

A Little Change Could Go a Long Ways

City of Caterpillar

The sunny sky carries me to the next area of travel. Sarasota is in the mix. Listening to breezes and trees and instant messages. I begin to understand Orlando. It will do. Turn this back a notch. Shot of scotch. Brilliance in being. Handwriting starts to smell like saturated fats and penguins once again. Those little bastards eat at my picnic. Why am I thinking of this right now? I need to make a collect call. It will do. It will do.

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