

one ocean transpond3r didn't work out so well; the mantracaptain was p-e'ed (as usual). "These corporeal tethers, babe, we gotta do semp-fin about 'em" he'd stammer, adding an extra P to the word, some-p-thing, making an image of horses or genitals or milk with his pursed lips, I mean, pursed. It was an all-too frequent jeezum tht reared among the ranks... the damn earavel crew had had it up to about HERE (~~wrist~~ ~~raised~~ wrist raised to imply rising manure); too many dets and O's and reflecting on helix shapes... next this genital-horse-milk thing again. Too often they'd have to pull their leader from the soup, too baked on the sauce, having taken the incentive or more often in-oppertune' moment to dive into the sea, issuing proclamations about being a tugboat and this was his island (to pull)... descending into the murk with a ball of yellow yarn around his waist and that week's supply of powdered milk on his back, and letting the plankton-rich waters lap the white-instant-white-water-milk-slurry-trails... all the while screaming "Leogat me, I8m a painter!"

Aah. Eggin Sips, man. H Fuggin Ships, man.... fuggin ships. Then one day, I had the idea of impanting a water/ocean transponder to the captian: no biggie, we all had some kinda chip or circuit by that year... some as big as old vinyl LP's, some just pi4ze beeps, all homemade by that point, wound in canvas or birch sap or god forbid, aluminum (the new oil). Eh, you know. But this day was different.... damn calendars, you can't rely on sequences of numbered days.... in the same way, chastity, vows, or political endorsements. See the first line.