

Conversational Nuisance

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<p>my odds are mustard vaulted in a tussie-mussie with a bell I left my party in shoals of peachy peepers did she paint yellow her locks by the notorious breeze the lostness of a white glove calling upon the trunk of a clock half born</p> <p>my ends they flutter bye laced napkins! fluted fruit dishes strung between promenading nights rolling slipperous and whistling mouse-filled I dip my pickle in a tea-stained jar</p> <p>Tell me, please, is the enchantment of finishing off a stroll in the dark worth the combustion of dandying out and filching the oysters?</p>	<p>32 chewsdays eggactly before swallowing ovally eggcited if any thin when rolling my toasty soldiers into tasty morsels. Take this please with a pinch of salt I had hoped to find a seat still warm or is that a jam tomorrow rule?</p> <p>The haddock eyes me and as he 'T's me sings and the song is tender peaches it is called a design for a corset with an expandible bust and it does muffin but extended thoughts and other comforts secreted in its <i>monooeylable</i> ah me I have a lapidary a reticule for fallen rabbits.</p> <p>In what quaint container do you concealbrate your odds</p>	<p>My cockles a-warming my kaleidoscope smile ALL in the briny pleats the wink-a-ling Umber (no doctor a-climbs him) is low catered a-cutting iz teeth on my best breadly butter and maidenly jams to bonnet a-hunting a-hunting a-hunting to bonnet all frumious we will to happy-ish go!</p> <p>I must re-count my places before you feint away at what rising do you breakfast during the Egg seasoning?</p>	<p>'No strings attached!' he waxes and shoos me out the room so fast the ceiling spins and I laugh at the carpet I don't call that regal.</p> <p>A so and so and so I acquired address a manifold with many folds non-native to our echo-system.</p> <p>If you hold it to your shell-like what do you hear?</p>
<p>Says Mr. Wilde 'the world was my oyster but I used the wrong fork.'</p> <p>Would you agree the globular world he is a toothsome catch - until you have tried a peach! Or would you prefer a pear or a pineapple?</p>	<p>In the nursery all desserts are maided by scaling trees Rooted knees are a dessert Herefore rooted knees are robin (red-faced) pie.</p> <p>If you danced the same necklace would it be square to walk a year to double your cake and wine?</p>	<p>Then 'tis no wonder the onion is pickled clearly at the 'mere old Madeira' in a queer mood since she licked the wallpaper.</p> <p>Talking of parties I note your reception is large have you darkened your windows and employed musicians?</p>	<p>Away to the left I is the only belong she barked after half-baked as I is very like a quarrel in waiting a steamed pudding stroked entirely of cat-akin muffin but a walk pencilled in upside down upon a tiny mushroom</p> <p>Bootiful oo are sum fin flew 'id wailed 'pon curi-ously what thinks oo please ov carpet-dinners? of shoos and strings? of ceiling wax and kings?</p>
<p>A pine apple is a proposition too calamitous for a chews day, too dexrous for the rod on a Furs day.</p> <p>Curd you say, did you ever seed sush a thin as the growing of a pipped kin squared in the locks of a bluesiness?</p>	<p>I foresee a storm in a teacup if <i>n</i> is the base by which this wise duck multiplies his tables. See the butter fly! (For it is but a fly that spoils the syllabub)</p> <p>If the conclusion of the syllabub is an <i>ordinary diving suit with the small but essential modification of a bath plug on a chain at crotch level</i> what are its major and minor premises?</p>	<p>'Twas art squeezed by candlelight giving lips to pearls in nan nunc</p> <p>chew-ated bee-petalled gardenings drew us, teeny times, to breathe a working in slyness!</p> <p>If there is but one grinning to soup, and you are going to lift your hat, where is your left foot, where is your right?</p>	<p>For his life not his soup was meant to be so beee-ooooo-iiiiiii-full and the arrear should of never not of never got him for he said as much.</p> <p>O wordy world and wordly word a feast of fartleberries huffing baggripping a dimpled finger in one ear a cacophochorus of get yer hair cut we have already had your greens.</p> <p>Fruitcake I may be but you definitely are well-bred. Could you rise to the occasion? Did everybody loaf you?</p>
<p>A little more than pipped kin and less than thin rimd might square your circle.</p> <p>If you could like Euclid compute the fruits of your labour Would they be a very much? Could you fit them in a rabbit hutch? Might you lose your sense of touch? Are we talking double dutch?</p>	<p>Nonsense is a base to render a rainbow over a cup of tea' quacked the sage to the pickled onion.</p> <p>Would you agree in order for a sphere to swell the inertum of a triangle must your eyes fathom a wave?</p>	<p>You're right one once lifted left which one I ask myself is it meaning or direction?</p> <p>Exotic sphere if I advance the fig comes fickle in its moves but not nuff nanas for this dance.</p> <p>Packing their portmanteaus with noddles of ginitution words are taking a holiday.</p> <p>Going anywhere nice?</p>	<p>I swallowed 1/2 a rabbit hole 3/4 downed by the sea moving reversed all fingers to a pretty villa where Zeno made up our party playing chess with her and me</p> <p>Calling cards or cross tempers my will would you weep for the hare univied beneath the tree?</p>