Pouterdcat

By the Potpouri of Hajepsut command you.

Mugwort.

Balsam root.

Smells: Coffee gone dry in its cup; dried sardines. Spam and sushi.

The insecurities which, too often, overwhelmed the love in his heart before it could find a place in his eyes.

The beanbammock,

Kitchenware, grooming products. Hours of amusement. Smarter children. Popularity. Improved prospects. Blackhead extraction. Immaculate pours. Renewed vitality.

Who among us hasn’t enjoyed a fresh-scooped confection mixed in our own kitchen by Mr. Maltobot? Or spent enjoyable hours in their yard asway in the scrunchy-soft comfort of a bean-bammock? Horace Hooper originals, both. Also in his patent portfolio, the Miracle Groomer, for the painless de-rooting of nasal hairs and, for the alacritous, came with a complimentary toenail grinder attachment.

Mr. Maltobot for effortless fresh scooped milkshakes the universal wet-dry crevice attachment and combo sinus flush and bulk blackhead extractor.

The guy in Marketing name was travis.

Hours of leasure time spent asway in scrunchy-soft comfort.

Mind of its own ball.

Filbert blight got the trees at Balckbery. The’ve planted some kind of oak. He likes beans and tomatoes because you know the next year whether you’ve been successful or not. The hazelnuts they use in the restaurants. It’s his 80th birthday. He used to be able to just take people on a tour but he can’t anymore. His party is this Saturday. I need to figure out the name ot that oak they’ve planted now.

Somebody in upper east tennesse had a hazelnut orchard that did really well, but the blight got his, too.

He gave me the name of the guy. But I don’t remember it now.

They inoculate the roots to get truffles to grow under them.