

To Make Inarticulate Sobbing Sounds Expressing Grief, Sorrow or Pain

I have brought nuts and berries to my father because my grandfather is an historian of weather burial.

He was graduated from Schenk Town on a mid or early Tuesday of the last half.

His first capitulation was recorded in the capacity of bag maker for Rubin, the nutritionist, a partial inventor of negativized food placement.

Bags may also be used to trap air that has died so that it might properly be pumped under at the YARD.

The country and the area around it entered a period of speculation; Schenk Town had produced an anxious group of graduates, and a portion of the population sought to devise new and anti-personal applications for what is placed inside the body.

Rubin moved with a group that fed the subject a sauce in order to remove an experience or emotion.

Food had been popularized previously, only briefly, and then dismissed as a radical tool.

Down where my father is there are weather bags buried, including several key LStorms stuffed into the hill before my time.

The fiend conducts a project of digging in this territory; it believes the task is to unfasten weather trapped in the soil.

The berries will be clean; they will be shorn and skinned. Nuts can never not be shelled, but the shells shall always be included on the plate that is brought, and the plate shall every time be cleaned and washed and empty before the nuts or berries are placed upon it.

Throughout history a man has always brought nuts or berries to another man. This other man has always been my father, although this first man was never me until now, a time in which several uncertain issues still remain.

My grandfather has studied what will happen.

In the home, where the absence of key figures shall be registered, several foods are placed near the door, in case my father collapses at the threshold upon his return.