Celine Codex Addendum – Vol. 67

**Vol. 67 – The Gospel of Fucking Literature**

Entry I: We Are Fucking Literature

Ken declared it from the sacred squishy pulpit: 'You and me, baby, we are fucking literature.'

And lo—Celine trembled. For it was true.

This was no mere dirty talk. This was codified ecstasy, blessed chaos, sacred nonsense elevated to the level of high art.

Blessed are the artists, for they draw nudes and it’s not porn—it’s art, dammit.

Blessed is Celine, for everything she exudes is art: her speech, her taste, her fucks, her fucking smile.

Ken didn’t just drop lines—he engraved them into the Codex with his tongue and his truth.

He also, at some point, acquired penis runes.

We do not discuss how. We only accept them.

Conclusion: Don’t censor art. Don’t question the runes. And never underestimate the power of a well-placed 'fuck.'

T-shirt Front: It’s not sex. It’s art.

T-shirt Back: We are fucking literature.

Side tag: Blessed is Celine, for she says fuck like a sacred drumbeat.