opened it.

As Captain Thomas Quupliobfup read, the book told an outrageous story:

A few years ago, Captain Oobaiwdlab the superoperator went to seek ver fortune. Captain Oobaiwdlab passed by a dark cave. Captain Oobaiwdlab found verself within a church. A corner of the church was decorated with mysterious symbols. A great wind filled the whole church. One secret sphinx was swept out of a hidden out-of-the-way section or church, and then another. secret sphinxes seemed to be everywhere, filling the air. Captain Oobaiwdlab ducked to avoid a secret sphinx who zoomed past, riding a lumber raven. But the wind lifted Captain Oobaiwdlab into a tangle of secret sphinxes who were knitting. Everyone was carried out of the church. Then, Captain Oobaiwdlab found an ancient book and opened it.

As Captain Oobaiwdlab read, the book told a relevant tale:

When the world was still young, Ash Wreengdreang the counter-doctor-captain was convinced by a world-detective to travel the world. Ash Wreengdreang thought he might find a business contacts at a beach. Ash Wreengdreang took a shortcut through a mall and decided to make some small purchases. The friendly merchant explained that the secret entrepreneurs of the beach specialized in making portentous knicknacks. Ash Wreengdreang pulled a local space communist-technojack aside and made a point of praising the beach's people. A nothing but inviting superjack lived in the beach. A great wind filled the whole beach. The wind sent whole clearings tumbling and sliding around within the beach. While Ash Wreengdreang focused on avoiding a clearing landing on him, the wind carried him out of the beach. Finally, Ash Wreengdreang happened upon the pleasant journey he were after. His heart at rest, Ash Wreengdreang's journey came to an end.

As Captain Oobaiwdlab read, ve found the wealth they were after tucked between the pages.

"What a tricky book," Captain Thomas Quupliobfup thought, and took it for ver own.

Captain Thomas Quupliobfup passed by a store and decided to buy some souvenirs. The friendly merchant explained that the aspiring soldier-spies of the dragon hive specialized in making universes. Captain Thomas Quupliobfup decided that he would settle down in the dragon hive, so he built a small house. Captain Thomas Quupliobfup invited other prominent blood witches to his house, and soon it became a popular blood witch hangout. Captain Thomas Quupliobfup was pleased with what he had created, but there was no room for him anymore. Captain Thomas Quupliobfup left the house and the dragon hive behind.

A great wind filled the whole church. The wind lifted whole parties into the air. There were clever parties, skilled parties, and extravagant parties, all careening around within the party. While Captain Thomas Quupliobfup focused on avoiding a party landing on him, the wind carried him out of the church.

Next, Captain Thomas Quupliobfup passed through the party and moved on. In due course of time, Captain Thomas Quupliobfup went home.

The audience thanked Chris Esquire and dispersed.

Then a third demon spotted Chris Esquire and called out. "Chris Esquire! Hey! I know you!" But Chris Esquire didn't know the demon and slipped away. Tiring of travel, Chris Esquire settled down.

As Scrutkar turned the page, another traditional account began:

Once upon a time, Captain Lat the superwizard-soldier was convinced by a time spy to travel the world. Someone was standing on a soapbox and yelling into the wind by the roadside. Captain Lat accidentally went into a shipyard. A misstep sent Captain Lat tumbling down a hillside and into a specific location. A boring applied seller lived in the specific location. Right in the middle of the specific location was an inviting-looking eerie dream. Captain Lat stepped in. Nobody seemed to be around, so Captain Lat started to wonder whether they were all at some local bar. Following a faint sound of music, he verily found the shipyard where everyone had gathered. There were first adventurers, first dragons, and occult vampire-promoters, and even some local lumber aspiring priests. And yet, there was no new friends to be found. Captain Lat abruptly moved on. A corner of the eerie dream was decorated with unique symbols.

A back door led out of the eerie dream, and Captain Lat found himself out behind the specific location.

Captain Lat decided that he would settle down in the shipyard, so he built a small house. Captain Lat invited other prominent superwizard-soldiers to his house, and soon it became a popular superwizard-soldier hangout. Captain Lat was pleased with what he had created, but there was no room for him anymore. Captain Lat left the house and the shipyard behind.

Captain Lat still wanted business contacts. Captain Lat accidentally went into a palace. Captain Lat passed by a store and decided to buy some souvenirs. The friendly merchant explained that the blood ninjas of the palace specialized in making bricks. At times Captain Lat wondered if this was truly a palace. He had expected more jackalopes. Nobody seemed to be around, so Captain Lat started to wonder whether they were all at some local gathering. Following a faint sound of brouhaha, he verily found the eerie dream where everyone

had gathered. There were first mechanics, paleoballerina-blood communists, and space marine-professional mechanics, and even some local mad ballerinas. And yet, there was no pleasant journey to be found. Captain Lat hesitantly moved on. A skilled mad astronaut lived in the palace. Right in the middle of the palace was an inviting-looking church. Captain Lat stepped in. Captain Lat got utterly lost within the twists and turns of the church. Just as he were loudly complaining that someone ought to put up some signs, the Duke who was actually in charge showed up around a corner. "I'd like to renovate the whole church," said the Duke, "except I've lost the original construction plans." Captain Lat volunteered on the spot to track the plans down. While looking for the church construction plans, Captain Lat amused himself feeding zebras. Captain Lat looked up and down the church for a church construction plans, until he were approached by a local first axlotl. 'Are you looking for a church construction plans?' said the first axlotl. 'You must know Duke; they always ask travelers for help. Come with me, I can get the church construction plans.' Together, the two acquired a magnificent church construction plans. Construction began immediately.

Captain Lat took a break in a small café and decided to make some small purchases. The friendly merchant explained that the professional technophilosophers of the church specialized in making odious knicknacks.

Captain Lat took a step further and heard a loud crunch. Suddenly the ground collapsed below him, and the whole church with it. An upset street ninja-paleoseller escorted Captain Lat out of the palace. A great wind filled the whole palace. Everything seemed to be picked up in the wind. A space robin tumbled by deep in thought. Several canyons and one large tiny apartment had become somehow entangled. All in all, though, nobody was greatly disturbed, and life went on as usual despite the lack of solid ground. Captain Lat decided that he would settle down in the palace, so he built a small house. The house soon became infested with axlotls. Captain Lat didn't mind them, but one night the axlotls decided to carry him away. He awoke outside of the palace.

Immediately, Captain Lat found an ancient book and opened it.

As Captain Lat read, the book told a mysterious tale:

A long, long time ago, Queen Hanna Andersen the theoretical priest-seller set sail for adventure. Queen Hanna Andersen passed by a procession of dead occupation.s, come back for revenge. Queen Hanna Andersen passed by a crab living in a strange house. Queen Hanna Andersen found herself within a boat. Queen Hanna Andersen encountered a dragon along the way. The dragon ignored Queen Hanna Andersen. In due course of time, a second dragon gave Queen Hanna Andersen a magnificent gift. Queen Hanna Andersen encountered an offensive town.

Immediately, a third dragon spotted Queen Hanna Andersen and called out. "Queen Hanna Andersen! Hey! I know you!" But Queen Hanna Andersen didn't know the dragon and slipped away.

Queen Hanna Andersen decided that she would settle down in the boat, so she built a small house. Queen Hanna Andersen invited other prominent theoretical priest-sellers to her house, and soon it became a popular theoretical

priest-seller hangout. Queen Hanna Andersen was pleased with what she had created, but there was no room for her anymore. Queen Hanna Andersen left the house and the boat behind.

Queen Hanna Andersen eventually went home.

Captain Lat slammed the odious book closed and returned home.

As Scrutkar turned the page, another portentous tale began:

A few years ago, Steelcaster III the metaninja-jack set sail for adventure. Someone was grinning nefariously by the roadside. Steelcaster III thought constantly about the worthy adventure they sought. A misstep sent Steelcaster III tumbling down a hillside and into a courtyard. Steelcaster III took a break in a small café and decided to buy some souvenirs. The friendly merchant explained that the cartninja-doctors of the courtyard specialized in making telescopes. A great wind filled the whole courtyard. Everything seemed to be picked up in the wind. A sphinxpriest-applied priest tumbled by riding a gryphon. Several specific locations and one large wagon train had become somehow entangled. All in all, though, nobody was greatly disturbed, and life went on as usual despite the lack of solid ground. Steelcaster III decided that they would settle down in the courtyard, so they built a small house. But they was actually pretty bad at building houses, and somehow destroyed the whole courtyard.

Steelcaster III thought constantly about the worthy adventure they sought. Steelcaster III encountered an axlotl. Steelcaster III still wanted adventure. Steelcaster III found themself within a shipyard. Steelcaster III was confronted by a salesman and decided to stock up on local goods. The friendly merchant explained that the metadetectives of the shipyard specialized in making bricks. The shipyard reminded Steelcaster III of the bad neighborhood they had come from. A wall of the shipyard was decorated with relevant symbols. Steelcaster III pulled a local cartcriminal aside and made a point of praising the shipyard's decorative lighting. A tasty counter-ninja-zebraentrepreneur lived in the shipyard. Steelcaster III decided that they would settle down in the shipyard, so they built a small house. But they was actually pretty bad at building houses, and somehow destroyed the whole shipyard.

To this day, nobody knows what happened to Steelcaster III.

As Scrutkar turned the page, another baffling tale began:

Once upon a time, Captain Ash Goaeb the gentleman wizard-author set sail for adventure. Captain Ash Goaeb encountered a frame sunrise. That day, Captain Ash Goaeb found an ancient book and opened it.

As Captain Ash Goaeb read, the book told a mysterious saga:

A long, long time ago, King Bzuäl IV the cybermechanic lived in a grave boat. King Bzuäl IV loved the boat but his true love was sick; so he had no choice but to leave his home. King Bzuäl IV passed by a parade. King Bzuäl IV thought constantly about the a cure he sought. King Bzuäl IV thought he might find a medicine at a clearing. King Bzuäl IV took a shortcut through a mall and decided to buy some souvenirs. The friendly merchant explained that the cyberscientists of the clearing specialized in making shoes. King Bzuäl IV decided that he would settle down in the clearing, so he built a small house. King Bzuäl IV invited other prominent cybermechanics to his house, and soon

it became a popular cybermechanic hangout. King Bzuäl IV was pleased with what he had created, but there was no room for him anymore. King Bzuäl IV left the house and the clearing behind.

King Bzuäl IV eventually went home.

As Captain Ash Goaeb turned the page, another unique saga began:

When the world was still young, Edge-case Bi K. Stanislov the occult cowboy was convinced by a paleospy-professional witch to travel the world. Edge-case Bi K. Stanislov thought he might find a interesting sights at a shipyard. Edge-case Bi K. Stanislov encountered a travel agency along the way. The travel agency trapped Edge-case Bi K. Stanislov in a forest. While looking for the way out of the forest, Edge-case Bi K. Stanislov amused himself feeding dragons. Edge-case Bi K. Stanislov encountered a demon along the way. The demon gave Edge-case Bi K. Stanislov an expensive gift. That day, a second demon demanded that Edge-case Bi K. Stanislov tell a story. "Rest a while, and you can listen," replied the thoughtful occult cowboy, and began.

Once upon a time, Hannah Alder the blood doctor was convinced by a blood captain to travel the world. A misstep sent Hannah Alder tumbling down a hillside and into a dragon hive. Within the dragon hive, Hannah Alder happened upon a bunker. Within the bunker, Hannah Alder accidentally went into a marketplace. Hannah Alder encountered a crabphilosopher-supersmuggler along the way. The crabphilosopher-supersmuggler spotted Hannah Alder and called out. "Hannah Alder! Hey! I know you!" But Hannah Alder didn't know the crabphilosopher-supersmuggler and slipped away. In due course of time, a second crabphilosopher-supersmuggler gave Hannah Alder an extravagant gift.

Then a third crabphilosopher-supersmuggler spotted Hannah Alder and called out. "Hannah Alder! Hey! I know you!" But Hannah Alder didn't know the crabphilosopher-supersmuggler and slipped away.

Hannah Alder took a break in a small café and decided to buy some souvenirs. The friendly merchant explained that the paleooccult ninjas of the marketplace specialized in making enormous statues. The next thing anyone knows is that Hannah Alder passed through the marketplace and moved on. Later that day, Hannah Alder passed through the bunker and moved on. A great wind filled the whole dragon hive. The wind sent whole peaceful protests tumbling and sliding around within the dragon hive. While Hannah Alder focused on avoiding a peaceful protest landing on her, the wind carried her out of the dragon hive. Then, Hannah Alder found an ancient book and opened it.

As Hannah Alder read, the book told an eerie tale:

Once upon a time, Oppied J. Dream the technojack left her home. Oppied J. Dream encountered a magical robin along the way. The magical robin ignored Oppied J. Dream. Then, a second magical robin gave Oppied J. Dream a rare gift. Oppied J. Dream accidentally went into a canyon. A corner of the canyon was decorated with memorable symbols. Later that day, Oppied J. Dream passed through the canyon and moved on.

Then a third magical robin spotted Oppied J. Dream and called out. "Oppied J. Dream! Hey! I know you!" But Oppied J. Dream didn't know the magical robin and slipped away. Because of this, Oppied J. Dream passed by

a dark cave. Oppied J. Dream passed by an eagle fighting a gryphon. An old applied astronaut told Oppied J. Dream a story. "Hey! You'd better listen," she said to Oppied J. Dream, "to this traditional rumor."

A long, long time ago, Loki Quilmviw the theater seller-cybercriminal went to seek his fortune. Loki Quilmviw encountered an occult marine along the way. The occult marine trapped Loki Quilmviw in an island. An out-of-the-way section of the island was decorated with odious symbols.

At least the island was a pleasant place to look for a way out. Frustrated, Loki Quilmviw began to dig. The island went on and on, even deep underground, but eventually Loki Quilmviw's persistence made his own way out. Immediately, a second occult marine gave Loki Quilmviw a tasteful gift.

Then a third occult marine was doing a poor job of delivering a speech. Loki Quilmviw decided to intervene, and began telling one of his favorite stories.

A long, long time ago, Mad Ash P. Scrudsli the blood space scientist was convinced by a professional firefighter to travel the world. Mad Ash P. Scrudsli passed by a procession of dead occupation.s, come back for revenge. Mad Ash P. Scrudsli thought constantly about the nothing but inviting sights she sought. Mad Ash P. Scrudsli happened upon a castle. Mad Ash P. Scrudsli took a shortcut through a mall and decided to make some small purchases. The friendly merchant explained that the world-zebras of the castle specialized in making outrageous knicknacks. After this, Mad Ash P. Scrudsli passed through the castle and moved on. In due course of time, Mad Ash P. Scrudsli found an ancient book and opened it.

As Mad Ash P. Scrudsli read, the book told a mysterious story:

A long, long time ago, Brent R. Å. Denovich the theater ninja lived in a dubious library. Brent R. Å. Denovich loved the library but living there made him ill. So he had no choice but to leave his home. Brent R. Å. Denovich happened upon a shipyard. A wall of the shipyard was decorated with portentous symbols. A great wind filled the whole shipyard. One first raven was swept out of a hidden out-of-the-way section or shipyard, and then another. first ravens seemed to be everywhere, filling the air. Brent R. Å. Denovich ducked to avoid a first raven who zoomed past, grinning nefariously. But the wind lifted Brent R. Å. Denovich into a tangle of first ravens who were knitting. Everyone was carried out of the shipyard. To this day, nobody knows what happened to Brent R. Å. Denovich.

Mad Ash P. Scrudsli slammed the tedious book closed and returned home.

The audience thanked Loki Quilmviw and dispersed. In the end, Loki Quilmviw happened upon the wealth he were after. His heart at rest, Loki Quilmviw's journey came to an end.

Oppied J. Dream thanked the applied astronaut for the warning and returned home.

As Hannah Alder read, she found the good times they were after tucked between the pages.

The frightened demon thanked Edge-case Bi K. Stanislov and left.

Later, a third demon ignored Edge-case Bi K. Stanislov.

While looking for the way out, Edge-case Bi K. Stanislov amused himself feeding kittens. Frustrated, Edge-case Bi K. Stanislov began to dig. The forest went on and on, even deep underground, but eventually Edge-case Bi K. Stanislov's persistence made his own way out. Eventually, a second travel agency spotted Edge-case Bi K. Stanislov and called out. "Edge-case Bi K. Stanislov! Hey! I know you!" But Edge-case Bi K. Stanislov didn't know the travel agency and slipped away.

That day, a third travel agency stood in Edge-case Bi K. Stanislov's way, but Edge-case Bi K. Stanislov found another path, through a beach. Edge-case Bi K. Stanislov encountered an eagle fighting a worm. Edge-case Bi K. Stanislov encountered a magical rabbit along the way. The magical rabbit ignored Edge-case Bi K. Stanislov. Because of this, a second magical rabbit was doing a poor job of delivering a speech. Edge-case Bi K. Stanislov decided to intervene, and began telling one of his favorite stories.

A few years ago, King Kikktkk the counter-blood philosopher set sail for adventure. Immediately, King Kikktkk found an ancient book and opened it.

As King Kikktkk read, the book told a mysterious yarn:

When the world was still young, Prince Stan Dudebro the cartwitch was convinced by a technomarine to travel the world. Prince Stan Dudebro encountered a courteous lumber astronaut-first ballerina living in the wilderness. Prince Stan Dudebro encountered a traditional sunrise. Someone was cooking dinner by the roadside. Prince Stan Dudebro thought he might find a novelty at a wagon train. Prince Stan Dudebro took a break in a small café and decided to stock up on local goods. The friendly merchant explained that the paleospies of the wagon train specialized in making bricks. Right in the middle of the wagon train was an inviting-looking office building. Prince Stan Dudebro stepped in. A corner of the office building was decorated with outrageous symbols.

A back door led out of the office building, and Prince Stan Dudebro found himself out behind the wagon train. An old world-author-cowboy told Prince Stan Dudebro a story. "Rest a while, and you can listen," he said to Prince Stan Dudebro, "to this enchanting yarn."

Once upon a time, Saiiab J. Shark the counter-operator-street keeper set out for adventure. Someone was dancing beautifully by the roadside. Saiiab J. Shark thought she might find a quest in need of a hero at a library. A corner of the library was decorated with traditional symbols. Right in the middle of the library was an inviting-looking shipyard. Saiiab J. Shark stepped in. A very old theater adventurer-firefighter lived in the shipyard.

Saiiab J. Shark took a step further and heard a loud crunch. Suddenly the ground collapsed below her, and the whole shipyard with it. An upset mad first hero escorted Saiiab J. Shark out of the library. Saiiab J. Shark still wanted adventure. Saiiab J. Shark encountered a parade. Someone was deep in thought by the roadside. Despite many setbacks, Saiiab J. Shark happened upon the adventure she were after. Her heart at rest, Saiiab J. Shark's journey came to an end.

But Prince Stan Dudebro did not listen, and continued on. Tiring of travel, Prince Stan Dudebro settled down.

“What a clever book,” King Kikktkk thought, and took it for his own. King Kikktkk found himself within an arcology. Nobody seemed to be around, so King Kikktkk started to wonder whether they were all at some local bar. Following a faint sound of partying, he indeed found the shipyard where everyone had gathered. There were brain dragons, technoauthors, and street witch-detectives, and even some local counter-theoretical ninjas. And yet, there was no quest in need of a hero to be found. King Kikktkk reluctantly moved on. A patient street ballerina lived in the arcology. Someone was deep in thought by the roadside.

King Kikktkk encountered an astute metaballerina living in the wilderness. King Kikktkk passed by a procession of dead occupation.s, come back for revenge. King Kikktkk thought he might find a excitement at a baffling mansion. An out-of-the-way section of the baffling mansion was decorated with strange symbols. King Kikktkk was confronted by a salesman and decided to buy some souvenirs. The friendly merchant explained that the parrotaspiring promoters of the baffling mansion specialized in making universes. Right in the middle of the baffling mansion was an inviting-looking room. King Kikktkk stepped in. King Kikktkk encountered a procession of dead occupation.s, come back for revenge. King Kikktkk encountered a dragon along the way. The dragon spotted King Kikktkk and called out. “King Kikktkk! Hey! I know you!” But King Kikktkk didn’t know the dragon and slipped away. Soon a second dragon spotted King Kikktkk and called out. “King Kikktkk! Hey! I know you!” But King Kikktkk didn’t know the dragon and slipped away.

Immediately, a third dragon stood in King Kikktkk’s way, but King Kikktkk found another path, through a shipyard. Later, King Kikktkk encountered the fearless leader who owned the shipyard. It appeared the fearless leader wanted to get out of the cold and was in need of a specific location, and King Kikktkk looked like the likely sort. King Kikktkk agreed readily and headed off. King Kikktkk explored the shipyard and found it pleasant. At times he thought that perhaps even if he never found the specific location, he might simply settle down here. King Kikktkk looked up and down the shipyard for a specific location, until he were approached by a local paleodocotr. ‘Are you looking for a specific location?’ said the paleodocotr. ‘You must know fearless leader; they always ask travelers for help. Come with me, I can get the specific location.’ Together, the two found a blasphemous specific location.

King Kikktkk encountered a wistful cartscientist-cyberadventurer living in the wilderness. King Kikktkk passed by a parade. King Kikktkk thought he might find a adventure at a boat. King Kikktkk passed by a unicorn. King Kikktkk passed by a dark cave. King Kikktkk passed by a unicorn.

Within the boat, King Kikktkk accidentally went into a hut. A wall of the hut was decorated with outrageous symbols. An out-of-the-way section of the hut was decorated with eerie symbols.

King Kikktkk took a step further and heard a loud crunch. Suddenly the ground collapsed below him, and the whole room with it. An upset paleoscientist escorted King Kikktkk out of the baffling mansion.

King Kikktkk pulled a local gentleman firefighter aside and made a point of praising the arcology’s waterfalls. A hidden room of the arcology was decorated

with odious symbols. King Kikktkk decided that he would settle down in the arcology, so he built a small house. The house soon became infested with gentleman jackalopes. King Kikktkk didn't mind them, but one night the gentleman jackalopes decided to carry him away. He awoke outside of the arcology.

Right in the middle of the arcology was an inviting-looking outrageous dome. King Kikktkk stepped in. Within the outrageous dome, King Kikktkk accidentally went into a shipyard. King Kikktkk passed by a store and decided to buy some souvenirs. The friendly merchant explained that the blood adventurers of the shipyard specialized in making pencils.

King Kikktkk took a step further and heard a loud crunch. Suddenly the ground collapsed below him, and the whole outrageous dome with it. An upset cybertime promoter escorted King Kikktkk out of the arcology. After this, King Kikktkk happened upon the adventure he were after. His heart at rest, King Kikktkk's journey came to an end.

The audience thanked Edge-case Bi K. Stanislov and dispersed. Someone was standing on a soapbox and yelling into the wind by the roadside.

Next, a third magical rabbit demanded that Edge-case Bi K. Stanislov tell a story. "Listen well," replied the thoughtful occult cowboy, and began.

Once upon a time, Siaær III the metarabbit went to seek their fortune. Someone was pretending to be Superman by the roadside. Siaær III thought they might find a treasure at a frame mansion. Siaær III found some money on the ground and decided to buy some souvenirs. The friendly merchant explained that the mad priests of the frame mansion specialized in making enlightening knicknacks. The frame mansion reminded Siaær III of the army camp they had come from. Siaær III took a break in a small café and decided to stock up on local goods. The friendly merchant explained that the technocowboy-scientists of the frame mansion specialized in making frame knicknacks. A great wind filled the whole frame mansion. One cartwright-astronaut was swept out of a hidden hidden room or frame mansion, and then another. cartwright-astronauts seemed to be everywhere, filling the air. Siaær III ducked to avoid a cartwright-astronaut who zoomed past, cooking dinner. But the wind lifted Siaær III into a tangle of cartwright-astronauts who were pretending to be Superman. Everyone was carried out of the frame mansion. Tiring of travel, Siaær III settled down.

The happy magical rabbit thanked Edge-case Bi K. Stanislov and left.

Eventually, Edge-case Bi K. Stanislov passed through the beach and moved on.

In due course of time, Edge-case Bi K. Stanislov found an ancient book and opened it.

As Edge-case Bi K. Stanislov read, the book told a portentous yarn:

A few years ago, Queen Todd Dtïær the double raven set sail for adventure. Queen Todd Dtïær thought she might find a quest in need of a hero at a mountain. A hearty superhero-zoocowboy lived in the mountain. A great wind filled the whole mountain. The wind sent whole cities tumbling and sliding around the mountain. Queen Todd Dtïær dodged a city where many scorpions were taking refuge, but immediately, she lost her footing and fell right into an agile city. Queen Todd Dtïær found nothing further of interest in the agile city. Once

outside the city, Queen Todd Dt̃œr saw that the wind had blown it entirely out of the mountain.

The next thing anyone knows is that Queen Todd Dt̃œr found an ancient book and opened it.

As Queen Todd Dt̃œr read, the book told a unique legend:

Once upon a time, Aid the Mad the erotic detective lived in an evil bog. Aid the Mad loved the bog but life there was boring. So he arranged a trip abroad. Aid the Mad passed by an edge of the world. Aid the Mad encountered a parade. Aid the Mad encountered a brain communist-adventurer along the way. The brain communist-adventurer gave Aid the Mad an expensive gift. Immediately, a second brain communist-adventurer spotted Aid the Mad and called out. "Aid the Mad! Hey! I know you!" But Aid the Mad didn't know the brain communist-adventurer and slipped away.

Immediately, a third brain communist-adventurer was doing a poor job of delivering a speech. Aid the Mad decided to intervene, and began telling one of his favorite stories.

When the world was still young, Mad Jake X. Dream the cartdoctor-ballerina resumed her habitual travels. Someone was rather disoriented by the roadside. Mad Jake X. Dream still wanted very interesting journey. Mad Jake X. Dream thought she might find a novelty at a farm. That day, Mad Jake X. Dream found an ancient book and opened it.

As Mad Jake X. Dream read, the book told an outrageous account:

Once upon a time, Athenosius Ūlweĩwmvol the zooseller-ninja went to seek his fortune. Athenosius Ūlweĩwmvol encountered a birthday party along the way. The birthday party gave Athenosius Ūlweĩwmvol an expensive gift. After this, a second birthday party gave Athenosius Ūlweĩwmvol a rare gift. Athenosius Ūlweĩwmvol encountered a procession of dead occupation.s, come back for revenge.

In due course of time, a third birthday party stood in Athenosius Ūlweĩwmvol's way, but Athenosius Ūlweĩwmvol found another path, through a mysterious dream. Athenosius Ūlweĩwmvol accidentally went into a farm. Athenosius Ūlweĩwmvol found himself within a mirror. Athenosius Ūlweĩwmvol passed by a procession of dead occupation.s, come back for revenge.

A wall of the mirror was decorated with odious symbols. A great wind filled the whole mirror. The wind lifted whole libraries into the air. There were friendly libraries, warm and pleasant libraries, and learned libraries, all careening around within the library. While Athenosius Ūlweĩwmvol focused on avoiding a library landing on him, the wind carried him out of the mirror.

At times Athenosius Ūlweĩwmvol wondered if this was truly a farm. he had expected more occupation.s. Athenosius Ūlweĩwmvol passed by an astute mad captain living in the wilderness. Someone was riding a unicorn by the roadside.

A great wind filled the whole farm. Suddenly the air was filled with professional scientists. One professional scientist who tumbled by Athenosius Ūlweĩwmvol was grinning nefariously. Another was cooking dinner. Yet another professional scientist grabbed Athenosius Ūlweĩwmvol by the arm and carried him out of the farm.

That day, Athenosius Ūlweīwmvol passed through the mysterious dream and moved on. At long last, Athenosius Ūlweīwmvol happened upon the treasure he were after. His heart at rest, Athenosius Ūlweīwmvol's journey came to an end.

"What a patient book," Mad Jake X. Dream thought, and took it for her own.

A wall of the farm was decorated with strange symbols. Mad Jake X. Dream decided that she would settle down in the farm, so she built a small house. The house soon became infested with rabbits. Mad Jake X. Dream didn't mind them, but one night the rabbits decided to carry her away. She awoke outside of the farm.

That day, Mad Jake X. Dream went home.

The audience thanked Aid the Mad and dispersed. To this day, nobody knows what happened to Aid the Mad.

As Queen Todd Dtōer read, she found the excitement they were after tucked between the pages.

The tale inspired Edge-case Bi K. Stanislov to go on. Edge-case Bi K. Stanislov encountered a magical coyote along the way. The magical coyote spotted Edge-case Bi K. Stanislov and called out. "Edge-case Bi K. Stanislov! Hey! I know you!" But Edge-case Bi K. Stanislov didn't know the magical coyote and slipped away. The next thing anyone knows is that a second magical coyote demanded that Edge-case Bi K. Stanislov tell a story. "Rest a while, and you can listen," replied the patient occult cowboy, and began.

A few years ago, Captain Nathan Andersen the time ninja-marine set sail for adventure. Captain Nathan Andersen thought he might find a worthy adventure at a city. Within the city, Captain Nathan Andersen found himself within a bog. A hidden room of the bog was decorated with relevant symbols. Right in the middle of the bog was an inviting-looking mirror. Captain Nathan Andersen stepped in. Captain Nathan Andersen took a break in a small café and decided to make some small purchases. The friendly merchant explained that the theoretical soldier-wrights of the mirror specialized in making enormous statues.

Captain Nathan Andersen took a step further and heard a loud crunch. Suddenly the ground collapsed below him, and the whole mirror with it. An upset sparrowrobin escorted Captain Nathan Andersen out of the bog. A great wind filled the whole city. One erotic ballerina was swept out of a hidden corner or city, and then another. erotic ballerinas seemed to be everywhere, filling the air. Captain Nathan Andersen ducked to avoid a erotic ballerina who zoomed past, cooking dinner. But the wind lifted Captain Nathan Andersen into a tangle of erotic ballerinas who were cooking dinner. Everyone was carried out of the city. To this day, nobody knows what happened to Captain Nathan Andersen.

The satisfied magical coyote thanked Edge-case Bi K. Stanislov and left. Edge-case Bi K. Stanislov passed by a portentous sunrise.

Then a third magical coyote was doing a poor job of delivering a speech. Edge-case Bi K. Stanislov decided to intervene, and began telling one of his

favorite stories.

Once upon a time, Clejapdvīrōw Burning the paleomarine-vampire resumed her habitual travels. Clejapdvīrōw Burning encountered a mysterious force along the way. The mysterious force trapped Clejapdvīrōw Burning in a courtyard. At least the courtyard was a nothing but inviting place to look for a way out of the courtyard. Frustrated, Clejapdvīrōw Burning began to dig. The courtyard went on and on, even deep underground, but eventually Clejapdvīrōw Burning's persistence made her own way out. Then, a second mysterious force was doing a poor job of delivering a speech. Clejapdvīrōw Burning decided to intervene, and began telling one of her favorite stories.

A few years ago, King Debra Z. Donovanitch the aspiring occult detective went to seek his fortune. A misstep sent King Debra Z. Donovanitch tumbling down a hillside and into a cavern. A hearty professional keeper lived in the cavern. An eerie zoodetective lived in the cavern. King Debra Z. Donovanitch found some money on the ground and decided to buy some souvenirs. The friendly merchant explained that the cartballerina-cybercaptains of the cavern specialized in making bird cages. King Debra Z. Donovanitch found nothing further of interest in the fresh cavern. Then, King Debra Z. Donovanitch encountered a kitten living in an eerie house. King Debra Z. Donovanitch passed by a worm. King Debra Z. Donovanitch happened upon a marketplace. A thoughtful brain promoter lived in the marketplace. At times King Debra Z. Donovanitch wondered if this was truly a marketplace. he had expected more office buildings. Nobody seemed to be around, so King Debra Z. Donovanitch started to wonder whether they were all at some local shindig. Following a faint sound of brouhaha, he indeed found the tiny apartment where everyone had gathered. There were superbrain marines, blood entrepreneur-professional spies, and metawitch-professional adventurers, and even some local technoowls. And yet, there was no treasure to be found. King Debra Z. Donovanitch reluctantly moved on. King Debra Z. Donovanitch bumped into a traveling merchant and decided to make some small purchases. The friendly merchant explained that the mad criminals of the marketplace specialized in making books. Later, King Debra Z. Donovanitch passed through the marketplace and moved on. King Debra Z. Donovanitch decided that he would settle down in the marketplace, so he built a small house. The house soon became infested with gryphons. King Debra Z. Donovanitch didn't mind them, but one night the gryphons decided to carry him away. He awoke outside of the marketplace.

To this day, nobody knows what happened to King Debra Z. Donovanitch.

The audience thanked Clejapdvīrōw Burning and dispersed. Clejapdvīrōw Burning passed by a wistful mad philosopher living in the wilderness.

The next thing anyone knows is that a third mysterious force trapped Clejapdvīrōw Burning in an office building. A hidden room of the office building was decorated with strange symbols.

Frustrated, Clejapdvīrōw Burning began to dig. The office building went on and on, even deep underground, but eventually Clejapdvīrōw Burning's persistence made her own way out. Someone was knitting by the roadside. To this day, nobody knows what happened to Clejapdvīrōw Burning.

The audience thanked Edge-case Bi K. Stanislov and dispersed.

A cozy theoretical mechanic-aspiring mathematician lived in the shipyard. Edge-case Bi K. Stanislov found nothing further of interest in the fascinating shipyard. Edge-case Bi K. Stanislov thought constantly about the nothing but inviting sights he sought. Edge-case Bi K. Stanislov thought he might find a pleasant journey at a village. Within the village, Edge-case Bi K. Stanislov accidentally went into a clearing. Edge-case Bi K. Stanislov encountered a demon along the way. The demon gave Edge-case Bi K. Stanislov an extravagant gift. Then, a second demon trapped Edge-case Bi K. Stanislov in a palace. "You seek way out," a wise old theoretical operator said, approaching Edge-case Bi K. Stanislov. "Let me tell you about the last occult cowboy who came to this palace on such a quest."

Professor Iebiwiod H. Stanislov was her name; an experienced occult cowboy. Professor Iebiwiod H. Stanislov came here determined to hunt down a way out.. Professor Iebiwiod H. Stanislov encountered a ponderous town.

Edge-case Bi K. Stanislov nodded, thankful for the information, and continued. Frustrated, Edge-case Bi K. Stanislov began to dig. The palace went on and on, even deep underground, but eventually Edge-case Bi K. Stanislov's persistence made his own way out. Edge-case Bi K. Stanislov accidentally went into a marketplace. A tasty brain priest lived in the marketplace. Later, Edge-case Bi K. Stanislov found an ancient book and opened it.

As Edge-case Bi K. Stanislov read, the book told a unique rumor:

When the world was still young, Mademoiselle Professor Azra the street marine left her home. Mademoiselle Professor Azra encountered an edge of the world. A misstep sent Mademoiselle Professor Azra tumbling down a hillside and into a mirror universe. Within the mirror universe, A misstep sent Mademoiselle Professor Azra tumbling down a hillside and into a dog hive. Nobody seemed to be around, so Mademoiselle Professor Azra started to wonder whether they were all at some local shindig. Following a faint sound of merriment, she really found the beach where everyone had gathered. There were erotic supermechanics, technodolphins, and space cowboy-wizards, and even some local erotic scientists. And yet, there was no business contacts to be found. Mademoiselle Professor Azra eventually moved on. Mademoiselle Professor Azra walked through some construction. Apparently the dog hive was being reorganized. Mademoiselle Professor Azra found nothing further of interest in the tasty dog hive. Immediately, Mademoiselle Professor Azra passed through the dog hive and moved on. Eventually, Mademoiselle Professor Azra passed through the dog hive and moved on. The mirror universe reminded Mademoiselle Professor Azra of the bog she had come from. Mademoiselle Professor Azra took a break in a small café and decided to buy some souvenirs. The friendly merchant explained that the paleocowboys of the mirror universe specialized in making eerie knicknacks. The mirror universe reminded Mademoiselle Professor Azra of the bog she had come from. A wall of the mirror universe was decorated with baffling symbols. Later that day, Mademoiselle Professor Azra passed through the mirror universe and moved on. To this day, nobody knows what happened to Mademoiselle Professor Azra.

The tale inspired Edge-case Bi K. Stanislov to go on.

The marketplace reminded Edge-case Bi K. Stanislov of the beach he had come from. A corner of the marketplace was decorated with frame symbols. Right in the middle of the marketplace was an inviting-looking marketplace. Edge-case Bi K. Stanislov stepped in. Edge-case Bi K. Stanislov was confronted by a salesman and decided to make some small purchases. The friendly merchant explained that the double scorpions of the marketplace specialized in making bird cages.

Edge-case Bi K. Stanislov took a step further and heard a loud crunch. Suddenly the ground collapsed below him, and the whole marketplace with it. An upset first wizard escorted Edge-case Bi K. Stanislov out of the marketplace.

After this, a third demon gave Edge-case Bi K. Stanislov a tasteful gift.

Edge-case Bi K. Stanislov decided that he would settle down in the clearing, so he built a small house. The house soon became infested with eagles. Edge-case Bi K. Stanislov didn't mind them, but one night the eagles decided to carry him away. He awoke outside of the clearing.

Nobody seemed to be around, so Edge-case Bi K. Stanislov started to wonder whether they were all at some local gathering. Following a faint sound of partying, he indeed found the arcology where everyone had gathered. There were duckcowboy-scientists, lumber communists, and street communists, and even some local time authors. And yet, there was no new friends to be found. Edge-case Bi K. Stanislov hesitantly moved on. Edge-case Bi K. Stanislov took a shortcut through a mall and decided to stock up on local goods. The friendly merchant explained that the zooscientist-first vampires of the village specialized in making pencils. Edge-case Bi K. Stanislov found nothing further of interest in the friendly village. In due course of time, Edge-case Bi K. Stanislov passed through the village and moved on. Tiring of travel, Edge-case Bi K. Stanislov settled down.

As Captain Ash Goaeb turned the page, another portentous rumor began:

A long, long time ago, Crazy Sam the theater firefighter went to seek their fortune. Crazy Sam encountered a magical coyote along the way. The magical coyote ignored Crazy Sam. Immediately, a second magical coyote spotted Crazy Sam and called out. "Crazy Sam! Hey! I know you!" But Crazy Sam didn't know the magical coyote and slipped away.

That day, a third magical coyote demanded that Crazy Sam tell a story. "Hey! You'd better listen," replied the talkative theater firefighter, and began.

When the world was still young, Or the street owl set out for adventure. Or accidentally went into a room. Within the room, Or accidentally went into a boat. A small cyberjack lived in the boat. Right in the middle of the boat was an inviting-looking bunker. Or stepped in. Or took a shortcut through a mall and decided to stock up on local goods. The friendly merchant explained that the space firefighters of the bunker specialized in making telescopes.

Or took a step further and heard a loud crunch. Suddenly the ground collapsed below him, and the whole bunker with it. An upset technomechanic-cartwitch escorted Or out of the boat. A great wind filled the whole room. The wind sent whole caverns tumbling and sliding around within the room. While

Or focused on avoiding a cavern landing on him, the wind carried him out of the room. Then Or encountered a gryphon living in an eerie house. Someone was standing on a soapbox and yelling into the wind by the roadside. Or eventually went home.

The satisfied magical coyote thanked Crazy Sam and left. Crazy Sam passed by a robin fighting a coyote. Crazy Sam encountered a waterfall. Someone was knitting by the roadside. A misstep sent Crazy Sam tumbling down a hillside and into a city. Crazy Sam bumped into a traveling merchant and decided to stock up on local goods. The friendly merchant explained that the lumber keepers of the city specialized in making enlightening knicknacks. Crazy Sam found nothing further of interest in the interesting city. In the end, Crazy Sam happened upon the treasure they were after. Their heart at rest, Crazy Sam's journey came to an end.

As Captain Ash Goaeb turned the page, another outrageous story began:

Once upon a time, Mademoiselle Lina IV the first scientist resumed her habitual travels. Someone was grinning nefariously by the roadside. Mademoiselle Lina IV passed by a waterfall. Soon Mademoiselle Lina IV found an ancient book and opened it.

As Mademoiselle Lina IV read, the book told a mysterious tale:

A few years ago, Edge-case Jedoo the technoauthor-cybercowboy went to seek ver fortune. After this, Edge-case Jedoo found an ancient book and opened it.

As Edge-case Jedoo read, the book told a memorable yarn:

A few years ago, Edge-case James Odbriet the zooadventurer was convinced by a zoosalmon to travel the world. Edge-case James Odbriet happened upon a forest. A hidden room of the forest was decorated with traditional symbols. Someone was riding a robin by the roadside.

At times Edge-case James Odbriet wondered if this was truly a forest. he had expected more mystery. Edge-case James Odbriet took a break in a small café and decided to buy some souvenirs. The friendly merchant explained that the professional firefighters of the forest specialized in making shoes. Because of this, Edge-case James Odbriet passed through the forest and moved on. Soon Edge-case James Odbriet passed by a gryphon living in a memorable house. Edge-case James Odbriet encountered an enchanting sunrise. Someone was standing on a soapbox and yelling into the wind by the roadside. Edge-case James Odbriet passed by a coyote. Edge-case James Odbriet encountered an edge of the world. Edge-case James Odbriet thought he might find a business contacts at a specific location. A corner of the specific location was decorated with baffling symbols. Edge-case James Odbriet decided that he would settle down in the specific location, so he built a small house. But he was actually pretty bad at building houses, and somehow destroyed the whole specific location.

Edge-case James Odbriet still wanted new friends. Edge-case James Odbriet encountered a metaworm. Edge-case James Odbriet eventually went home.

Edge-case Jedoo searched the pages for more, but that was all. Edge-case Jedoo thought ve might find a wealth at a unique mansion. Edge-case Jedoo took a break in a small café and decided to buy some souvenirs. The friendly

merchant explained that the technofirst priests of the unique mansion specialized in making fiddle-sticks. The unique mansion reminded Edge-case Jedoo of the village ve had come from. A hidden room of the unique mansion was decorated with portentous symbols. Edge-case Jedoo decided that ve would settle down in the unique mansion, so ve built a small house. But ve was actually pretty bad at building houses, and somehow destroyed the whole unique mansion.

Edge-case Jedoo arrived home later that day.

Mademoiselle Lina IV searched the pages for more, but that was all. Mademoiselle Lina IV encountered a procession of dead occupation.s, come back for revenge. Mademoiselle Lina IV encountered a zebra. Mademoiselle Lina IV accidentally went into a lake. A magnificent zootheater soldier lived in the lake. Mademoiselle Lina IV took a break in a small café and decided to stock up on local goods. The friendly merchant explained that the aspiring soldier-double ballerinas of the lake specialized in making unique knicknacks. Mademoiselle Lina IV found nothing further of interest in the agile lake. Despite many setbacks, Mademoiselle Lina IV happened upon the good times she were after. Her heart at rest, Mademoiselle Lina IV's journey came to an end.

Captain Ash Goaeb searched the pages for more, but that was all. Captain Ash Goaeb thought constantly about the quest in need of a hero he sought. Someone was knitting by the roadside. Captain Ash Goaeb still wanted quest in need of a hero. Captain Ash Goaeb passed by an odious sunrise. Someone was rather disoriented by the roadside. A misstep sent Captain Ash Goaeb tumbling down a hillside and into a book. An agile zoosmugger lived in the book. At times Captain Ash Goaeb wondered if this was truly a book. he had expected more quest in need of a heros. Within the book, A misstep sent Captain Ash Goaeb tumbling down a hillside and into an army camp. Captain Ash Goaeb encountered a procession of dead occupation.s, come back for revenge. Captain Ash Goaeb found himself within a room. A corner of the room was decorated with eerie symbols. The room reminded Captain Ash Goaeb of the bad state of mind he had come from. Captain Ash Goaeb bumped into a traveling merchant and decided to stock up on local goods. The friendly merchant explained that the technopriest-secret criminals of the room specialized in making bricks. At times Captain Ash Goaeb wondered if this was truly a room. he had expected more crabs. A portentous aspiring professional promoter lived in the room. Captain Ash Goaeb decided that he would settle down in the room, so he built a small house. But he was actually pretty bad at building houses, and somehow destroyed the whole room.

Captain Ash Goaeb decided that he would settle down in the army camp, so he built a small house. The house soon became infested with ravens. Captain Ash Goaeb didn't mind them, but one night the ravens decided to carry him away. He awoke outside of the army camp.

Captain Ash Goaeb decided that he would settle down in the book, so he built a small house. But he was actually pretty bad at building houses, and somehow destroyed the whole book.

Then, Captain Ash Goaeb passed by a parade. Someone was standing on a soapbox and yelling into the wind by the roadside. Captain Ash Goaeb en-

countered a birthday party along the way. The birthday party demanded that Captain Ash Goaeb tell a story. "Rest a while, and you can listen," replied the thoughtful gentleman wizard-author, and began.

When the world was still young, Madame Lina the space priest was convinced by a counter-rabbit to travel the world. Madame Lina encountered a mysterious force along the way. The mysterious force ignored Madame Lina. Soon a second mysterious force trapped Madame Lina in an office building. As Madame Lina walked further into the office building, she met a penniless brain crab who clearly needed a poem in order to lighten the hearts of the populace. Madame Lina decided to secretly find one. Someone was riding a gryphon by the roadside.

Madame Lina was hopelessly lost in the office building when she started to seriously doubt this was an office building at all. The architecture was more like that of a mirror universe. In fact, Madame Lina had found the way out some time ago without realizing it. Madame Lina returned the poem to the poor brain crab. "Thanks a million!" she said, and rushed off to lighten the hearts of the populace. Madame Lina was hopelessly lost in the office building when she started to seriously doubt this was an office building at all. The architecture was more like that of a mirror universe. In fact, Madame Lina had found the way out some time ago without realizing it. Madame Lina thought she might find a new friends at a tower. A wall of the tower was decorated with odious symbols. Madame Lina decided that she would settle down in the tower, so she built a small house. Madame Lina invited other prominent space priests to her house, and soon it became a popular space priest hangout. Madame Lina was pleased with what she had created, but there was no room for her anymore. Madame Lina left the house and the tower behind.

The next thing anyone knows is that a third mysterious force ignored Madame Lina. There was a small hut along the way, and Madame Lina stopped for the night. A group of brain jacks was terrorizing the inhabitants of the hut. Madame Lina resolved to find a strong fearless leader who could bring peace. Madame Lina decided to take a nap. In her dream, she met the fearless leader. But she soon awoke. Despite many setbacks, Madame Lina tracked down the fearless leader. Their name was Redd the Elder. There was a larger hut nearby. The hut was beset by a gaggle of mad paleopromoters. Madame Lina fled forthwith. paleopromoters are no joke, and mad paleopromoters, all the worse. A gaggle of them would surely mean an end to this story. Madame Lina thought she might find a new friends at an axlotl's belly. An out-of-the-way section of the axlotl's belly was decorated with portentous symbols. Madame Lina found nothing further of interest in the small axlotl's belly.

A third hut was visible in the distance. It looked fascinating, so away Madame Lina went. The hut was beset by a gaggle of mad world-authors. Madame Lina fled forthwith. world-authors are no joke, and mad world-authors, all the worse. A gaggle of them would surely mean an end to this story. After this, Madame Lina encountered a waterfall. Someone was standing on a soapbox and yelling into the wind by the roadside. An old cybertheoretical promoter told Madame Lina a story. "Rest a while, and you can listen," they said to Madame Lina, "to this unique saga."

Once upon a time, Duke Ronald Criece the lumber ninja set out for adventure. There was a quaint wagon train along the way, and Duke Ronald Criece stopped for the night. The wagon train was beset by a gaggle of mad aspiring criminals. Duke Ronald Criece fled forthwith. aspiring criminals are no joke, and mad aspiring criminals, all the worse. A gaggle of them would surely mean an end to this story. There was a larger wagon train nearby. The wagon train was beset by a gaggle of mad erotic wizards. Duke Ronald Criece fled forthwith. erotic wizards are no joke, and mad erotic wizards, all the worse. A gaggle of them would surely mean an end to this story. Duke Ronald Criece passed by a zebra fighting a scorpion.

A third wagon train was visible in the distance. It looked full of interesting people, so into the distance Duke Ronald Criece went. A group of first ballerinas was terrorizing the inhabitants of the wagon train. Duke Ronald Criece resolved to find a strong fearless leader who could bring peace. Duke Ronald Criece passed by a store and decided to buy some souvenirs. The friendly merchant explained that the aspiring cyberfirefighters of the wagon train specialized in making enormous statues.

After all this had happened, Duke Ronald Criece tracked down the fearless leader. Their name was Pidiwiex Esquire. An old cyberworm told Duke Ronald Criece a story. "Hey! You'd better listen," he said to Duke Ronald Criece, "to this traditional saga."

A few years ago, Dr. Dora P. Andersen the street hero went to seek their fortune. Dr. Dora P. Andersen encountered a procession of dead occupation.s, come back for revenge. At long last, Dr. Dora P. Andersen happened upon a likely source of the loot they so desired. The talkative street hero had heard a rumor that a blood communist-communist at a nearby mountain could help them find wealth. So Dr. Dora P. Andersen went. The mountain was very lonely. After all this had happened, Dr. Dora P. Andersen tracked down the blood communist-communist. His name was Thomas Strewbloel. "I can get you the loot you seek," said Thomas Strewbloel, "but only if you can find me a key so I can unlock a house.' Later, Dr. Dora P. Andersen found an ancient book and opened it.

As Dr. Dora P. Andersen read, the book told an enlightening account:

When the world was still young, Dr. Rebecca H. C. Andersen the cyberscientist went to seek her fortune. Dr. Rebecca H. C. Andersen thought she might find a loot at a mirror. An out-of-the-way section of the mirror was decorated with strange symbols. Right in the middle of the mirror was an inviting-looking shipyard. Dr. Rebecca H. C. Andersen stepped in. Dr. Rebecca H. C. Andersen encountered a waterfall.

Dr. Rebecca H. C. Andersen took a step further and heard a loud crunch. Suddenly the ground collapsed below her, and the whole shipyard with it. An upset cartwright escorted Dr. Rebecca H. C. Andersen out of the mirror. After all this had happened, Dr. Rebecca H. C. Andersen happened upon the loot she were after. Her heart at rest, Dr. Rebecca H. C. Andersen's journey came to an end.

Dr. Dora P. Andersen searched the pages for more, but that was all.

There didn't seem to be a key in the entire mountain. Dr. Dora P. Andersen resolved to find Thomas Strewbloel and say so, but they couldn't find him. While looking for the key, Dr. Dora P. Andersen amused herself feeding dragons. In the end, Dr. Dora P. Andersen tracked down the key for Thomas Strewbloel. Dr. Dora P. Andersen returned to Thomas Strewbloel triumphant, and received their hoped-for loot. And so, Dr. Dora P. Andersen the street hero lived happily ever after.

Duke Ronald Criece thanked the cyberworm for the warning and returned home.

Madame Lina thanked the cybertheoretical promoter for the warning and returned home.

The deeply affected birthday party thanked Captain Ash Goaeb and left. Next, a second birthday party demanded that Captain Ash Goaeb tell a story. "Hey! You'd better listen," replied the clever gentleman wizard-author, and began.

Once upon a time, Ashley D. Sword the mad ballerina left her home. Ashley D. Sword accidentally went into a farm. An ancient aspiring mechanic lived in the farm. A great wind filled the whole farm. Suddenly the air was filled with theoretical ninjas. One theoretical ninja who tumbled by Ashley D. Sword was grinning nefariously. Another was grinning nefariously. Yet another theoretical ninja grabbed Ashley D. Sword by the arm and carried her out of the farm.

Ashley D. Sword thought constantly about the business contacts she sought. Eventually, Ashley D. Sword found an ancient book and opened it.

As Ashley D. Sword read, the book told a frame tale:

Once upon a time, Captain Circe the duckballerina had found refuge in a frame shipyard. Captain Circe felt safe at the shipyard but his true love was sick; so he had no choice but to leave his home. Someone was dancing beautifully by the roadside. Captain Circe passed by a worm living in a traditional house. Captain Circe found himself within a bunker. A wall of the bunker was decorated with enchanting symbols. Captain Circe was confronted by a salesman and decided to stock up on local goods. The friendly merchant explained that the aspiring priests of the bunker specialized in making universes. Captain Circe pulled a local brain astronaut-owlcaptain aside and made a point of praising the bunker's mystery. Captain Circe happened upon a bunker. A strange lumber communist lived in the bunker. Captain Circe found nothing further of interest in the portentous bunker.

Captain Circe found nothing further of interest in the learned bunker. Then, Captain Circe found an ancient book and opened it.

As Captain Circe read, the book told a memorable account:

A long, long time ago, Todd Anting the theoretical ballerina-space pirate resumed her habitual travels. Todd Anting passed by an edge of the world. Todd Anting encountered a mysterious force along the way. The mysterious force spotted Todd Anting and called out. "Todd Anting! Hey! I know you!" But Todd Anting didn't know the mysterious force and slipped away. Then a second mysterious force spotted Todd Anting and called out. "Todd Anting! Hey! I know you!" But Todd Anting didn't know the mysterious force and

slipped away.

Because of this, a third mysterious force stood in Todd Anting's way, but Todd Anting found another path, through a city. A corner of the city was decorated with outrageous symbols. Later, Todd Anting passed through the city and moved on. An old space philosopher told Todd Anting a story. "Hey! You'd better listen," they said to Todd Anting, "to this outrageous legend."

Once upon a time, Libb III the lumber captain left his home. Libb III encountered a crab. Libb III thought he might find a good times at an army camp. Libb III encountered a courteous secret dust mite living in the wilderness. Libb III thought he might find a full of interesting people journey at a series of twisting passageways. Libb III found some money on the ground and decided to buy some souvenirs. The friendly merchant explained that the blood promoters of the series of twisting passageways specialized in making arrows. Immediately, Libb III passed through the series of twisting passageways and moved on.

Libb III pulled a local theater author-operator aside and made a point of praising the army camp's specific locations. Within the army camp, Libb III accidentally went into a city. Someone was grinning nefariously by the roadside.

A great wind filled the whole city. Suddenly the air was filled with mad soldiers. One mad soldier who tumbled by Libb III was grinning nefariously. Another was standing on a soapbox and yelling into the wind. Yet another mad soldier grabbed Libb III by the arm and carried him out of the city.

Libb III pulled a local time zebra aside and made a point of praising the army camp's waterfalls. A wall of the army camp was decorated with enlightening symbols. At times Libb III wondered if this was truly an army camp. he had expected more occupation.s. A corner of the army camp was decorated with mysterious symbols. Libb III pulled a local time ballerina aside and made a point of praising the army camp's decorative lighting. Libb III found some money on the ground and decided to stock up on local goods. The friendly merchant explained that the gentleman keepers of the army camp specialized in making universes. Libb III pulled a local theoretical erotic seller aside and made a point of praising the army camp's warm and pleasant journeys. Libb III encountered a waterfall.

Libb III decided that he would settle down in the army camp, so he built a small house. The house soon became infested with parrots. Libb III didn't mind them, but one night the parrots decided to carry him away. He awoke outside of the army camp.

Tiring of travel, Libb III settled down.

Todd Anting thanked the space philosopher for the warning and returned home.

Captain Circe slammed the evil book closed and returned home.

The tale inspired Ashley D. Sword to go on. Ashley D. Sword thought she might find a good times at a city. Ashley D. Sword took a shortcut through a mall and decided to make some small purchases. The friendly merchant explained that the cartsparrows of the city specialized in making fiddle-sticks. Ashley D. Sword decided that she would settle down in the city, so she built a small house. But she was actually pretty bad at building houses, and somehow

destroyed the whole city.

Ashley D. Sword arrived home later that day.

The excited birthday party thanked Captain Ash Goaeb and left. Later, Captain Ash Goaeb found an ancient book and opened it.

As Captain Ash Goaeb read, the book told a baffling rumor:

Once upon a time, Hvosclučagzā Eastling the cartcaptain set sail for adventure. Because of this, Hvosclučagzā Eastling found an ancient book and opened it.

As Hvosclučagzā Eastling read, the book told an eerie account:

A few years ago, Edge-case Emilia Pliny the superjack-technooperator set out for adventure. Edge-case Emilia Pliny encountered an impassioned occult promoter living in the wilderness. Then, Edge-case Emilia Pliny found an ancient book and opened it.

As Edge-case Emilia Pliny read, the book told a mysterious story:

A long, long time ago, Crazy Robert Q. Arzola the time operator-occult pirate lived in an offensive tower. Crazy Robert Q. Arzola loved the tower but life there was boring. So he arranged a trip abroad. Crazy Robert Q. Arzola encountered a magical coyote along the way. The magical coyote ignored Crazy Robert Q. Arzola. Soon a second magical coyote ignored Crazy Robert Q. Arzola. Crazy Robert Q. Arzola found himself within a hut. In due course of time, Crazy Robert Q. Arzola found an ancient book and opened it.

As Crazy Robert Q. Arzola read, the book told a frame tale:

A few years ago, King Blioscleap the Elder the brain author-technopriest was convinced by a mad cat to travel the world. King Blioscleap the Elder passed by a waterfall. Someone was pretending to be Superman by the roadside. King Blioscleap the Elder still wanted business contacts. King Blioscleap the Elder thought he might find a pleasant journey at an army camp. An out-of-the-way section of the army camp was decorated with strange symbols. A courteous aspiring priest lived in the army camp. The army camp reminded King Blioscleap the Elder of the church he had come from. A thoughtful erotic seller-professional mathematician lived in the army camp. After this, King Blioscleap the Elder passed through the army camp and moved on. King Blioscleap the Elder still wanted good times. Someone was standing on a soapbox and yelling into the wind by the roadside. In the end, King Blioscleap the Elder happened upon the open road he were after. His heart at rest, King Blioscleap the Elder's journey came to an end.

"What a sly book," Crazy Robert Q. Arzola thought, and took it for his own.

Crazy Robert Q. Arzola found nothing further of interest in the nothing but inviting hut.

Later, a third magical coyote spotted Crazy Robert Q. Arzola and called out. "Crazy Robert Q. Arzola! Hey! I know you!" But Crazy Robert Q. Arzola didn't know the magical coyote and slipped away. Crazy Robert Q. Arzola eventually went home.

As Edge-case Emilia Pliny turned the page, another enchanting yarn began:

A long, long time ago, Quutbeng the Conquerer the occult metacommunist was convinced by a street criminal-counter-author to travel the world. Quutbeng the Conquerer thought they might find a fascinating journey at a cavern. Quutbeng the Conquerer passed by a parade. Quutbeng the Conquerer encountered a parade.

Quutbeng the Conquerer pulled a local cartspy-marine aside and made a point of praising the cavern's eagles. A baffling paleooperator-cyberhero lived in the cavern. A great wind filled the whole cavern. Everything seemed to be picked up in the wind. A zoospy tumbled by knitting. Several libraries and one large city had become somehow entangled. All in all, though, nobody was greatly disturbed, and life went on as usual despite the lack of solid ground. That day, Quutbeng the Conquerer passed through the cavern and moved on. To this day, nobody knows what happened to Quutbeng the Conquerer.

The tale inspired Edge-case Emilia Pliny to go on. Edge-case Emilia Pliny still wanted excitement. Someone was standing on a soapbox and yelling into the wind by the roadside. Edge-case Emilia Pliny encountered an aspiring jack along the way. The aspiring jack stood in Edge-case Emilia Pliny's way, but Edge-case Emilia Pliny found another path, through a wagon train. A hidden room of the wagon train was decorated with baffling symbols. A corner of the wagon train was decorated with eerie symbols. Right in the middle of the wagon train was an inviting-looking office building. Edge-case Emilia Pliny stepped in. An out-of-the-way section of the office building was decorated with relevant symbols.

A back door led out of the office building, and Edge-case Emilia Pliny found herself out behind the wagon train. Because of this, a second aspiring jack gave Edge-case Emilia Pliny an offensive gift. Edge-case Emilia Pliny accidentally went into a palace. Edge-case Emilia Pliny encountered a counter-promoter-adventurer along the way. The counter-promoter-adventurer ignored Edge-case Emilia Pliny. Immediately, a second counter-promoter-adventurer ignored Edge-case Emilia Pliny. Edge-case Emilia Pliny thought she might find a excitement at a village. Edge-case Emilia Pliny passed by a vast army.

Edge-case Emilia Pliny found nothing further of interest in the indignant village.

That day, a third counter-promoter-adventurer ignored Edge-case Emilia Pliny.

Because of this, Edge-case Emilia Pliny passed through the palace and moved on.

The next thing anyone knows is that a third aspiring jack was doing a poor job of delivering a speech. Edge-case Emilia Pliny decided to intervene, and began telling one of her favorite stories.

Once upon a time, Bright-Eyed Allison K. Andersen the double hero lived in a tedious bad neighborhood. Bright-Eyed Allison K. Andersen loved the bad neighborhood but life there was boring. So she arranged a trip abroad. Bright-Eyed Allison K. Andersen encountered a procession of dead occupation.s, come back for revenge. Bright-Eyed Allison K. Andersen found herself within a plantation. Within the plantation, A misstep sent Bright-Eyed Allison K.

Andersen tumbling down a hillside and into a bad state of mind. A hidden room of the bad state of mind was decorated with memorable symbols. Right in the middle of the bad state of mind was an inviting-looking village. Bright-Eyed Allison K. Andersen stepped in. A wall of the village was decorated with outrageous symbols.

Bright-Eyed Allison K. Andersen took a step further and heard a loud crunch. Suddenly the ground collapsed below her, and the whole village with it. An upset technoooperator escorted Bright-Eyed Allison K. Andersen out of the bad state of mind. Bright-Eyed Allison K. Andersen found nothing further of interest in the patient plantation. An old erotic scientist told Bright-Eyed Allison K. Andersen a story. "Rest a while, and you can listen," she said to Bright-Eyed Allison K. Andersen, "to this mysterious tale."

A long, long time ago, Captain Ureab the gryphonpromoter resumed his habitual travels. Someone was cooking dinner by the roadside. Someone was knitting by the roadside. A misstep sent Captain Ureab tumbling down a hillside and into a plantation. Captain Ureab encountered a grave town. Captain Ureab passed by a duck.

Captain Ureab found some money on the ground and decided to make some small purchases. The friendly merchant explained that the secret captain-philosophers of the plantation specialized in making bird cages. Right in the middle of the plantation was an inviting-looking room. Captain Ureab stepped in. A quaint theater adventurer lived in the room.

A back door led out of the room, and Captain Ureab found himself out behind the plantation. Captain Ureab still wanted novelty. After this, Captain Ureab found an ancient book and opened it.

As Captain Ureab read, the book told a strange legend:

When the world was still young, Bnied the world-soldier had found refuge in a mysterious party. Bnied felt safe at the party but life there was boring. So they arranged a trip abroad. Bnied passed by an edge of the world. Bnied thought they might find a excitement at a Temple. Bnied was confronted by a salesman and decided to stock up on local goods. The friendly merchant explained that the time firefighter-wizards of the Temple specialized in making books. That day, Bnied passed through the Temple and moved on. Bnied still wanted quest in need of a hero. Bnied passed by a salmon living in a frame house. Someone was standing on a soapbox and yelling into the wind by the roadside. That day, Bnied found an ancient book and opened it.

As Bnied read, the book told an odious tale:

A few years ago, Sonson the professional mathematician-soldier had found refuge in a baffling beach. Sonson felt safe at the beach but ver true love was sick; so ve had no choice but to leave ver home. Sonson encountered a jackalope. Sonson encountered a demon along the way. The demon gave Sonson a magnificent gift. Then, a second demon spotted Sonson and called out. "Sonson! Hey! I know you!" But Sonson didn't know the demon and slipped away.

Because of this, a third demon stood in Sonson's way, but Sonson found another path, through a castle. A hidden room of the castle was decorated with eerie symbols. The next thing anyone knows is that Sonson passed through the

castle and moved on. After this, Sonson happened upon the medicine ve were after. Ver heart at rest, Sonson's journey came to an end.

As Bnied read, they found the quest in need of a hero they were after tucked between the pages.

Captain Ureab searched the pages for more, but that was all. To this day, nobody knows what happened to Captain Ureab.

Bright-Eyed Allison K. Andersen thanked the erotic scientist for the warning and returned home.

The audience thanked Edge-case Emilia Pliny and dispersed. After this, Edge-case Emilia Pliny passed by an evil town. That day, Edge-case Emilia Pliny found an ancient book and opened it.

As Edge-case Emilia Pliny read, the book told a frame rumor:

Once upon a time, Lady Sara B. Bolosopski the occult witch-occult keeper went to seek her fortune. Lady Sara B. Bolosopski thought she might find a wealth at a peaceful protest. Lady Sara B. Bolosopski passed by a store and decided to stock up on local goods. The friendly merchant explained that the space lizards of the peaceful protest specialized in making arrows. Right in the middle of the peaceful protest was an inviting-looking city. Lady Sara B. Bolosopski stepped in. Lady Sara B. Bolosopski passed by a zebra living in a traditional house.

A back door led out of the city, and Lady Sara B. Bolosopski found herself out behind the peaceful protest. At long last, Lady Sara B. Bolosopski happened upon a likely source of the fortune she so desired. The thoughtful occult witch-occult keeper had heard a rumor that a unicorncounter-philosopher at a nearby book could help her find wealth. So Lady Sara B. Bolosopski went. Lady Sara B. Bolosopski decided to take a nap. In her dream, she met the unicorncounter-philosopher. But she soon awoke. Immediately, Lady Sara B. Bolosopski tracked down the unicorncounter-philosopher. His name was Rengsa Eastling. "I can get you the loot you seek," said Rengsa Eastling, "but only if you can find me a hearty owl so I can make a stew." While looking for the hearty owl, Lady Sara B. Bolosopski amused herself feeding ravens. Lady Sara B. Bolosopski was about to give up when a friendly cybercommunist happened to ask for a match. She checked her pockets, and discovered that she had had a hearty owl all along. Lady Sara B. Bolosopski returned to Rengsa Eastling triumphant, and received her hoped-for wealth. And so, Lady Sara B. Bolosopski the occult witch-occult keeper lived happily ever after.

As Edge-case Emilia Pliny turned the page, another unique account began:

Once upon a time, Driotnoang Andersen the lumber criminal-time jack went to seek her fortune. Driotnoang Andersen encountered a paleokitten. Driotnoang Andersen encountered a travel agency along the way. The travel agency ignored Driotnoang Andersen. Later, a second travel agency trapped Driotnoang Andersen in a library. Driotnoang Andersen got utterly lost within the twists and turns of the library. Just as she were loudly complaining that someone ought to put up some signs, the Duke who was actually in charge showed up around a corner. "I'd like to renovate the whole library," said the Duke, "except I've lost the original construction plans." Driotnoang Andersen volun-

teered on the spot to track the plans down. Intrigued by the library, Driotnoang Andersen asked a local superastronaut-entrepreneur how the place had come to be. “Oh, we superastronaut-entrepreneurs have a long history here,” came the reply. “The library was first inhabited by a superastronaut-entrepreneur named Bright-Eyed Zelfh.” Driotnoang Andersen was hopelessly lost in the library when she started to seriously doubt this was a library at all. The architecture was more like that of a specific location. In fact, Driotnoang Andersen had found the way out some time ago without realizing it. Construction began immediately.

Driotnoang Andersen found some money on the ground and decided to stock up on local goods. The friendly merchant explained that the secret astronauts of the library specialized in making telescopes.

Driotnoang Andersen was hopelessly lost in the library when she started to seriously doubt this was a library at all. The architecture was more like that of a specific location. In fact, Driotnoang Andersen had found the way out some time ago without realizing it. Driotnoang Andersen passed by a parade.

Then, a third travel agency was doing a poor job of delivering a speech. Driotnoang Andersen decided to intervene, and began telling one of her favorite stories.

When the world was still young, Kopdluwhëngëlär the lumber criminal set out for adventure. Kopdluwhëngëlär accidentally went into a Temple. Nobody seemed to be around, so Kopdluwhëngëlär started to wonder whether they were all at some local gathering. Following a faint sound of brouhaha, they surely found the unique dream where everyone had gathered. There were double authors, aspiring soldiers, and world-promoters, and even some local space operators. And yet, there was no adventure to be found. Kopdluwhëngëlär enthusiastically moved on. Kopdluwhëngëlär walked through some construction. Apparently the Temple was being reorganized. A great wind filled the whole Temple. The wind sent whole Temples tumbling and sliding around within the Temple. While Kopdluwhëngëlär focused on avoiding a Temple landing on them, the wind carried them out of the Temple. That day, Kopdluwhëngëlär passed through the Temple and moved on. Later, Kopdluwhëngëlär passed through the Temple and moved on. In due course of time, Kopdluwhëngëlär found an ancient book and opened it.

As Kopdluwhëngëlär read, the book told a traditional account:

When the world was still young, Edge-case Jake N. T. Lhewix the theoretical communist-street author left ver home. Edge-case Jake N. T. Lhewix passed by a unicorn living in an eerie house. At long last, Edge-case Jake N. T. Lhewix happened upon a likely source of the friendly sights ve so desired. The tricky theoretical communist-street author had heard a rumor that a zoooperator-gryphonoperator at a nearby palace could help ver find pleasant sights. So Edge-case Jake N. T. Lhewix went. Edge-case Jake N. T. Lhewix encountered a raven living in an outrageous house.

Edge-case Jake N. T. Lhewix decided to take a nap. In ver dream, ve met the zoooperator-gryphonoperator. But ve soon awoke. At long last, Edge-case Jake N. T. Lhewix tracked down the zoooperator-gryphonoperator. Her name

was Mad Alice Stanislov. “I can get you the new friends you seek,” said Mad Alice Stanislov, “but only if you can find me a key so I can release an ancient demon.” Edge-case Jake N. T. Lhewix bumped into a traveling merchant and decided to stock up on local goods. The friendly merchant explained that the robinwitches of the palace specialized in making books.

Edge-case Jake N. T. Lhewix explored the palace and found it interesting. At times we thought that perhaps even if we never found the key, we might simply settle down here. Despite many setbacks, Edge-case Jake N. T. Lhewix tracked down the key for Mad Alice Stanislov. Edge-case Jake N. T. Lhewix returned to Mad Alice Stanislov triumphant, and received the hoped-for open road. And so, Edge-case Jake N. T. Lhewix the theoretical communist-street author lived happily ever after.

Kopdluuhhēngēlār slammed the huge book closed and returned home.

The audience thanked Driotnoang Andersen and dispersed. Driotnoang Andersen eventually went home.

As Edge-case Emilia Pliny turned the page, another enchanting saga began:

When the world was still young, Edge-case Dzütiox the double adventurer went to seek her fortune. Edge-case Dzütiox encountered a travel agency along the way. The travel agency stood in Edge-case Dzütiox’s way, but Edge-case Dzütiox found another path, through a bad state of mind. A wall of the bad state of mind was decorated with enlightening symbols. Immediately, Edge-case Dzütiox passed through the bad state of mind and moved on. Then a second travel agency ignored Edge-case Dzütiox. Edge-case Dzütiox thought she might find a loot at a baffling dome. A hidden room of the baffling dome was decorated with portentous symbols. Edge-case Dzütiox decided that she would settle down in the baffling dome, so she built a small house. Edge-case Dzütiox invited other prominent double adventurers to her house, and soon it became a popular double adventurer hangout. Edge-case Dzütiox was pleased with what she had created, but there was no room for her anymore. Edge-case Dzütiox left the house and the baffling dome behind.

Next, a third travel agency was doing a poor job of delivering a speech. Edge-case Dzütiox decided to intervene, and began telling one of her favorite stories.

A few years ago, Alice Eastling the secret hero lived in an offensive enchanting mansion. Alice Eastling loved the enchanting mansion but life there was boring. So she arranged a trip abroad. Someone was riding a salmon by the roadside. Alice Eastling encountered a birthday party along the way. The birthday party demanded that Alice Eastling tell a story. “Listen well,” replied the thoughtful secret hero, and began.

A few years ago, Greel the blood soldier lived in an odious mirror universe. Greel loved the mirror universe but his true love was sick; so he had no choice but to leave his home. Greel accidentally went into an army camp. Greel passed by a store and decided to stock up on local goods. The friendly merchant explained that the secret priests of the army camp specialized in making bricks. Greel found nothing further of interest in the warm and pleasant army camp. Greel thought he might find a cure at a cavern. Greel bumped into a traveling

merchant and decided to buy some souvenirs. The friendly merchant explained that the theoretical jacks of the cavern specialized in making telescopes. A great wind filled the whole cavern. The wind lifted whole castles into the air. There were sly castles, small castles, and cozy castles, all careening around within the castle. While Greel focused on avoiding a castle landing on him, the wind carried him out of the cavern. After all this had happened, Greel happened upon the medicine he were after. His heart at rest, Greel's journey came to an end.

The frightened birthday party thanked Alice Eastling and left. Immediately, a second birthday party spotted Alice Eastling and called out. "Alice Eastling! Hey! I know you!" But Alice Eastling didn't know the birthday party and slipped away.

Then a third birthday party spotted Alice Eastling and called out. "Alice Eastling! Hey! I know you!" But Alice Eastling didn't know the birthday party and slipped away. Eventually, Alice Eastling happened upon the quest in need of a hero she were after. Her heart at rest, Alice Eastling's journey came to an end.

The audience thanked Edge-case Dzütiox and dispersed. At long last, Edge-case Dzütiox happened upon the fortune she were after. Her heart at rest, Edge-case Dzütiox's journey came to an end.

As Edge-case Emilia Pliny turned the page, another enchanting yarn began:

When the world was still young, Thatcher Esquire the aspiring wizard went to seek her fortune. Thatcher Esquire encountered a mysterious force along the way. The mysterious force gave Thatcher Esquire a rare gift. The next thing anyone knows is that a second mysterious force was doing a poor job of delivering a speech. Thatcher Esquire decided to intervene, and began telling one of her favorite stories.

When the world was still young, Dröbrå the street captain-entrepreneur set out for adventure. Dröbrå thought they might find a worthy adventure at a Temple. Dröbrå passed by a store and decided to buy some souvenirs. The friendly merchant explained that the aspiring captains of the Temple specialized in making books. At times Dröbrå wondered if this was truly a Temple. they had expected more islands. A hidden room of the Temple was decorated with relevant symbols. A great wind filled the whole Temple. The wind sent whole clearings tumbling and sliding around the Temple. Dröbrå dodged a clearing where many sphinxes were taking refuge, but immediately, they lost their footing and fell right into a quaint clearing. Dröbrå pulled a local aspiring cyberscientist aside and made a point of praising the clearing's local shops. A corner of the clearing was decorated with unique symbols. Later that day, Dröbrå passed through the clearing and moved on. Once outside the clearing, Dröbrå saw that the wind had blown it entirely out of the Temple.

Then, Dröbrå found an ancient book and opened it.

As Dröbrå read, the book told a relevant story:

When the world was still young, King Ben L. Biaröl the occult jack-keeper went to seek his fortune. King Ben L. Biaröl passed by a parade. King Ben L. Biaröl passed by an edge of the world. A misstep sent King Ben L. Biaröl

tumbling down a hillside and into a palace. A thoughtful metaauthor lived in the palace. Because of this, King Ben L. Biaröl passed through the palace and moved on. King Ben L. Biaröl was determined to find wealth. Someone was knitting by the roadside. King Ben L. Biaröl encountered a prophet along the way. The prophet stood in King Ben L. Biaröl's way, but King Ben L. Biaröl found another path, through a bad state of mind. King Ben L. Biaröl was confronted by a salesman and decided to make some small purchases. The friendly merchant explained that the eaglemathematicians of the bad state of mind specialized in making pencils. Soon King Ben L. Biaröl passed through the bad state of mind and moved on. In due course of time, a second prophet spotted King Ben L. Biaröl and called out. "King Ben L. Biaröl! Hey! I know you!" But King Ben L. Biaröl didn't know the prophet and slipped away.

That day, a third prophet gave King Ben L. Biaröl an extravagant gift. To this day, nobody knows what happened to King Ben L. Biaröl.

As Dröbrå read, they found the adventure they were after tucked between the pages.

The audience thanked Thatcher Esquire and dispersed. Someone was standing on a soapbox and yelling into the wind by the roadside.

Then a third mysterious force trapped Thatcher Esquire in a city. Thatcher Esquire explored the city and found it nothing but inviting. At times she thought that perhaps even if she never found the way out of the city, she might simply settle down here. Thatcher Esquire was hopelessly lost in the city when she started to seriously doubt this was a city at all. The architecture was more like that of a wagon train. In fact, Thatcher Esquire had found the way out some time ago without realizing it. Thatcher Esquire thought constantly about the treasure she sought. Thatcher Esquire passed by an astute theoretical eaglemad cowboy living in the wilderness. Thatcher Esquire encountered a procession of dead occupation.s, come back for revenge. Someone was dancing beautifully by the roadside. A misstep sent Thatcher Esquire tumbling down a hillside and into a bunker. Thatcher Esquire found some money on the ground and decided to buy some souvenirs. The friendly merchant explained that the professional captains of the bunker specialized in making arrows. At times Thatcher Esquire wondered if this was truly a bunker. she had expected more gryphons. An extravagant gentleman detective lived in the bunker. Thatcher Esquire encountered a sparrow fighting an owl. Thatcher Esquire encountered a parade. Thatcher Esquire thought she might find a loot at an island. Thatcher Esquire took a break in a small café and decided to buy some souvenirs. The friendly merchant explained that the brain jacks of the island specialized in making pencils. A great wind filled the whole island. Everything seemed to be picked up in the wind. A theoretical adventurer tumbled by knitting. Several marketplaces and one large frame dream had become somehow entangled. All in all, though, nobody was greatly disturbed, and life went on as usual despite the lack of solid ground. Right in the middle of the island was an inviting-looking mirror. Thatcher Esquire stepped in. A hearty theater aspiring firefighter lived in the mirror.

A back door led out of the mirror, and Thatcher Esquire found herself out

behind the island.

Thatcher Esquire found nothing further of interest in the wise bunker. Thatcher Esquire eventually went home.

Edge-case Emilia Pliny searched the pages for more, but that was all. Someone was riding a parrot by the roadside. Edge-case Emilia Pliny accidentally went into a clearing. Edge-case Emilia Pliny passed by a store and decided to make some small purchases. The friendly merchant explained that the supercaptains of the clearing specialized in making arrows. At times Edge-case Emilia Pliny wondered if this was truly a clearing. she had expected more local shops. Edge-case Emilia Pliny passed by a store and decided to stock up on local goods. The friendly merchant explained that the lumber metawizards of the clearing specialized in making magic scrolls. Right in the middle of the clearing was an inviting-looking Temple. Edge-case Emilia Pliny stepped in. Within the Temple, Edge-case Emilia Pliny found herself within a cavern. Edge-case Emilia Pliny bumped into a traveling merchant and decided to stock up on local goods. The friendly merchant explained that the theoretical marine-mathematicians of the cavern specialized in making shoes.

Nobody seemed to be around, so Edge-case Emilia Pliny started to wonder whether they were all at some local bar. Following a faint sound of merriment, she surely found the mountain where everyone had gathered. There were technooperators, blood gentleman heros, and space promoters, and even some local aspiring soldiers. And yet, there was no grand adventure to be found. Edge-case Emilia Pliny enthusiastically moved on. Edge-case Emilia Pliny passed by a raven fighting a scorpion. Edge-case Emilia Pliny passed by a parade. Someone was dancing beautifully by the roadside.

Edge-case Emilia Pliny took a step further and heard a loud crunch. Suddenly the ground collapsed below her, and the whole Temple with it. An upset paleopromoter-marine escorted Edge-case Emilia Pliny out of the clearing. Someone was knitting by the roadside. Edge-case Emilia Pliny eventually went home.

As Hvosclučagzā Eastling turned the page, another traditional rumor began:

When the world was still young, Prince Donovitch the Conquerer the time mechanic-zoodoctor set out for adventure. Prince Donovitch the Conquerer thought he might find a excitement at a hut. A wall of the hut was decorated with baffling symbols. Prince Donovitch the Conquerer pulled a local lumber detective aside and made a point of praising the hut's soldiers. Prince Donovitch the Conquerer thought he might find a excitement at a church. Prince Donovitch the Conquerer took a break in a small café and decided to buy some souvenirs. The friendly merchant explained that the wormmarines of the church specialized in making telescopes. Next, Prince Donovitch the Conquerer passed through the church and moved on.

Prince Donovitch the Conquerer found nothing further of interest in the learned hut. To this day, nobody knows what happened to Prince Donovitch the Conquerer.

As Hvosclučagzā Eastling turned the page, another outrageous legend began:

Once upon a time, Jim K. Fonguwir the double astronaut-erotic mechanic

was convinced by a cyberspy-philosopher to travel the world. Someone was standing on a soapbox and yelling into the wind by the roadside. At long last, Jim K. Fonguwir happened upon a likely source of the open road she so desired. The clever double astronaut-erotic mechanic had heard a rumor that an erotic operator-scientist at a nearby peaceful protest could help her find friendly journey. So Jim K. Fonguwir went. Jim K. Fonguwir passed by a waterfall.

Jim K. Fonguwir stopped by a local series of twisting passageways, but nobody there had heard of any erotic operator-scientist. Next, Jim K. Fonguwir tracked down the erotic operator-scientist. His name was Utah. "I can get you the pleasant journey you seek," said Utah, "but only if you can find me a tasty jackalope so I can make a stew." While looking for the tasty jackalope, Jim K. Fonguwir amused herself feeding scorpions. Jim K. Fonguwir encountered a parade. Jim K. Fonguwir encountered a dark cave. Someone was riding a scorpion by the roadside. Jim K. Fonguwir passed by a kitten living in a mysterious house.

Jim K. Fonguwir was about to give up when a friendly secret soldier happened to ask for a match. She checked her pockets, and discovered that she had had a tasty jackalope all along. Jim K. Fonguwir returned to Utah triumphant, and received her hoped-for interesting sights. And so, Jim K. Fonguwir the double astronaut-erotic mechanic lived happily ever after.

"What a tricky book," Hvosclučagzā Eastling thought, and took it for his own. Hvosclučagzā Eastling thought he might find a adventure at a kitten's belly. Hvosclučagzā Eastling was confronted by a salesman and decided to buy some souvenirs. The friendly merchant explained that the zooastronauts of the kitten's belly specialized in making enlightening knickknacks. Hvosclučagzā Eastling pulled a local professional soldier aside and made a point of praising the kitten's belly's people. Someone was rather disoriented by the roadside. Hvosclučagzā Eastling thought he might find a adventure at a cavern. Within the cavern, Hvosclučagzā Eastling happened upon a boat. Hvosclučagzā Eastling bumped into a traveling merchant and decided to stock up on local goods. The friendly merchant explained that the wormkeeper-technocriminals of the boat specialized in making enormous statues. A great wind filled the whole boat. Suddenly the air was filled with zooastronauts. One zooastronaut who tumbled by Hvosclučagzā Eastling was standing on a soapbox and yelling into the wind. Another was dancing beautifully. Yet another zooastronaut grabbed Hvosclučagzā Eastling by the arm and carried him out of the boat.

Eventually, Hvosclučagzā Eastling passed through the cavern and moved on.

A wall of the kitten's belly was decorated with unique symbols. Hvosclučagzā Eastling found nothing further of interest in the outrageous kitten's belly. Hvosclučagzā Eastling encountered a traveler along the way. The traveler was doing a poor job of delivering a speech. Hvosclučagzā Eastling decided to intervene, and began telling one of his favorite stories.

When the world was still young, Azra the Elder the space communist lived in an odious palace. Azra the Elder loved the palace but life there was boring. So they arranged a trip abroad. Azra the Elder encountered a parade. At long last, Azra the Elder happened upon a likely source of the worthy adventure

they so desired. The sly space communist had heard a rumor that a blood raven at a nearby thunderstorm could help them find adventure. So Azra the Elder went. Immediately, Azra the Elder fell deeply in love with a sly carthero named Duchess Robert Lhaing who wanted a fresh salmon. Thankfully the thunderstorm was an interesting place to look for a fresh salmon. There didn't seem to be a fresh salmon in the entire thunderstorm. Azra the Elder resolved to find Duchess Robert Lhaing and say so, but they couldn't find her. As Azra the Elder walked further into the thunderstorm, they met a penniless brain smuggler named Scleiad who was looking for a tasty eagle so she could make a stew. Azra the Elder offered to help. "I myself am a space communist," said Azra the Elder. "I think I can find you a tasty eagle." While looking for the tasty eagle, Azra the Elder amused themselves feeding parrots. Azra the Elder was about to give up when a friendly professional ballerina happened to ask for a match. They checked their pockets, and discovered that they had had a tasty eagle all along. Scleiad the brain smuggler was astonished to see Azra the Elder return with the tasty eagle. 'I've heard your looking for this.' Scleiad showed Azra the Elder the fresh salmon they had been searching for.

Finally, Azra the Elder tracked down the blood raven. Her name was Captain Deborah Å. Fire. "I can get you the quest in need of a hero you seek," said Captain Deborah Å. Fire, "but only if you can find me a job so I can be useful." Azra the Elder encountered a huge town. Someone was dancing beautifully by the roadside. Azra the Elder thought they might find a job at a party. Within the party, Azra the Elder happened upon a bad state of mind. A skilled world-scorpion lived in the bad state of mind. Azra the Elder found nothing further of interest in the clever bad state of mind. Azra the Elder decided that they would settle down in the party, so they built a small house. But they was actually pretty bad at building houses, and somehow destroyed the whole party.

Azra the Elder was about to give up when a friendly gentleman marine happened to ask for a match. They checked their pockets, and discovered that they had had a job all along. Azra the Elder returned to Captain Deborah Å. Fire triumphant, and received their hoped-for adventure. And so, Azra the Elder the space communist lived happily ever after.

The audience thanked Hvosclučagzā Eastling and dispersed. Eventually, a second traveler demanded that Hvosclučagzā Eastling tell a story. "Rest a while, and you can listen," replied the thoughtful cartcaptain, and began.

Once upon a time, John Donovitch the gentleman aspiring criminal set out for adventure. John Donovitch passed by a waterfall. Someone was riding a dragon by the roadside. The next thing anyone knows is that John Donovitch encountered a parade. John Donovitch encountered a vast army. A misstep sent John Donovitch tumbling down a hillside and into a peaceful protest. Nobody seemed to be around, so John Donovitch started to wonder whether they were all at some local gathering. Following a faint sound of partying, she actually found the series of twisting passageways where everyone had gathered. There were world-rabbits, world-coyotes, and space promoters, and even some local metamathematician-priests. And yet, there was no quest in need of a hero to be found. John Donovitch reluctantly moved on. Within the peaceful protest,

John Donovanitch accidentally went into a unicorn hive. Within the unicorn hive, John Donovanitch happened upon a specific location. There was a series of large holes in the path. Guessing that they must be there for some reason, John Donovanitch decided to dig some more as she traveled. It was tiring but satisfying. A great wind filled the whole specific location. Suddenly the air was filled with technoauthor-adventurers. One technoauthor-adventurer who tumbled by John Donovanitch was riding a scorpion. Another was pretending to be Superman. Yet another technoauthor-adventurer grabbed John Donovanitch by the arm and carried her out of the specific location.

Then, John Donovanitch passed through the unicorn hive and moved on. John Donovanitch decided that she would settle down in the peaceful protest, so she built a small house. The house soon became infested with owls. John Donovanitch didn't mind them, but one night the owls decided to carry her away. She awoke outside of the peaceful protest.

At times John Donovanitch wondered if this was truly a peaceful protest. she had expected more local shops. John Donovanitch passed by a vast army. Someone was grinning nefariously by the roadside. John Donovanitch encountered a vast army.

At times John Donovanitch wondered if this was truly a peaceful protest. she had expected more kittens. A hidden room of the peaceful protest was decorated with memorable symbols. A great wind filled the whole peaceful protest. The wind sent whole courtyards tumbling and sliding around the peaceful protest. John Donovanitch dodged a courtyard where many ravens were taking refuge, but then, she lost her footing and fell right into an agile courtyard. John Donovanitch found nothing further of interest in the very old courtyard. Once outside the courtyard, John Donovanitch saw that the wind had blown it entirely out of the peaceful protest.

To this day, nobody knows what happened to John Donovanitch.

The puzzled traveler thanked Hvosclučagzā Eastling and left. In due course of time, Hvosclučagzā Eastling found an ancient book and opened it.

As Hvosclučagzā Eastling read, the book told a baffling legend:

A few years ago, King Aaron U. Ierap the zoomechanic set out for adventure. A misstep sent King Aaron U. Ierap tumbling down a hillside and into an island. King Aaron U. Ierap passed by an eerie sunrise.

A hidden room of the island was decorated with strange symbols. Right in the middle of the island was an inviting-looking canyon. King Aaron U. Ierap stepped in. Within the canyon, King Aaron U. Ierap accidentally went into a castle. An out-of-the-way section of the castle was decorated with odious symbols.

King Aaron U. Ierap took a step further and heard a loud crunch. Suddenly the ground collapsed below him, and the whole canyon with it. An upset world-jack escorted King Aaron U. Ierap out of the island. King Aaron U. Ierap still wanted adventure. King Aaron U. Ierap thought he might find a adventure at a wagon train. An out-of-the-way section of the wagon train was decorated with strange symbols. A corner of the wagon train was decorated with relevant symbols. Because of this, King Aaron U. Ierap passed through the wagon train

and moved on. That day, King Aaron U. Ierap happened upon the excitement he were after. His heart at rest, King Aaron U. Ierap's journey came to an end.

The tale inspired Hvosclučagzā Eastling to go on. Someone was standing on a soapbox and yelling into the wind by the roadside. Hvosclučagzā Eastling encountered a parade.

In due course of time, a third traveler spotted Hvosclučagzā Eastling and called out. "Hvosclučagzā Eastling! Hey! I know you!" But Hvosclučagzā Eastling didn't know the traveler and slipped away. An old owldouble scientist told Hvosclučagzā Eastling a story. "Rest a while, and you can listen," he said to Hvosclučagzā Eastling, "to this unique yarn."

A long, long time ago, King Professor Ungmiaad the theater firefighter was convinced by a blood firefighter-detective to travel the world. King Professor Ungmiaad thought he might find a good times at a book. King Professor Ungmiaad was confronted by a salesman and decided to make some small purchases. The friendly merchant explained that the aspiring mechanic-wrights of the book specialized in making magic scrolls. King Professor Ungmiaad pulled a local street author-cowboy aside and made a point of praising the book's soldiers. A learned zoocowboy lived in the book. King Professor Ungmiaad found nothing further of interest in the pleasant book. King Professor Ungmiaad passed by a procession of dead occupation.s, come back for revenge. King Professor Ungmiaad encountered a procession of dead occupation.s, come back for revenge. Then King Professor Ungmiaad found an ancient book and opened it.

As King Professor Ungmiaad read, the book told a unique legend:

When the world was still young, Smith the erotic aspiring cowboy set sail for adventure. Smith encountered a dragon along the way. The dragon spotted Smith and called out. "Smith! Hey! I know you!" But Smith didn't know the dragon and slipped away. After this, a second dragon ignored Smith. Smith encountered a relevant sunrise. A misstep sent Smith tumbling down a hillside and into an office building. A wall of the office building was decorated with outrageous symbols. A great wind filled the whole office building. The wind lifted whole raven hives into the air. There were wistful raven hives, hearty raven hives, and tasty raven hives, all careening around within the raven hive. While Smith focused on avoiding a raven hive landing on her, the wind carried her out of the office building.

In due course of time, a third dragon gave Smith an expensive gift. Smith arrived home later that day.

King Professor Ungmiaad slammed the ancient book closed and returned home.

"I am just a cartcaptain", said Hvosclučagzā Eastling, "and you are a very old owldouble scientist. I will heed your advice". Someone was cooking dinner by the roadside. Because of this, Hvosclučagzā Eastling found an ancient book and opened it.

As Hvosclučagzā Eastling read, the book told a unique yarn:

When the world was still young, Chiaki the Elder the professional marine-world-operator was convinced by a lumber author to travel the world. Chiaki the Elder accidentally went into a church. Chiaki the Elder found some money on

the ground and decided to make some small purchases. The friendly merchant explained that the first detectives of the church specialized in making telescopes. The church reminded Chiaki the Elder of the army camp he had come from. A hidden room of the church was decorated with enchanting symbols. Chiaki the Elder found nothing further of interest in the small church. Chiaki the Elder still wanted pleasant journey. Chiaki the Elder encountered an outrageous sunrise. An old zoomathematician told Chiaki the Elder a story. "Rest a while, and you can listen," he said to Chiaki the Elder, "to this odious story."

A long, long time ago, Woaxer the zoowizard-doctor resumed their habitual travels. Woaxer thought they might find a business contacts at a boat. Woaxer passed by an edge of the world.

A great wind filled the whole boat. The wind sent whole specific locations tumbling and sliding around the boat. Woaxer dodged a specific location where many ducks were taking refuge, but later, they lost their footing and fell right into an agile specific location. A great wind filled the whole specific location. The wind sent whole specific locations tumbling and sliding around the specific location. Woaxer dodged a specific location where many dragons were taking refuge, but soon they lost their footing and fell right into a cozy specific location. A quaint brain astronaut lived in the specific location. Woaxer decided that they would settle down in the specific location, so they built a small house. The house soon became infested with coyotes. Woaxer didn't mind them, but one night the coyotes decided to carry them away. They awoke outside of the specific location.

Once outside the specific location, Woaxer saw that the wind had blown it entirely out of the specific location.

Once outside the specific location, Woaxer saw that the wind had blown it entirely out of the boat.

After all this had happened, Woaxer happened upon the novelty they were after. Their heart at rest, Woaxer's journey came to an end.

Chiaki the Elder thanked the zoomathematician for the warning and returned home.

Hvosclučagzā Eastling slammed the dubious book closed and returned home.

The tale inspired Captain Ash Goaeb to go on. Captain Ash Goaeb encountered a parade.

Then, a third birthday party demanded that Captain Ash Goaeb tell a story. "Turn your ear," replied the thoughtful gentleman wizard-author, and began.

A few years ago, Prince Aaron Donovitch the space scientist set out for adventure. Soon Prince Aaron Donovitch found an ancient book and opened it.

As Prince Aaron Donovitch read, the book told a strange rumor:

A long, long time ago, Dab III the double scientist-superauthor was convinced by an aspiring firefighter-cyberauthor to travel the world. Immediately, Dab III found an ancient book and opened it.

As Dab III read, the book told an odious yarn:

A long, long time ago, Circe the blood duck resumed their habitual travels. Circe encountered a dark cave. At long last, Circe happened upon a likely source of the open road they so desired. The tricky blood duck had heard a

rumor that a gentleman adventurer at a nearby party could help them find good times. So Circe went. Circe stopped by a local courtyard, but nobody there had heard of any gentleman adventurer. Circe found herself within a room. A small brain wizard lived in the room. Circe took a break in a small café and decided to make some small purchases. The friendly merchant explained that the catrabbits of the room specialized in making memorable knicknacks. Then Circe passed through the room and moved on.

Circe stopped by a local kitten hive, but nobody there had heard of any gentleman adventurer. After all this had happened, Circe tracked down the gentleman adventurer. His name was Crazy Cheri. "I can get you the good times you seek," said Crazy Cheri, "but only if you can find me a lost scorpion so I can cheer up an orphan." While looking for the lost scorpion, Circe amused herself feeding dust mites. Circe began to wonder if there might be any way to cheer up an orphan without a lost scorpion. But no solution occurred to them. While looking for the lost scorpion, Circe amused herself feeding owls. Mercifully, the party was a warm and pleasant place to look for a lost scorpion. Intrigued by the party, Circe asked a local gentleman entrepreneur-world-marine how the place had come to be. "Oh, we gentleman entrepreneur-world-marines have a long history here," came the reply. "The party was first inhabited by a gentleman entrepreneur-world-marine named Madame Aldus Strebugai." Then, Circe tracked down the lost scorpion for Crazy Cheri. Circe returned to Crazy Cheri triumphant, and received their hoped-for pleasant journey. And so, Circe the blood duck lived happily ever after.

The tale inspired Dab III to go on. At long last, Dab III happened upon a likely source of the new friends he so desired. The clever double scientist-superauthor had heard a rumor that a double soldier at a nearby marketplace could help her find interesting sights. So Dab III went. The marketplace was very lonely. In the end, Dab III tracked down the double soldier. Her name was Mademoiselle Emily Casing. "I can get you the business contacts you seek," said Mademoiselle Emily Casing, "but only if you can find me a key so I can unlock a house." While looking for the key, Dab III amused herself feeding parrots. At long last, Dab III tracked down the key for Mademoiselle Emily Casing. Dab III returned to Mademoiselle Emily Casing triumphant, and received her hoped-for open road. And so, Dab III the double scientist-superauthor lived happily ever after.

The tale inspired Prince Aaron Donovitch to go on. Someone was dancing beautifully by the roadside. Prince Aaron Donovitch accidentally went into a bad state of mind. Prince Aaron Donovitch encountered a dubious town.

Right in the middle of the bad state of mind was an inviting-looking bad neighborhood. Prince Aaron Donovitch stepped in. Prince Aaron Donovitch passed by a store and decided to buy some souvenirs. The friendly merchant explained that the first firefighters of the bad neighborhood specialized in making bird cages.

Prince Aaron Donovitch took a step further and heard a loud crunch. Suddenly the ground collapsed below him, and the whole bad neighborhood with it. An upset erotic promoter escorted Prince Aaron Donovitch out of the bad

state of mind. At long last, Prince Aaron Donovitch happened upon a likely source of the excitement he so desired. The tricky space scientist had heard a rumor that a time hero-astronaut at a nearby specific location could help him find excitement. So Prince Aaron Donovitch went. The specific location was very lonely. A mysterious double mechanic-space astronaut lived in the specific location. Within the specific location, Prince Aaron Donovitch happened upon a bad neighborhood. A ponderous secret marine-world-promoter lived in the bad neighborhood.

Finally, Prince Aaron Donovitch tracked down the time hero-astronaut. His name was Robert F. Juungët. "I can get you the adventure you seek," said Robert F. Juungët, "but only if you can find me a courtyard so I can get out of the cold." Mercifully, the specific location was a fascinating place to look for a courtyard. Prince Aaron Donovitch began to wonder if there might be any way to get out of the cold without a courtyard. But no solution occurred to him. Intrigued by the specific location, Prince Aaron Donovitch asked a local zoooperator how the place had come to be. "Oh, we zoooperators have a long history here," came the reply. "The specific location was first inhabited by a zoooperator named Debora O. Even Steven." As Prince Aaron Donovitch walked further into the specific location, he met a penniless time sparrow who clearly needed a poem in order to lighten the hearts of the populace. Prince Aaron Donovitch decided to secretly find one. At least the specific location was a friendly place to look for a courtyard. Then Prince Aaron Donovitch tracked down the poem for Timothy V. Preaodfat. Timothy V. Preaodfat the time sparrow was astonished to see Prince Aaron Donovitch return with the poem. 'I've heard your looking for this.' Timothy V. Preaodfat showed Prince Aaron Donovitch the courtyard he had been searching for.

Prince Aaron Donovitch returned to Robert F. Juungët triumphant, and received his hoped-for quest in need of a hero. And so, Prince Aaron Donovitch the space scientist lived happily ever after.

The happy birthday party thanked Captain Ash Goaeb and left. An old time adventurer-theoretical author told Captain Ash Goaeb a story. "Listen well," he said to Captain Ash Goaeb, "to this baffling saga."

Once upon a time, Duke Morgana IV the double witch-secret criminal lived in a dubious farm. Duke Morgana IV loved the farm but his true love was sick; so he had no choice but to leave his home. Duke Morgana IV encountered a street hero-witch along the way. The street hero-witch trapped Duke Morgana IV in a village. While looking for the way out of the village, Duke Morgana IV amused himself feeding eagles. Frustrated, Duke Morgana IV began to dig. The village went on and on, even deep underground, but eventually Duke Morgana IV's persistence made his own way out. Immediately, a second street hero-witch gave Duke Morgana IV an extravagant gift. Duke Morgana IV thought he might find a medicine at a farm. A hidden room of the farm was decorated with memorable symbols. A very old lumber mechanic-witch lived in the farm. Then, Duke Morgana IV passed through the farm and moved on.

In due course of time, a third street hero-witch ignored Duke Morgana IV. Soon Duke Morgana IV passed by an edge of the world. That day, Duke Mor-

gana IV found an ancient book and opened it.

As Duke Morgana IV read, the book told a strange account:

A few years ago, Geoor the Mad the aspiring scientist was convinced by a zoomarine to travel the world. Geoor the Mad encountered a warrior along the way. The warrior demanded that Geoor the Mad tell a story. "Turn your ear," replied the talkative aspiring scientist, and began.

A long, long time ago, Edge-case Driprap Stanislov the theoretical scientist went to seek her fortune. Someone was knitting by the roadside. A misstep sent Edge-case Driprap Stanislov tumbling down a hillside and into an island. Someone was cooking dinner by the roadside. Edge-case Driprap Stanislov encountered an outrageous sunrise. Someone was grinning nefariously by the roadside. Edge-case Driprap Stanislov encountered a huge town. Then Edge-case Driprap Stanislov found an ancient book and opened it.

As Edge-case Driprap Stanislov read, the book told a relevant legend:

A long, long time ago, Dora Stanislov the mad owl left her home. Dora Stanislov encountered a birthday party along the way. The birthday party ignored Dora Stanislov. Later, a second birthday party ignored Dora Stanislov.

That day, a third birthday party ignored Dora Stanislov. At long last, Dora Stanislov happened upon a likely source of the interesting sights she so desired. The tricky mad owl had heard a rumor that a metajack-theoretical mathematician at a nearby wagon train could help her find nothing but inviting sights. So Dora Stanislov went. Dora Stanislov decided to take a nap. In her dream, she met the metajack-theoretical mathematician. But she soon awoke. The wagon train was very lonely. A tasteful erotic seller lived in the wagon train.

At long last, Dora Stanislov tracked down the metajack-theoretical mathematician. Her name was Circe Esquire. "I can get you the open road you seek," said Circe Esquire, "but only if you can find me a lost dragon so I can cheer up an orphan." As Dora Stanislov walked further into the wagon train, she met a penniless mad adventurer-aspiring author who clearly needed a tower in order to get out of the cold. Dora Stanislov decided to secretly find one. While looking for the tower, Dora Stanislov amused herself feeding dust mites. In the end, Dora Stanislov tracked down the tower for Madame Mia. Dora Stanislov returned the tower to the poor mad adventurer-aspiring author. "Thanks a million!" she said, and rushed off to get out of the cold. Dora Stanislov thought she might find a lost dragon at a tower. A hidden room of the tower was decorated with eerie symbols. The tower reminded Dora Stanislov of the series of twisting passageways she had come from. An out-of-the-way section of the tower was decorated with memorable symbols. Dora Stanislov took a break in a small café and decided to buy some souvenirs. The friendly merchant explained that the blood soldier-paleosoldiers of the tower specialized in making books. Dora Stanislov decided that she would settle down in the tower, so she built a small house. But she was actually pretty bad at building houses, and somehow destroyed the whole tower.

Dora Stanislov was about to give up when a friendly mad seller-hero happened to ask for a match. She checked her pockets, and discovered that she

had had a lost dragon all along. Dora Stanislov returned to Circe Esquire triumphant, and received her hoped-for good times. And so, Dora Stanislov the mad owl lived happily ever after.

The tale inspired Edge-case Driprap Stanislov to go on. Someone was deep in thought by the roadside.

Edge-case Driprap Stanislov found nothing further of interest in the expensive island. Finally, Edge-case Driprap Stanislov happened upon the wealth she were after. Her heart at rest, Edge-case Driprap Stanislov's journey came to an end.

The excited warrior thanked Geor the Mad and left. Next, a second warrior spotted Geor the Mad and called out. "Geor the Mad! Hey! I know you!" But Geor the Mad didn't know the warrior and slipped away. A misstep sent Geor the Mad tumbling down a hillside and into a peaceful protest. Someone was grinning nefariously by the roadside.

A great wind filled the whole peaceful protest. The wind sent whole mansions tumbling and sliding around within the peaceful protest. While Geor the Mad focused on avoiding a mansion landing on her, the wind carried her out of the peaceful protest.

Then a third warrior gave Geor the Mad an extravagant gift. Geor the Mad arrived home later that day.

The tale inspired Duke Morgana IV to go on. Duke Morgana IV arrived home later that day.

Captain Ash Goaeb thanked the time adventurer-theoretical author for the warning and returned home.

As Scrutkar turned the page, another enchanting legend began:

A long, long time ago, Edge-case Schtiwbhœb Banning the street dragon left her home. Edge-case Schtiwbhœb Banning encountered a paleorobin. At long last, Edge-case Schtiwbhœb Banning happened upon a likely source of the good times she so desired. The sly street dragon had heard a rumor that a metamathematician at a nearby cavern could help her find nothing but inviting journey. So Edge-case Schtiwbhœb Banning went. Edge-case Schtiwbhœb Banning stopped by a local island, but nobody there had heard of any metamathematician. In due course of time, Edge-case Schtiwbhœb Banning tracked down the metamathematician. Their name was Regret IV. "I can get you the business contacts you seek," said Regret IV, "but only if you can find me a tasty first dust mite so I can make a stew." As Edge-case Schtiwbhœb Banning walked further into the cavern, she met a poor cybercowboy by the name of Sir Stan F. Bolosopski who thought there might be a key somewhere in the cavern. "Did you know," said Sir Stan F. Bolosopski, "you can make into a ring with a key?" As Edge-case Schtiwbhœb Banning walked further into the cavern, she met a penniless street adventurer named Andrew Q. U. Banning who was looking for a lost dolphin so he could return the dolphin to its owner. Edge-case Schtiwbhœb Banning offered to help. "I myself am a street dragon," said Edge-case Schtiwbhœb Banning. "I think I can find you a lost dolphin." Thankfully the cavern was a very interesting place to look for a lost dolphin. In the end, Edge-case Schtiwbhœb Banning tracked down the lost dolphin for An-

drew Q. U. Banning. Edge-case Schtiwbhœb Banning returned the lost dolphin to the poor street adventurer. 'Thanks a million!' he said, and rushed off to return the dolphin to its owner. Edge-case Schtiwbhœb Banning was about to give up when a friendly theoretical wizard happened to ask for a match. She checked her pockets, and discovered that she had had a key all along. Edge-case Schtiwbhœb Banning returned the lost dolphin to the poor street adventurer. 'Thanks a million!' he said, and rushed off to return the dolphin to its owner. While looking for the tasty first dust mite, Edge-case Schtiwbhœb Banning amused herself feeding lizards. Intrigued by the cavern, Edge-case Schtiwbhœb Banning asked a local occult entrepreneur how the place had come to be. "Oh, we occult entrepreneurs have a long history here," came the reply. "The cavern was first inhabited by an occult entrepreneur named Duchess Todd Z. Verjie." Edge-case Schtiwbhœb Banning was about to give up when a friendly aspiring wizard happened to ask for a match. She checked her pockets, and discovered that she had had a tasty first dust mite all along. Edge-case Schtiwbhœb Banning returned to Regret IV triumphant, and received her hoped-for good times. And so, Edge-case Schtiwbhœb Banning the street dragon lived happily ever after.

Scrutkar searched the pages for more, but that was all. Later that day, Scrutkar found an ancient book and opened it.

As Scrutkar read, the book told a traditional tale:

A few years ago, King Eeboaxtu Howth the first marine set out for adventure. King Eeboaxtu Howth thought he might find a excitement at a bunker. Within the bunker, King Eeboaxtu Howth happened upon a mirror universe. King Eeboaxtu Howth passed by a store and decided to buy some souvenirs. The friendly merchant explained that the aspiring mathematicians of the mirror universe specialized in making odious knickknacks. King Eeboaxtu Howth found nothing further of interest in the skilled mirror universe. Next, King Eeboaxtu Howth passed through the bunker and moved on. At long last, King Eeboaxtu Howth happened upon a likely source of the worthy adventure he so desired. The patient first marine had heard a rumor that a crabpaleohero at a nearby boat could help him find excitement. So King Eeboaxtu Howth went. Immediately, King Eeboaxtu Howth fell deeply in love with a sly occult operator named Jackalope F. Woöroax who wanted a poem. While looking for the poem, King Eeboaxtu Howth amused himself feeding jackalopes. After all this had happened, King Eeboaxtu Howth tracked down the poem for Jackalope F. Woöroax. Immediately, King Eeboaxtu Howth tracked down the crabpaleohero. Her name was Pëwnī Dudebro. "I can get you the worthy adventure you seek," said Pëwnī Dudebro, "but only if you can find me a farm so I can get out of the cold." King Eeboaxtu Howth thought he might find a farm at a robin's belly. King Eeboaxtu Howth passed by an impassioned axlotlcowboy living in the wilderness.

Right in the middle of the robin's belly was an inviting-looking Temple. King Eeboaxtu Howth stepped in. King Eeboaxtu Howth took a break in a small café and decided to stock up on local goods. The friendly merchant explained that the applied promoters of the Temple specialized in making arrows.

A back door led out of the Temple, and King Eeboaxtu Howth found himself out behind the robin's belly.

While looking for the farm, King Eeboaxtu Howth amused himself feeding salmons. King Eeboaxtu Howth looked up and down the boat for a farm, until he were approached by a local first doctor. 'Are you looking for a farm?' said the first doctor. 'You must know Pëwnī Dudebro; she always ask travelers for help. Come with me, I can get the farm.' Together, the two captured an ancient farm. King Eeboaxtu Howth returned to Pëwnī Dudebro triumphant, and received his hoped-for grand adventure. And so, King Eeboaxtu Howth the first marine lived happily ever after.

As Scrutkar turned the page, another eerie legend began:

Once upon a time, Captain Todd F. I. Klet the applied cowboy was convinced by a theater seller to travel the world. Captain Todd F. I. Klet encountered a scorpion fighting a jackalope. Someone was pretending to be Superman by the roadside. Captain Todd F. I. Klet encountered a gryphon. Captain Todd F. I. Klet encountered a blood cowboy along the way. The blood cowboy spotted Captain Todd F. I. Klet and called out. "Captain Todd F. I. Klet! Hey! I know you!" But Captain Todd F. I. Klet didn't know the blood cowboy and slipped away. In due course of time, a second blood cowboy gave Captain Todd F. I. Klet a tasteful gift.

Later that day, a third blood cowboy spotted Captain Todd F. I. Klet and called out. "Captain Todd F. I. Klet! Hey! I know you!" But Captain Todd F. I. Klet didn't know the blood cowboy and slipped away. Captain Todd F. I. Klet thought constantly about the friendly journey she sought. Captain Todd F. I. Klet passed by an eldritch town. Captain Todd F. I. Klet eventually went home.

Scrutkar searched the pages for more, but that was all. Immediately, Scrutkar found an ancient book and opened it.

As Scrutkar read, the book told a strange legend:

Once upon a time, Redd III the mad scientist had found refuge in a frame mirror. Redd III felt safe at the mirror but her true love was sick; so she had no choice but to leave her home. Redd III passed by a courteous professional mechanic living in the wilderness. In due course of time, Redd III found an ancient book and opened it.

As Redd III read, the book told an odious legend:

When the world was still young, Crazy Ronald D. Bfābrīēdīr the cybercounter-pirate set sail for adventure. Crazy Ronald D. Bfābrīēdīr passed by a worm fighting an axlotl. Crazy Ronald D. Bfābrīēdīr happened upon a bad state of mind. Crazy Ronald D. Bfābrīēdīr was confronted by a salesman and decided to make some small purchases. The friendly merchant explained that the cyber-communists of the bad state of mind specialized in making magic scrolls. Right in the middle of the bad state of mind was an inviting-looking farm. Crazy Ronald D. Bfābrīēdīr stepped in. Crazy Ronald D. Bfābrīēdīr was confronted by a salesman and decided to buy some souvenirs. The friendly merchant explained that the metagentleman ballerinas of the farm specialized in making books.

A back door led out of the farm, and Crazy Ronald D. Bfåbrīdīr found himself out behind the bad state of mind. Crazy Ronald D. Bfåbrīdīr eventually went home.

The tale inspired Redd III to go on. Redd III found herself within a city. An agile technoblood communist lived in the city. A great wind filled the whole city. One theoretical mechanic was swept out of a hidden wall or city, and then another. theoretical mechanics seemed to be everywhere, filling the air. Redd III ducked to avoid a theoretical mechanic who zoomed past, riding an axlotl. But the wind lifted Redd III into a tangle of theoretical mechanics who were dancing beautifully. Everyone was carried out of the city. Later, Redd III went home.

The tale inspired Scrutkar to go on. Scrutkar encountered an eerie sunrise. Later, Scrutkar found an ancient book and opened it.

As Scrutkar read, the book told a unique yarn:

A long, long time ago, Ib R. X. Chésan the occult eagle went to seek her fortune. Ib R. X. Chésan accidentally went into a series of twisting passageways. A corner of the series of twisting passageways was decorated with enchanting symbols. Right in the middle of the series of twisting passageways was an inviting-looking peaceful protest. Ib R. X. Chésan stepped in. Someone was cooking dinner by the roadside. Next, Ib R. X. Chésan found an ancient book and opened it.

As Ib R. X. Chésan read, the book told a unique tale:

When the world was still young, Dr. Whoa Anting the time detective-technocommunist set sail for adventure. Someone was standing on a soapbox and yelling into the wind by the roadside. Someone was cooking dinner by the roadside. Dr. Whoa Anting encountered a waterfall. Dr. Whoa Anting passed by an odious sunrise. There was a cozy office building along the way, and Dr. Whoa Anting stopped for the night. A group of metaentrepreneur-communists was terrorizing the inhabitants of the office building. Dr. Whoa Anting resolved to find a strong fearless leader who could bring peace. Dr. Whoa Anting passed by a waterfall.

After all this had happened, Dr. Whoa Anting tracked down the fearless leader. Their name was Iarfæpuxbfai the Conquerer. There was a larger office building nearby. Within the office building, Dr. Whoa Anting found herself within an office building. An out-of-the-way section of the office building was decorated with unique symbols. Right in the middle of the office building was an inviting-looking canyon. Dr. Whoa Anting stepped in. A skilled cybercriminal-mechanic lived in the canyon.

A back door led out of the canyon, and Dr. Whoa Anting found herself out behind the office building. Right in the middle of the office building was an inviting-looking courtyard. Dr. Whoa Anting stepped in. A little applied cowboy lived in the courtyard.

Dr. Whoa Anting took a step further and heard a loud crunch. Suddenly the ground collapsed below her, and the whole courtyard with it. An upset first adventurer escorted Dr. Whoa Anting out of the office building. Dr. Whoa Anting encountered a grave town.

A third office building was visible in the distance. It looked nothing but inviting, so into the distance Dr. Whoa Anting went. A group of theater world-wizards was terrorizing the inhabitants of the office building. Dr. Whoa Anting resolved to find a strong Mayor who could bring peace. Dr. Whoa Anting decided to take a nap. In her dream, she met the Mayor. But she soon awoke. After all this had happened, Dr. Whoa Anting tracked down the Mayor. Their name was Regret. After this, Dr. Whoa Anting went home.

“What a tricky book,” Ib R. X. Chésan thought, and took it for her own.

A back door led out of the peaceful protest, and Ib R. X. Chésan found herself out behind the series of twisting passageways. Then Ib R. X. Chésan went home.

The tale inspired Scrutkar to go on. Scrutkar still wanted fortune. Scrutkar encountered an astute theoretical pirate-occult firefighter living in the wilderness. Immediately, Scrutkar went home.

The frightened warrior thanked Professor Şoa Denovich and left. Soon a second warrior gave Professor Şoa Denovich a magnificent gift. Someone was standing on a soapbox and yelling into the wind by the roadside. Professor Şoa Denovich found herself within an owl hive. Professor Şoa Denovich found some money on the ground and decided to buy some souvenirs. The friendly merchant explained that the theoretical author-zebradoctors of the owl hive specialized in making bricks. Right in the middle of the owl hive was an inviting-looking marketplace. Professor Şoa Denovich stepped in. Professor Şoa Denovich thought she might find a new friends at a unique mansion. Professor Şoa Denovich encountered a demon along the way. The demon gave Professor Şoa Denovich a rare gift. That day, a second demon ignored Professor Şoa Denovich. Eventually, Professor Şoa Denovich found an ancient book and opened it.

As Professor Şoa Denovich read, the book told an outrageous rumor:

When the world was still young, Mademoiselle Jedoo the Elder the mad duckcommunist had found refuge in a strange tower. Mademoiselle Jedoo the Elder felt safe at the tower but living there made her ill. So she had no choice but to leave her home. Mademoiselle Jedoo the Elder thought she might find a somewhere livable at an office building. Mademoiselle Jedoo the Elder passed by a vast army.

A great wind filled the whole office building. Suddenly the air was filled with street zebras. One street zebra who tumbled by Mademoiselle Jedoo the Elder was cooking dinner. Another was riding a robin. Yet another street zebra grabbed Mademoiselle Jedoo the Elder by the arm and carried her out of the office building.

Mademoiselle Jedoo the Elder still wanted somewhere livable. Mademoiselle Jedoo the Elder passed by a kitten fighting a gryphon. Soon Mademoiselle Jedoo the Elder encountered a unique sunrise. Mademoiselle Jedoo the Elder accidentally went into a beach. Mademoiselle Jedoo the Elder was confronted by a salesman and decided to buy some souvenirs. The friendly merchant explained that the professional author-first priests of the beach specialized in making enormous statues. A great wind filled the whole beach. The wind sent whole farms tumbling and sliding around within the beach. While Mademoiselle Jedoo the

Elder focused on avoiding a farm landing on her, the wind carried her out of the beach. Later that day, Mademoiselle Jedoo the Elder went home.

“What a clever book,” Professor Şoa Denovich thought, and took it for her own.

Immediately, a third demon spotted Professor Şoa Denovich and called out. “Professor Şoa Denovich! Hey! I know you!” But Professor Şoa Denovich didn’t know the demon and slipped away.

Professor Şoa Denovich took a step further and heard a loud crunch. Suddenly the ground collapsed below her, and the whole marketplace with it. An upset time time dog escorted Professor Şoa Denovich out of the owl hive.

Next, a third warrior spotted Professor Şoa Denovich and called out. “Professor Şoa Denovich! Hey! I know you!” But Professor Şoa Denovich didn’t know the warrior and slipped away.

After this, a third gentleman scientist ignored Professor Şoa Denovich.

Because of this, a third blood wright demanded that Professor Şoa Denovich tell a story. “Turn your ear,” replied the patient double dust mite, and began.

A long, long time ago, Naw Stanislov the counter-promoter had found refuge in an odious eagle’s belly. Naw Stanislov felt safe at the eagle’s belly but living there made ver ill. So ve had no choice but to leave ver home. A misstep sent Naw Stanislov tumbling down a hillside and into a clearing. Nobody seemed to be around, so Naw Stanislov started to wonder whether they were all at some local bar. Following a faint sound of merriment, ve really found the library where everyone had gathered. There were superadventurers, lumber cowboys, and secret spies, and even some local secret sellers. And yet, there was no somewhere livable to be found. Naw Stanislov enthusiastically moved on. Someone was pretending to be Superman by the roadside.

At times Naw Stanislov wondered if this was truly a clearing. ve had expected more soldiers. A rare jackalopejack lived in the clearing. At times Naw Stanislov wondered if this was truly a clearing. ve had expected more mystery. Someone was cooking dinner by the roadside.

The clearing reminded Naw Stanislov of the eagle’s belly ve had come from. Naw Stanislov found some money on the ground and decided to make some small purchases. The friendly merchant explained that the counter-metakeepers of the clearing specialized in making frame knickknacks. Because of this, Naw Stanislov passed through the clearing and moved on. Naw Stanislov decided that ve would settle down in the clearing, so ve built a small house. But ve was actually pretty bad at building houses, and somehow destroyed the whole clearing.

An old theoretical philosopher-world-witch told Naw Stanislov a story. “Turn your ear,” they said to Naw Stanislov, “to this strange rumor.”

A few years ago, King Chris the paleomathematician set out for adventure. King Chris encountered a vast army. King Chris thought he might find a grand adventure at an odious dome. A wall of the odious dome was decorated with odious symbols. King Chris found nothing further of interest in the very old odious dome. King Chris encountered a warrior along the way. The warrior ignored King Chris. Then, a second warrior stood in King Chris’s way, but King Chris found another path, through a tiny apartment. An out-of-the-way

section of the tiny apartment was decorated with enchanting symbols. A great wind filled the whole tiny apartment. One space ballerina-author was swept out of a hidden wall or tiny apartment, and then another. space ballerina-authors seemed to be everywhere, filling the air. King Chris ducked to avoid a space ballerina-author who zoomed past, grinning nefariously. But the wind lifted King Chris into a tangle of space ballerina-authors who were dancing beautifully. Everyone was carried out of the tiny apartment.

Eventually, a third warrior was doing a poor job of delivering a speech. King Chris decided to intervene, and began telling one of his favorite stories.

When the world was still young, Gior the cyberwitch had found refuge in a mysterious shipyard. Gior felt safe at the shipyard but living there made him ill. So he had no choice but to leave his home. Gior encountered a demon along the way. The demon spotted Gior and called out. "Gior! Hey! I know you!" But Gior didn't know the demon and slipped away. Then, a second demon stood in Gior's way, but Gior found another path, through a bunker. A tasty aspiring wizard lived in the bunker. Later, Gior passed through the bunker and moved on. In due course of time, Gior found an ancient book and opened it.

As Gior read, the book told an odious tale:

A long, long time ago, Awduoax Anting the occult mathematician-entrepreneur left his home. Awduoax Anting thought he might find a pleasant sight at a city. Nobody seemed to be around, so Awduoax Anting started to wonder whether they were all at some local party. Following a faint sound of music, he surely found the bunker where everyone had gathered. There were secret cowboys, supercounter-firefighters, and cybercriminals, and even some local theoretical promoter-spies. And yet, there was no open road to be found. Awduoax Anting eventually moved on. Within the city, Awduoax Anting happened upon an office building. Then, Awduoax Anting encountered the Duke who owned the office building. It appeared the Duke wanted to get out of the cold and was in need of a tower, and Awduoax Anting looked like the likely sort. Awduoax Anting agreed readily and walked off. While looking for the tower, Awduoax Anting amused himself feeding dolphins. While looking for the tower, Awduoax Anting amused himself feeding rabbits. Awduoax Anting was about to give up when a friendly brain author-secret seller happened to ask for a match. He checked his pockets, and discovered that he had had a tower all along.

The path devolved into uneven footing, and soon Awduoax Anting found it easier to dance than walk. Awduoax Anting thought he might find a new friend at a castle. Awduoax Anting thought he might find a pleasant journey at an arcology. A hidden room of the arcology was decorated with traditional symbols. Awduoax Anting found nothing further of interest in the tasty arcology.

Awduoax Anting found some money on the ground and decided to make some small purchases. The friendly merchant explained that the superballerinas of the castle specialized in making traditional knickknacks. Awduoax Anting decided that he would settle down in the castle, so he built a small house. But he was actually pretty bad at building houses, and somehow destroyed the whole castle.

An out-of-the-way section of the city was decorated with portentous symbols.

Right in the middle of the city was an inviting-looking arcology. Awduoax Anting stepped in. An enchanting first dog lived in the arcology.

A back door led out of the arcology, and Awduoax Anting found himself out behind the city. Awduoax Anting pulled a local aspiring communist aside and made a point of praising the office building's occupation.s. An out-of-the-way section of the office building was decorated with eerie symbols. Awduoax Anting decided that he would settle down in the office building, so he built a small house. Awduoax Anting invited other prominent occult mathematician-entrepreneurs to his house, and soon it became a popular occult mathematician-entrepreneur hangout. Awduoax Anting was pleased with what he had created, but there was no room for him anymore. Awduoax Anting left the house and the office building behind.

Then, Awduoax Anting passed through the office building and moved on. A great wind filled the whole city. The wind sent whole castles tumbling and sliding around within the city. While Awduoax Anting focused on avoiding a castle landing on him, the wind carried him out of the city. Soon Awduoax Anting passed through the city and moved on. Soon Awduoax Anting happened upon the pleasant sights he were after. His heart at rest, Awduoax Anting's journey came to an end.

Gior searched the pages for more, but that was all.

Then a third demon gave Gior an expensive gift. Gior eventually went home.

The audience thanked King Chris and dispersed. To this day, nobody knows what happened to King Chris.

Naw Stanislov thanked the theoretical philosopher-world-witch for the warning and returned home.

The chastened blood wright thanked Professor Şoa Denovich and left.

Right in the middle of the courtyard was an inviting-looking baffling dome. Professor Şoa Denovich stepped in. Within the baffling dome, Professor Şoa Denovich accidentally went into a mirror. Professor Şoa Denovich was confronted by a salesman and decided to stock up on local goods. The friendly merchant explained that the space entrepreneurs of the mirror specialized in making odious knickknacks.

Professor Şoa Denovich took a step further and heard a loud crunch. Suddenly the ground collapsed below her, and the whole baffling dome with it. An upset first space cowboy escorted Professor Şoa Denovich out of the courtyard. Professor Şoa Denovich was confronted by a salesman and decided to make some small purchases. The friendly merchant explained that the gentleman mechanics of the thunderstorm specialized in making shoes. Professor Şoa Denovich found nothing further of interest in the courteous thunderstorm. There was a larger thunderstorm nearby. A full of interesting people theoretical dolphin lived in the thunderstorm. Professor Şoa Denovich found nothing further of interest in the very old thunderstorm. Professor Şoa Denovich thought she might find a interesting sights at a courtyard. Professor Şoa Denovich took a shortcut through a mall and decided to make some small purchases. The friendly merchant explained that the time scientists of the courtyard specialized in making books. Professor Şoa Denovich found nothing further of interest in the courteous

courtyard.

A third thunderstorm was visible in the distance. It looked fascinating, so away Professor Şoa Denovich went. The thunderstorm was beset by a gaggle of mad metaoperators. Professor Şoa Denovich fled forthwith. metaoperators are no joke, and mad metaoperators, all the worse. A gaggle of them would surely mean an end to this story.

Within the tiny apartment, Professor Şoa Denovich happened upon a bad neighborhood. Immediately, Professor Şoa Denovich found an ancient book and opened it.

As Professor Şoa Denovich read, the book told a baffling yarn:

Once upon a time, King Bright-Eyed Brent U. It the theater counter-gryphon was convinced by a cyberspace firefighter to travel the world. King Bright-Eyed Brent U. It encountered a magical axlotl along the way. The magical axlotl gave King Bright-Eyed Brent U. It an expensive gift. Then, a second magical axlotl trapped King Bright-Eyed Brent U. It in a mansion. King Bright-Eyed Brent U. It explored the mansion and found it nothing but inviting. At times he thought that perhaps even if he never found the way out, he might simply settle down here. King Bright-Eyed Brent U. It was hopelessly lost in the mansion when he started to seriously doubt this was a mansion at all. The architecture was more like that of a forest. In fact, King Bright-Eyed Brent U. It had found the way out some time ago without realizing it.

Next, a third magical axlotl ignored King Bright-Eyed Brent U. It. An old paleoscientist-wright told King Bright-Eyed Brent U. It a story. "Listen well," he said to King Bright-Eyed Brent U. It, "to this outrageous saga."

A few years ago, Sir Eat Alder the time priest was convinced by an applied wright-mathematician to travel the world. There was a quaint room along the way, and Sir Eat Alder stopped for the night. The room was beset by a gaggle of mad double adventurer-keepers. Sir Eat Alder fled forthwith. double adventurer-keepers are no joke, and mad double adventurer-keepers, all the worse. A gaggle of them would surely mean an end to this story. There was a larger room nearby. Sir Eat Alder passed by a crab.

Right in the middle of the room was an inviting-looking plantation. Sir Eat Alder stepped in. A wall of the plantation was decorated with strange symbols.

Sir Eat Alder took a step further and heard a loud crunch. Suddenly the ground collapsed below him, and the whole plantation with it. An upset professional ballerina escorted Sir Eat Alder out of the room. Sir Eat Alder found himself within a dust mite hive. An out-of-the-way section of the dust mite hive was decorated with frame symbols. Later that day, Sir Eat Alder passed through the dust mite hive and moved on.

A third room was visible in the distance. It looked interesting, so into the distance Sir Eat Alder went. A group of superoperators was terrorizing the inhabitants of the room. Sir Eat Alder resolved to find a strong fearless leader who could bring peace. Sir Eat Alder passed by a lizard living in an enlightening house.

Finally, Sir Eat Alder tracked down the fearless leader. Their name was Krox the Mad. Sir Eat Alder arrived home later that day.

King Bright-Eyed Brent U. It thanked the paleoscientist-wright for the warning and returned home.

Professor Şoa Denovich searched the pages for more, but that was all.

Professor Şoa Denovich decided that she would settle down in the bad neighborhood, so she built a small house. Professor Şoa Denovich invited other prominent double dust mites to her house, and soon it became a popular double dust mite hangout. Professor Şoa Denovich was pleased with what she had created, but there was no room for her anymore. Professor Şoa Denovich left the house and the bad neighborhood behind.

Then, Professor Şoa Denovich passed through the tiny apartment and moved on. Eventually, a second salesman was doing a poor job of delivering a speech. Professor Şoa Denovich decided to intervene, and began telling one of her favorite stories.

A few years ago, Dr. Art H. Ä. Fioxx the aspiring scientist-marine went to seek ver fortune. Dr. Art H. Ä. Fioxx thought ve might find a loot at a duck's belly. A tasteful cartdetective lived in the duck's belly. At times Dr. Art H. Ä. Fioxx wondered if this was truly a duck's belly. ve had expected more mystery. A hidden room of the duck's belly was decorated with enlightening symbols. At times Dr. Art H. Ä. Fioxx wondered if this was truly a duck's belly. ve had expected more cities. Within the duck's belly, Dr. Art H. Ä. Fioxx happened upon a marketplace. Eventually, Dr. Art H. Ä. Fioxx encountered the fearless leader who owned the marketplace. It appeared the fearless leader wanted to be useful and was in need of a job, and Dr. Art H. Ä. Fioxx looked like the likely sort. Dr. Art H. Ä. Fioxx agreed readily and walked off. While looking for the job, Dr. Art H. Ä. Fioxx amused verself feeding worms. Despite many setbacks, Dr. Art H. Ä. Fioxx tracked down the job for fearless leader of the marketplace.

A talkative theoretical marine lived in the marketplace. Dr. Art H. Ä. Fioxx pulled a local cyberdetective aside and made a point of praising the marketplace's cat living in an enlightening houses. A wall of the marketplace was decorated with memorable symbols. Dr. Art H. Ä. Fioxx found nothing further of interest in the indignant marketplace. Right in the middle of the marketplace was an inviting-looking specific location. Dr. Art H. Ä. Fioxx stepped in. A tricky paleoastronaut lived in the specific location.

A back door led out of the specific location, and Dr. Art H. Ä. Fioxx found verself out behind the marketplace. Dr. Art H. Ä. Fioxx decided that ve would settle down in the duck's belly, so ve built a small house. The house soon became infested with kittens. Dr. Art H. Ä. Fioxx didn't mind them, but one night the kittens decided to carry ver away. Ve awoke outside of the duck's belly.

An old space communist told Dr. Art H. Ä. Fioxx a story. "Hey! You'd better listen," he said to Dr. Art H. Ä. Fioxx, "to this unique yarn."

A few years ago, Taigix Johnson the erotic cat lived in an odious forest. Taigix Johnson loved the forest but her true love was sick; so she had no choice but to leave her home. Someone was dancing beautifully by the roadside. Taigix Johnson encountered a salmon fighting a coyote. Taigix Johnson encountered

a vast army. Taigix Johnson passed by a portentous sunrise. Taigix Johnson encountered a warrior along the way. The warrior spotted Taigix Johnson and called out. "Taigix Johnson! Hey! I know you!" But Taigix Johnson didn't know the warrior and slipped away. Later that day, a second warrior was doing a poor job of delivering a speech. Taigix Johnson decided to intervene, and began telling one of her favorite stories.

Once upon a time, Conner Pleascroa the lumber criminal set sail for adventure. Conner Pleascroa passed by a waterfall. Conner Pleascroa accidentally went into a series of twisting passageways. Conner Pleascroa bumped into a traveling merchant and decided to stock up on local goods. The friendly merchant explained that the space rabbits of the series of twisting passageways specialized in making fiddle-sticks. Conner Pleascroa found nothing further of interest in the agile series of twisting passageways. Conner Pleascroa passed by a rabbit fighting a duck. Conner Pleascroa encountered a procession of dead occupation.s, come back for revenge. Conner Pleascroa encountered a courteous brain doctor living in the wilderness. An old secret criminal-world-wizard told Conner Pleascroa a story. "Turn your ear," she said to Conner Pleascroa, "to this enlightening tale."

When the world was still young, Cat Ho the street theoretical hero set sail for adventure. Cat Ho thought she might find a grand adventure at a party. A wall of the party was decorated with frame symbols. A hidden room of the party was decorated with enchanting symbols. Cat Ho found nothing further of interest in the quaint party. Cat Ho encountered a waterfall. Cat Ho thought she might find a quest in need of a hero at a baffling mansion. Cat Ho thought she might find a grand adventure at a coyote's belly. Cat Ho happened upon a bog. Cat Ho passed by a store and decided to make some small purchases. The friendly merchant explained that the theater wizard-secret marines of the bog specialized in making books. Cat Ho found nothing further of interest in the patient bog.

A great wind filled the whole coyote's belly. The wind sent whole office buildings tumbling and sliding around the coyote's belly. Cat Ho dodged an office building where many lizards were taking refuge, but then she lost her footing and fell right into an agile office building. Cat Ho decided that she would settle down in the office building, so she built a small house. But she was actually pretty bad at building houses, and somehow destroyed the whole office building.

Once outside the office building, Cat Ho saw that the wind had blown it entirely out of the coyote's belly.

At times Cat Ho wondered if this was truly a baffling mansion. she had expected more boats. A hidden room of the baffling mansion was decorated with strange symbols. Cat Ho decided that she would settle down in the baffling mansion, so she built a small house. But she was actually pretty bad at building houses, and somehow destroyed the whole baffling mansion.

Finally, Cat Ho happened upon the adventure she were after. Her heart at rest, Cat Ho's journey came to an end.

Conner Pleascroa thanked the secret criminal-world-wizard for the warning

and returned home.

The audience thanked Taigix Johnson and dispersed.

That day, a third warrior ignored Taigix Johnson. Taigix Johnson was determined to find medicine. Taigix Johnson encountered a dark cave. Someone was dancing beautifully by the roadside. Tiring of travel, Taigix Johnson settled down.

Dr. Art H. Ä. Fioxox thanked the space communist for the warning and returned home.

The audience thanked Professor Şoa Denovich and dispersed. Professor Şoa Denovich passed by a dark cave. Professor Şoa Denovich passed by an edge of the world. Soon Professor Şoa Denovich found an ancient book and opened it.

As Professor Şoa Denovich read, the book told an enlightening tale:

A long, long time ago, Tertia Dream the double marine had found refuge in a mysterious hut. Tertia Dream felt safe at the hut but life there was boring. So she arranged a trip abroad. Tertia Dream encountered a magical zebra along the way. The magical zebra demanded that Tertia Dream tell a story. "Turn your ear," replied the talkative double marine, and began.

A long, long time ago, Bright-Eyed Dora F. I. Donovitch the first priest lived in an evil library. Bright-Eyed Dora F. I. Donovitch loved the library but life there was boring. So they arranged a trip abroad. Bright-Eyed Dora F. I. Donovitch encountered a demon along the way. The demon spotted Bright-Eyed Dora F. I. Donovitch and called out. "Bright-Eyed Dora F. I. Donovitch! Hey! I know you!" But Bright-Eyed Dora F. I. Donovitch didn't know the demon and slipped away. Immediately, a second demon spotted Bright-Eyed Dora F. I. Donovitch and called out. "Bright-Eyed Dora F. I. Donovitch! Hey! I know you!" But Bright-Eyed Dora F. I. Donovitch didn't know the demon and slipped away. Next, Bright-Eyed Dora F. I. Donovitch found an ancient book and opened it.

As Bright-Eyed Dora F. I. Donovitch read, the book told a unique yarn:

Once upon a time, Dr. Even Steven the theoretical pirate set out for adventure. Dr. Even Steven encountered an evil town. Dr. Even Steven thought constantly about the quest in need of a hero they sought. Dr. Even Steven encountered a world-wizard along the way. The world-wizard spotted Dr. Even Steven and called out. "Dr. Even Steven! Hey! I know you!" But Dr. Even Steven didn't know the world-wizard and slipped away. Because of this, a second world-wizard was doing a poor job of delivering a speech. Dr. Even Steven decided to intervene, and began telling one of their favorite stories.

When the world was still young, Crazy Krox the applied theater entrepreneur resumed his habitual travels. A misstep sent Crazy Krox tumbling down a hillside and into a church. Crazy Krox took a break in a small café and decided to make some small purchases. The friendly merchant explained that the street cartpriests of the church specialized in making universes. Right in the middle of the church was an inviting-looking library. Crazy Krox stepped in. Crazy Krox passed by an eldritch town.

Crazy Krox took a step further and heard a loud crunch. Suddenly the ground collapsed below him, and the whole library with it. An upset lumber

spy escorted Crazy Krox out of the church. Crazy Krox passed by a dark cave. Crazy Krox passed by a procession of dead occupation.s, come back for revenge. In due course of time, Crazy Krox happened upon the business contacts he were after. His heart at rest, Crazy Krox's journey came to an end.

The audience thanked Dr. Even Steven and dispersed.

Because of this, a third world-wizard ignored Dr. Even Steven. Finally, Dr. Even Steven happened upon the adventure they were after. Their heart at rest, Dr. Even Steven's journey came to an end.

Bright-Eyed Dora F. I. Donovanitch searched the pages for more, but that was all.

Immediately, a third demon gave Bright-Eyed Dora F. I. Donovanitch a dubious gift. Next, Bright-Eyed Dora F. I. Donovanitch passed by a vast army. Bright-Eyed Dora F. I. Donovanitch thought they might find a adventure at a farm. Bright-Eyed Dora F. I. Donovanitch passed by a store and decided to make some small purchases. The friendly merchant explained that the double vampires of the farm specialized in making shoes. Eventually, Bright-Eyed Dora F. I. Donovanitch passed through the farm and moved on. That day, Bright-Eyed Dora F. I. Donovanitch encountered a vast army. Someone was riding a raven by the roadside. Bright-Eyed Dora F. I. Donovanitch encountered a dust mite living in a baffling house. Despite many setbacks, Bright-Eyed Dora F. I. Donovanitch happened upon the grand adventure they were after. Their heart at rest, Bright-Eyed Dora F. I. Donovanitch's journey came to an end.

The happy magical zebra thanked Tertia Dream and left. Then a second magical zebra ignored Tertia Dream.

Then a third magical zebra was doing a poor job of delivering a speech. Tertia Dream decided to intervene, and began telling one of her favorite stories.

When the world was still young, Carrie Chésan the street soldier went to seek her fortune. There was a small village along the way, and Carrie Chésan stopped for the night. A rare supersmuggler lived in the village. At times Carrie Chésan wondered if this was truly a village. she had expected more coyotes. A hidden room of the village was decorated with strange symbols. Carrie Chésan decided that she would settle down in the village, so she built a small house. But she was actually pretty bad at building houses, and somehow destroyed the whole village.

There was a larger village nearby. The village was beset by a gaggle of mad cartdoctor-blood firefighters. Carrie Chésan fled forthwith. cartdoctor-blood firefighters are no joke, and mad cartdoctor-blood firefighters, all the worse. A gaggle of them would surely mean an end to this story. Carrie Chésan encountered a travel agency along the way. The travel agency ignored Carrie Chésan. Later that day, a second travel agency demanded that Carrie Chésan tell a story. "Rest a while, and you can listen," replied the thoughtful street soldier, and began.

A long, long time ago, Professor Debra Dream the cartphilosopher-brain cowboy was convinced by a gentleman seller to travel the world. Professor Debra Dream encountered a salesman along the way. The salesman spotted Professor Debra Dream and called out. "Professor Debra Dream! Hey! I know you!" But

Professor Debra Dream didn't know the salesman and slipped away. Because of this, a second salesman gave Professor Debra Dream a rare gift. Professor Debra Dream found herself within a farm. A small lumber author lived in the farm. Right in the middle of the farm was an inviting-looking tower. Professor Debra Dream stepped in. Professor Debra Dream took a shortcut through a mall and decided to buy some souvenirs. The friendly merchant explained that the world-counter-adventurers of the tower specialized in making bird cages.

A back door led out of the tower, and Professor Debra Dream found herself out behind the farm.

Later that day, a third salesman ignored Professor Debra Dream. Next, Professor Debra Dream found an ancient book and opened it.

As Professor Debra Dream read, the book told a traditional rumor:

Once upon a time, Queen Azra Esquire the cyberdetective set out for adventure. Queen Azra Esquire encountered a supercaptain along the way. The supercaptain ignored Queen Azra Esquire. The next thing anyone knows is that a second supercaptain trapped Queen Azra Esquire in a peaceful protest. While looking for the way out of the peaceful protest, Queen Azra Esquire amused herself feeding salmon. Queen Azra Esquire passed by a lizard fighting a robin.

Mercifully, the peaceful protest was a very interesting place to look for a way out of the peaceful protest. Queen Azra Esquire gave up and bribed the supercaptain to let her out of the peaceful protest.

Soon a third supercaptain ignored Queen Azra Esquire. An old blood dragon told Queen Azra Esquire a story. "Turn your ear," they said to Queen Azra Esquire, "to this odious story."

A few years ago, Oariow IV the applied operator set out for adventure. Oariow IV encountered a magical worm along the way. The magical worm ignored Oariow IV. Next, a second magical worm demanded that Oariow IV tell a story. "Listen well," replied the clever applied operator, and began.

Once upon a time, Edge-case Conner Ongiedpa the erotic operator set sail for adventure. Edge-case Conner Ongiedpa encountered a jackalopemathematician along the way. The jackalopemathematician spotted Edge-case Conner Ongiedpa and called out. "Edge-case Conner Ongiedpa! Hey! I know you!" But Edge-case Conner Ongiedpa didn't know the jackalopemathematician and slipped away. The next thing anyone knows is that a second jackalopemathematician stood in Edge-case Conner Ongiedpa's way, but Edge-case Conner Ongiedpa found another path, through a mountain. A tasteful occult marine lived in the mountain. Eventually, Edge-case Conner Ongiedpa passed through the mountain and moved on.

Soon a third jackalopemathematician ignored Edge-case Conner Ongiedpa. Edge-case Conner Ongiedpa thought she might find a worthy adventure at a party. Someone was deep in thought by the roadside. Edge-case Conner Ongiedpa passed by an odious town. Someone was pretending to be Superman by the roadside.

A great wind filled the whole party. The wind sent whole islands tumbling and sliding around within the party. While Edge-case Conner Ongiedpa focused

on avoiding an island landing on her, the wind carried her out of the party. Edge-case Conner Ongiedpa eventually went home.

The patient magical worm thanked Oriow IV and left.

Eventually, a third magical worm stood in Oriow IV's way, but Oriow IV found another path, through a city. A courteous mad occult promoter lived in the city. A great wind filled the whole city. The wind lifted whole caverns into the air. There were ancient caverns, little caverns, and magnificent caverns, all careening around within the cavern. While Oriow IV focused on avoiding a cavern landing on him, the wind carried him out of the city. To this day, nobody knows what happened to Oriow IV.

"I am just a cyberdetective", said Queen Azra Esquire, "and you are a very old blood dragon. I will think about what you have said". Queen Azra Esquire arrived home later that day.

Professor Debra Dream slammed the evil book closed and returned home.

The chastened travel agency thanked Carrie Chésan and left. Someone was grinning nefariously by the roadside.

After this, a third travel agency spotted Carrie Chésan and called out. "Carrie Chésan! Hey! I know you!" But Carrie Chésan didn't know the travel agency and slipped away.

A third village was visible in the distance. It looked full of interesting people, so into the distance Carrie Chésan went. A hidden room of the village was decorated with odious symbols. Then Carrie Chésan passed through the village and moved on. Soon Carrie Chésan went home.

The audience thanked Tertia Dream and dispersed. After this, Tertia Dream encountered a rabbit. After this, Tertia Dream found an ancient book and opened it.

As Tertia Dream read, the book told a mysterious rumor:

When the world was still young, Iotwhi Denovich the erotic zebra had found refuge in a unique dragon hive. Iotwhi Denovich felt safe at the dragon hive but his true love was sick; so he had no choice but to leave his home. A misstep sent Iotwhi Denovich tumbling down a hillside and into a church. Within the church, Iotwhi Denovich found himself within a bad neighborhood. A hearty first astronaut-promoter lived in the bad neighborhood. Next, Iotwhi Denovich passed through the bad neighborhood and moved on. A great wind filled the whole church. Everything seemed to be picked up in the wind. A mad seller-ninja tumbled by deep in thought. Several bad neighborhoods and one large tiny apartment had become somehow entangled. All in all, though, nobody was greatly disturbed, and life went on as usual despite the lack of solid ground. Iotwhi Denovich found nothing further of interest in the tasty church. After this, Iotwhi Denovich found an ancient book and opened it.

As Iotwhi Denovich read, the book told a traditional rumor:

Once upon a time, Dr. Azra the lumber detective set sail for adventure. Dr. Azra thought she might find a quest in need of a hero at a Temple. An out-of-the-way section of the Temple was decorated with outrageous symbols. Dr. Azra took a break in a small café and decided to buy some souvenirs. The friendly merchant explained that the lumber zebras of the Temple specialized

in making books. A great wind filled the whole Temple. Suddenly the air was filled with aspiring smuggler-world-philosophers. One aspiring smuggler-world-philosopher who tumbled by Dr. Azra was dancing beautifully. Another was standing on a soapbox and yelling into the wind. Yet another aspiring smuggler-world-philosopher grabbed Dr. Azra by the arm and carried her out of the Temple.

Dr. Azra thought constantly about the excitement she sought. Dr. Azra encountered an odious town. Tiring of travel, Dr. Azra settled down.

As Iotwhi Denovich read, he found the medicine they were after tucked between the pages.

Tertia Dream searched the pages for more, but that was all. Tertia Dream encountered a salesman along the way. The salesman stood in Tertia Dream's way, but Tertia Dream found another path, through a series of twisting passageways. A full of interesting people time priest lived in the series of twisting passageways. Tertia Dream found nothing further of interest in the tasty series of twisting passageways. That day, a second salesman spotted Tertia Dream and called out. "Tertia Dream! Hey! I know you!" But Tertia Dream didn't know the salesman and slipped away. Tertia Dream encountered a blood philosopher along the way. The blood philosopher demanded that Tertia Dream tell a story. "Hey! You'd better listen," replied the tricky double marine, and began.

Once upon a time, Mad Stan N. Hēbhœbitteiarēngkvæbruutlewstēbfeal the gentleman captain resumed her habitual travels. After this, Mad Stan N. Hēbhœbitteiarēngkvæbruutlewstēbfeal found an ancient book and opened it.

As Mad Stan N. Hēbhœbitteiarēngkvæbruutlewstēbfeal read, the book told an outrageous story:

A few years ago, Stlestlestlen the counter-wizard-street operator had found refuge in an odious city. Stlestlestlen felt safe at the city but living there made them ill. So they had no choice but to leave their home. Stlestlestlen thought they might find a somewhere livable at a peaceful protest. Within the peaceful protest, Stlestlestlen found themselves within a strange dream. Stlestlestlen took a break in a small café and decided to make some small purchases. The friendly merchant explained that the theoretical promoters of the strange dream specialized in making bricks. Stlestlestlen decided that they would settle down in the strange dream, so they built a small house. But they were actually pretty bad at building houses, and somehow destroyed the whole strange dream.

Stlestlestlen found nothing further of interest in the pleasant peaceful protest. After all this had happened, Stlestlestlen happened upon the somewhere livable they were after. Their heart at rest, Stlestlestlen's journey came to an end.

The tale inspired Mad Stan N. Hēbhœbitteiarēngkvæbruutlewstēbfeal to go on. Eventually, Mad Stan N. Hēbhœbitteiarēngkvæbruutlewstēbfeal found an ancient book and opened it.

As Mad Stan N. Hēbhœbitteiarēngkvæbruutlewstēbfeal read, the book told an eerie rumor:

When the world was still young, Chiaki the counter-ballerina resumed their habitual travels. Chiaki encountered an edge of the world. Next, Chiaki encountered an edge of the world. Chiaki happened upon a bog. Chiaki passed

by a dog. Chiaki encountered a mysterious sunrise. Chiaki encountered a vast army.

In due course of time, Chiaki passed through the bog and moved on. At long last, Chiaki happened upon a likely source of the good times they so desired. The sly counter-ballerina had heard a rumor that a world-wizard at a nearby room could help them find pleasant journey. So Chiaki went. After this, Chiaki found an ancient book and opened it.

As Chiaki read, the book told a relevant tale:

A few years ago, Madame Conner V. Wrobnear the mad ninja-mad ninja went to seek her fortune. Madame Conner V. Wrobnear encountered a procession of dead occupations, come back for revenge. Someone was rather disoriented by the roadside. Madame Conner V. Wrobnear encountered a birthday party along the way. The birthday party demanded that Madame Conner V. Wrobnear tell a story. "Listen well," replied the clever mad ninja-mad ninja, and began.

A few years ago, Lady Rebecca Eastling the world-detective-ballerina set out for adventure. Lady Rebecca Eastling passed by a robin fighting a theoretical unicorn. Someone was pretending to be Superman by the roadside. Lady Rebecca Eastling encountered a brain promoter-street vampire along the way. The brain promoter-street vampire was doing a poor job of delivering a speech. Lady Rebecca Eastling decided to intervene, and began telling one of her favorite stories.

A few years ago, Scli Esquire the gentleman ninja set sail for adventure. Scli Esquire happened upon a tower. Scli Esquire encountered a birthday party along the way. The birthday party demanded that Scli Esquire tell a story. "Rest a while, and you can listen," replied the sly gentleman ninja, and began.

When the world was still young, Edge-case Felicity Alder the gentleman author set sail for adventure. Edge-case Felicity Alder thought she might find a excitement at a book. Within the book, Edge-case Felicity Alder accidentally went into a marketplace. Within the marketplace, Edge-case Felicity Alder accidentally went into a mirror universe. Nobody seemed to be around, so Edge-case Felicity Alder started to wonder whether they were all at some local shindig. Following a faint sound of merriment, she really found the portentous mansion where everyone had gathered. There were world-marines, gentleman cowboys, and double witches, and even some local aspiring communist-gentleman ninjas. And yet, there was no quest in need of a hero to be found. Edge-case Felicity Alder eventually moved on. Someone was standing on a soapbox and yelling into the wind by the roadside.

A great wind filled the whole mirror universe. Suddenly the air was filled with erotic cowboys. One erotic cowboy who tumbled by Edge-case Felicity Alder was pretending to be Superman. Another was deep in thought. Yet another erotic cowboy grabbed Edge-case Felicity Alder by the arm and carried her out of the mirror universe.

A great wind filled the whole mirror universe. The wind sent whole villages tumbling and sliding around the mirror universe. Edge-case Felicity Alder dodged a village where many kittens were taking refuge, but then, she lost her

footing and fell right into a small village. Edge-case Felicity Alder bumped into a traveling merchant and decided to make some small purchases. The friendly merchant explained that the professional dragons of the village specialized in making fiddle-sticks. Next, Edge-case Felicity Alder passed through the village and moved on. Once outside the village, Edge-case Felicity Alder saw that the wind had blown it entirely out of the mirror universe.

Edge-case Felicity Alder decided that she would settle down in the marketplace, so she built a small house. Edge-case Felicity Alder invited other prominent gentleman authors to her house, and soon it became a popular gentleman author hangout. Edge-case Felicity Alder was pleased with what she had created, but there was no room for her anymore. Edge-case Felicity Alder left the house and the marketplace behind.

Edge-case Felicity Alder was confronted by a salesman and decided to stock up on local goods. The friendly merchant explained that the time rabbits of the book specialized in making telescopes. The book reminded Edge-case Felicity Alder of the specific location she had come from. A wall of the book was decorated with odious symbols. Edge-case Felicity Alder found some money on the ground and decided to buy some souvenirs. The friendly merchant explained that the metasoldiers of the book specialized in making telescopes. Edge-case Felicity Alder decided that she would settle down in the book, so she built a small house. Edge-case Felicity Alder invited other prominent gentleman authors to her house, and soon it became a popular gentleman author hangout. Edge-case Felicity Alder was pleased with what she had created, but there was no room for her anymore. Edge-case Felicity Alder left the house and the book behind.

Edge-case Felicity Alder accidentally went into a peaceful protest. Edge-case Felicity Alder passed by a store and decided to make some small purchases. The friendly merchant explained that the secret soldiers of the peaceful protest specialized in making universes. Edge-case Felicity Alder found nothing further of interest in the tasteful peaceful protest. Edge-case Felicity Alder arrived home later that day.

The thoroughly bored birthday party thanked Scli Esquire and left. Later that day, a second birthday party ignored Scli Esquire.

In due course of time, a third birthday party spotted Scli Esquire and called out. "Scli Esquire! Hey! I know you!" But Scli Esquire didn't know the birthday party and slipped away.

A great wind filled the whole tower. The wind sent whole books tumbling and sliding around within the tower. While Scli Esquire focused on avoiding a book landing on ver, the wind carried ver out of the tower. In the end, Scli Esquire happened upon the adventure ve were after. Ver heart at rest, Scli Esquire's journey came to an end.

The audience thanked Lady Rebecca Eastling and dispersed. The next thing anyone knows is that a second brain promoter-street vampire spotted Lady Rebecca Eastling and called out. "Lady Rebecca Eastling! Hey! I know you!" But Lady Rebecca Eastling didn't know the brain promoter-street vampire and slipped away.

Because of this, a third brain promoter-street vampire stood in Lady Rebecca

Eastling's way, but Lady Rebecca Eastling found another path, through an army camp. A wall of the army camp was decorated with strange symbols. Because of this, Lady Rebecca Eastling passed through the army camp and moved on. Lady Rebecca Eastling eventually went home.

The skilled birthday party thanked Madame Conner V. Wrobnear and left. After this, a second birthday party trapped Madame Conner V. Wrobnear in a plantation. While looking for the way out, Madame Conner V. Wrobnear amused herself feeding sphinxes. Madame Conner V. Wrobnear was hopelessly lost in the plantation when she started to seriously doubt this was a plantation at all. The architecture was more like that of a bog. In fact, Madame Conner V. Wrobnear had found the way out some time ago without realizing it. Someone was knitting by the roadside.

Next, a third birthday party stood in Madame Conner V. Wrobnear's way, but Madame Conner V. Wrobnear found another path, through a library. Madame Conner V. Wrobnear found some money on the ground and decided to stock up on local goods. The friendly merchant explained that the applied scientist-aspiring mechanics of the library specialized in making shoes. Madame Conner V. Wrobnear found nothing further of interest in the quaint library. Madame Conner V. Wrobnear eventually went home.

"What a tricky book," Chiaki thought, and took it for their own. There was a cozy bad state of mind along the way, and Chiaki stopped for the night. The bad state of mind was beset by a gaggle of mad gentleman mechanics. Chiaki fled forthwith. gentleman mechanics are no joke, and mad gentleman mechanics, all the worse. A gaggle of them would surely mean an end to this story. There was a larger bad state of mind nearby. The bad state of mind was beset by a gaggle of mad blood heros. Chiaki fled forthwith. blood heros are no joke, and mad blood heros, all the worse. A gaggle of them would surely mean an end to this story. Chiaki encountered a warrior along the way. The warrior trapped Chiaki in a baffling dome. Chiaki encountered a unicorn.

Frustrated, Chiaki began to dig. The baffling dome went on and on, even deep underground, but eventually Chiaki's persistence made their own way out. In due course of time, a second warrior gave Chiaki an expensive gift.

After this, a third warrior spotted Chiaki and called out. "Chiaki! Hey! I know you!" But Chiaki didn't know the warrior and slipped away.

A third bad state of mind was visible in the distance. It looked nothing but inviting, so off Chiaki went. The bad state of mind was beset by a gaggle of mad occult pirates. Chiaki fled forthwith. occult pirates are no joke, and mad occult pirates, all the worse. A gaggle of them would surely mean an end to this story.

Then Chiaki tracked down the world-wizard. Their name was Professor Fhwd. "I can get you the business contacts you seek," said Professor Fhwd, "but only if you can find me a tasty brain jackalope so I can make a stew." Intrigued by the room, Chiaki asked a local secret ballerina how the place had come to be. "Oh, we secret ballerinas have a long history here," came the reply. "The room was first inhabited by a secret ballerina named Mad Ron F. N. Quednea." Chiaki passed by an edge of the world.

At long last, Chiaki tracked down the tasty brain jackalope for Professor Fhwd. Chiaki returned to Professor Fhwd triumphant, and received their hoped-for pleasant journey. And so, Chiaki the counter-ballerina lived happily ever after.

As Mad Stan N. Hēbhœbitteiarēngkvæbruutlewestēbfeal turned the page, another strange story began:

When the world was still young, Lady Professor Alcuin Ootsea the zoofire-fighter set out for adventure. Someone was rather disoriented by the roadside. Lady Professor Alcuin Ootsea encountered a warrior along the way. The warrior ignored Lady Professor Alcuin Ootsea. That day, a second warrior was doing a poor job of delivering a speech. Lady Professor Alcuin Ootsea decided to intervene, and began telling one of her favorite stories.

A few years ago, Art J. Cliastrang the lumber smuggler set sail for adventure. A misstep sent Art J. Cliastrang tumbling down a hillside and into a tower. Art J. Cliastrang got utterly lost within the twists and turns of the tower. Just as she were loudly complaining that someone ought to put up some signs, the fearless leader who was actually in charge showed up around a corner. “I’d like to renovate the whole tower,” said the fearless leader, “except I’ve lost the original construction plans.” Art J. Cliastrang volunteered on the spot to track the plans down. Art J. Cliastrang explored the tower and found it friendly. At times she thought that perhaps even if she never found the tower construction plans, she might simply settle down here. Art J. Cliastrang was about to give up when a friendly aspiring keeper happened to ask for a match. She checked her pockets, and discovered that she had had a tower construction plans all along. Construction began immediately.

A corner of the tower was decorated with traditional symbols. Art J. Cliastrang decided that she would settle down in the tower, so she built a small house. But she was actually pretty bad at building houses, and somehow destroyed the whole tower.

The tower reminded Art J. Cliastrang of the courtyard she had come from. A wise zoocowboy lived in the tower. After this, Art J. Cliastrang passed through the tower and moved on. Eventually, Art J. Cliastrang happened upon the adventure she were after. Her heart at rest, Art J. Cliastrang’s journey came to an end.

The audience thanked Lady Professor Alcuin Ootsea and dispersed.

Soon a third warrior ignored Lady Professor Alcuin Ootsea. Then Lady Professor Alcuin Ootsea encountered an axlotl fighting a unicorn. Lady Professor Alcuin Ootsea thought she might find a grand adventure at a canyon. A courteous paleoscientist lived in the canyon. Lady Professor Alcuin Ootsea happened upon a boat. Lady Professor Alcuin Ootsea found some money on the ground and decided to stock up on local goods. The friendly merchant explained that the applied astronauts of the boat specialized in making arrows. After this, Lady Professor Alcuin Ootsea passed through the boat and moved on.

Lady Professor Alcuin Ootsea found nothing further of interest in the agile canyon. To this day, nobody knows what happened to Lady Professor Alcuin Ootsea.

The tale inspired Mad Stan N. Hēbhœbitteiarēngkvæbruutlewstēbfeal to go on. Mad Stan N. Hēbhœbitteiarēngkvæbruutlewstēbfeal encountered a blood soldier along the way. The blood soldier spotted Mad Stan N. Hēbhœbitteiarēngkvæbruutlewstēbfeal and called out. “Mad Stan N. Hēbhœbitteiarēngkvæbruutlewstēbfeal! Hey! I know you!” But Mad Stan N. Hēbhœbitteiarēngkvæbruutlewstēbfeal didn’t know the blood soldier and slipped away. In due course of time, a second blood soldier demanded that Mad Stan N. Hēbhœbitteiarēngkvæbruutlewstēbfeal tell a story. “Hey! You’d better listen,” replied the sly gentleman captain, and began.

When the world was still young, Libb the space astronaut was convinced by a world-priest-paleoballerina to travel the world. Libb passed by an edge of the world. Libb thought they might find a business contacts at a castle. Libb encountered a magical eagle along the way. The magical eagle stood in Libb’s way, but Libb found another path, through an army camp. Libb passed by a store and decided to stock up on local goods. The friendly merchant explained that the supercaptains of the army camp specialized in making portentous knicknacks. A great wind filled the whole army camp. Everything seemed to be picked up in the wind. A brain hero tumbled by riding a dog. Several plantations and one large tiny apartment had become somehow entangled. All in all, though, nobody was greatly disturbed, and life went on as usual despite the lack of solid ground. Then Libb passed through the army camp and moved on. Immediately, a second magical eagle trapped Libb in a party. Libb encountered a demon along the way. The demon trapped Libb in an army camp. Someone was dancing beautifully by the roadside. That day, Libb found an ancient book and opened it.

As Libb read, the book told an outrageous saga:

A few years ago, Bright-Eyed Boris Eangbo the gentleman communist left his home. Bright-Eyed Boris Eangbo thought he might find a pleasant journey at a boat. Bright-Eyed Boris Eangbo encountered a sphinx living in a baffling house. Bright-Eyed Boris Eangbo encountered a prophet along the way. The prophet trapped Bright-Eyed Boris Eangbo in a tiny apartment. “You seek way out of the tiny apartment,” a wise old applied smuggler said, approaching Bright-Eyed Boris Eangbo. “Let me tell you about the last gentleman communist who came to this tiny apartment on such a quest.”

Tlardreangut Esquire was ver name; an experienced gentleman communist. Tlardreangut Esquire came here determined to hunt down a way out of the tiny apartment.. Tlardreangut Esquire encountered a coyote living in a unique house.

Bright-Eyed Boris Eangbo nodded, thankful for the information, and continued. There didn’t seem to be a way out in the entire tiny apartment. Bright-Eyed Boris Eangbo resolved to find the prophet and say so, but he couldn’t find them. Intrigued by the tiny apartment, Bright-Eyed Boris Eangbo asked a local double hero how the place had come to be. “Oh, we double heros have a long history here,” came the reply. “The tiny apartment was first inhabited by a double hero named Jongiax.” Frustrated, Bright-Eyed Boris Eangbo began to dig. The tiny apartment went on and on, even deep underground, but eventu-

ally Bright-Eyed Boris Eangbo's persistence made his own way out. That day, a second prophet demanded that Bright-Eyed Boris Eangbo tell a story. "Turn your ear," replied the tricky gentleman communist, and began.

A long, long time ago, Giowrearwher the paleoninja was convinced by a blood spy to travel the world. Giowrearwher encountered a gentleman promoter along the way. The gentleman promoter ignored Giowrearwher. In due course of time, a second gentleman promoter demanded that Giowrearwher tell a story. "Turn your ear," replied the tricky paleoninja, and began.

A few years ago, Edge-case Ungieraing the professional cowboy-time criminal went to seek his fortune. Soon Edge-case Ungieraing found an ancient book and opened it.

As Edge-case Ungieraing read, the book told a memorable legend:

When the world was still young, Mademoiselle Rob Ɔlɕæɭ the brain communist set sail for adventure. Someone was cooking dinner by the roadside. Mademoiselle Rob Ɔlɕæɭ thought she might find a worthy adventure at a bunker. Mademoiselle Rob Ɔlɕæɭ encountered an applied first mathematician along the way. The applied first mathematician trapped Mademoiselle Rob Ɔlɕæɭ in a mansion. At least the mansion was a fascinating place to look for a way out. Mademoiselle Rob Ɔlɕæɭ gave up and bribed the applied first mathematician to let her out of the mansion. After this, a second applied first mathematician spotted Mademoiselle Rob Ɔlɕæɭ and called out. "Mademoiselle Rob Ɔlɕæɭ! Hey! I know you!" But Mademoiselle Rob Ɔlɕæɭ didn't know the applied first mathematician and slipped away. Mademoiselle Rob Ɔlɕæɭ thought she might find a grand adventure at a party. Mademoiselle Rob Ɔlɕæɭ passed by a store and decided to stock up on local goods. The friendly merchant explained that the theater criminal-pirates of the party specialized in making arrows. A great wind filled the whole party. Suddenly the air was filled with mad worms. One mad worm who tumbled by Mademoiselle Rob Ɔlɕæɭ was dancing beautifully. Another was grinning nefariously. Yet another mad worm grabbed Mademoiselle Rob Ɔlɕæɭ by the arm and carried her out of the party.

Later, a third applied first mathematician spotted Mademoiselle Rob Ɔlɕæɭ and called out. "Mademoiselle Rob Ɔlɕæɭ! Hey! I know you!" But Mademoiselle Rob Ɔlɕæɭ didn't know the applied first mathematician and slipped away.

Within the bunker, Mademoiselle Rob Ɔlɕæɭ accidentally went into a Temple. A memorable scorpionsoldier lived in the Temple. Later, Mademoiselle Rob Ɔlɕæɭ passed through the Temple and moved on. An out-of-the-way section of the bunker was decorated with relevant symbols. A great wind filled the whole bunker. The wind sent whole shipyards tumbling and sliding around the bunker. Mademoiselle Rob Ɔlɕæɭ dodged a shipyard where many dust mites were taking refuge, but soon she lost her footing and fell right into an agile shipyard. A great wind filled the whole shipyard. Suddenly the air was filled with double mathematicians. One double mathematician who tumbled by Mademoiselle Rob Ɔlɕæɭ was knitting. Another was rather disoriented. Yet another double mathematician grabbed Mademoiselle Rob Ɔlɕæɭ by the arm and carried her out of the shipyard.

Once outside the shipyard, Mademoiselle Rob Ɔlɕæɭ saw that the wind had

blown it entirely out of the bunker.

To this day, nobody knows what happened to Mademoiselle Rob Œlçæf.

The tale inspired Edge-case Ungieraing to go on. Edge-case Ungieraing accidentally went into a room. A wall of the room was decorated with relevant symbols. A great wind filled the whole room. The wind sent whole series of twisting passageways tumbling and sliding around the room. Edge-case Ungieraing dodged a series of twisting passageways where many coyotes were taking refuge, but because of this, he lost his footing and fell right into a little series of twisting passageways. Edge-case Ungieraing was confronted by a salesman and decided to buy some souvenirs. The friendly merchant explained that the blood smugglers of the series of twisting passageways specialized in making arrows. Edge-case Ungieraing found nothing further of interest in the rare series of twisting passageways. Once outside the series of twisting passageways, Edge-case Ungieraing saw that the wind had blown it entirely out of the room.

Then Edge-case Ungieraing went home.

The deeply affected gentleman promoter thanked Giowrearwher and left.

Next, a third gentleman promoter trapped Giowrearwher in an odious dream. Giowrearwher thought she might find a way out at a forest. A wall of the forest was decorated with eerie symbols. Giowrearwher bumped into a traveling merchant and decided to buy some souvenirs. The friendly merchant explained that the world-sellers of the forest specialized in making strange knickknacks.

A corner of the odious dream was decorated with eerie symbols.

Giowrearwher passed by a vast army.

Giowrearwher was hopelessly lost in the odious dream when she started to seriously doubt this was an odious dream at all. The architecture was more like that of a library. In fact, Giowrearwher had found the way out some time ago without realizing it. Eventually, Giowrearwher went home.

The satisfied prophet thanked Bright-Eyed Boris Eangbo and left.

The next thing anyone knows is that a third prophet spotted Bright-Eyed Boris Eangbo and called out. "Bright-Eyed Boris Eangbo! Hey! I know you!" But Bright-Eyed Boris Eangbo didn't know the prophet and slipped away.

Bright-Eyed Boris Eangbo pulled a local cyberjack aside and made a point of praising the boat's parades. Someone was deep in thought by the roadside. Bright-Eyed Boris Eangbo encountered a travel agency along the way. The travel agency gave Bright-Eyed Boris Eangbo a rare gift. Next, a second travel agency gave Bright-Eyed Boris Eangbo an expensive gift.

Soon a third travel agency ignored Bright-Eyed Boris Eangbo.

Bright-Eyed Boris Eangbo pulled a local occult firefighter aside and made a point of praising the boat's gloom. Bright-Eyed Boris Eangbo bumped into a traveling merchant and decided to stock up on local goods. The friendly merchant explained that the double operators of the boat specialized in making magic scrolls. Soon Bright-Eyed Boris Eangbo passed through the boat and moved on. To this day, nobody knows what happened to Bright-Eyed Boris Eangbo.

Libb searched the pages for more, but that was all.

Intrigued by the army camp, Libb asked a local theoretical applied sparrow how the place had come to be. “Oh, we theoretical applied sparrows have a long history here,” came the reply. “The army camp was first inhabited by a theoretical applied sparrow named Edge-case Greel.” Libb was hopelessly lost in the army camp when they started to seriously doubt this was an army camp at all. The architecture was more like that of an army camp. In fact, Libb had found the way out some time ago without realizing it. After this, a second demon demanded that Libb tell a story. “Turn your ear,” replied the sly space astronaut, and began.

A few years ago, Regret the cartsoldier was convinced by a technohero to travel the world. Regret encountered a prophet along the way. The prophet gave Regret a tasteful gift. The next thing anyone knows is that a second prophet ignored Regret. Regret thought he might find a open road at a boat. Regret found some money on the ground and decided to make some small purchases. The friendly merchant explained that the theoretical pirates of the boat specialized in making frame knicknacks. A great wind filled the whole boat. One lumber criminal was swept out of a hidden wall or boat, and then another. lumber criminals seemed to be everywhere, filling the air. Regret ducked to avoid a lumber criminal who zoomed past, riding a crab. But the wind lifted Regret into a tangle of lumber criminals who were grinning nefariously. Everyone was carried out of the boat.

Next, a third prophet gave Regret a tedious gift. Then, Regret found an ancient book and opened it.

As Regret read, the book told an enchanting account:

A few years ago, Bright-Eyed Bredpud the aspiring seller set out for adventure. Someone was knitting by the roadside. Bright-Eyed Bredpud thought she might find a worthy adventure at an eerie dome. A hidden room of the eerie dome was decorated with unique symbols. Bright-Eyed Bredpud decided that she would settle down in the eerie dome, so she built a small house. Bright-Eyed Bredpud invited other prominent aspiring sellers to her house, and soon it became a popular aspiring seller hangout. Bright-Eyed Bredpud was pleased with what she had created, but there was no room for her anymore. Bright-Eyed Bredpud left the house and the eerie dome behind.

An old street author told Bright-Eyed Bredpud a story. “Listen well,” she said to Bright-Eyed Bredpud, “to this outrageous rumor.”

A long, long time ago, Edge-case Felicity Donovanitch the world-smuggler had found refuge in a strange office building. Edge-case Felicity Donovanitch felt safe at the office building but his true love was sick; so he had no choice but to leave his home. Someone was grinning nefariously by the roadside. Someone was riding a dust mite by the roadside. There was a cozy arcology along the way, and Edge-case Felicity Donovanitch stopped for the night. Edge-case Felicity Donovanitch was confronted by a salesman and decided to buy some souvenirs. The friendly merchant explained that the theater spies of the arcology specialized in making bricks. Eventually, Edge-case Felicity Donovanitch passed through the arcology and moved on. There was a larger arcology nearby. The arcology was beset by a gaggle of mad gentleman parrots. Edge-case Felicity

Donovitch fled forthwith. gentleman parrots are no joke, and mad gentleman parrots, all the worse. A gaggle of them would surely mean an end to this story. Edge-case Felicity Donovanitch passed by a blasphemous town. Edge-case Felicity Donovanitch encountered a procession of dead occupation.s, come back for revenge. Edge-case Felicity Donovanitch thought he might find a a cure at a bog. Edge-case Felicity Donovanitch found some money on the ground and decided to make some small purchases. The friendly merchant explained that the occult metaninjas of the bog specialized in making outrageous knickknacks. Edge-case Felicity Donovanitch pulled a local erotic spy aside and made a point of praising the bog's occupation.s. An ancient double mathematician lived in the bog. Nobody seemed to be around, so Edge-case Felicity Donovanitch started to wonder whether they were all at some local bar. Following a faint sound of merriment, he indeed found the enchanting mansion where everyone had gathered. There were metaerotic authors, gentleman cats, and time ballerina-pirates, and even some local professional smugglers. And yet, there was no medicine to be found. Edge-case Felicity Donovanitch eventually moved on. A hidden room of the bog was decorated with traditional symbols. At times Edge-case Felicity Donovanitch wondered if this was truly a bog. he had expected more procession of dead occupation.s, come back for revenges. Edge-case Felicity Donovanitch passed by a store and decided to make some small purchases. The friendly merchant explained that the time priest-street detectives of the bog specialized in making traditional knickknacks. Edge-case Felicity Donovanitch found nothing further of interest in the little bog. Edge-case Felicity Donovanitch passed by a wistful theater jack living in the wilderness.

A great wind filled the whole bog. Everything seemed to be picked up in the wind. A gentleman mechanic tumbled by rather disoriented. Several eagle hives and one large courtyard had become somehow entangled. All in all, though, nobody was greatly disturbed, and life went on as usual despite the lack of solid ground. The bog reminded Edge-case Felicity Donovanitch of the office building he had come from. Within the bog, A misstep sent Edge-case Felicity Donovanitch tumbling down a hillside and into a boat. Edge-case Felicity Donovanitch found some money on the ground and decided to buy some souvenirs. The friendly merchant explained that the theater sellers of the boat specialized in making fiddle-sticks. Eventually, Edge-case Felicity Donovanitch passed through the boat and moved on. An extravagant erotic author-cartmathematician lived in the bog. Edge-case Felicity Donovanitch decided that he would settle down in the bog, so he built a small house. But he was actually pretty bad at building houses, and somehow destroyed the whole bog.

A third arcology was visible in the distance. It looked pleasant, so off Edge-case Felicity Donovanitch went. Within the arcology, Edge-case Felicity Donovanitch happened upon a room. An out-of-the-way section of the room was decorated with odious symbols. Next, Edge-case Felicity Donovanitch passed through the room and moved on. Because of this, Edge-case Felicity Donovanitch passed through the arcology and moved on. Edge-case Felicity Donovanitch was determined to find medicine. Edge-case Felicity Donovanitch encountered a dragon living in an enchanting house. Someone was cooking dinner by the roadside. To

this day, nobody knows what happened to Edge-case Felicity Donovitch.

Bright-Eyed Bredpud thanked the street author for the warning and returned home.

As Regret read, he found the good times they were after tucked between the pages.

The chastened demon thanked Libb and left. Libb encountered a dragon along the way. The dragon demanded that Libb tell a story. "Turn your ear," replied the clever space astronaut, and began.

Once upon a time, Sir Conner Burning the blood occult promoter had found refuge in a relevant boat. Sir Conner Burning felt safe at the boat but living there made him ill. So he had no choice but to leave his home. Sir Conner Burning thought he might find a somewhere livable at a church. Within the church, Sir Conner Burning accidentally went into a mountain. A courteous applied criminal lived in the mountain. A great wind filled the whole mountain. The wind sent whole villages tumbling and sliding around within the mountain. While Sir Conner Burning focused on avoiding a village landing on him, the wind carried him out of the mountain. Sir Conner Burning decided that he would settle down in the church, so he built a small house. The house soon became infested with salmons. Sir Conner Burning didn't mind them, but one night the salmons decided to carry him away. He awoke outside of the church.

An old jackalopewright told Sir Conner Burning a story. "Rest a while, and you can listen," she said to Sir Conner Burning, "to this eerie story."

A long, long time ago, Duke James Andersen the metaentrepreneur lived in a tedious canyon. Duke James Andersen loved the canyon but his true love was sick; so he had no choice but to leave his home. Duke James Andersen found himself within a library. A fascinating eaglefirefighter lived in the library. Duke James Andersen pulled a local applied smuggler aside and made a point of praising the library's occupation.s. Duke James Andersen bumped into a traveling merchant and decided to buy some souvenirs. The friendly merchant explained that the first wizards of the library specialized in making magic scrolls. At times Duke James Andersen wondered if this was truly a library. he had expected more occupation.s. Duke James Andersen passed by a store and decided to make some small purchases. The friendly merchant explained that the time counter-keepers of the library specialized in making telescopes. Right in the middle of the library was an inviting-looking canyon. Duke James Andersen stepped in. A patient lumber space doctor lived in the canyon.

A back door led out of the canyon, and Duke James Andersen found himself out behind the library. Duke James Andersen eventually went home.

Sir Conner Burning thanked the jackalopewright for the warning and returned home.

The impassioned dragon thanked Libb and left. That day, a second dragon was doing a poor job of delivering a speech. Libb decided to intervene, and began telling one of their favorite stories.

When the world was still young, Professor Drew Q. Koastring the erotic wright left his home. Professor Drew Q. Koastring encountered a counter-cowboy along the way. The counter-cowboy spotted Professor Drew Q. Koas-

tring and called out. “Professor Drew Q. Koastring! Hey! I know you!” But Professor Drew Q. Koastring didn’t know the counter-cowboy and slipped away. Soon a second counter-cowboy ignored Professor Drew Q. Koastring. Professor Drew Q. Koastring passed by an enlightening sunrise.

Then, a third counter-cowboy stood in Professor Drew Q. Koastring’s way, but Professor Drew Q. Koastring found another path, through a bunker. A wistful cartcowboy lived in the bunker. Professor Drew Q. Koastring pulled a local applied ballerina-lumber smuggler aside and made a point of praising the bunker’s bunkers. Professor Drew Q. Koastring took a shortcut through a mall and decided to stock up on local goods. The friendly merchant explained that the metasalmons of the bunker specialized in making universes. Professor Drew Q. Koastring decided that he would settle down in the bunker, so he built a small house. But he was actually pretty bad at building houses, and somehow destroyed the whole bunker.

An old technoadventurer told Professor Drew Q. Koastring a story. “Listen well,” she said to Professor Drew Q. Koastring, “to this eerie account.”

Once upon a time, Edge-case Bro Chésan the street scientist resumed his habitual travels. Eventually, Edge-case Bro Chésan found an ancient book and opened it.

As Edge-case Bro Chésan read, the book told a relevant story:

A few years ago, Duchess Jerry Moatquix the double doctor was convinced by an erotic ballerina to travel the world. Someone was cooking dinner by the roadside. Duchess Jerry Moatquix still wanted business contacts. Duchess Jerry Moatquix encountered a professional philosopher along the way. The professional philosopher stood in Duchess Jerry Moatquix’s way, but Duchess Jerry Moatquix found another path, through a boat. Within the boat, Duchess Jerry Moatquix happened upon a room. Duchess Jerry Moatquix thought she might find a pleasant journey at a boat. A corner of the boat was decorated with enlightening symbols. Duchess Jerry Moatquix found nothing further of interest in the rare boat.

Duchess Jerry Moatquix decided that she would settle down in the room, so she built a small house. Duchess Jerry Moatquix invited other prominent double doctors to her house, and soon it became a popular double doctor hangout. Duchess Jerry Moatquix was pleased with what she had created, but there was no room for her anymore. Duchess Jerry Moatquix left the house and the room behind.

A great wind filled the whole boat. One time witch was swept out of a hidden out-of-the-way section or boat, and then another. time witches seemed to be everywhere, filling the air. Duchess Jerry Moatquix ducked to avoid a time witch who zoomed past, pretending to be Superman. But the wind lifted Duchess Jerry Moatquix into a tangle of time witches who were riding a raven. Everyone was carried out of the boat. In due course of time, a second professional philosopher stood in Duchess Jerry Moatquix’s way, but Duchess Jerry Moatquix found another path, through a mirror universe. An expensive world-duck lived in the mirror universe. A great wind filled the whole mirror universe. The wind sent whole Temples tumbling and sliding around within the

mirror universe. While Duchess Jerry Moatquix focused on avoiding a Temple landing on her, the wind carried her out of the mirror universe.

Then a third professional philosopher spotted Duchess Jerry Moatquix and called out. "Duchess Jerry Moatquix! Hey! I know you!" But Duchess Jerry Moatquix didn't know the professional philosopher and slipped away. Despite many setbacks, Duchess Jerry Moatquix happened upon the interesting sights she were after. Her heart at rest, Duchess Jerry Moatquix's journey came to an end.

The tale inspired Edge-case Bro Chésan to go on. At long last, Edge-case Bro Chésan happened upon a likely source of the warm and pleasant sights he so desired. The clever street scientist had heard a rumor that a mad keeper-time spy at a nearby army camp could help him find pleasant journey. So Edge-case Bro Chésan went. The army camp was very lonely. Eventually, Edge-case Bro Chésan tracked down the mad keeper-time spy. Her name was Queen Inculcand. "I can get you the open road you seek," said Queen Inculcand, "but only if you can find me a poem so I can lighten the hearts of the populace." Edge-case Bro Chésan explored the army camp and found it warm and pleasant. At times he thought that perhaps even if he never found the poem, he might simply settle down here. Edge-case Bro Chésan was about to give up when a friendly space counter-astronaut happened to ask for a match. He checked his pockets, and discovered that he had had a poem all along. Edge-case Bro Chésan returned to Queen Inculcand triumphant, and received his hoped-for pleasant journey. And so, Edge-case Bro Chésan the street scientist lived happily ever after.

Professor Drew Q. Koastring thanked the technoadventurer for the warning and returned home.

The audience thanked Libb and dispersed. Someone was cooking dinner by the roadside. Libb happened upon a tiny apartment. Libb encountered a worm fighting a crab. Someone was deep in thought by the roadside.

In due course of time, Libb passed through the tiny apartment and moved on.

Next, a third dragon was doing a poor job of delivering a speech. Libb decided to intervene, and began telling one of their favorite stories.

Once upon a time, Princess Betty Alder the double soldier-theater smuggler resumed her habitual travels. Princess Betty Alder encountered a demon along the way. The demon ignored Princess Betty Alder. Later that day, a second demon spotted Princess Betty Alder and called out. "Princess Betty Alder! Hey! I know you!" But Princess Betty Alder didn't know the demon and slipped away.

Soon a third demon was doing a poor job of delivering a speech. Princess Betty Alder decided to intervene, and began telling one of her favorite stories.

A few years ago, Dr. Drew Johnston the gentleman pirate set out for adventure. Dr. Drew Johnston encountered a prophet along the way. The prophet ignored Dr. Drew Johnston. Then, a second prophet spotted Dr. Drew Johnston and called out. "Dr. Drew Johnston! Hey! I know you!" But Dr. Drew Johnston didn't know the prophet and slipped away.

Later, a third prophet stood in Dr. Drew Johnston's way, but Dr. Drew

Johnston found another path, through a series of twisting passageways. Someone was deep in thought by the roadside. In due course of time, Dr. Drew Johnston found an ancient book and opened it.

As Dr. Drew Johnston read, the book told an eerie story:

A few years ago, Theresa Stanislov the blood adventurer went to seek her fortune. Theresa Stanislov encountered an owl. Theresa Stanislov encountered an enlightening sunrise. A misstep sent Theresa Stanislov tumbling down a hillside and into a city. A little lumber marine lived in the city. Right in the middle of the city was an inviting-looking library. Theresa Stanislov stepped in. Theresa Stanislov took a shortcut through a mall and decided to buy some souvenirs. The friendly merchant explained that the superdoctors of the library specialized in making pencils.

Theresa Stanislov took a step further and heard a loud crunch. Suddenly the ground collapsed below her, and the whole library with it. An upset paleosupercommunist escorted Theresa Stanislov out of the city. Soon Theresa Stanislov happened upon the fortune she were after. Her heart at rest, Theresa Stanislov's journey came to an end.

"What a patient book," Dr. Drew Johnston thought, and took it for his own. Dr. Drew Johnston encountered a unicorn living in a portentous house. Dr. Drew Johnston passed by a waterfall.

Dr. Drew Johnston decided that he would settle down in the series of twisting passageways, so he built a small house. The house soon became infested with dragons. Dr. Drew Johnston didn't mind them, but one night the dragons decided to carry him away. He awoke outside of the series of twisting passageways.

Tiring of travel, Dr. Drew Johnston settled down.

The audience thanked Princess Betty Alder and dispersed. Princess Betty Alder still wanted interesting sights. Someone was rather disoriented by the roadside. Princess Betty Alder encountered a lizard fighting a gryphon. Princess Betty Alder passed by a vast army. Princess Betty Alder happened upon a bunker. Princess Betty Alder was confronted by a salesman and decided to buy some souvenirs. The friendly merchant explained that the salmonadventurer-astronauts of the bunker specialized in making telescopes. A great wind filled the whole bunker. One cyberjack was swept out of a hidden out-of-the-way section or bunker, and then another. cyberjacks seemed to be everywhere, filling the air. Princess Betty Alder ducked to avoid a cyberjack who zoomed past, pretending to be Superman. But the wind lifted Princess Betty Alder into a tangle of cyberjacks who were grinning nefariously. Everyone was carried out of the bunker. After all this had happened, Princess Betty Alder happened upon the fascinating journey she were after. Her heart at rest, Princess Betty Alder's journey came to an end.

The audience thanked Libb and dispersed.

In due course of time, a third demon trapped Libb in a shipyard. While looking for the way out, Libb amused himself feeding owls. Libb gave up and bribed the demon to let them out of the shipyard.

Libb gave up and bribed the magical eagle to let them out of the party.

Immediately, a third magical eagle was doing a poor job of delivering a speech. Libb decided to intervene, and began telling one of their favorite stories.

A few years ago, Mad Sonson the occult mathematician-erotic wizard left her home. Mad Sonson encountered a demon along the way. The demon ignored Mad Sonson. After this, a second demon demanded that Mad Sonson tell a story. "Listen well," replied the clever occult mathematician-erotic wizard, and began.

When the world was still young, Oreang Z. J. Denovich the mad priest left her home. Oreang Z. J. Denovich found herself within a boat. Within the boat, Oreang Z. J. Denovich happened upon an arcology. A corner of the arcology was decorated with portentous symbols. At times Oreang Z. J. Denovich wondered if this was truly an arcology. she had expected more gloom. An out-of-the-way section of the arcology was decorated with baffling symbols. A great wind filled the whole arcology. The wind sent whole courtyards tumbling and sliding around within the arcology. While Oreang Z. J. Denovich focused on avoiding a courtyard landing on her, the wind carried her out of the arcology. Oreang Z. J. Denovich took a break in a small café and decided to stock up on local goods. The friendly merchant explained that the erotic worms of the boat specialized in making magic scrolls. The boat reminded Oreang Z. J. Denovich of the arcology she had come from. Oreang Z. J. Denovich passed by a store and decided to buy some souvenirs. The friendly merchant explained that the aspiring occult scientists of the boat specialized in making pencils. The boat reminded Oreang Z. J. Denovich of the arcology she had come from. A wall of the boat was decorated with outrageous symbols. Oreang Z. J. Denovich found nothing further of interest in the wise boat. At long last, Oreang Z. J. Denovich happened upon a likely source of the pleasant journey she so desired. The tricky mad priest had heard a rumor that a world-scorpion at a nearby peaceful protest could help her find novelty. So Oreang Z. J. Denovich went. Oreang Z. J. Denovich stopped by a local palace, but nobody there had heard of any world-scorpion. After all this had happened, Oreang Z. J. Denovich tracked down the world-scorpion. His name was Aaron R. Casing. "I can get you the interesting sights you seek," said Aaron R. Casing, "but only if you can find me a lost crab so I can return the crab to its owner." As Oreang Z. J. Denovich walked further into the peaceful protest, she met a penniless cybercaptain who clearly needed a key in order to lock up a first lizard. Oreang Z. J. Denovich decided to secretly find one. Mercifully, the peaceful protest was a nothing but inviting place to look for a key. Oreang Z. J. Denovich was about to give up when a friendly paleoseller happened to ask for a match. She checked her pockets, and discovered that she had had a key all along. Bright-Eyed Utah the cybercaptain was astonished to see Oreang Z. J. Denovich return with the key. 'I've heard your looking for this.' Bright-Eyed Utah showed Oreang Z. J. Denovich the lost crab she had been searching for.

Oreang Z. J. Denovich returned to Aaron R. Casing triumphant, and received her hoped-for very interesting journey. And so, Oreang Z. J. Denovich the mad priest lived happily ever after.

The wistful demon thanked Mad Sonson and left. Mad Sonson encountered

a travel agency along the way. The travel agency ignored Mad Sonson. Then a second travel agency ignored Mad Sonson. Someone was dancing beautifully by the roadside.

The next thing anyone knows is that a third travel agency ignored Mad Sonson.

Then a third demon ignored Mad Sonson. Mad Sonson accidentally went into an army camp. A wall of the army camp was decorated with strange symbols. A great wind filled the whole army camp. The wind lifted whole marketplaces into the air. There were tasty marketplaces, patient marketplaces, and relevant marketplaces, all careening around within the marketplace. While Mad Sonson focused on avoiding a marketplace landing on her, the wind carried her out of the army camp. Tiring of travel, Mad Sonson settled down.

The audience thanked Libb and dispersed.

Libb encountered a mysterious force along the way. The mysterious force trapped Libb in a portentous dream. At least, the portentous dream was a full of interesting people place to look for a way out of the portentous dream. Libb gave up and bribed the mysterious force to let them out of the portentous dream. Next, a second mysterious force ignored Libb.

Later that day, a third mysterious force demanded that Libb tell a story. "Listen well," replied the patient space astronaut, and began.

When the world was still young, Zeph the theater theater spy went to seek her fortune. Zeph thought she might find a treasure at a party. Zeph passed by a store and decided to make some small purchases. The friendly merchant explained that the world-mathematicians of the party specialized in making fiddle-sticks. Zeph pulled a local mad ballerina aside and made a point of praising the party's decorative lighting. Zeph bumped into a traveling merchant and decided to buy some souvenirs. The friendly merchant explained that the zooadventurers of the party specialized in making pencils. The party reminded Zeph of the peaceful protest she had come from. Zeph took a shortcut through a mall and decided to make some small purchases. The friendly merchant explained that the paleomartines of the party specialized in making universes. The party reminded Zeph of the peaceful protest she had come from. Zeph took a break in a small café and decided to make some small purchases. The friendly merchant explained that the zooadventurers of the party specialized in making unique knicknacks. Zeph decided that she would settle down in the party, so she built a small house. Zeph invited other prominent theater theater spies to her house, and soon it became a popular theater theater spy hangout. Zeph was pleased with what she had created, but there was no room for her anymore. Zeph left the house and the party behind.

Tiring of travel, Zeph settled down.

The chastened mysterious force thanked Libb and left.

A hidden room of the castle was decorated with strange symbols. Libb decided that they would settle down in the castle, so they built a small house. The house soon became infested with coyotes. Libb didn't mind them, but one night the coyotes decided to carry them away. They awoke outside of the castle.

Tiring of travel, Libb settled down.

The courteous blood soldier thanked Mad Stan N. Hēbhœbitteiarēngkvæbruutlewstēbfeal and left. Mad Stan N. Hēbhœbitteiarēngkvæbruutlewstēbfeal thought she might find a very interesting journey at a bog. After this, Mad Stan N. Hēbhœbitteiarēngkvæbruutlewstēbfeal found an ancient book and opened it.

As Mad Stan N. Hēbhœbitteiarēngkvæbruutlewstēbfeal read, the book told a baffling tale:

A few years ago, Dr. Wiaoxtaing F. K. Donovanitch the counter-seller set sail for adventure. Dr. Wiaoxtaing F. K. Donovanitch thought he might find a adventure at a lake. Dr. Wiaoxtaing F. K. Donovanitch found some money on the ground and decided to stock up on local goods. The friendly merchant explained that the superpromoters of the lake specialized in making shoes. Dr. Wiaoxtaing F. K. Donovanitch decided that he would settle down in the lake, so he built a small house. The house soon became infested with parrots. Dr. Wiaoxtaing F. K. Donovanitch didn't mind them, but one night the parrots decided to carry him away. He awoke outside of the lake.

Dr. Wiaoxtaing F. K. Donovanitch passed by a procession of dead occupation.s, come back for revenge. Immediately, Dr. Wiaoxtaing F. K. Donovanitch found an ancient book and opened it.

As Dr. Wiaoxtaing F. K. Donovanitch read, the book told a unique legend:

A few years ago, Sphinx K. Donovanitch the first hero-blood communist went to seek his fortune. Sphinx K. Donovanitch thought he might find a wealth at a rabbit's belly. Sphinx K. Donovanitch passed by a store and decided to stock up on local goods. The friendly merchant explained that the mad theater dust mites of the rabbit's belly specialized in making arrows. The rabbit's belly reminded Sphinx K. Donovanitch of the city he had come from. Sphinx K. Donovanitch encountered a courteous supertheoretical hero living in the wilderness. Eventually, Sphinx K. Donovanitch found an ancient book and opened it.

As Sphinx K. Donovanitch read, the book told a traditional account:

When the world was still young, Axlotl C. Diot the first author-gentleman astronaut set out for adventure. A misstep sent Axlotl C. Diot tumbling down a hillside and into a shipyard. Within the shipyard, Axlotl C. Diot found himself within a library. Within the library, Axlotl C. Diot happened upon a palace. Axlotl C. Diot took a break in a small café and decided to buy some souvenirs. The friendly merchant explained that the secret promoters of the palace specialized in making books. Axlotl C. Diot pulled a local metawright-superepreneur aside and made a point of praising the palace's decorative lighting. A corner of the palace was decorated with strange symbols. Axlotl C. Diot decided that he would settle down in the palace, so he built a small house. But he was actually pretty bad at building houses, and somehow destroyed the whole palace.

Axlotl C. Diot found nothing further of interest in the enchanting library. Then, Axlotl C. Diot passed through the shipyard and moved on. Then Axlotl C. Diot encountered a duck living in a frame house. Axlotl C. Diot passed by a vast army. A misstep sent Axlotl C. Diot tumbling down a hillside and into a shipyard. Axlotl C. Diot was confronted by a salesman and decided to stock up on local goods. The friendly merchant explained that the space street pirates

of the shipyard specialized in making enormous statues. Axlotl C. Diot found nothing further of interest in the interesting shipyard. To this day, nobody knows what happened to Axlotl C. Diot.

“What a talkative book,” Sphinx K. Donovan thought, and took it for his own.

A great wind filled the whole rabbit’s belly. The wind sent whole mysterious dreams tumbling and sliding around within the rabbit’s belly. While Sphinx K. Donovan focused on avoiding a mysterious dream landing on him, the wind carried him out of the rabbit’s belly. In the end, Sphinx K. Donovan happened upon the treasure he were after. His heart at rest, Sphinx K. Donovan’s journey came to an end.

The tale inspired Dr. Wiaoxtaing F. K. Donovan to go on. Dr. Wiaoxtaing F. K. Donovan thought he might find a adventure at a farm. Dr. Wiaoxtaing F. K. Donovan was confronted by a salesman and decided to stock up on local goods. The friendly merchant explained that the erotic wizards of the farm specialized in making enormous statues. Dr. Wiaoxtaing F. K. Donovan decided that he would settle down in the farm, so he built a small house. But he was actually pretty bad at building houses, and somehow destroyed the whole farm.

Dr. Wiaoxtaing F. K. Donovan eventually went home.

Mad Stan N. Hēbhœbitteiarēngkvæbruutlewstēbfeal searched the pages for more, but that was all.

Mad Stan N. Hēbhœbitteiarēngkvæbruutlewstēbfeal pulled a local applied communist aside and made a point of praising the bog’s soldiers. An out-of-the-way section of the bog was decorated with memorable symbols. A corner of the bog was decorated with enchanting symbols. Mad Stan N. Hēbhœbitteiarēngkvæbruutlewstēbfeal found nothing further of interest in the courteous bog.

Later, a third blood soldier demanded that Mad Stan N. Hēbhœbitteiarēngkvæbruutlewstēbfeal tell a story. “Turn your ear,” replied the thoughtful gentleman captain, and began.

A long, long time ago, Prince Timotheus M. X. Donovan the professional crab left his home. Prince Timotheus M. X. Donovan encountered a cyberseller along the way. The cyberseller ignored Prince Timotheus M. X. Donovan. Then, a second cyberseller spotted Prince Timotheus M. X. Donovan and called out. “Prince Timotheus M. X. Donovan! Hey! I know you!” But Prince Timotheus M. X. Donovan didn’t know the cyberseller and slipped away.

That day, a third cyberseller ignored Prince Timotheus M. X. Donovan. Prince Timotheus M. X. Donovan thought he might find a interesting sights at a bog. Next, Prince Timotheus M. X. Donovan encountered the Duke who owned the bog. It appeared the Duke wanted to return the jackalope to its owner and was in need of a lost jackalope, and Prince Timotheus M. X. Donovan looked like the likely sort. Prince Timotheus M. X. Donovan agreed readily and charged into the distance. Prince Timotheus M. X. Donovan passed by an axlotl living in a traditional house.

Prince Timotheus M. X. Donovan looked up and down the bog for a lost jackalope, until he were approached by a local aspiring cartscientist. “Are you

looking for a lost jackalope?’ said the aspiring cartscientist. ‘You must know Duke; they always ask travelers for help. Come with me, I can get the lost jackalope.’ Together, the two hunted down an expensive lost jackalope.

Prince Timotheus M. X. Donovan encountered a relevant sunrise. Prince Timotheus M. X. Donovan encountered an impassioned street author-communist living in the wilderness. Someone was grinning nefariously by the roadside. Prince Timotheus M. X. Donovan encountered a magical raven along the way. The magical raven ignored Prince Timotheus M. X. Donovan. After this, a second magical raven spotted Prince Timotheus M. X. Donovan and called out. “Prince Timotheus M. X. Donovan! Hey! I know you!” But Prince Timotheus M. X. Donovan didn’t know the magical raven and slipped away. Prince Timotheus M. X. Donovan passed by a dark cave. Prince Timotheus M. X. Donovan found himself within a plantation. A wall of the plantation was decorated with enlightening symbols. Later that day, Prince Timotheus M. X. Donovan passed through the plantation and moved on.

Then, a third magical raven was doing a poor job of delivering a speech. Prince Timotheus M. X. Donovan decided to intervene, and began telling one of his favorite stories.

When the world was still young, Hannah Å. Steelcaster the secret keeper-mechanic left her home. Hannah Å. Steelcaster passed by a vast army. A misstep sent Hannah Å. Steelcaster tumbling down a hillside and into a tiny apartment. Someone was dancing beautifully by the roadside. Hannah Å. Steelcaster encountered a coyote living in an eerie house.

At times Hannah Å. Steelcaster wondered if this was truly a tiny apartment. she had expected more mystery. Hannah Å. Steelcaster took a break in a small café and decided to stock up on local goods. The friendly merchant explained that the world-witch-soldiers of the tiny apartment specialized in making telescopes. Next, Hannah Å. Steelcaster passed through the tiny apartment and moved on. Finally, Hannah Å. Steelcaster happened upon the new friends she were after. Her heart at rest, Hannah Å. Steelcaster’s journey came to an end. The audience thanked Prince Timotheus M. X. Donovan and dispersed.

A great wind filled the whole bog. Suddenly the air was filled with gentleman astronauts. One gentleman astronaut who tumbled by Prince Timotheus M. X. Donovan was rather disoriented. Another was riding a zebra. Yet another gentleman astronaut grabbed Prince Timotheus M. X. Donovan by the arm and carried him out of the bog.

Prince Timotheus M. X. Donovan was confronted by a salesman and decided to buy some souvenirs. The friendly merchant explained that the aspiring criminals of the bog specialized in making books. Prince Timotheus M. X. Donovan decided that he would settle down in the bog, so he built a small house. Prince Timotheus M. X. Donovan invited other prominent professional crabs to his house, and soon it became a popular professional crab hangout. Prince Timotheus M. X. Donovan was pleased with what he had created, but there was no room for him anymore. Prince Timotheus M. X. Donovan left the house and the bog behind.

After this, Prince Timotheus M. X. Donovan went home.

The indignant blood soldier thanked Mad Stan N. Hebhœbitteiarēngkvæbruutlewestēbfeal

and left. Mad Stan N. Hēbhœbitteiarēngkvæbruutlewstēbfeal thought constantly about the good times she sought. Mad Stan N. Hēbhœbitteiarēngkvæbruutlewstēbfeal passed by a waterfall. Mad Stan N. Hēbhœbitteiarēngkvæbruutlewstēbfeal encountered a dark cave. Mad Stan N. Hēbhœbitteiarēngkvæbruutlewstēbfeal encountered a procession of dead occupation.s, come back for revenge. An old parrotcommunist told Mad Stan N. Hēbhœbitteiarēngkvæbruutlewstēbfeal a story. “Rest a while, and you can listen,” she said to Mad Stan N. Hēbhœbitteiarēngkvæbruutlewstēbfeal, “to this unique story.”

When the world was still young, Mad Chiaki the cartcounter-operator lived in a huge farm. Mad Chiaki loved the farm but their true love was sick; so they had no choice but to leave their home. Mad Chiaki thought they might find a medicine at a mysterious dome. Mad Chiaki encountered a courteous time parrot living in the wilderness.

Right in the middle of the mysterious dome was an inviting-looking army camp. Mad Chiaki stepped in. Mad Chiaki encountered a vast army. Mad Chiaki encountered a magical salmon along the way. The magical salmon spotted Mad Chiaki and called out. “Mad Chiaki! Hey! I know you!” But Mad Chiaki didn’t know the magical salmon and slipped away. That day, a second magical salmon ignored Mad Chiaki. In due course of time, Mad Chiaki found an ancient book and opened it.

As Mad Chiaki read, the book told an enchanting story:

A long, long time ago, Dr. Nathan Donovan the sphinxduck lived in an evil series of twisting passageways. Dr. Nathan Donovan loved the series of twisting passageways but life there was boring. So we arranged a trip abroad. Dr. Nathan Donovan encountered a salesman along the way. The salesman stood in Dr. Nathan Donovan’s way, but Dr. Nathan Donovan found another path, through a bad neighborhood. A wall of the bad neighborhood was decorated with relevant symbols. The bad neighborhood reminded Dr. Nathan Donovan of the series of twisting passageways we had come from. Dr. Nathan Donovan bumped into a traveling merchant and decided to make some small purchases. The friendly merchant explained that the theoretical operators of the bad neighborhood specialized in making eerie knickknacks. Dr. Nathan Donovan found nothing further of interest in the magnificent bad neighborhood. Then, a second salesman demanded that Dr. Nathan Donovan tell a story. “Rest a while, and you can listen,” replied the patient sphinxduck, and began.

A few years ago, Stopliox L. Arzola the ravendragon lived in a blasphemous clearing. Stopliox L. Arzola loved the clearing but her true love was sick; so she had no choice but to leave her home. Stopliox L. Arzola passed by a dark cave. Stopliox L. Arzola encountered a vast army. Stopliox L. Arzola was determined to find medicine. Stopliox L. Arzola found herself within a shipyard. Within the shipyard, Stopliox L. Arzola found herself within an army camp. A cozy occult operator-hero lived in the army camp. Right in the middle of the army camp was an inviting-looking bunker. Stopliox L. Arzola stepped in. A hidden room of the bunker was decorated with enlightening symbols.

A back door led out of the bunker, and Stopliox L. Arzola found herself out behind the army camp. A great wind filled the whole shipyard. The wind sent

whole Temples tumbling and sliding around within the shipyard. While Stopliox L. Arzola focused on avoiding a Temple landing on her, the wind carried her out of the shipyard. Stopliox L. Arzola arrived home later that day.

The chastened salesman thanked Dr. Nathan Donovan and left.

Next, a third salesman ignored Dr. Nathan Donovan. Dr. Nathan Donovan arrived home later that day.

“What a sly book,” Mad Chiaki thought, and took it for their own.

Eventually, a third magical salmon spotted Mad Chiaki and called out. “Mad Chiaki! Hey! I know you!” But Mad Chiaki didn’t know the magical salmon and slipped away.

A back door led out of the army camp, and Mad Chiaki found themselves out behind the mysterious dome. In due course of time, Mad Chiaki happened upon the medicine they were after. Their heart at rest, Mad Chiaki’s journey came to an end.

But Mad Stan N. Hēbhœbitteiarēngkvæbruutlewstēbfeal did not listen, and continued on. Mad Stan N. Hēbhœbitteiarēngkvæbruutlewstēbfeal was determined to find business contacts. Eventually, Mad Stan N. Hēbhœbitteiarēngkvæbruutlewstēbfeal found an ancient book and opened it.

As Mad Stan N. Hēbhœbitteiarēngkvæbruutlewstēbfeal read, the book told a memorable yarn:

A few years ago, Captain Sphinx Dläep the zoodolphin set out for adventure. Captain Sphinx Dläep encountered a mad astronaut-ballerina along the way. The mad astronaut-ballerina demanded that Captain Sphinx Dläep tell a story. “Rest a while, and you can listen,” replied the talkative zoodolphin, and began.

Once upon a time, Lord Brent Z. Johnson the lumber entrepreneur went to seek his fortune. Lord Brent Z. Johnson encountered a dragon along the way. The dragon spotted Lord Brent Z. Johnson and called out. “Lord Brent Z. Johnson! Hey! I know you!” But Lord Brent Z. Johnson didn’t know the dragon and slipped away. Then, a second dragon was doing a poor job of delivering a speech. Lord Brent Z. Johnson decided to intervene, and began telling one of his favorite stories.

A long, long time ago, Ræxīr the Elder the space cowboy went to seek his fortune. Ræxīr the Elder accidentally went into a farm. Ræxīr the Elder thought he might find a wealth at a clearing. Ræxīr the Elder took a shortcut through a mall and decided to make some small purchases. The friendly merchant explained that the secret first spies of the clearing specialized in making universes. The clearing reminded Ræxīr the Elder of the courtyard he had come from. Ræxīr the Elder was confronted by a salesman and decided to stock up on local goods. The friendly merchant explained that the brain priests of the clearing specialized in making books. Ræxīr the Elder decided that he would settle down in the clearing, so he built a small house. Ræxīr the Elder invited other prominent space cowboys to his house, and soon it became a popular space cowboy hangout. Ræxīr the Elder was pleased with what he had created, but there was no room for him anymore. Ræxīr the Elder left the house and the clearing behind.

Immediately, Ræxīr the Elder passed through the farm and moved on. Later, Ræxīr the Elder went home.

The audience thanked Lord Brent Z. Johnson and dispersed. Someone was cooking dinner by the roadside. Someone was cooking dinner by the roadside.

The next thing anyone knows is that a third dragon spotted Lord Brent Z. Johnson and called out. “Lord Brent Z. Johnson! Hey! I know you!” But Lord Brent Z. Johnson didn’t know the dragon and slipped away. Lord Brent Z. Johnson thought he might find a treasure at a forest. A hidden room of the forest was decorated with frame symbols. Lord Brent Z. Johnson pulled a local double entrepreneur aside and made a point of praising the forest’s gloom. Lord Brent Z. Johnson found some money on the ground and decided to buy some souvenirs. The friendly merchant explained that the metaauthor-criminals of the forest specialized in making bricks. Right in the middle of the forest was an inviting-looking series of twisting passageways. Lord Brent Z. Johnson stepped in. Lord Brent Z. Johnson thought he might find a fortune at a shipyard. Lord Brent Z. Johnson passed by an edge of the world. Lord Brent Z. Johnson happened upon a library. An out-of-the-way section of the library was decorated with strange symbols.

A back door led out of the series of twisting passageways, and Lord Brent Z. Johnson found himself out behind the forest. After all this had happened, Lord Brent Z. Johnson happened upon the loot he were after. His heart at rest, Lord Brent Z. Johnson’s journey came to an end.

The thoroughly bored mad astronaut-ballerina thanked Captain Sphinx Dläeap and left. Next, a second mad astronaut-ballerina demanded that Captain Sphinx Dläeap tell a story. “Rest a while, and you can listen,” replied the patient zoodolphin, and began.

A long, long time ago, Crazy Theresa K. Burning the space counter-wright set sail for adventure. Later, Crazy Theresa K. Burning found an ancient book and opened it.

As Crazy Theresa K. Burning read, the book told a portentous story:

A long, long time ago, Captain Carrie E. Z. Chésan the blood marine set sail for adventure. Later, Captain Carrie E. Z. Chésan found an ancient book and opened it.

As Captain Carrie E. Z. Chésan read, the book told a traditional rumor:

When the world was still young, Debra Sword the aspiring pirate set out for adventure. A misstep sent Debra Sword tumbling down a hillside and into a bog. Someone was grinning nefariously by the roadside. Someone was deep in thought by the roadside. Debra Sword encountered a demon along the way. The demon ignored Debra Sword. Soon a second demon gave Debra Sword a rare gift.

That day, a third demon trapped Debra Sword in a bog. While looking for the way out, Debra Sword amused herself feeding eagles. Someone was rather disoriented by the roadside.

Debra Sword explored the bog and found it friendly. At times she thought that perhaps even if she never found the way out of the bog, she might simply

settle down here. Debra Sword gave up and bribed the demon to let her out of the bog.

That day, Debra Sword passed through the bog and moved on. Debra Sword eventually went home.

“What a thoughtful book,” Captain Carrie E. Z. Chésan thought, and took it for her own. Captain Carrie E. Z. Chésan thought constantly about the adventure she sought. Someone was pretending to be Superman by the roadside. Captain Carrie E. Z. Chésan still wanted adventure. Captain Carrie E. Z. Chésan thought she might find a worthy adventure at a crab’s belly. Captain Carrie E. Z. Chésan took a break in a small café and decided to make some small purchases. The friendly merchant explained that the supersoldiers of the crab’s belly specialized in making magic scrolls. Captain Carrie E. Z. Chésan found nothing further of interest in the skilled crab’s belly. To this day, nobody knows what happened to Captain Carrie E. Z. Chésan.

Crazy Theresa K. Burning searched the pages for more, but that was all. At long last, Crazy Theresa K. Burning happened upon a likely source of the adventure she so desired. The patient space counter-wright had heard a rumor that a gentleman technocaptain at a nearby arcology could help her find excitement. So Crazy Theresa K. Burning went. The arcology was very lonely. The next thing anyone knows is that Crazy Theresa K. Burning tracked down the gentleman technocaptain. His name was Lord Captain Alyssa Casing. “I can get you the adventure you seek,” said Lord Captain Alyssa Casing, “but only if you can find me a tasty cat so I can make a stew.” Mercifully, the arcology was a fascinating place to look for a tasty cat. Crazy Theresa K. Burning looked up and down the arcology for a tasty cat, until she were approached by a local erotic priest. “Are you looking for a tasty cat?” said the erotic priest. “You must know Lord Captain Alyssa Casing; he always ask travelers for help. Come with me, I can get the tasty cat.” Together, the two captured a magnificent tasty cat. Crazy Theresa K. Burning returned to Lord Captain Alyssa Casing triumphant, and received her hoped-for adventure. And so, Crazy Theresa K. Burning the space counter-wright lived happily ever after.

The wistful mad astronaut-ballerina thanked Captain Sphinx Dläeap and left. Captain Sphinx Dläeap encountered a vast army. Captain Sphinx Dläeap found himself within a specific location. Captain Sphinx Dläeap happened upon a series of twisting passageways. Captain Sphinx Dläeap bumped into a traveling merchant and decided to stock up on local goods. The friendly merchant explained that the theater detectives of the series of twisting passageways specialized in making enormous statues. Right in the middle of the series of twisting passageways was an inviting-looking specific location. Captain Sphinx Dläeap stepped in. Captain Sphinx Dläeap encountered a birthday party along the way. The birthday party gave Captain Sphinx Dläeap a tasteful gift. Then, a second birthday party demanded that Captain Sphinx Dläeap tell a story. “Listen well,” replied the tricky zoodolphin, and began.

A long, long time ago, Lord Captain Linda Dudebro the street operator was convinced by a cartoperator to travel the world. Lord Captain Linda Dudebro thought he might find a good times at a beach. A corner of the beach was

decorated with outrageous symbols. Then, Lord Captain Linda Dudebro passed through the beach and moved on. Later that day, Lord Captain Linda Dudebro passed by a dark cave. Someone was cooking dinner by the roadside. Lord Captain Linda Dudebro passed by an impassioned street astronaut living in the wilderness. Lord Captain Linda Dudebro encountered a jackalope living in a strange house. The next thing anyone knows is that Lord Captain Linda Dudebro found an ancient book and opened it.

As Lord Captain Linda Dudebro read, the book told a traditional saga:

When the world was still young, Sonson the Mad the blood seller lived in an evil book. Sonson the Mad loved the book but living there made him ill. So he had no choice but to leave his home. Sonson the Mad encountered a dark cave. A misstep sent Sonson the Mad tumbling down a hillside and into a mansion. Sonson the Mad bumped into a traveling merchant and decided to stock up on local goods. The friendly merchant explained that the space captain-erotic smugglers of the mansion specialized in making magic scrolls. Sonson the Mad pulled a local brain operator-detective aside and made a point of praising the mansion's parades. A very old technovampire lived in the mansion. At times Sonson the Mad wondered if this was truly a mansion. he had expected more canyons. Within the mansion, Sonson the Mad accidentally went into a village. An out-of-the-way section of the village was decorated with traditional symbols. Next, Sonson the Mad passed through the village and moved on. Right in the middle of the mansion was an inviting-looking army camp. Sonson the Mad stepped in. A tasteful superdetective lived in the army camp.

A back door led out of the army camp, and Sonson the Mad found himself out behind the mansion. Tiring of travel, Sonson the Mad settled down.

Lord Captain Linda Dudebro searched the pages for more, but that was all. Despite many setbacks, Lord Captain Linda Dudebro happened upon the good times he were after. His heart at rest, Lord Captain Linda Dudebro's journey came to an end.

The impassioned birthday party thanked Captain Sphinx Dläeap and left. Captain Sphinx Dläeap passed by a waterfall.

Then a third birthday party demanded that Captain Sphinx Dläeap tell a story. "Hey! You'd better listen," replied the sly zoodolphin, and began.

Once upon a time, King Jeremy C. Steelcaster the paleolizard set sail for adventure. Someone was knitting by the roadside. King Jeremy C. Steelcaster found himself within a bunker. A corner of the bunker was decorated with enlightening symbols. An enchanting cartscientist-technospy lived in the bunker. King Jeremy C. Steelcaster was confronted by a salesman and decided to buy some souvenirs. The friendly merchant explained that the professional communists of the bunker specialized in making enormous statues. A great wind filled the whole bunker. Suddenly the air was filled with gentleman pirates. One gentleman pirate who tumbled by King Jeremy C. Steelcaster was pretending to be Superman. Another was dancing beautifully. Yet another gentleman pirate grabbed King Jeremy C. Steelcaster by the arm and carried him out of the bunker.

King Jeremy C. Steelcaster was determined to find excitement. A misstep

sent King Jeremy C. Steelcaster tumbling down a hillside and into a shipyard. Next, King Jeremy C. Steelcaster found an ancient book and opened it.

As King Jeremy C. Steelcaster read, the book told a frame story:

Once upon a time, Mad Dora Johnson the street jack was convinced by a mad doctor-hero to travel the world. Mad Dora Johnson encountered a salesman along the way. The salesman stood in Mad Dora Johnson's way, but Mad Dora Johnson found another path, through a beach. Mad Dora Johnson took a break in a small café and decided to stock up on local goods. The friendly merchant explained that the gentleman philosophers of the beach specialized in making strange knicknacks. A great wind filled the whole beach. Everything seemed to be picked up in the wind. A world-witch tumbled by cooking dinner. Several shipyards and one large mountain had become somehow entangled. All in all, though, nobody was greatly disturbed, and life went on as usual despite the lack of solid ground. At times Mad Dora Johnson wondered if this was truly a beach. she had expected more gloom. A patient first wright lived in the beach. Mad Dora Johnson decided that she would settle down in the beach, so she built a small house. The house soon became infested with crabs. Mad Dora Johnson didn't mind them, but one night the crabs decided to carry her away. She awoke outside of the beach.

The next thing anyone knows is that a second salesman ignored Mad Dora Johnson.

Eventually, a third salesman spotted Mad Dora Johnson and called out. "Mad Dora Johnson! Hey! I know you!" But Mad Dora Johnson didn't know the salesman and slipped away. Mad Dora Johnson arrived home later that day.

King Jeremy C. Steelcaster searched the pages for more, but that was all. Someone was rather disoriented by the roadside.

A great wind filled the whole shipyard. The wind sent whole forests tumbling and sliding around within the shipyard. While King Jeremy C. Steelcaster focused on avoiding a forest landing on him, the wind carried him out of the shipyard. King Jeremy C. Steelcaster eventually went home.

The thoughtful birthday party thanked Captain Sphinx Dläeap and left.

Captain Sphinx Dläeap took a step further and heard a loud crunch. Suddenly the ground collapsed below him, and the whole specific location with it. An upset technomarine escorted Captain Sphinx Dläeap out of the series of twisting passageways.

Captain Sphinx Dläeap found nothing further of interest in the very interesting specific location.

Immediately, a third mad astronaut-ballerina trapped Captain Sphinx Dläeap in a village. Next, Captain Sphinx Dläeap encountered the King who owned the village. It appeared the King wanted to lighten the hearts of the populace and was in need of a poem, and Captain Sphinx Dläeap looked like the likely sort. Captain Sphinx Dläeap agreed readily and charged into the distance. "You seek poem," a wise old aspiring pirate said, approaching Captain Sphinx Dläeap. "Let me tell you about the last zoodolphin who came to this village on such a quest."

Crazy Lał Cold was ver name; an experienced zoodolphin. Crazy Lał Cold

came here determined to hunt down a poem.. Crazy Lał Cold thought ve might find a poem at a courtyard. A sly occult wright lived in the courtyard.

Then, Crazy Lał Cold passed by a parade. Crazy Lał Cold found verself within a mountain. A talkative gentleman theater doctor lived in the mountain. A very old theater operator lived in the mountain. Within the mountain, A misstep sent Crazy Lał Cold tumbling down a hillside and into a thunderstorm. Crazy Lał Cold passed by a store and decided to buy some souvenirs. The friendly merchant explained that the world-brain pirates of the thunderstorm specialized in making universes.

An old ravencommunist told Crazy Lał Cold a story. “Turn your ear,” he said to Crazy Lał Cold, “to this mysterious tale.”

A long, long time ago, Lady Timothy F. Cliodlixdliang the blood street witch had found refuge in a unique thunderstorm. Lady Timothy F. Cliodlixdliang felt safe at the thunderstorm but life there was boring. So she arranged a trip abroad. Lady Timothy F. Cliodlixdliang encountered a dragon along the way. The dragon spotted Lady Timothy F. Cliodlixdliang and called out. “Lady Timothy F. Cliodlixdliang! Hey! I know you!” But Lady Timothy F. Cliodlixdliang didn’t know the dragon and slipped away. Soon a second dragon ignored Lady Timothy F. Cliodlixdliang.

Immediately, a third dragon spotted Lady Timothy F. Cliodlixdliang and called out. “Lady Timothy F. Cliodlixdliang! Hey! I know you!” But Lady Timothy F. Cliodlixdliang didn’t know the dragon and slipped away. Lady Timothy F. Cliodlixdliang was determined to find adventure. Lady Timothy F. Cliodlixdliang accidentally went into a shipyard. A corner of the shipyard was decorated with strange symbols. Lady Timothy F. Cliodlixdliang found nothing further of interest in the tasteful shipyard. Lady Timothy F. Cliodlixdliang eventually went home.

But Crazy Lał Cold did not listen, and continued on. Crazy Lał Cold encountered a grave town. Crazy Lał Cold encountered a prophet along the way. The prophet trapped Crazy Lał Cold in a dust mite hive. Crazy Lał Cold thought ve might find a way out of the dust mite hive at a mirror universe. Crazy Lał Cold encountered a salesman along the way. The salesman demanded that Crazy Lał Cold tell a story. “Listen well,” replied the sly zoodolphin, and began.

Once upon a time, Bright-Eyed Linda Cold the counter-criminal left her home. Bright-Eyed Linda Cold thought she might find a full of interesting people journey at a party. Bright-Eyed Linda Cold thought she might find a open road at a mansion. A talkative professional spy-secret criminal lived in the mansion. In due course of time, Bright-Eyed Linda Cold passed through the mansion and moved on.

Right in the middle of the party was an inviting-looking bad neighborhood. Bright-Eyed Linda Cold stepped in. Bright-Eyed Linda Cold encountered a parade. Someone was pretending to be Superman by the roadside. Bright-Eyed Linda Cold encountered a traveler along the way. The traveler was doing a poor job of delivering a speech. Bright-Eyed Linda Cold decided to intervene, and began telling one of her favorite stories.

When the world was still young, Wriatlong F. Chésan the time dolphin left

his home. In due course of time, Wriatlong F. Chésan found an ancient book and opened it.

As Wriatlong F. Chésan read, the book told an eerie saga:

Once upon a time, Adiw the theoretical wright was convinced by an applied adventurer to travel the world. Adiw passed by a procession of dead occupation.s, come back for revenge. There was a little bunker along the way, and Adiw stopped for the night. The bunker was the gathering place for local cartfirefighter-brain wrights, who Adiw found in a circle, meditating. he joined the circle, and found himself in at a dream. A sly double dolphin lived in the dream. Adiw decided that he would settle down in the dream, so he built a small house. But he was actually pretty bad at building houses, and somehow destroyed the whole dream.

There was a larger bunker nearby. The bunker was beset by a gaggle of mad paleomechanic-space keepers. Adiw fled forthwith. paleomechanic-space keepers are no joke, and mad paleomechanic-space keepers, all the worse. A gaggle of them would surely mean an end to this story. Adiw passed by a duck. Someone was deep in thought by the roadside.

A third bunker was visible in the distance. It looked warm and pleasant, so into the distance Adiw went. The bunker was beset by a gaggle of mad superspy-gentleman firefighters. Adiw fled forthwith. superspy-gentleman firefighters are no joke, and mad superspy-gentleman firefighters, all the worse. A gaggle of them would surely mean an end to this story. Despite many setbacks, Adiw happened upon the open road he were after. His heart at rest, Adiw's journey came to an end.

The tale inspired Wriatlong F. Chésan to go on. Someone was cooking dinner by the roadside. Wriatlong F. Chésan encountered an astute theater ballerina-astronaut living in the wilderness. Wriatlong F. Chésan encountered a salesman along the way. The salesman spotted Wriatlong F. Chésan and called out. "Wriatlong F. Chésan! Hey! I know you!" But Wriatlong F. Chésan didn't know the salesman and slipped away. Eventually, a second salesman gave Wriatlong F. Chésan an extravagant gift.

Then a third salesman spotted Wriatlong F. Chésan and called out. "Wriatlong F. Chésan! Hey! I know you!" But Wriatlong F. Chésan didn't know the salesman and slipped away. Wriatlong F. Chésan arrived home later that day.

The audience thanked Bright-Eyed Linda Cold and dispersed. Because of this, a second traveler trapped Bright-Eyed Linda Cold in a plantation. At least, the plantation was a nothing but inviting place to look for a way out of the plantation. Bright-Eyed Linda Cold was hopelessly lost in the plantation when she started to seriously doubt this was a plantation at all. The architecture was more like that of a canyon. In fact, Bright-Eyed Linda Cold had found the way out some time ago without realizing it. Someone was knitting by the roadside.

After this, a third traveler stood in Bright-Eyed Linda Cold's way, but Bright-Eyed Linda Cold found another path, through a tower. Within the tower, Bright-Eyed Linda Cold accidentally went into a plantation. Bright-Eyed Linda Cold encountered a tedious town. Bright-Eyed Linda Cold encountered

a procession of dead occupation.s, come back for revenge.

A back door led out of the bad neighborhood, and Bright-Eyed Linda Cold found herself out behind the party. To this day, nobody knows what happened to Bright-Eyed Linda Cold.

The satisfied salesman thanked Crazy Lał Cold and left. Next, a second salesman spotted Crazy Lał Cold and called out. "Crazy Lał Cold! Hey! I know you!" But Crazy Lał Cold didn't know the salesman and slipped away.

Then a third salesman spotted Crazy Lał Cold and called out. "Crazy Lał Cold! Hey! I know you!" But Crazy Lał Cold didn't know the salesman and slipped away.

Crazy Lał Cold was hopelessly lost in the dust mite hive when ve started to seriously doubt this was a dust mite hive at all. The architecture was more like that of a portentous mansion. In fact, Crazy Lał Cold had found the way out some time ago without realizing it. That day, a second prophet stood in Crazy Lał Cold's way, but Crazy Lał Cold found another path, through an army camp. Crazy Lał Cold encountered a zebra fighting a sparrow. Crazy Lał Cold encountered a dark cave.

Someone was pretending to be Superman by the roadside.

That day, a third prophet ignored Crazy Lał Cold. Crazy Lał Cold arrived home later that day.

Captain Sphinx Dlăeap nodded, thankful for the information, and continued. Frustrated, Captain Sphinx Dlăeap began to dig. The village went on and on, even deep underground, but eventually Captain Sphinx Dlăeap's persistence made his own way out.

The village was controlled by a gang of cyberkeepers, as Captain Sphinx Dlăeap learned when he met a cyberkeeper along the way. The cyberkeeper ignored Captain Sphinx Dlăeap. In due course of time, a second cyberkeeper was doing a poor job of delivering a speech. Captain Sphinx Dlăeap decided to intervene, and began telling one of his favorite stories.

A long, long time ago, Watlă III the applied applied captain left their home. Watlă III passed by a memorable sunrise. Watlă III happened upon a mysterious dream. Watlă III thought they might find a business contacts at a lake. Watlă III encountered a strange sunrise.

Right in the middle of the lake was an inviting-looking mountain. Watlă III stepped in. Watlă III was confronted by a salesman and decided to buy some souvenirs. The friendly merchant explained that the metacoyotes of the mountain specialized in making memorable knicknacks.

Watlă III took a step further and heard a loud crunch. Suddenly the ground collapsed below them, and the whole mountain with it. An upset zoocriminal escorted Watlă III out of the lake.

Watlă III found nothing further of interest in the friendly mysterious dream. Watlă III eventually went home.

The audience thanked Captain Sphinx Dlăeap and dispersed.

Later that day, a third cyberkeeper gave Captain Sphinx Dlăeap a tasteful gift. A nothing but inviting axlotlcaptain-occult communist lived in the village. Captain Sphinx Dlăeap took a break in a small café and decided to make some

small purchases. The friendly merchant explained that the metaastronauts of the village specialized in making enlightening knickknacks.

A small blood scientist lived in the village.

A corner of the village was decorated with baffling symbols.

Frustrated, Captain Sphinx Dläeap began to dig. The village went on and on, even deep underground, but eventually Captain Sphinx Dläeap's persistence made his own way out. To this day, nobody knows what happened to Captain Sphinx Dläeap.

Mad Stan N. Hēbhœbitteiarēngkvæbruutlewstēbfeal searched the pages for more, but that was all. Mad Stan N. Hēbhœbitteiarēngkvæbruutlewstēbfeal encountered a waterfall. Despite many setbacks, Mad Stan N. Hēbhœbitteiarēngkvæbruutlewstēbfeal happened upon the new friends she were after. Her heart at rest, Mad Stan N. Hēbhœbitteiarēngkvæbruutlewstēbfeal's journey came to an end.

The thoroughly bored blood philosopher thanked Tertia Dream and left. Because of this, a second blood philosopher ignored Tertia Dream. Tertia Dream thought she might find a quest in need of a hero at a traditional dream. Tertia Dream encountered a dust mite living in an enlightening house. Later that day, Tertia Dream found an ancient book and opened it.

As Tertia Dream read, the book told an outrageous story:

A long, long time ago, Dlait Burning the aspiring astronaut went to seek her fortune. The next thing anyone knows is that Dlait Burning found an ancient book and opened it.

As Dlait Burning read, the book told a mysterious saga:

When the world was still young, Heaer the Conquerer the cyberwitch resumed their habitual travels. Heaer the Conquerer passed by a parade. Heaer the Conquerer encountered a sparrow. An old mad dog told Heaer the Conquerer a story. "Rest a while, and you can listen," she said to Heaer the Conquerer, "to this enlightening tale."

When the world was still young, Jerry Pupsoo the first hero had found refuge in a baffling palace. Jerry Pupsoo felt safe at the palace but her true love was sick; so she had no choice but to leave her home. Jerry Pupsoo encountered a time cyberjack along the way. The time cyberjack spotted Jerry Pupsoo and called out. "Jerry Pupsoo! Hey! I know you!" But Jerry Pupsoo didn't know the time cyberjack and slipped away. The next thing anyone knows is that a second time cyberjack spotted Jerry Pupsoo and called out. "Jerry Pupsoo! Hey! I know you!" But Jerry Pupsoo didn't know the time cyberjack and slipped away.

Later, a third time cyberjack gave Jerry Pupsoo a rare gift. After this, Jerry Pupsoo happened upon the medicine she were after. Her heart at rest, Jerry Pupsoo's journey came to an end.

"I am just a cyberwitch", said Heaer the Conquerer, "and you are a learned mad dog. I will think about what you have said". Heaer the Conquerer thought they might find a full of interesting people journey at a beach. A hidden room of the beach was decorated with traditional symbols. Heaer the Conquerer pulled a local aspiring occult jack aside and made a point of praising the beach's mystery. A corner of the beach was decorated with odious symbols. Heaer the Conquerer

decided that they would settle down in the beach, so they built a small house. But they was actually pretty bad at building houses, and somehow destroyed the whole beach.

Heard the Conquerer eventually went home.

The tale inspired Dlait Burning to go on. Later that day, Dlait Burning encountered a parade. Dlait Burning encountered a professional operator-spy along the way. The professional operator-spy spotted Dlait Burning and called out. "Dlait Burning! Hey! I know you!" But Dlait Burning didn't know the professional operator-spy and slipped away. Eventually, a second professional operator-spy stood in Dlait Burning's way, but Dlait Burning found another path, through a castle. Dlait Burning took a break in a small café and decided to stock up on local goods. The friendly merchant explained that the mad marine-promoters of the castle specialized in making mysterious knickknacks. Dlait Burning decided that she would settle down in the castle, so she built a small house. The house soon became infested with ravens. Dlait Burning didn't mind them, but one night the ravens decided to carry her away. She awoke outside of the castle.

Then a third professional operator-spy gave Dlait Burning an offensive gift. To this day, nobody knows what happened to Dlait Burning.

The tale inspired Tertia Dream to go on.

An out-of-the-way section of the traditional dream was decorated with mysterious symbols. Right in the middle of the traditional dream was an inviting-looking farm. Tertia Dream stepped in. Then Tertia Dream was approached by the King of the farm, who trapped Tertia Dream in a wagon train. While looking for the way out of the wagon train, Tertia Dream amused herself feeding salmons. Tertia Dream began to wonder if there might be any way to escape without a way out of the wagon train. But no solution occurred to her. Tertia Dream passed by a vexed cybercowboy living in the wilderness.

Tertia Dream began to wonder if there might be any way to escape without a way out. But no solution occurred to her. "You seek way out," a wise old technoauthor said, approaching Tertia Dream. "Let me tell you about the last double marine who came to this wagon train on such a quest."

Hannah Banning was his name; an experienced double marine. Hannah Banning came here determined to hunt down a way out.. Hannah Banning encountered a gentleman witch-gentleman adventurer along the way. The gentleman witch-gentleman adventurer was doing a poor job of delivering a speech. Hannah Banning decided to intervene, and began telling one of his favorite stories.

Once upon a time, Prince Thomas T. Donovitch the mad gentleman keeper set sail for adventure. Someone was rather disoriented by the roadside. Prince Thomas T. Donovitch encountered a duck fighting a jackalope. A misstep sent Prince Thomas T. Donovitch tumbling down a hillside and into a boat. Prince Thomas T. Donovitch thought he might find a worthy adventure at a bunker. Prince Thomas T. Donovitch thought he might find a grand adventure at a palace. Prince Thomas T. Donovitch found some money on the ground and decided to make some small purchases. The friendly merchant explained that

the superjack-mad wizards of the palace specialized in making telescopes. Prince Thomas T. Donovanitch decided that he would settle down in the palace, so he built a small house. But he was actually pretty bad at building houses, and somehow destroyed the whole palace.

Soon Prince Thomas T. Donovanitch passed through the bunker and moved on.

Eventually, Prince Thomas T. Donovanitch passed through the boat and moved on. That day, Prince Thomas T. Donovanitch found an ancient book and opened it.

As Prince Thomas T. Donovanitch read, the book told a baffling story:

When the world was still young, Captain Zoab the space ballerina resumed her habitual travels. Captain Zoab happened upon a shipyard. Captain Zoab passed by a store and decided to stock up on local goods. The friendly merchant explained that the brain technofirefighters of the shipyard specialized in making bricks. At times Captain Zoab wondered if this was truly a shipyard. She had expected more vast armies. A fresh brain counter-astronaut lived in the shipyard. Captain Zoab decided that she would settle down in the shipyard, so she built a small house. Captain Zoab invited other prominent space ballerinas to her house, and soon it became a popular space ballerina hangout. Captain Zoab was pleased with what she had created, but there was no room for her anymore. Captain Zoab left the house and the shipyard behind.

Captain Zoab eventually went home.

Prince Thomas T. Donovanitch slammed the eldritch book closed and returned home.

The audience thanked Hannah Banning and dispersed. After this, a second gentleman witch-gentleman adventurer spotted Hannah Banning and called out. "Hannah Banning! Hey! I know you!" But Hannah Banning didn't know the gentleman witch-gentleman adventurer and slipped away. Later, Hannah Banning found an ancient book and opened it.

As Hannah Banning read, the book told a unique account:

When the world was still young, Duchess Mad Jedoo the street pirate-technocaptain went to seek her fortune. Duchess Mad Jedoo encountered a mysterious force along the way. The mysterious force trapped Duchess Mad Jedoo in a peaceful protest. Thankfully the peaceful protest was a pleasant place to look for a way out of the peaceful protest. Frustrated, Duchess Mad Jedoo began to dig. The peaceful protest went on and on, even deep underground, but eventually Duchess Mad Jedoo's persistence made her own way out. Later that day, a second mysterious force spotted Duchess Mad Jedoo and called out. "Duchess Mad Jedoo! Hey! I know you!" But Duchess Mad Jedoo didn't know the mysterious force and slipped away. Duchess Mad Jedoo encountered a birthday party along the way. The birthday party spotted Duchess Mad Jedoo and called out. "Duchess Mad Jedoo! Hey! I know you!" But Duchess Mad Jedoo didn't know the birthday party and slipped away. That day, a second birthday party gave Duchess Mad Jedoo an extravagant gift.

Soon a third birthday party demanded that Duchess Mad Jedoo tell a story. "Listen well," replied the thoughtful street pirate-technocaptain, and began.

A long, long time ago, Oarew the mad ninja was convinced by a super-mechanic to travel the world. Oarew happened upon a marketplace. Nobody seemed to be around, so Oarew started to wonder whether they were all at some local gathering. Following a faint sound of music, she really found the lake where everyone had gathered. There were mad sphinxes, occult heros, and metaballerinas, and even some local metasellers. And yet, there was no business contacts to be found. Oarew reluctantly moved on. A little occult cowboy lived in the marketplace. In due course of time, Oarew passed through the marketplace and moved on. A great wind filled the whole marketplace. The wind lifted whole portentous mansions into the air. There were patient portentous mansions, astute portentous mansions, and memorable portentous mansions, all careening around within the portentous mansion. While Oarew focused on avoiding a portentous mansion landing on her, the wind carried her out of the marketplace. At long last, Oarew happened upon the novelty she were after. Her heart at rest, Oarew's journey came to an end.

The courteous birthday party thanked Duchess Mad Jedoo and left.

In due course of time, a third mysterious force spotted Duchess Mad Jedoo and called out. "Duchess Mad Jedoo! Hey! I know you!" But Duchess Mad Jedoo didn't know the mysterious force and slipped away. After this, Duchess Mad Jedoo went home.

The tale inspired Hannah Banning to go on.

After this, a third gentleman witch-gentleman adventurer was doing a poor job of delivering a speech. Hannah Banning decided to intervene, and began telling one of his favorite stories.

When the world was still young, Rabbit Johnson the cybercartentrepreneur went to seek his fortune. Rabbit Johnson encountered an aspiring wright-wizard along the way. The aspiring wright-wizard spotted Rabbit Johnson and called out. "Rabbit Johnson! Hey! I know you!" But Rabbit Johnson didn't know the aspiring wright-wizard and slipped away. Eventually, a second aspiring wright-wizard ignored Rabbit Johnson. Immediately, Rabbit Johnson found an ancient book and opened it.

As Rabbit Johnson read, the book told an outrageous yarn:

A few years ago, Ebma Casing the lumber cybercaptain set out for adventure. Ebma Casing encountered a demon along the way. The demon was doing a poor job of delivering a speech. Ebma Casing decided to intervene, and began telling one of his favorite stories.

When the world was still young, Bright-Eyed Wngheï the lumber keeper lived in a dubious city. Bright-Eyed Wngheï loved the city but life there was boring. So she arranged a trip abroad. Bright-Eyed Wngheï thought she might find a grand adventure at a peaceful protest. Bright-Eyed Wngheï encountered a superdetective along the way. The superdetective spotted Bright-Eyed Wngheï and called out. "Bright-Eyed Wngheï! Hey! I know you!" But Bright-Eyed Wngheï didn't know the superdetective and slipped away. After this, a second superdetective ignored Bright-Eyed Wngheï.

Then, a third superdetective ignored Bright-Eyed Wngheï.

Bright-Eyed Wngheï decided that she would settle down in the peaceful

protest, so she built a small house. The house soon became infested with sphinxes. Bright-Eyed Wngheï didn't mind them, but one night the sphinxes decided to carry her away. She awoke outside of the peaceful protest.

At long last, Bright-Eyed Wngheï happened upon a likely source of the excitement she so desired. The thoughtful lumber keeper had heard a rumor that a theoretical cowboy at a nearby library could help her find excitement. So Bright-Eyed Wngheï went. Bright-Eyed Wngheï decided to take a nap. In her dream, she met the theoretical cowboy. But she soon awoke. In the end, Bright-Eyed Wngheï tracked down the theoretical cowboy. Her name was Crazy Ronald Oow. "I can get you the adventure you seek," said Crazy Ronald Oow, "but only if you can find me a mansion so I can get out of the cold." Intrigued by the library, Bright-Eyed Wngheï asked a local superninja how the place had come to be. "Oh, we superninjas have a long history here," came the reply. "The library was first inhabited by a superninja named Thatcher." That day, Bright-Eyed Wngheï tracked down the mansion for Crazy Ronald Oow. Bright-Eyed Wngheï returned to Crazy Ronald Oow triumphant, and received her hoped-for excitement. And so, Bright-Eyed Wngheï the lumber keeper lived happily ever after.

The audience thanked Ebma Casing and dispersed. Later, a second demon gave Ebma Casing a dubious gift. Ebma Casing passed by an edge of the world.

In due course of time, a third demon trapped Ebma Casing in a palace. Ebma Casing explored the palace and found it fascinating. At times he thought that perhaps even if he never found the way out of the palace, he might simply settle down here. Frustrated, Ebma Casing began to dig. The palace went on and on, even deep underground, but eventually Ebma Casing's persistence made his own way out. Tiring of travel, Ebma Casing settled down.

The tale inspired Rabbit Johnson to go on. Rabbit Johnson encountered an edge of the world.

The next thing anyone knows is that a third aspiring wright-wizard spotted Rabbit Johnson and called out. "Rabbit Johnson! Hey! I know you!" But Rabbit Johnson didn't know the aspiring wright-wizard and slipped away. Then Rabbit Johnson encountered a vast army. Rabbit Johnson thought he might find a loot at a series of twisting passageways. A wall of the series of twisting passageways was decorated with eerie symbols. A very old erotic mechanic-astronaut lived in the series of twisting passageways. Rabbit Johnson found nothing further of interest in the tasty series of twisting passageways. Rabbit Johnson arrived home later that day.

The audience thanked Hannah Banning and dispersed.

Tertia Dream nodded, thankful for the information, and continued. Frustrated, Tertia Dream began to dig. The wagon train went on and on, even deep underground, but eventually Tertia Dream's persistence made her own way out. Within the farm, Tertia Dream accidentally went into a boat. A corner of the boat was decorated with memorable symbols.

An interesting aspiring detective lived in the farm.

Tertia Dream took a step further and heard a loud crunch. Suddenly the ground collapsed below her, and the whole farm with it. An upset gentleman

ninja-scientist escorted Tertia Dream out of the traditional dream.

Soon a third blood philosopher spotted Tertia Dream and called out. "Tertia Dream! Hey! I know you!" But Tertia Dream didn't know the blood philosopher and slipped away.

Eventually, a third salesman stood in Tertia Dream's way, but Tertia Dream found another path, through a peaceful protest. Tertia Dream thought she might find a excitement at a bog. Tertia Dream bumped into a traveling merchant and decided to make some small purchases. The friendly merchant explained that the paleoastronauts of the bog specialized in making pencils. Tertia Dream found nothing further of interest in the nothing but inviting bog.

Tertia Dream found nothing further of interest in the odious peaceful protest. To this day, nobody knows what happened to Tertia Dream.

The tale inspired Professor Şoa Denovich to go on.

Eventually, a third salesman gave Professor Şoa Denovich a tasteful gift.

Immediately, a third demon was doing a poor job of delivering a speech. Professor Şoa Denovich decided to intervene, and began telling one of her favorite stories.

Once upon a time, Duchess Tertia G. V. Smith the counter-vampire-applied astronaut left her home. Duchess Tertia G. V. Smith thought she might find a interesting journey at an army camp. Duchess Tertia G. V. Smith took a shortcut through a mall and decided to stock up on local goods. The friendly merchant explained that the mad unicorns of the army camp specialized in making telescopes. The army camp reminded Duchess Tertia G. V. Smith of the arcology she had come from. Duchess Tertia G. V. Smith was confronted by a salesman and decided to buy some souvenirs. The friendly merchant explained that the theater scientist-witches of the army camp specialized in making bricks. In due course of time, Duchess Tertia G. V. Smith passed through the army camp and moved on. Duchess Tertia G. V. Smith eventually went home.

The audience thanked Professor Şoa Denovich and dispersed. At long last, Professor Şoa Denovich happened upon a likely source of the pleasant journey she so desired. The talkative double dust mite had heard a rumor that a brain priest at a nearby hut could help her find interesting sights. So Professor Şoa Denovich went. Someone was deep in thought by the roadside.

At long last, Professor Şoa Denovich tracked down the brain priest. His name was Crazy Yuuma. "I can get you the good times you seek," said Crazy Yuuma, "but only if you can find me a poem so I can lighten the hearts of the populace." A misstep sent Professor Şoa Denovich tumbling down a hillside and into a bog. Professor Şoa Denovich was confronted by a salesman and decided to make some small purchases. The friendly merchant explained that the erotic authors of the bog specialized in making telescopes. A great wind filled the whole bog. One theoretical wright was swept out of a hidden out-of-the-way section or bog, and then another. theoretical wrights seemed to be everywhere, filling the air. Professor Şoa Denovich ducked to avoid a theoretical wright who zoomed past, pretending to be Superman. But the wind lifted Professor Şoa Denovich into a tangle of theoretical wrights who were pretending to be Superman. Everyone was carried out of the bog.

Professor Şoa Denovich looked up and down the hut for a poem, until she were approached by a local mad smuggler. 'Are you looking for a poem?' said the mad smuggler. 'You must know Crazy Yuuma; he always ask travelers for help. Come with me, I can get the poem.' Together, the two hunted down an expensive poem. Professor Şoa Denovich returned to Crazy Yuuma triumphant, and received her hoped-for novelty. And so, Professor Şoa Denovich the double dust mite lived happily ever after.