

## YAWN ON WAY?

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Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Nail a tiny lever on a fumed, well-lit sewer. An Amtrak car is evil, one-post angel. A snail likes a can. Is Atlas not Roman? Is Don Regan a mega-tsar? A stage manager nods. In a Morton Salt, as in a case Killian's Ale, gnats open olives. I rack art, man. Are we still (lewd emu fan or Evelyn) Italian?

O Jesu! Banal Arab harem, may I start a debate, eh? Stroh's is pilsner water. Fret! A wren slips. I short-sheet a bed. At rats I yammer, "Ah, Bar Alan; abuse Jo."

E.T.A.? T. Selleck computes E.T.A., Tim. Illicit cats rot. Can it all - rigatoni made in Ed's Ragu. Sugar's denied. Am I not a girl? Latin actor's tactic I'll imitate. Set up mock cell estate!

No, in unison, Sir: "O bald abdicator, race!" Tart it is - I titrate carrot acid. Bad labor is no sin, union.

"Naomi won elf farm rodeo," boast I. Xeroxes are post - care. B. Borg ate lasagna. Bang! A sale tag robber acts opera sex or exits. "A oboe dorm raffle now?" I moan.

Ferret! Sample hill A. Brian - a topsoil of tropic. I demedal (like, wonder is awe) Carl Lewis. Simple, hot, lonely tenor of Potsdam, I may ask "Call it a relic?" Odd! I barf on a cadet. Time, slob, my speed on radar. No deep symbols emitted a can of rabid, docile rat. I'll ... A<sup>ck</sup>! Say, am I mad? Stop for one Tylenol to help, Miss - I? We'll race! Was I red? No. We kill a de Medici portfolio. Spot an air ball? I help, Master. "Ref!"

Ha! Negro eggnog! Agnir (Mirla) never used a minor off one's bidet at one rev. I go grab medical chart xenodiagnoses. Are we for Ypsilanti? I.T.N.? Al is pyro. Few erase song aid. On extra HCl acid embargo give renotated Ibsen. Off or on? I made sure, venal rim. Ring a gong, George? Nah.

No site by a sign-in nurse have I made (Walla Walla was eyed). Assess a pro-Jamaican "ample, hot, no-risk cans" prognosis on gorp snacks. I, Ron, to help. Man! A CIA major passes Sad Eyes -- a wall! A wall? Awed am I. Eva, he's running! I say bet is on.

Moody men, I manage B&G. Idiot! A motel (oh ...) was a hero's dorm in Reno, Sir. Peron or I live to hang. Is Evita ... Genes are mutated! Am I DNA-mad? Adam and I made fatum erase negative sign. A hot, evil, iron-ore prisoner; Nimrod's ore has a whole tomato. I dig & began a mine -- my doom!