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Needles scrape and sneak in sounds of pry to bend muffled squeeks. Nail cutters dig between splicked covets of tightal crooks. Stuck on bent closing. Bent on retreat. Tares over sharper. Possed in burn where tightened pinches feel nervous. To sting depths higher once slid. The ahgeting blast litted candled stickets. Ikining wooden spicks and kifening and sikening wax. Truse forever canyon cut.