She snaked in a trembling wind, pirhouetted, then began to emboss his nose in viridian lace.

"Sho nische..."

Rose cast a buoyant petal glance to the sky cloud bows of rain.

Breeze tickles dew. Oh Dew! Sinon threw off his scarlet robe and
draped it over thorn stalks, and wee tickled Ike's diseased roots.

Thorn! More thorn!

"Oh shoo...the prophylactic nose. Oh please shooo," whispered Ivy.

"Not yet! This vechetable soop ish polluted with political waishte..." moaned Rose. "Just waishte!"

"Aaaaah, it's personal," Abe started with a whisper.

"Never!"

"Then oush with the mishtery!D'mobcrat 'r Publican?"

"Wha?"

"For the books."

"Your wiphe ... "

"It's for my wiphe, Ike."

"Sho ... "

"...anudder roundh?"

Ike exhaled loudly.

"I zhust don't mean to pry...but for adhvertishing?"

"Hammanananananananananananan"

"We're both o'the blud!"

"So...."

"Phriends!"

"....we"

"Ole Shkoolchums!"

"....are!"

Follicular pointed ears, a pair, emerged from beneath Ike's temples; long tubular snout groangrew a snort, the wiped. A miracle of Zhenetics! This thin wiry frame adorned in red-white-blue, with